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THE
IRISH SHIELD.

AND
MONTHLY MILESIAN;

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounced—by friends forgot—
Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN!—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE!"

VOL. I.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

New-York:

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1829.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

TO LADY MORGAN,

TO HER WHOM

BYRON PRONOUNCED "THE MOST TALENTED WOMAN IN EUROPE,"

TO HER

WHOSE PATRIOTIC GENIUS HAS ENTWINED

IN THE IMPERISHABLE WREATH OF ERIN'S LITERARY FAME

THE GREENEST AND MOST GRACEFUL OF ITS LAURELS ;

TO THE TALENTED AUTHORESS OF

"THE WILD IRISH GIRL," "O'DONNELL," AND "FLORENCE M'CARTHY;"

This Volume of the Irish Shield

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED ;

IN TESTIMONY OF THE ADMIRATION WHICH HER SUBLIME WRITINGS

HAVE EXCITED IN THE MIND OF HER COUNTRYMAN,

GEORGE PEPPER.

March 17, 1839.

THE IRISH SHIELD

AND

MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

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NO. I.

FOR JANUARY, 1829.

VOL. I.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

In presenting the first number of the IRISH SHIELD under a new form, and arrayed in a new dress, it is necessary for us to introduce it to our readers with a few prefatory observations.

In publishing the seven preceding weekly numbers of this Journal, we had to struggle with opposing difficulties, and the hostility of a little, but malignant faction, that for *interested motives*, enlisted themselves under the standard of a despicable pair of English hypocrites, and ignobly sacrificed Irish feeling and Irish sympathy, at the shrine of VENALITY. But their impotent enmity has been a source of benefit to us; it has multiplied the ranks of our friends, and created a basis of growing stability and importance, on which we shall build the superstructure of this publication's prosperity. The PATRONAGE of our countrymen is our treasury. It will enable us to furnish a monthly Journal of high literary desert, and to surmount all the difficulties which competition may throw in our way. The compliments that have been paid to us from our cotemporaries, throughout the union, and the Canadas, make us look back with pleasure; and forward with a confidence that predicts success.

The promises of our friends, and the support of our patrons, furnish us with fresh matter for congratulation—fresh hopes—and fresh incitements. We have now only to continue with care, what we have hitherto conducted with spirit, and our little bark will sail smoothly, "both with the wind and stream" of popular favour, while the hallowed cause of our dear native land, shall be our guiding star on the ocean of publicity. Our Irish readers will always find us in the advocacy of our country, supplying the deficiency of talent by the ardour of our zeal, and the sincerity of our devotion. "Sparta," it is true, "has many better sons," in America, but not one more ardently attached to her in filial affection.

We shall give our readers a Journal in which the historian, scholar, dramatist, and artist, may be able to gather fugitive flowers of information, to weave in their garland of fame.

By every exertion the editor will be assiduous in the endeavour to produce a monthly publication, every way calculated to meet the eye of men of learning, taste and science, and one which may, by a happy admixture of subject, be found to contain something to gratify the taste of all; and thus, at the same time, render it acceptable in the circles of gayety and refinement. The memoirs of the illustrious patriots of Erin, who poured out their blood as an oblation on the altars of liberty, and blessed their oppressed country with their last sigh, on the scaffold of their martyrdom, shall be emblazoned on the IRISH SHIELD. The history of the feudal castle of the chieftain—of the monuments of the Druids, and the venerable abbeys, where in the days of our glory and renown, the Princes of Europe received the lights of religion and the blessings of instruction, shall be traced and illustrated in our *Topographical survey of Ireland*. We only ask a fair TRIAL from our countrymen, as to the proportion the IRISH SHIELD will maintain in its career between its actual merits and its engagements.

We shall give our readers, occasionally, a compendious detail of the proceedings of the Catholic Association in Dublin, as well as the speeches in Parliament regarding Irish affairs—in fine, we shall avail ourselves of every internal and extraneous means, that industry and

Vol. I.—1.

exertion can command to render the *IRISH SHIELD* and *MONTHLY MILESIAN*, a historic literary and dramatic bouquet.

The columns of the number which we now present, will be found fraught with original matter, possessing, we think, the recommendations of *VARIETY* and *INTEREST*.

In every succeeding number we shall give a *RETROSPECT OF IRISH POLITICS*, in which we shall exhibit a view of the leading events in Ireland, during the month preceding our publication.

We regard the reception which Mr. O'CONNELL may meet in the British Parliament, as the casting of the die of Ireland's fate. If the popular representatives of seven millions of people is insolently expelled from the House of Commons, the game of English despotism is lost;—the burning brand is flung into the combustible ingredients of Irish indignation, and in the tremendous explosion, the power of England must be annihilated for ever! Mighty events are on their march in Ireland, and oppression cannot arrest their progress.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

INTRODUCTION.

It has often been asked by foreigners, why a country justly boasting of her poets and orators, has not produced an able historian, who can be classed with a Voltaire, a Gibbon, or a Robertson; and why the learning of an Usher, or the genius of a Swift, has left no historical monument to perpetuate the ancient glories of a nation, that in remote ages was styled, the "*Isle of learning, and the school of the west*?" We confess our inability to answer the question satisfactorily.

Perhaps the primary cause of the desideratum, in our ancient history, may be principally ascribed to the zeal of St. Patrick, who, to the eternal loss of Irish literature, caused more than 500 volumes of our records to be committed to the flames at Tara. McDermott, Lynch, and Planagan, are of opinion that Ossian's autographs blazed in the conflagration kindled by the Christian Missionary. Another cause of the scantiness of historical materials, may be fairly traced to the assiduity of Danish and English invaders, to annihilate all memorials of our ancient greatness, power, and grandeur.

Still it must be confessed, that the ancient chronology of all countries, as well as that of Ireland, is extremely erroneous and uncertain. What is the boasted alleged origin of the Greeks from the gods, but the creation of poetical fancy, the chimerical mythology of Hesiod, Homer, and other Grecian fabulists?

Even in holy writ, there are the most irreconcilable anachronisms. The Septuagint and many of the fathers of the church, fix the period intervening the creation, and the vocation of Abraham, at 3513 years, whilst the Hebrews and many Christian ecclesiastics compute it but 2023! Varro, the Roman historian, finding it impossible to grope his way through the dark mazes of chronology, declared that the dates and epochs of all the events, said to have occurred before the first Olympiad, (i. e. the year after the creation 3232,) were but the imaginary computations of fiction. We find that the Greeks began to reckon their historical eras by the olympiads, and the Romans distinguished theirs by the period that elapsed from the foundation of the "*ETERNAL CITY*." Hence we are not to wonder at the discrepancy in the chronological order of ancient Irish events, particularly those that took place before the coming of our Milesian ancestors.

The authenticity of the events enumerated in our annals, is at least as well established as that of the history of England, and the united testimony of foreign and native writers has fortified our pretension to remote antiquity, with evidence and arguments that cannot be impeached or subverted. The historic pillars that support the proud edifice of our illustrious origin, like those of Hercules, cannot be destroyed; they, (thanks to our ancient Monks,) escaped the rage of the Danes, the fury of the Henries, and the Richards; the rapacity and perfidy of the myrmidons of the sanguinary Elizabeth, and the ruthless and diabolical fanaticism of Oliver Cromwell. Some English and Scottish writers, actuated by rancorous prejudice, regard the whole of our traditional, and even our written records of early times, with a fastidious degree of incredulity. This unwarrantable scepticism, with which these writers are so incurably infected, may be justly imputed to their ignorance of the Irish language, and the consequent de-

ristion with which they treat of our historical events and circumstances; and the important attempt, which they make to give them a fabulous aspect. But some of their own historians have denominated Ireland, "*the venerable mother of Britain and Albany.*" These sceptical writers seem to have adopted the maxim of Voltaire, in their opinions of Irish history—"that incredulity is the source of wisdom." The philosophic Lord Bolingbroke has indeed asserted, that it is an egregious folly to endeavour to establish universal pyrrhonism, in matters of historical investigation, because there are no histories without a mixture of facts and fiction. We think, however, that there is more truth in the opinion of the splendid moralist, Dr. Johnson, who steadily maintained that all the colouring of history was imparted by the pencil of fancy. How, then, can it excite surprise, if there are defects in the chronological arrangements of Irish history, when even in the present age of literature and philosophic light, we cannot find any two accounts of the same event perfectly in accordance, in the detail of their minute circumstances and leading features. There is an anecdote related in the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, which throws a blaze of illustration on the subject. One morning, after his confinement in the Tower of London, by the order of the fanatic pedant James I. while deeply engaged in reconciling the jarring and contrary accounts of various historians, respecting some noted transactions that had occurred in the early ages of the world, he was annoyed and disturbed by a fray which happened in the courtyard exactly under his window. He was not able to see the transactions with his own eyes, so that he was anxious to obtain a narrative of it, from the first person that came into his apartment, who gave a circumstantial account of it, which he asserted to be correct, as he had seen, he said, the entire affair. In a few minutes after he had given his detail of the occurrence, another friend, Paul Pry-like, *dropped in*, who gave a different version of the disturbance, and just as his relation was finished a third person entered, who asserted he was an eye-witness of the fracas, and his recital of it was as opposite and as contradistinguished as light and darkness, from the narratives of the two preceding observers. Sir Walter, astonished at the amazing discrepancy in their stories, exclaimed,—"Good God! how is it possible I can pretend to arrive at certainty, respecting events which happened 3000 years ago, when I cannot obtain a correct account of what happened under my window, only three hours since."—Every province in Ireland had its historian, who kept its records, and every chief had his laureate and antiquarian; for so late as the usurpation of Cromwell, we find that the famous Bard McDairy, (some of whose productions we shall translate for the SHIELD,) was the Bard of the Earl of Thomond. In a country where there was much competition among poets and historians, we must be so candid as to admit, that it is probable that, in order to swell the panegyric of their chieftains and patrons, they often decked their fame and exploits in the tinsel drapery of poetic imagination. "As a question becomes more complicated and involved," says the discriminating Doctor Hawkesworth, "and extends to a greater number of relations, disagreement of opinion will always be multiplied, not because we are irrational, but because we are finite beings, furnished with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention." But though a portion of fable has been infused into our early history, yet the credit that attaches to the events connected with the landing of the Milesian colony in A. M. 2736, and the transactions and circumstances of the subsequent ages, which intervened from that epoch, until the invasion of Henry II. are authenticated by historical evidence which cannot be impeached.*

The first materials of history must have been collected from national traditions, public inscriptions, and other authorities of a similar complexion; and though the accounts delivered through the medium of popular legends, should even escape the tinge and alloy of hyperbolical exaggeration, yet the person who first recorded them, flattered with the novelty of being the original historian of his country, is naturally induced to exalt their character by the embellishments of style, and the colouring of poetry, in order to cover the barren field of incident with the verdure of imagination, and people it with heroes and heroines that never had existence. Succeeding historians, finding it difficult to separate fiction from fact, or perhaps in some instances, rather obeying the impulse of their desires than the approbation of their judgment, record all the fabricated accounts which they received with historical fidelity.

Though the ancient annals of Rome are replete with fiction, the Roman historians have drawn no line of distinction between the true and the fabulous part. Livy, the ablest and most candid of their historical writers, has admitted that it would be a kind of heresy against the dignity of a nation, to question the authenticity of its original records: he therefore omitted no fact which he found sanctioned by antiquity. He seemed to be aware that truth was so blended and interwoven with invention, that it

* Vide Bode, Warner, Whitaker, Laing, Lloyd, Smith, Camden, Vallancy, &c.

would be an endless, perhaps an insuperable task, to separate them :—but let us give his opinion in his own words—“*Quæ ante conditam condem damne urbem poeticis magnæ decors fabulis, quam incorruptis verum gestarum monumentis traduntur, ea nec affirmare nec refellere ; in animo est.*”^a The Milesians commenced their own immediate history with Phœnius, their great progenitor, and continued it with wonderful accuracy and fidelity, through the ages that elapsed from his time, until his remote descendants, Heber and Heremon, after the expiration of twenty-three generations, invaded Ireland, A. M. 2736. But we are not, in this introduction, to elucidate the inaccuracies of our chronology, nor could we, if we were inclined, light a torch, like our great and gifted country-woman, LADY MORGAN, to show the reader the remains of our ancient renown and glory, mouldering in the catacombs of the Irish annals. There is not now in existence, and we say it unhesitatingly, any person who could write a better history of that country of which she is the pride and the ornament than her Ladyship. The profundity of her research—the flowery luxuriance of her style—the fervour of her patriotism—the philosophy of her investigations—and, above all, the intimate acquaintance which she has with the language in which Ossian sung, and Brian Boru hme bade defiance to his foes, would enable her to reflect the concentrated rays of these brilliant combinations, on a HISTORY OF IRELAND, that would wither the laurel wreaths, with which the historic Muse entwined the brows of a Gibbon, a Hume, and a Henry.

It must surely have excited surprise in the minds of the inquisitive readers, that while we have numberless histories of England and Scotland, adapted to popular use, no successful attempt has been made, since the days of the Irish Livy, O'HALLORAN, to familiarize the reading world with the events of Irish history, by presenting its records in a commodious and economical form. Yet it will not be denied, that the occurrences which took place in Ireland, during the last two centuries, and especially since the accession of George III. to the present time, demand the attention of the philosopher and the historian—furnishing, as they do, moral lessons, from which not only they, but the statesmen of the world, might derive wisdom, experience, and instruction ; for to form a just and impartial estimate of her present character, they must know something of her past greatness, and present degradation ;—her wrongs, persecutions, and injuries, which may be pronounced as flagitious, as ever the most wicked and tyrannic oppressors inflicted on a nation, to depress her spirit, sap her moral energies, and deteriorate her inherent and indigenous virtues. The picture presented by such mercenary Irish apostates as Dr. Thomas Leland, the Rev. Mr. Gordon, Sir Richard Musgrave, Stephen Barlow, and the late renegade, Dr. O'Connor,† (the degenerate grand-son of the celebrated and patriotic author of the “*Dissertations on Irish History*,” who, like a parricide of his country's fame, sold all the manuscripts of his venerable grand-father to the Duke of Buckingham, in whose sepulchral library, at Stowe, “they rot in state,” is distorted in its outline by venality, and heightened in its colouring by exaggeration, so that it bears no resemblance to the original. While, however, we denounce these hired traducers of their native land, let us not withhold merited praise from the venerable Keating, the learned O'Halloran, the impartial Dr. Warner, (an Englishman) the acute O'Flaherty, the erudite Bishop Usher, the sympathetic and intelligent Curry, the eloquent Lawless, the zealous Taaffe, the accomplished McDermott, and “though last not least,” the elegant and efficient vindicator of the aspersed Irish, Mr. Plowden, whose history of Ireland, in all the great historical essentials, is superior to any similar production extant. All these historians have contributed materially to illuminate the antique darkness of our annals ; but their works do not embrace those topics, which the ample materials in our hands will enable us to introduce in our HISTORY.

The American readers, who may honour this history with a perusal, will be astonished at the record of our discords and civil warfare in feudal times. But we must inform them that martial glory was the goal of the ancient Irish warrior's ambition :—for him, the sweets of peace and domestic happiness, had no charms or allurements. The inspiring songs of the bards, and the siren voice of anticipated military fame, hurried him to the field of combat, where distinction and renown could only be obtained, and the laurels of celebrity gathered. The chieftain was sure of being branded with degradation, who would loiter in the soft lap of luxury and inglorious pleasure. To be generously brave, is surely no proof of savage barbarity ; and that such was the chivalric bravery of the Milesian Irish, will appear evident, when history assures us, that none of our monarchs ever survived the misfortune of a defeat in battle, except

^a It is not my intention to maintain, nor yet to deny those accounts that have been transmitted to us, prior to the foundation and building of the city, as they may probably be vested in the drapery of poetic invention, rather than founded by truth on the basis of uncorrupted history, or arrayed in the modest garb of fact.

† See Plowden's historical letter to Columbanus, and McDermott of Coolovlin's statement in relation to these manuscripts.

Malachy II. who fled from the glorious conflict of Clontarf. Let us peruse the history of the Romans, and it will exhibit a scene of eternal warfare, in which dissension and civil broils are perpetually mingled with foreign conquests. The Grecian states carried the glory of arms to the highest pitch of ambition; at the same time that they termed all other nations barbarians. Athens and Sparta wasted their strength in destroying each other, and yet they were considered the most elegant and polished people in the Grecian Republics; nor was the soul-moving Demosthenes deemed a barbarian, when he by his animating harangues excited his countrymen to arms, and with

“—————Resistless eloquence,
Wielded, at will, the fierce democracy;
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece—
To Macedon—and Artaxerxes’ throne!”

It is therefore evident, that wars and civil commotions are no proofs of a deficiency of refinement of manners, or enlightenment of civilization, and however derogatory they may be to the precepts of religion, and the injunctions of morality, they still exhibit a theatre where all the higher powers of the mind are called into action—where the victor is disarmed of his enmity, by the pleadings of compassion, and the fortunate conqueror laments over the fallen foe.

But perhaps we have already extended this introduction to prolixity; but we must of necessity carry it a little farther in order to define our plan. We are aware of the important task we have assigned ourselves, and of the difficulty that will attend the writing of a comprehensive HISTORY OF IRELAND. We have, indeed, an abundance of materials, which we hope by industry and assiduity, to arrange with historical skill, and to combine information and instruction in our work, which shall furnish a succinct narrative of all the memorable events that occurred in Ireland from the arrival of Portholamus, down to the present year. Nothing shall be omitted that deserves to be remembered. In relating the merits and demerits of memorable actions, we shall endeavour to trace them to the motives from which they originated—to elevate such as were consecrated by laudable intention, to their just eminence of moral celebrity, and to stamp such as sprung from the source of turpitude, with the stigma of reprobation. We will bring the cotemporary authority of English and Scottish writers to our aid, in dissipating the mists of prejudice, in which some of their countrymen obscured our fair fame and character. We shall let Americans see what Erin *once was*, for what she is, alas! is known to the world. She has been the victim of English calumny, and it is generally in that deceitful mirror of misrepresentation, that she is even now reflected in America. We shall do all we can to subvert the baseless system of English and Scottish defamation—and to defend the ancient historic structure of Ireland, which we contemplate with the inalienable sympathies of hereditary affection, from the assaults of prejudice and incredulity.

We will give a fair, and we hope, an impartial history of Ireland; though candour obliges us to confess, that when we come to detail the wrongs and persecutions of our native land, we cannot help speaking with warmth; for he that would merit the title of quite an impartial historian, should, like Imlac’s Poet, divest himself of all the passions, feelings, and prejudices of his age and country.

In our history, we shall give a luminous review of the literature, manners, and customs of the Irish people, embracing an inquiry into the merits of their genius, eloquence, valour, and characteristics, as well as specimens of the forensic and senatorial displays of Grattan, Curran, Burke, Sheridan, Burgh, Flood, O’Connell, Plunket, and Sheil. Our next number will contain the first chapter of our history.

ANCIENT MODE OF CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

The hallowed period of Christmas was celebrated by the ancient Irish with great pomp and festivity. In Flemming’s “History of Ancient Irish Customs,” we have an elaborate account of the festivity and amusement that prevailed at this season of gayety and mirth, which was the very millenium of hospitality and social intercourse. On Christmas eve, the village maidens repaired to the groves to gather ivy, and holly, which they generally wove into garlands, for the decoration of the village church, and their own apartments. At seven o’clock in the evening, the church bells greeted “old father

Christmas" with a merry peal; then the immense "Christmas candles"* were lit up, the large block of ash blazed on the smiling hearth, the enormous *wassail bowl* of whiskey punch smoked upon the antique oak table, and after the priest had said grace, and offered up a prayer of gratulation and thanksgiving† the bards had chaunted a carol on their harps, the feudal chieftain caused the door of his spacious hall to be thrown open, who, proud of his vassals and dependants, with a smile as cheerful as his hearth, and a heart as open as the portals of his castle, bade all that entered welcome, and to those that departed an affectionate adieu. After feasting on fish and fruits, the *wassail bowl* went round briskly, and the bards then raised the festive strains. So late as the sixteenth century, it was the custom in the county of Kerry, for the poor retainers of the chief to carry about to the neighbouring houses, with the wassail-cup an image of our Saviour, together with a quantity of roasted apples, steeped in a large tankard of me-the-glin, so that all might be reminded of the birth of the Messiah, and have an opportunity of drinking to the health of the chieftain and his lady. In those remote days, a wassail bowl, or cup, was placed on the tables of Lords, as well as on those of the Abbots, whose doors were ever open for the reception of the poor and the stranger.

In Archdal's Monasticon, there is an engraving of the wassail bowl which belonged to the abbey of Kildare. The inside (which held two quarts) was furnished with eight pegs, at equal distances one below the other, in conformity with the sumptuary ordinances of the Prior, to repress visitants from excess in drinking. This measurement allowed of half a pint of strong wine to each person. This antique cup, we believe, is still in the possession of his grace the Duke of Leinster.

At midnight, the lord and the peasant repaired to the church to offer their devotions, and hear a solemn mass; but after two o'clock on Christmas morning, devotions and austerities gave way to pleasure and rejoicing. On their coming home from church, the wassail bowl, which, though rudely shaped from Galway marble, contained liquor fit for the lips of the Indian Bacchus, and worthy to celebrate his return from conquest. The wassail liquor was composed of wine, brandy, some water, spices of various kinds, and roasted apples, which floated in triumph on its foaming top. Music and song always ushered in Christmas morning. The swain sung his serenade ditty under his mistress's window—the harper allured sweet notes from his music-breathing strings, and the discordant horn and shrill pipe contributed sounds, if not melody, to the concert. Then Christmas day was like a day of victory; every house and church was as green as spring. The laurel, plucked by the hand of beauty, and the holly, with its scarlet berries shining like fire-flies, decorated the altar of hospitality.‡ On that day, the eve of which announced to the "shepherd while tending their flocks by night," the coming of Christ, all distinctions of rank and station were forgotten at the great dinner in the chieftain's hall, where the "tables groaned with the weight of the feast."§ But now the

* Brand says, that "the Anglo-Saxons, after the devotions of Christmas-day were over, always observed the ceremony of lighting in the house enormous candles, which were called 'Christmas candles,' and laying a large log of wood upon the fire, which they termed a *yule clog*, or Christmas block." The custom, in all probability, has been derived from the ancient Irish, as Bede himself admits that the Irish Druids, before the introduction of Christianity, began the year on the eighth of the calends of January, which is now our Christmas day. The pagan Irish worshipped the sun, and observed the eighth of January as a day of devotion and jubilee, and we think that the Christmas block, or *yule log*, derived its appellation from the ceremony of burning it as an emblem of the cheerful return of the sun, and an increase of its vivid light and genial heat.

† We translate, for the perusal of our readers, from an old Irish manuscript, the form of benediction used by the chaplain of the Earl of Desmond, in blessing the feast and the guests, on Christmas day, 1438.

"The blessing of this festive season be upon our good lord and lady, and upon all that hear me;—its gladness in every heart—its praises on every lip! May the aged forget the ravages of time in the hallowed recollections of that blessed eternity, which was assured to all Christians by the coming of our blessed Redeemer; and may the young be happy in administering to the comforts and lightening the cares of those who tread the down-hill path of life beneath the weight of years. It behooves us to contemplate this period of the year with peculiar earnestness; but while it claims our piety and most serious thoughts, it by no means excludes that rational enjoyment and mirth, which the goodness of providence permits to all its creatures in the merry Christmas-time. Then may the wassail-bowl pass round with temperate cheerfulness; and may we receive all the good things prepared for us here with ardent feelings of gratitude to Him who sends us every good comfort and nourishment."

‡ Wright, in his History of Dublin, tells us, that at Christmas, "every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holly, ivy, and bays, and whatever the season of the year afforded."

§ One of our ancient historians says, that when Druidism prevailed, the priests caused their temples and houses to be decorated with evergreens in December, in order that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnnipped by cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes.

¶ For an ample account of various customs and ceremonies practised at Christmas, in ancient times, we beg to refer the reader to "*Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities*," which, we believe, can be seen at Mr. Coleman's bookstore, in Broadway. The curious reader will also derive much informa-

good old custom of celebrating Christmas, with profuse hospitality, is almost dispensed with in Ireland; and, alas! the song of the bard, nor the voice of merriment, no longer resounds in the mansions of the Irish nobility. These heartless absentees, instead of diffusing the blessings of benevolence and hospitality among the poor tenantry from whom they derive their incomes, are revelling in luxuries in Paris or Rome, and regardless of the miseries which they do not feel, they look like the bloated gods of Epicurus, with unconcern on the privations and sufferings of a brave peasantry, experiencing, while labouring for the support of these voluptuaries, the extremities of want and the bitterness of cold.

IRISH VINDICATOR.

Two Irish gentlemen have commenced publishing, in Montreal, Lower Canada, a weekly newspaper, under this title, which bids fair to rise to an eminence of fame and popularity. In the columns of the numbers that we have received, we recognize the warmth of the Irish spirit, the glow of Irish patriotism, and the lucid emanation of a cultivated genius and a lettered mind. We cordially congratulate our countrymen, in the Canadas, on the zeal and ability which the talented Editors of the *Vindicator* will marshal in the support of the Irish cause. These literary gentlemen will give their patrons a journal of originality and taste, directed by Irish feeling and dictated by Irish sincerity.

The *Irish Vindicator* will, we hope, fill up the chasm, which the lamented death of Mr. Waller, the late able and spirited editor of the *Canadian Spectator*, has made in the cause of civil and religious liberty in the Canadas.

The editorial essays of the *Irish Vindicator* possess considerable felicity of style, as the diction is perspicuous without preciseness, and flowing without negligence. In the poet's corner of this paper, original flowers of genius have sprung up to render the Parnassian bower more fragrant. We sincerely trust that the *Irish Vindicator* will experience a success commensurate to its high deserts.

BALTIMORE REPUBLICAN.

Our admiration of the eminent talent and liberality of this Journal, induces us to inform its respectable editor, that the article headed "*Private Correspondence*," which he copied from that misnomer the "*Truth Teller*," a few days ago, owes its origin to a London paper. This is another instance of the bare-faced plagiarism, which the English literary felon is in the constant habit of imposing on the readers of the "*Truth Teller*" as original. The sordid and subtle Saxon proprietors of that stupid Journal have no more a correspondent in Dublin than they have in Constantinople. Therefore, whenever the editor of the *Republican* sees an article headed, "*From our Dublin Correspondent*," he may conclude it to have been foisted into the columns of the "*Truth Teller*" by the arrant plagiarist by whose vandal scissors they are supplied.

tion on this subject from an essay in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1765, in which it is conjectured that the ancient custom of dressing churches at Christmas with laurel, holly, box, and ivy, was in allusion to the many figurative expressions, relative to Christ, as the "*branch of righteousness*," &c.

Wassail, or *was heal*, in Saxon, signifies, your health, and is now used in a very limited sense, and only at the time of Christmas, in England and Ireland. It, in the olden time, denoted mirth and festivity in general; and in this sense it occurs in Shakespeare, as follows:—

"The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels."

Perhaps the origin of the term wassail may be traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist. On their first interview, she drank his health in a cup of spiced liquor, in conformity to the soporific compliment—"O King, live for ever!" and presenting him the bowl, she said, "*Halford Kynning, wassail!*" i. e. "*My Lord King, your health!*" and after she had drank, he took the cup, and kissed the damsel, and pledged her.

Milton alludes to the custom of wassailing in the following lines—

"I'm loath to meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassaillers —————"

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day—

This consecrated day,
To mirth and indolence."

SOUTHEY.

New-year's day has ever been dedicated to hospitality and convivial pleasure—to the offering of gifts at the shrine of friendship and love—to the expression of congratulation for blessings received, and perils escaped, during the past year. It is the season of festal banquets, and bacchanalian revelry in this city, when wine and walnuts, confectionary, jokes, and songs, and blazing hearths, contribute so much to our gratification. The wit of the poet is now more brilliant than usual, as the wine feeds the blaze of lively repartee and lettered humour, while the bright and bland eyes of beauty dart the warm ray of love into the frost-bitten hearts of old bachelors.

Sickness and sadness have on this day a sabbath, when joy and gaiety array themselves in blandishing smiles, and old maids forget their envy, and pugnacious postmasters their spleen. The population of the city is all in motion at an early hour in the morning—the panting tailor, and the blushing milliner, are seen running to their customers with new garments. All is bustle and preparation for a sumptuous dinner—a New-Year's feast. Wo to oxen, turkeys, fowls, ducks, and nut-cracking squirrels—and as to geese, we believe there will not be one left to save the capitol. Every one eats on New-Year's day. The mechanic cannot offend his delicate palate with pork or corned beef—he must have pies, canvass-back ducks, and other dainties. The apprentice abjures his ordinary fare, and plunges at once into the luxuries of joints, puddings, and fruits. Surely it is the happiest season of the year—it is the "piping time" of good living; when hunger is no longer an enemy—when age assumes the aspect of youth, and affected morality divests itself of its chilling austerities—when the whole city is illuminated by bright fires and smiling faces.

Apples, nuts, and oranges, tower like a mount Atlas on every table: cakes fringed over, (as if to rival the snow) rise in huge piles. What a delightful spectacle for the school boy! he dreams no more of the coming lesson, the lifted taws, or fierce look of his teacher; they no longer "have terrors" for him; for he is attracted by "better metal" than syntax and prosody. In the midst of a "wilderness of sweets," he is puzzled whether to attack a golden heap of oranges, as tempting as the forbidden fruit of paradise—demolish a pyramid of sweet-meats—assault General Jackson and his army, in their pie-crust fortress—drag Mr. Adams out of the presidential chair, or sack Solomon's temple. O what havoc is made by the little goddard!—The custom of presenting New-Year's gifts originated with the Romans, and was borrowed from them by the other nations of Europe. These gifts were formerly presented on this day in England, by the husband to the wife, the father to the child, or the master to the servant; reversing the Roman custom, which was generally from the inferior to the superior. The gifts were not confined to particular things, though some were preferred to others, and they appear to have been offerings peculiar to the season, and made more for ceremony's sake, than for a token of remembrance, or for value. An orange stuck full of cloves was one of this class. Eggs dyed of different colours were also sent as presents, particularly red ones.

Verses full of adulation and compliments, were sent by gallants to their mistresses, as New-Year's-gifts. We are told by Chalmers, that the historian Buchannan, sent a Latin ode as a New-Year's gift to the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. History is silent concerning the manner in which her Majesty received it.

The new year opens to our view a bright vista of anticipation—green and cloudless as a poet's imaginary paradise, where felicity with a flaming sword, prevents the approach of poverty or sickness. In the dream of this delusion, we see good fortune smiling upon us; but when we awake, the phantom is vanished, the delusive visions are dissolved, and haggard adversity withers with its frown, the magic charms of the scene. It is the character of human nature to fling itself confidently upon the future, and even to "leap amid its darkness." The past is beyond our power—its tide has receded into the ocean of "time elapsed." We have, therefore, only the future for the haven, in which we can anchor our little bark of expectation, and we look to it with delight, always flattering ourselves that there at mooring, and safely sheltered from the storm, we shall behold

"The seas for ever calm—the skies for ever bright."

The spendthrift now resolves to practice most rigid economy—the rake to abandon his evil pursuits, and lead a life of virtue; but these resolutions evaporate almost with the breath that utters them.

The greetings and wine-goblets that usher in the new year, are not wholly useless ceremonies. The division of time entered upon, bears a thousand fond expectations on its wings, which it liberally distributes to all that wish to be lulled in this sleep of delusion, by false and flattering morn. But it is better to listen to the siren song of the deceptious Goddess, even if we are shipwrecked on her rocks, than plunge into the abyss of despair; let us always struggle before we sink in despondency. The sorrows of this life are in themselves sufficiently gloomy, without darkening the horizon of hope, by sombre mists collected by anticipation.

When we consider this world as only a stage, upon which, for a short time only, we are permitted to tread, and that the mortal curtain must soon drop, to close upon our view, it surely behoves us to acquit ourselves in this drama of life, so that the part we have acted may assuage us applause from a heavenly audience.

New-year's day in New York, is an eventful one—almost all the stores are shut, labour suspends his toil, commerce languishing in the Tariff fever, rests upon her oars, and the Editors have one day's respite from printer's devils, and their ears "a calm suspension" from the discordant cry—"More copy, Sir!" All enjoy a universal holiday, except the confectioners, for this is their day of reaping a golden harvest.

Nothing is seen in the streets, but well-dressed persons going to visit their friends and relations, and renew all the endearing ties of friendship and acquaintance; thus by their solicitude, and reciprocity of kindness, adding new links to the golden chain of social intercourse.

The early part of the evening is devoted to the theatre; but the sable night is, as Ossen has it, "sent away in songs," after the *boni vivants* have feasted on a luxurious supper, as exquisite as ever smoked on the tables of Lucullus, Apicius, or Coelius.

GRECIAN FEMALES.

A picture of Grecian Females, drawn by a French Traveller, in a series of letters, translated for the LAMBS SHIELD and MONTHLY MILESIAN, from a Parisian periodical published in November last.
SALMON, 29th Nov. 1837.

I am traversing, my dear friend, a great part of the "native lands of the gods"—the country of poetry—painting, sculpture, and beauty.

I have drank of the limpid water of Castalia—gathered flowers on the summit of Pindus, and dropped a tear on the grave of Leonidas, in the pass of Thermopylae. I cannot tell you the pleasure I derived from visiting this classic ground, where every object seemed to speak to my feelings, as they reminded me of our school boy days, when the record of the heroic deeds of the Grecians fired our breast with emulation, when we went forth to victory, under the conquest-winged eagles of him, whose name we dare not now utter; but whose memory is embalmed in the tears and enshrined in the hearts of Frenchmen.

But pardon the emotions which the remembrance of events that are associated with my feelings, has given birth to. The heart is often gladdened by the revival of some dear recollections, which spring up green and fragrant, under the sun-beams of memory.

You ask me to describe the Grecian Females, and give you a sketch of their mental and personal charms, as well as a picture of the society and manners of this "clime of the east." The task imposed by friendship, I shall cheerfully perform, to the best of my ability.

The Grecian manners are perfect pictures of those of their ancestors, and a mixture of Asiatic and European, so that we cannot be much surprised, that in several respects, they are diametrically different from our own. No women are seen in company with men—no woman sits down to table with her husband; among the lower orders, the wife stands behind her husband, and waits on him while at meals. The ladies of quality have a separate establishment in the house, called the *Gynaeceum*, or female apartments, where they eat, drink, sleep, and perform the duties of the family. No Greek lady walks the streets alone, or unattended by her slaves or servants, who are in number according to the rank and wealth of their mistress; none but the poor classes, or neglected courtezans, are seen without such attendants. The Greek matrons when they enjoy the promenade, are so completely disguised, by their costume, that no part of them can be seen, except their eyes and nose. Their garments are loose and flowing. The dress of a matron, consists of a garment of red cloth, the waist very short, tied by a girdle under the breast, the skirts falling down to the ground in folds;

a thin flowing veil of muslin with a gold border, is gracefully thrown over the head and shoulders. The young ladies array themselves when they go to walk, in a similar long red vest, with a square cape of yellow satin, hanging down behind, and in going through the streets, they studiously keep their hands concealed in their pocket holes, at the sides. They use no carriages or chairs; but wear buckskins, a species of golloshias or clugs, near a foot high, after the manner of the ancients. Their carriage and gait in the streets, are easy, light and graceful. But though the tyrant custom obliges Grecian ladies to wear a masquerade dress in the streets, where they resemble bright moons enveloped in clouds, yet the moment they enter the domestic sanctuary, they cast off the drapery that hid their charms while abroad. In the house their appearance assumes all the attractions that can win the hearts of the other sex. Here the fair one, like Thetis, has her white and delicate feet naked, and highly polished with pumice stone, so as to resemble burnished ivory, with the nails tinged red, treading on elegant silk carpets, for no lady wears either shoes or stockings at home. Her trowsers of thin gauze, which display the symmetry of her limbs, descend from the hip to the ankle: the lower portion of these trowsers are tastefully embroidered with flowers; the vest is of silk, exactly fitted to her bosom, and the form of her body, which it rather covers than conceals; the sleeves button occasionally at the hand, and are lined with yellow satin; an ornamented zone or girdle, encompasses her slender waist just under the breast, and fastens before with clasps of gold, frequently set with precious stones: the head dress is a red or green scull cap, dazzling with pearls and brilliants; from beneath the cap along the cheeks, flow a fine lock of hair, curling on the face; and down the back a profusion of luxuriant tresses, glossy and silky, waving over her snowy neck and shoulders in ringlets, which appear to be twisted by the hands of Cupid; her fine blue-veined wrists are encircled with bracelets of gold, and the strings of rubies and coral that gird her neck, appeared like variegated flowers springing up through April snows. Instead of the scull-cap, some of the young ladies wear their hair artfully rolled on the crown of the head, and ornamented with flowers. They all a *P.Aurore*, are rosy-fingered, as they stain the tips of the fingers in crimson colour. Indeed the Grecian women of the present day, perfectly resemble the figures which we find on ancient Greek coins, medals, and sculptures.

The moderna as well as the ancient Greek ladies use paint to improve their beauty, a circle of blue environs their eyes, and the inside of the sockets and edges are tinged with black. Though vanity, and the desire of setting off their charms in the most seducing manner, are assiduously attended to, by the Grecian females, the mental pearl remains as it came from the mine of nature, as intellectual attractions, which shine with such lustre in our women, are here of no momentous consideration. The girls are taught to dance, to sing, to play on the Turkish guitar, the timbral or tympanum, and to embroider, in which art they generally excel; but few can read, none can write. Emblems, instead of love-letters, serve to give expression to their sentiments, and convey them to the objects of their affections. The Grecian women are still eminently beautiful, but without education, what are they but richly coloured flowers, tinted and variegated, but possessing neither scent nor fragrance. Among them you may still find Helens, and Ariadnes; but no Sapphos or Aspasiass. The same capacity, the same genius, which rendered the ancient Greeks so illustrious, still exist among them, if they were called forth, and fostered by humane, free, and enlightened government; but the inhuman oppressions, and barbarous ignorance of the Turks, wither genius in the bud, and sink the moral and physical energies of the people in stagnant apathy.

The Greeks will sometimes admit a stranger, especially a friend and intimate, into his gynæceum, or women's apartments. I was fortunate enough to have this honour, a few days after my arrival in Corinth. It was on the 6th of December, at mid-day. The ladies were sitting round their *Tendor* (stove)* employed in embroidery. The company consisted of the Lady of the house, her two daughters, the eldest of whom appeared to be sixteen and the youngest fourteen years of age. Never did even the magnificent court of Napoleon, where I have seen the loveliest women of Europe congregated, display to my eyes, such a perfect beauty as the eldest girl, who now saluted my friend and me. On our being seated on low sofas, the charming Lucia, (for that was her name,) rose and served us with coffee and fruit. Her deportment was as graceful and light, at that of a young Hebe. Never did I indulge purer rapture, than

* The *tendor* is a brazier of charcoal fire, placed in the middle of the room in winter, ~~for there are~~ no chimnies in the Greek houses. This fire is covered by a kind of table, over which is spread an embroidered carpet, that reaches on all sides to the floor. Around are placed sofas for the company, on which men and women, like the Turks, sit cross-legged. The *tendor* carpet was embellished with a fine likeness of the great English poet, Lord Byron, whose memory the Greeks cherish with reverential regard. "Ah!" exclaimed my host, "had the *magnanimous Lord* been spared to us by God, a few years longer, our chains would be rent, and all Greece would be blessed with liberty."

in contemplating the blaze of perfection, and winning attractions, that irradiated the figure and face of this fascinating Grecian Maiden. Her stature was majestic, but her air and attitude were nature itself, dignified, softened, and subdued by the most engaging modesty, and as it gave the roseate hues of dimpled blushes to her cheeks, sensibility kindled the lustre of her blue eyes, which sparkled like pearly dew drops, trembling on the leaves of the violet. The softest roses that ever youth and loveliness poured out on beauty, were blooming fresh and fragrant on her lips, and I am sure her pure soul was the shrine of virtue. Never did female charms appear so amiable and virtue so adorned as in this incomparable virgin.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—NO. IV. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The biography of Goldsmith has not only been given to the world by the elegant pen of his countryman, the celebrated Richard Glover, author of the epic poem *Leonidas*, but, also, illustrated by Cumberland, and lately embellished by all the colouring of genius and flush of language, which shed such lustre on the narrative, of *SIR WALTER SCOTT*, in his *Lives of the Novelists*, it would therefore be like attempting to "gild refined gold, or throw perfume on the violet," for us to retouch pictures, which are brilliant with vivid tints that time can never fade.* We may however be able to say something new, by way of anecdote, of a man who as a poet, a dramatist and an essayist, criticism has placed in the first class of the English Literati, and whose writings, surviving many revolutions of fashion and taste, are every day more frequently read, quoted, and admired. We read his poems with delight; but seldom think, much less reflect on the extreme sufferings of their amiable author, wandering "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow"—from the inhospitable plains of Poland to the solitudes of the Alps; at one time, obtaining in the seminaries of Belgium, a scanty meal and a night's lodging, for a laboriously successful disputation; and at another obtaining from the peasants, on the pastoral banks of the Loire, entertainment and food for accompanying the rustic dance with his flute.† It was during this peregrination, that he formed the outlines of his *Traveller*, an excellent Poem, of which Dr. Johnson said "that it was superior to any thing produced since the death of Pope," and the great statesman, Mr. Fox, declared, "it was one of the finest poems in the English language." Who can read this charming poem, without admiring its interesting sentiments, elegant and picturesque imagery, and nervous harmony of language. An accomplished critic, Dr. Aikin, however, is of opinion that the "*Deserted Village*" has more sublime imagery, more variety, depth, pathos, and more of the peculiar character of poetry. In his essays, a delicate strain of humour gives animation and interest to his composition. Indeed, we believe that for sweetness, harmony, and elegant simplicity, his prose compositions are inferior only to some of Addison's papers, in the *Spectator*. The first work our author gave the world, was entitled an "Inquiry into the present state of polite learning in Europe;" [1754] and the year following he wrote a book that acquired great fame; *Life of Richard Nash, Esq. of Bath*. In this book, which was published anonymously, he introduced the "Memoirs of *Miss Sylvia H—*," which gave the publication as great a run, as the "*Memoirs of a woman of quality*," did to *Peregrine Pickle*. The lady of whom he gave such a striking picture, well known for her frailties and talents, in Bath, was so mortified at finding herself dragged into such discreditably notoriety, that she was found (as one of her noble gallants expressed it) one fine morning "*self suspended*," and the following lines, written on the occasion, and by herself, lying on her table.

"Oh Death! thou sov'reign cure of human woe:
Thou, dearest friend! thou greatest good, below!
Still, may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave!"

To which was subjoined the following note, "How could I be so mean as to live an object of the contempt and scorn, to which the publication of that *cursed Book* has ex-

* Dr. Percy, the learned Bishop of Dromore, wrote, "a memoir of the life and writings of Goldsmith."

† Rousseau, under similar circumstances, says, "I had little Cash, and as I feared less the danger of perishing through want of sleep, than want of food, I determined on sleeping in the open fields."

posed me? yet I could have braved all, only that Lord L—— whom I loved dearer than my life, joined my cruel deriders in their ridicule and laughter."

We have often thought, that in the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, the favourite literary spring of our author, he intended to convey, or exemplify his opinions of religion, morality and politics. This admirable novel, as well as the beautiful poem of the Deserted Village, (and both are intimately connected with the affections of the heart of Goldsmith,) appear to inculcate notions of equality; and to approve of the Agrarian system, and to enforce the principle, that commerce and luxury, generate public infelicity and ruin. We think the following Couplet shows our hypothesis well founded.

"A time there was, ere England's griefs began;
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man."

We, consequently, would be warranted in asserting that the famous Brissot and the philanthropist De Warville, who sought to refine and rectify the gross qualities of human nature, in the alembic of philosophy, borrowed that system of general melioration from the speculations of Goldsmith.

Brissot, in his writings, has pronounced a glowing eulogium on our author. He is said to have suggested to the philanthropic John Newberry, the publication of "Children's Books," such as "*Margery Two shoes*" the "*Fairing*," &c. and that he actually composed many of those most valuable elementary works, on his own favourite principle;

"These little things are great to little man."

It has been suggested by some authors, that Goldsmith had a share in the production of a work, which was once very popular, "*The tales of the Genii*," published under the name of Charles Morell. This work, which we have not read since our schoolboy days, has no internal evidence of genius or style, that we can recollect, which could afford grounds for attributing it to our Countryman. In the many memoirs that we have read of him, in which are contained whatever has or can now be collected of this excellent poet, there is no allusion to the "*Tales of the Genii*."

Dr. Johnson, (who was always the steady friend of our author,) Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Boswell, Dr. Bissett, the Bishop of Dromore, and Mr. Woty,* have given many interesting anecdotes and characteristic traits of him; but the most authentic and domestic memoir of this eminent worthy, is that of his friend and Countryman Dr. Glover, a man as equally distinguished in the annals of fame, for his varied talents as for his affable manners, and those social qualities, that shine in society; but a man of liberal principles, who, in consequence, like many of his countrymen, found the career of his genius in the paths of honour and fortune, impeded by the bigotry and intolerance of the government. Ireland was not then [1763] the element of patriotism, or literary ability, so that instead of their being a blessing they were a curse to their possessor. Dr. Glover, exerted professional, literary, and dramatic talent, in his native city, (Dublin,) without reaping a golden harvest of emolument, until, at length, the "utmost makes of his star," being past, he went to London, where his works were duly appreciated; and where the laurels of prosperity soon sheltered him from the blast of indigence. He enjoyed his good fortune, in London, but a few years, being attacked by a fever, which terminated his existence just as he had attained the 59th year of his age, exclaiming as he expired, sentiments similar to those of the Roman; "I have been near sixty years on this earth, and have lived but nine."

Some able writer has aptly observed "*that an author is best known in his writings*;"

* Shortly after Goldsmith's decease, Mr. Woty published the following lines, addressed to his friend's memory, in the *Public Ledger*.

"Adieu! sweet bard! to each fine feeling true;
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;—
Those form'd to charm ev'n vicious minds, and these,
With harmless worth the social soul to please;
Another's woes, thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.—
Sweet bard adieu! thine own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise;
—Yes, these survive to time's remotest day,
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay;—
Reader! if number'd in the Muse's train
Go tune the Lyre and emulate his strain;
But if no poet thou—reverse the plan,
Depart in peace—and imitate the man."

and in our opinion, the observation is just, and founded on experience. as many instances might be adduced to verify and illustrate it; because it leads us, as it were, by a short cut, to the very bosom of the writer, and affords us a history of him, by an analytical transcript of his soul and all its faculties.

Whoever attentively reads *Goldsmith's* productions, will discover, in numerous passages, a mirror of the mind of their author. Among the more prominent objects of reflection, will appear a strong affection for his relatives, an almost enthusiastic attachment to the place of his birth, a deep regret at the untoward fortune, and imperious necessity, that drove him from the green fields of his youth, where he basked in the tranquil bosom of rural retirement. In a future paper we shall speak of his dramas.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

“Home! sweet nurse of the heart,
Where love and lore alternate hours employ,
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy.”

Home! sweet home! there is soft melody in the sound! the voice that breathes so magical a name, touches the chords of pleasant sensation, like the gentle action of zephyr on the *Æolian* harp, and awakens the most pathetic and enrapturing notes of the music of nature, which rouses the slumbering sensibility of the soul, with its thrilling strains of gladness! Home is the flowery pathway of life, where the nobler passions of humanity blossom, in unspotted purity; the sacred shrine where all our longing, vagrant, pilgrim fancies love to worship. It is the asylum of mourning grief, the last citadel in which the bereaved mind can take sanctuary from the persecutions of afflictive wo. May the misanthrope who would infuse the poison of discord and jarring passions of domestic strife, into such a delicious cup of bliss, be driven by the fiercest winds of heaven, to the endless agitation of misery. May the heartless, unfeeling wretch, who would convert that Eden of serene comfort, into a hell of contention, be a solitary exile in the desolation of humanity, pining in eternal melancholy, and like *Hesiod's* Titans, deprived even of the hope of future pleasure.

Man can only enjoy supreme happiness in this bright sphere of domestic affection. The smile of conjugal love is the fiery pillar that illuminates the dreary and doleful gloom of affliction; and the tender and feeling bosom of a wife is the ark, that bears us triumphantly over the raging waves of the deluge of adversity. It is the soft pillow of sympathy, on which the aching head of misery may be lulled to the calm repose of consolation; it is the gushing fountain of earthly joys—the rock on which man can safely raise the edifice of lasting delights. Yes! even hallowed home, with all its pleasures and comforts, would be a paradise of lonely solitude, unless it were inhabited and adorned by an Eve, for it is the sunshine of her charming society, that casts a brilliant halo of felicity around it; as her presence blows like a refreshing gale, the fragrant flowers of hope, and ripens the sweetest fruits of enjoyment. Sallied with the world's tinsel, and delusive amusements, we return home, with redoubled satisfaction, and prize and love it the more. Misfortunes cannot blast the blooming verdure of its contentment; for there the agonized heart finds a rosy bed, on which to repose its sorrows; sickness cannot lessen its charms, as there soothing sympathy, like a ministering angel, pours the sanative balm of conjugal love into the wounds of wo;—and even death cannot quench the blessings of home, for there we breathe out our souls, in halcyon peacefulness, while imagining that we hear, in the sighs and prayers of a weeping wife, the melody of the happy spirits in Elysium. Amidst the adversities, cares, and tumultuous scenes of life; in despair, in poverty, and sickness, 'tis bliss to reflect that still we have a haven to moor the storm-beaten bark of life; a home that will welcome the wanderer to its bosom, and shield him from the ingratitude of friendship, and the inconstancy of fortune; a sanctuary, where we can flee from the “rich man's scorn, and proud man's contumely;” from the insult of unlettered ignorance, the averted face of upstart arrogance, the laugh of derision, and the stings of envious malice, to find pity and love opening their

zoning arms, and a smile of gladness beaming on every countenance, a welcome glowing in every heart. Oh! 'tis designed by heaven as the resting-place of man, the poetical paradise of mortal felicity, the temple of virtue, where connubial bliss, and calm serenity are enshrined.

When the malignity of a disastrous and cruel fortune blights the prospect of hope, which was in the spring of youth so fair, blooming, and budding, and when the sun of prosperity, that illumined the smiling landscape, is overcast with the gloomy clouds of unpropitious destiny, and the ruthless hand of wayward fate discovers the rosy tie which connected conjugal and paternal affection, obliging the unhappy father to abandon his home—his dear home! with which he associates the remembrance of past delights—of infantile enjoyments and endearing relations, seek a kindlier fortune in a foreign clime; then the bitterest draught of human misery is forced upon his revolting lips, and the severest torture inflicted on his dismal mind. In his solitary musings amidst the dreary solemnity of the ocean, his thoughts are ever wandering to home, that fixed star of his soul; and all the dear objects consecrated by memory, rise into life, arrayed in the charms of visionary delusion, in his dreams, while the sadly murmuring modulation of the waves seem to sympathise in his anguish and mental suffering. Soothing hope, the last consolation of despair, the last twinkling star in the horizon of despondency! promises future rapture, and the bliss of once more embracing his wife and children, whose beloved idea had in absence lain like a delicious cordial at his desolate bosom, and cheered his spirit amid the pain of toil, and in the dismaying hour of danger. Sweet and rapturous anticipation! beatified herald of the coming transports of conjugal and paternal affection! Ah! the remembrance of home, comes as the fading light of the setting sun over my gloomy heart, and like Ossian's song of sorrow, "it is pleasing and mournful to my soul." Farewell! then, dear home of my fathers, attracting magnet of my dreams! how often do I visit in fancy the memory-consecrated spot, where I have tasted the only real joys that earth has given me, and where I hope, through the mercies of a benevolent providence, to enjoy all the pleasures that life has left to me: receive, revered dwelling of past happiness! my ardent homage—my purest and sincerest devotion of attachment; and when I forget THEY, may I lose the rights of humanity, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not fondly think of thee, JERUSALEM, both in my melancholy mood, and joyous mirth: and may Tipisihone shake her gory head of living snakes at me, when my bosom becomes so torpid as not to feel a responsive thrill of ecstasy at the announcement of thy musical name. P.

BRIAN BOROIHME'S HARP.

This renowned Irish monarch, whose reign exhibits the most splendid career of glory in the annals of his country, was passionately fond of music, in which art he made an eminent proficiency. Though, like Napoleon, he was generally engaged in war, yet under the fostering influence of his tutelary munificence, literature and the fine arts sprung up in flowery and luxuriant maturity. But the liberality of an English historian, the celebrated translator of Demosthenes, has already drawn a character, in which were eminently united all those qualities most admired, in the noblest names, of Grecian and Roman story. BRIAN was so masterly a performer on the harp, that his melody often fired his troops with the

*There are no people in the world more attached to the home of their youth, than the Irish. This we will exemplify by a historical fact, recorded by Barry—"While Dermot, the king of Leinster, with the forces of Strongbow, was obliged to wait at St. David's, in Wales, he used to go to the heights, and cast many languishing looks towards the Irish coast, and as the sea breeze rose he would open his mouth to inhale it, believing that it passed over the green fields of his kingdom and was fraught with the breath of his family and kindred."—*Vide Geraldus Cambrensis.*

irresistible spirit of martial ardour, and kindled in the touched souls of his bards and orators; the enthusiasm of poetry and the flame of eloquence. After his death, at the glorious battle of Clontarf, his harp was found in his tent, for the charms of music were wont to sooth the tedium of his private hours, by his son Teige, who preserved it as a sacred relique; but this gallant Prince was soon after his father's death, deposed by his brother, Donagh, who basely deprived him of his life and throne. The usurper, to secure the power which he thus obtained by fratricide, formed an alliance with HAROLD, King of England, whose daughter, the Princess Driella, he married. Donagh, knowing that he could have no hold in the affection of the Irish people, who only longed for an opportunity of shaking off the intolerable yoke of his oppression, garrisoned all the fortresses in the kingdom with English mercenaries, to overawe his subjects. His tyranny and aggression soon, however, effected his downfall. A formidable league was formed against him, consisting of the kings of Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster, who marched at the head of a powerful force, to Dublin, where they proclaimed his nephew, Turlogh, the son of Teige, king of Ireland. A general engagement soon followed, in which Donagh, and his English auxiliaries, were signally and decisively defeated. This victory prostrated his dominion. He abdicated the throne in favour of his nephew, and resolved to devote the remainder of his life to religious piety, as an atonement for his flagrant crimes and transgressions. With a heart touched with the "compunctious visitings" of remorse, he set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he assumed a religious habit in the monastery of St. Stephen, and in that retreat he terminated his days. On his introduction to the Pope, Alexander II. he presented to him, the crown, harp, and many other rich jewels belonging to the splendid regalia of his illustrious father. Pope Adrian IV. an Englishman, alleged this presentation of the Irish regalia by Donagh, in vindication of his right to invest Henry II. with the sovereignty of Ireland. What a flimsy and hollow pretext for transferring a whole nation to a foreign king! The harp remained in the vatican until Pope Leo X. sent it and other Irish reliques, as presents to Henry VIII. with the title of "King, defender of the faith." Some time after, Henry presented the harp to his favourite, the first Earl of Clanrickarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the last century, when it came in the paraphernalia of Lady Eliza Burgh, into the possession of her husband, Colonel M'Mahon, of Glenagh, in the county of Clare; after whose death it passed into the hands of Commissioner M'Namara of Limerick. In 1782, the possession of this fluctuating harp devolved on the Rt. Hon. W. Conyngham, the father of the noble marquis of that name, who is now, either from his own merits or the autumnal charms of his Lady, (who is "fat, fair and forty;") the reigning favourite of George IV.

Mr. Conyngham, with a view of preserving so rare an antique of Irish royalty in an enduring shrine worthy of the memorable glory associated with the harp of "Brian the brave," deposited it in the Library of the University of Dublin. When George IV. visited that city, he touched the strings, which so often breathed the soul of melody, under the masterly fingers of his royal predecessor. The erudite general Vallancey, (to whose profound researches in the literature and antiquities of Erin, the Irish are more indebted, than to any other elucidation of inquiry, ever set on foot, save the sublime lights of investigation, which the patriotic Lady Morgan has kindled in the historical catacombs of the ancient grandeur of the "Isle of Harps,") has given the following comprehensive description of this far-famed harp, that so often sounded the "voice of song" at the royal banquets of Tara. "It is 32 inches high, and of extraordinary good workmanship. The sounding board is of oak, the arms of red sally—the extremity of the uppermost arm, in front, is capped with silver, extremely well wrought, and chiselled; it contains a large crystal, set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamental knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the arm are the arms of the O'Brien family, chased in silver—the bloody hands supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two

circles, are two Irish wolf dogs, cut in wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with escutcheons of brass, carved and gilt. This harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string holes, consequently there were so many strings. The foot-piece, or rest, is broken off, and the parts to which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an accomplished and expert artist."—*Vide Collectanea Hibernica*.—No. 12.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON POETRY, MUSIC, AND ELOQUENCE.—NO. I.

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."—

Of all the arts, music appears to have been the most ancient, and of the various kinds of music, vocal must have undoubtedly been the first. There is certainly no art that can so charm the heart of man, except oratory can claim a rank above it. That music has been in high esteem in all ages, and among all nations, is an indisputable fact; for we have the authority of Grecian historians to say, that it was always used at the sacrifices offered to the gods, and at the olympic games. What has not music done, and what cannot its enchantment effect? Its power is either felt or known, by all men, as it not only acts on the passions in a most extraordinary manner, but on the frame and constitution of the body, having the effect of exciting joy and grief, pleasure and pain; of composing disturbed thoughts, assisting to heighten devotion, and curing diseases. We need not have recourse to the fables of Orpheus, or Amphion, or the potent power of their mellifluous symphony, upon beasts and fishes; it is enough that we find the charming of serpents, and the casting out of the evil spirit, as recorded in holy writ. Indeed the delightful art was considered by the ancients, of divine origin, and one of the celestial attributes; for Homer represents the gods as fascinated by its captivating influence. It was part of the doctrine of the Pythagorean sect of philosophers, that the soul of man itself, consisted of harmony. When we read of the effects that have been produced by this delightful science, as described by Homer, and the philosophers of Greece, the enthusiasm it inspired in some, and the ecstasy it gave to all; we must either discredit their authorities, or suppose it capable of more supernatural influence, than can be attached to that rapture-moving art, in these modern days of false taste, and fastidious criticism. Music is to be traced back to the creation of man. There is no doubt, but it existed prior to the art of painting, or writing; for through its medium, the memory of important transactions was preserved; it handed down, by oral tradition, a record of events and circumstances, which, without its aid, would be lost in the chaos of oblivion; it was the soul and embellishment of the Grecian games and festivals.

Rhythm and song serve to give a more definite form and force of expression to music, and to impress in legible characters, the memory of occurrences on the mind of succeeding generations. The bards who swept the lyre, and raised their song, were considered as personages inspired by the gods, to resound their praise, to glorify their actions, and to extol the wonders, or mysteries of creation; and as their subjects were sublime, so was their profession esteemed to be sacred.

Elevated above rules, they were distinguished objects of homage, and soaring beyond the reach of imitation, these bards displayed their skill in the simple and unaffected modulation of their lyres, and in the plaintive sweetness, or energetic tone and compass of their voices. Their looks, venerable from age, and expression of greatness—their actions, dignified and graceful—their dress, loose and flowing—in fine, their frame and figures, at once lively and impassioned, represented them to the eye, and the understanding, as beings that approaching nearer to the divinity, than to man, partook of the essence of the former, and enforced as it were, the adoration of the latter. Eloquence, with them was intuitive; for their lofty themes—the power and properties of their gods—the achievements of their heroes, and the loves of their deities, fired them with inspiration, so that elevation of thought, splendour of diction, and harmony of numbers, flowed pure and sparkling, in the bright stream of their melody, with an amended moral from their lips. Their instrumental music was divided into five modes or orders: the Dorian, Ionian, Phrygian, Aeolian, and Lydian. The melody of the ancients was first vocal, and entirely regulated by the rhythm of poetry; for the poet and the musician were long united in the same person. The hexameters

... were sung, very probably, to the same melody, which he himself composed. We have the respectable authority of the celebrated Bishop Percy, to assert, that the lyric poets, Alceus, Sappho, Anacreon, and Pindar, set their own poems to music, and sung them to the lyre, at the public contests. Poor, impassioned, and too fondly loving Sappho! the tenth muse, breathed out in her lyrical strains, her enthusiastic attachment to the ingrate Phaon, on the precipice of the *Leucodion* promontory, the moment before she precipitated herself into the sea.

True poetry, embraces in its grasp, eloquence, painting and music; so that we are not to wonder at its magical attributes; it can raise the passions or allay them—temper joy and grief, excite love and fear, or even turn fear into boldness, and love into indifference. It was the vestal flame of genuine poetry, that communicated itself to the spirit of the disheartened Spartans, when they were reanimated, and recovered their lost courage, by the songs of Tyrtaeus, who, with the lyre in one hand, and the sword in the other, led them to victory. The odes of Sterichorus changed the rage and desire of revenge, which actuated Phalaris, into kindness and esteem, and the impassioned songs of Sappho, so full of heart, feeling, and tenderness, gained for her, more lovers than even her fascinating beauty. The famous Dr. Hervey used to say, "that the Eclogues of Virgil, had the tendency of imparting inspiration;" and the learned Meric Casaubon, often observed, that his mind was "rapt in pleasure and enthusiasm," whenever he read his favourite Lucretius. Who can wonder that Octavia sunk down in a swoon, at the recital made by Virgil, of the celebrated verses allusive to the death of Marcellus, in the sixth book of the *Æneid*—who has so frigid a mind as not to be melted by the pathos and sorrow, that are so forcibly pictured in Shakespeare's tragedies—who, with any feeling and sensibility, can peruse those soul-entrancing stanzas, on which the sublime Byron has impressed the stamp of genius and the charms of unfading poesy, without partaking of that inspiration of which he drank so deeply—who, with a spark of patriotism glowing in his bosom, can listen to the songs of the impassioned Moore, which are all fire, heart and soul, without weeping for the sufferings of his country—who, we say, can have such Gothic prejudices, and contempt of letters, as not to admire the splendid emanations of a "Muse of fire," from which imagination, passion, and harmony, flow in a swelling confluence of poetry and eloquence, in which every thing moves and sparkles, bright as the insects that people the sunbeam.

The achievements of Eloquence are still more grand and glorious than those of Poetry and Music, for it has ever been the nurse of liberty, which is the most essential good of man. It was eloquence armed Greece against Philip, fired the soul of Leonidas with unconquerable valour in the pass of Thermopylæ, and armed Brutus against the tyrant Tarquin. As to the force and power of this divine gift of genius, which has so often raised and appeased the violence of popular commotions, every reading person must be convinced of and acknowledge it, when he considers Julius Cæsar, the greatest man of his age, and possessed of the most magnanimous mind, taking his seat on the tribunal full of hatred and vindictive malevolence, and stimulated by these unworthy feelings to condemn Lygarius; yet, by the potency and charm of Cicero's famous oration, in the defence of the accused, the mighty Conqueror is disconcerted, losing his wonted energies, becoming so pale and agitated that he dropped some papers which he held in his hand, as if he had been terrified with words, who never feared an enemy in the field, till at length all his anger changing into clemency, he pronounced the acquittal of the noble prisoner, whom he afterwards distinguished by his kindness and friendship. We could adduce many other instances from modern history, of the miracles wrought by eloquence, even in this country; but it is time that we should revert to music.

Dr. Burney conjectures that the first instruments of music were of the pulsatile kind, and that rhythm, most probably, preceded the observation of the intervals of sound, which are so pleasing to the ear.* According to Moses, stringed instruments preceded the deluge, as he gives the credit to *Tubal*, the sixth descendant from Cain, of being the "father of all such as handle the lyre and organ."

We should think that the invention of musical instruments has been purely casual; wind instruments owing their discovery to the observation of the tones which the wind produced among the hollow reeds, while the originality of chorded instruments is attributable to the observations of men upon the different vibrations of sound produced from wires or strings. The Greeks, who arrogate to themselves the honour of being the original discoverers of all the fine arts, impute the invention of the lyre, the parent of

* "In the first ages of music," says the Doctor, "the art could have been little more than mechanical; as no other instruments, except those of percussion, were known. When the science was first discovered, of combining the charms of melody and harmony, the power of music over mankind was, probably, irresistible, from the agreeable surprise which soft and lengthened sounds must have occasioned."

musical instruments, to Mercury, who, as he was loitering one day on the strand, saw a shell of a tortoise, that was dried up, and nothing but the sinews remained, which he observed, when breathed upon by the breeze, to emit musical sounds; and hence he borrowed the idea of that charming instrument of harmony, which was no less the constant companion of the bard, than the grateful appendage of the philosopher and the hero. The immortal Plato, resigned himself to its sounds; to those tender and disarming murmurs of melody, which, softening his heart, inspired his imagination and gave him perceptions, and ideas that have contributed so eminently to the instruction, improvement, and happiness of mankind. In this soul-lulling resource was the inexorable Achilles employed, when interrupted by the ambassadors of Agamemnon, and soothing his perturbed breast, indignant at the death of his friend, and forgetting his anger and revenge, in the soft soothing strains of his lyre.

Music is the personified voice of human nature—the eloquence of the passions that kindles life in the bosom of the virgin, and martial ardour in the soul of the young warrior. The coldest heart is melted to tenderness and sensibility, by its touching pathos and affecting harmony. Its soft strains solace the anguish of sorrow, and recall to our recollection the pleasing and moving association of other days of joy, which are consecrated by memory.

When the Irish exile, in a far distant clime, hears the music of his native land, his heart feels transport; the image of his country floats on every note, and its voice speaks audibly in every sound. Music has an assuasive charm for the desponding lover, and its sounds, when borne on the wing of the breeze to the depth of the captive's dungeon, alleviate his painful agony of feeling, and light up, in his languishing hopes, the bright torch of imaginative liberty. The poetic muse is inspired by its melody, when its sweet thrilling harmony awakens her passions and enthusiasm, and laps her fancy in the Elysium of imagination. It is music that fires the soul of the hero and the minstrel. It was it, perhaps, that touched the latent springs of Napoleon's genius—of Byron's gigantic sublimity, and raised the splendid renown of those master-spirits, whose refulgence dims the luminaries of antiquity, so high in the cloudless hemisphere of immortal fame. The sublime Dante, in his poem on Purgatory, makes a wandering spirit meet the soul of one of the best singers of his time, in that abode of probationary sinners, and requesting some of his melodious airs, the ravished ghosts forget their sufferings in listening to its sweet strains.

The Christians, as well as the Pagans, believe that music is one of the joys of heaven. We may consider harmonious sound as pleasing, consolatory, or depressing; as acting on our passions and enjoyments. As acting upon our passions, when it excites us to great and noble daring, and inflames the soul with magnanimity and courage. Upon our enjoyments, when the heart is tranquil and serene—when it is open to the tender impressions of love and friendship—when it is taught to glow by the finer affections of our nature—when it is touched by pity as it beats in unison with the mournful chorus of the passing bell, that swells upon the breeze, and knells to the grave the mortal remains of genius, virtue and beauty. With the joys that melody excites, there is united a plaintive, melancholy pensiveness, to which neither poetry nor eloquence can give an adequate expression. It speaks the language of sensation to the attentive heart: Poetry and music are not, like painting and sculpture, imitative arts. Poetry can, it is true, imitate certain sounds; and music, by its vivid expression, has the power to exhilarate and cheer the mind, or depress it with the weight of sorrow, being at once a voluptuous and intellectual pleasure, as it gladdens the ear, and conveys delight to the mind. The union of poetry and music penetrates into the deepest recesses of the soul. The inspired and glowing stanzas of BYRON, MOORE and CAMPBELL, set to music, can interest the affections, as well as rouse the passions and the imagination. Frigid and petrified indeed must that bosom be, which is not affected by the inspired verse of these Bards of love and liberty; for the fancy that is not warmed, the understanding which is not enlightened and exalted by it, is not qualified to partake of the joys of human felicity, or the pleasures of social intercourse.

The history of the world informs us, that in proportion as nations have emerged from anarchy and barbarity, so has music proportionably been studied and cultivated. The mind of man, in a state of primitive barbarity, is unsusceptible of the impression of the nobler passions of humanity; but in the gradual progress in education and refinement, the soul will throw off the incubus of ignorance, and expand under the rays of knowledge to the influence of sympathy and sensibility. Now as music addresses itself entirely to the feelings of men, in proportion as those feelings have become refined and ennobled by intellect, so has the science been improved and carried to perfection by the enlightened nations of Europe.

In number VI. of the *Irish Shield*, in our article headed "Irish Music," we have

shows, that in the early ages the Irish were unrivalled in the art of vocal and instrumental harmony. The great degree of perfection which the charming science attained in our country, and the wide-spread fame of its professors, furnish indubitable criterions of the learning and refinement of the ancient Irish, and must, in the opinion of all intelligent and candid men, serve to refute the unfounded calumnies which English and Scottish writers have endeavoured to propagate, against our primitive character.

We are warranted in asserting, that the peculiar temperament and disposition of each nation may be traced from the peculiar style of their musical compositions; and this is strongly exemplified and illustrated by the plaintive melody and affecting pathos which pervade most of the original Irish airs. Italian music is the music of love; but Irish music harmonises with every feeling of the soul, gives expression to the passions of the heart, and sublimates and exalts its tenderness. Let it not, however, be supposed, that we mean to attribute to the ancient or modern Irish a saturnine or melancholy cast of disposition: No, we only wish to prove, that the exquisite and pathetic melody of such airs as have descended to us, unchanged and undestroyed by the vandal barbarity of Danish and English invaders, exhibit the traits of sorrow and depression of spirits inseparable from the calamities which beset the land of "song and story," and remain monuments of her early refinement, as well as authentic records of the flourishing state of literature and the arts in Ireland, when the other nations of Europe were bemighted in the darkness of barbarity.

Alas, ill-fated and suffering Country! where is the host of minstrels that raised "music's voluptuous swell" in the gorgeous halls of Tara, where the flower of chivalry and beauty that graced their banquets, ere yet thy pastoral meadows and fertile fields had marked thee as the prey of invading despoilers; when thy gallant warriors carried the terror of thy arms to the foot of the Alps? In the triumphant days of thy Nials, thy Gongs, thy Fingals, and thy Ossians, thy valiant sons lived but to defend thy rights, bled to spread thy glory through the martial fields of Europe, while the "sun-burst of battles," the harp-embazoned banner of Fingal, blasted the gaze of the Roman eagles in Caledonia. Yes, when thy brave warriors, after curbing the insolence of bold invaders, returned to their hospitable halls, the venerable bard, upon his ancient harp, swept the strings to their fame, and with dulcet strains would soothe the conqueror's heart, and bend to softest pity and affection the rugged breast that just before had wildly panted in the battle's conflict; and as the hero melted in the thrilling strain, again the minstrel, by music's maddening power, would rouse him from the tender and gentle emotion, and again would fire his soul to glorious deeds—kindling the ardour of the hero, making him emulate the glorious death of those, who, in their country's cause, had nobly fallen.

Such were thy days, Oh "Erin of sounding harps," ere the despoiling Anglo Saxons devastated thy fair fields, destroyed the halls of thy chieftains, and compelled thee to bow to the blood-stained Moloch of their oppressive subjection. But the fame of thy gallant sons still illuminates the historic page, their genius beams in cloudless glory in the hemisphere of literature and science; thy Moores, thy Plunkets, thy O'Connells, and thy Sheils, are the theme of Europe's praise, and the object of America's wonder. With Moore, O'Connell, and Sheil, love of country is the predominant feeling in their bosoms, in which it rises superior to every other consideration. It is patriotism that generates magnanimity in the mind, and stimulates men to actions which almost rival the divinity. It was for this that Cocles fought and Scipio conquered—for this Coriolanus bled and Brutus perished—for this Curtius leaped into the gaping abyss, and Regulus suffered torture—and it was the love of country that heralded the gigantic ambition of Napoleon through the Russian snows, and the flames of Moscow—and raised Washington from the vale of obscurity to the lofty eminence of military renown. All in communion feel its ennobling fire, and when liberty elevates its banner to the sky, the iron sceptre drops from the palsied arm of withering despotism, it crumbles into dust, and the standard of freedom, its basis resting in the hearts of men, its top imbosomed in the gladdened heavens, sheds, like another sun, its dazzling light, and illuminates its territories with resplendent radiance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY.

Sir, I am glad that you design publishing your paper in a more permanent form than the fugitive sheets of a newspaper. The literary and historical essays, which you have given us, should not be lost in an ephemeral publication.

From the specimens you have exhibited of historical research, we may anticipate a history of Ireland, that will reflect credit on your country and yourself.

I will thank you, if you can spare room, to publish the annexed descriptive sketch of Cahir, in the county of Tipperary. I am Sir, &c. TIPPERARY.

CAHIR,* formerly called *Caher*, is beautifully situated on the pastoral banks of the picturesque river Suir, which is so famous for excellent salmon and trout. Under the auspices of Lord Cahir, the town is rapidly improving in architecture, wealth, and trade. His Lordship's mansion is acknowledged to be the finest specimen of modern architecture in Ireland. It stands on an eminence, surrounded with wood-clad rocks, which are at once bold and romantic. A lawn of emerald verdure extends from the grand front of the mansion, to the margin of the river, which is planted with ornamental trees, and flowery shrubs.

The town has some handsome buildings, particularly the protestant church, Catholic chapel, and market-house. Adjoining the town are the magnificent ruins of an abbey, amid which, the late Lord Cahir erected a very superb tomb for the sepulchre of his family. I cannot say by whom the abbey was founded. At a little distance from the town, on the banks of the river, a venerable ivy-mantled castle stands, the appearance and insulated position of which, add effect and beauty to the features of the landscape. The verdant mountains that encompass it, some near, and others, in a distant horizon, impart to the prospect a diversity and charm characteristic of the grand and picturesque. A range of these mountains, called the *Galties*, commence near Cahir, and extend westward through the county of Limerick. Indeed the variety of the scenery which this part of the country exhibits, has excited the admiration of travellers. The road from Cahir to Mitchell's town, on the verge of the counties of Tipperary and Cork, leads to the foot of the *Galties*, which form the most romantic boundary imaginable; the sides of the mountains are almost perpendicular, and reach a height that pierces the clouds.

At Mitchell's town is the magnificent house and cultivated domain of the late Lord Kingsborough.

If this appears I shall give you a description of the cave of *Skhecwinsky*, at Mitchell's town, for your next number.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES OF DUBLIN.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

This magnificent cathedral, according to that erudite antiquarian, RAYMOND, was built by St. Patrick, in 449, after the pious Missionary had converted Alpha, the King of Dublin, and all his family to the Christian creed. Bishop Usher and Sir James Ware mention; that the walls were built of chiselled lime stone, and that the order of architecture, observed in the edifice, was a mixture of the Gothic and Norman. The building of the cathedral, if we can credit Jocelyn and Colgan, was attended by a signal miracle, that had the effect of causing the incredulous Druids to conform to the new faith. The workmen complained to the saint, that the water of the Liffey was so brackish and disagreeable, that they could not drink it, whereupon the holy man told them, that the God to whom they were dedicating this church would give him the power of opening a fountain of clear and balmy water for them. Having offered up a prayer to the most High, he struck the rock, like the second Moses, with his crozier, and immediately a limpid spring gushed forth. No sooner was this miracle known, than the Druids hastened to saint Patrick, (so say our authorities,) by whom they were baptised in this fountain, which bears to this day the name of "*Patrick's well*." Ostman, the Danish King of Dublin, built in the ninth century, some stone-roofed vaults adjoining the cathedral, which served as oratories for patron saints. In 1161, Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, caused a crypt to be erected over the tomb of one of his sisters, who was buried near the chancel of the cathedral. The same monarch caused the steeple to be sheathed with copper, as Harris relates.

Archbishop O'Tool, in 1163, erected a spacious chantry in this cathedral, and a superb archiepiscopal throne, at his own charge, as the registry, called the *Black Book*, mentions.

* We shall always be glad to enrich our columns with the topographical sketches of Tipperary. For the information of our Correspondent, we have to state, that the abbey of Cahir was founded in 1207, by Patrick McCarthy, for regular canons under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, as appears by Harris, Archdall and Ware.

After the submission of the Irish, their English task masters, to mask their enmity to the natives, under the guise of piety, assumed great devotion. Their rage for building abbeys, became boundless.

Archbishop Gomyn, an Englishman, caused St. Patrick's Cathedral to be raised to the foundation, and the present edifice to be erected on its site. Wright, in his history of Dublin, states, that several magnificent tombs belonging to the Milesian nobles, were destroyed, in making room for the new edifice. This English Prelate, made St. Patrick's a collegiate church, and placed in it thirteen prebendaries.

King John, during his stay in Ireland, confirmed the see of Dublin, in the possession of thirty-seven manors, which was sanctioned by the Pope. Henry de Londres next succeeded to the see of Dublin, and changed St. Patrick's into a Cathedral, appointing William Fitzguy its first Dean, with a chapter, chancellor, prebendaries, and treasurer.

This prelate built a chapel adjoining the Cathedral, which he dedicated to the B. V. Mary. In 1370, this Gothic pile was nearly destroyed by fire; but was rebuilt with more architectural grandeur than ever, by Archbishop Minot. The steeple was composed of dove coloured marble, which remained without a spire until 1750, when Dean Stearne raised one that towers in elevation above the loftiest spires in the kingdom. In 1533, Archbishop Brown, the first protestant prelate, on being inducted, caused the paintings and beautiful specimens of sculpture in the church to be destroyed, and the "holy Vandal," also ordered a marble statue of St. Patrick to be broken in pieces.

Queen Elizabeth seized on the treasury and immense possessions of the Cathedral, which she bestowed on Essex and Perriot, and her other infamous underlings. Cromwell's rapacious troopers made a barrack of this Cathedral, in 1649.

Contiguous to the church, Archbishop Marsh, in 1764, built a spacious library, and filled it with an extensive collection of books, to which the citizens of Dublin have access, at stated times. When the present King of England visited Ireland, in 1822, there was a grand installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, held in this Cathedral, which assembled, in its pillared aisles, draped pews, and crimson-canopied stalls, the rank, beauty, and respectability of Ireland. This gorgeous ceremony exhibited a splendid pageant, which exceeded any thing of a similar nature ever presented in Ireland. Nothing was offered to the eye or the ear, but that which was calculated to afford gratification to a monarch, who asserted that "*his heart was Irish.*" Every thing that art could invent, that taste could devise, or that wealth could procure, seemed combined to produce a *tout ensemble*, which could fascinate the fancy, or astound the mind. It would, indeed, require the highest flight of a Byron's glowing fancy, to describe the enchanting scene, which resembled altogether, something of that visionary grandeur, pictured by oriental poets. It was the brilliant magnificence of Asia, chastened and enriched by the refinement of Europe. Astonishment was visible on the countenances of the monarch, and delight seemed to beam in his eyes. His Majesty declared that the spectacle surpassed in beauty and splendour, the installation of the Knights of the garter, which he had witnessed at Windsor, in 1805. Lord Fingall, and the other Knights elect, received from the King's hands, the collar and robes of the order. The antique colonnade, and Gothic pilasters, which adorn the front of the noble pile, give it an air and aspect of solemn grandeur. There are some fine monuments, adorned with the combined embellishments of sculpture, and architecture in the Cathedral; among the most interesting, though not the most elegant, is that to the memory of our illustrious countryman, DEAN SWIFT, a man whose fame shall not be extinguished, until Time dips the torch of immortality in the waters of oblivion.

THE RUINED CASTLE OF DALKY.*

A FRAGMENT, FROM THE IRISH.

Oscar O'Toole, who was chieftain of the Island of Dalky, in 1816, enlisted himself under the banner of Edward Bruce, and followed his fortunes, until the defeat and death of that prince, at the battle of Dunsalk. To avoid the vengeance of the English

* The Island of Dalky is situated in the Bay of Dublin, at a distance of seven miles from the city. Its scenery is so wild, and yet so romantic, that a Calypso, on seeing its sequestered glens and flower-spangled meadows, would select it for her residence.

The sound that divides it from the base of a lofty mountain, is, even at the lowest tide nine fathoms of water in depth, so that ships of the greatest burden, may safely lie at anchor in the harbour, perfectly-secured from the N. E. winds, and ready to sail at any hour. The soil is rich and luxuriant, so that the verdure and herbage spring up in great abundance. In the twelfth century, when Dublin was visited with a plague, the citizens retreated to this salubrious Island, in order to

conquerors, the chieftain fled to Scotland, where the king gave him the command of a troop of horse. After nobly distinguishing himself in several battles with the English, at the lapse of some years, he ventured to return in disguise to his native land, in the hope of being able to carry his wife and two children to Scotland. But on reaching that Island, which, he thought, contained the dearest objects of his affection, he found a desolated waste, echoing only the scream of the raven and sea fowl, instead of the greeting voice of his kindred and clan. Of his stately halls, nothing remains but one promiscuous mass of ruin. His sculptured domes, and pillared pediments, no longer meet the gaze of the hapless hero: in the hall, where beauty and chivalry often graced the banquet, briars and thistles grow now, in rank luxuriance, and instead of this damasked tapestry, "storied" with the deeds of his fathers, he sees the dreary walls draped with ivy and moss. No friend is near to explain the cause of the awful changes.

Scene midnight by moonlight.

The heroic, but unfortunate Osmar, after surveying the war-wasted structure till his senses become bewildered with amazement, exclaims—O green-vested DALKEE! why are thy halls sad and silent—why are thy lofty towers of my fathers fallen? My ears hear not the voice of harps, my eyes see not my fleet-footed grey hounds bounding over the heath to meet me. Ah! no, there is none to welcome Osmar to his native land! Darkness and dismal gloom, brood over the once proud dwelling of the earl-born O'Tool.

Is this the work of the Saxon despoilers—is this their mode of warfare? What means this wondrous change, ye shades of the fallen brave? Will no kind spirit whisper to my ear, why the castles of Osmar are dilapidated and forsaken? Spirits of my fathers! speak to me from your throne of clouds, O! pity your son, for his deeds, like your own, have swelled the voice of fame; nor has his spear been a dark cloud, overshadowing the lightning of shields. Come, thou tear-eyed Elvalla! come, lovely shade of beauty! on a pale moon-beam! Thy sorrowful spouse calls on thee—let me hear thee relate the fall of my race, by the ruthless hand of a Bermingham, or a De Courcy, for no doubt, these were the fell monsters that flung the burning brand into my halls, and satiated their vengeance with the blood of my wife, hisping innocents, and faithful followers. Pure, benevolent spirit! let me once more be gladdened by the melody of thy voice; behold, sweet Elvalla! thy wretched husband, friendless and forsaken in this Isle over which he once exercised sovereign sway. But now the grass of three springs, grows on the grey battlements of our former home, and the owl moans dismally in our nuptial chamber, and the long grass on the grave of my love, is swept by the rude blast of winter.

And who is he that visits these solemn woods—these solitary haunts of angry ghosts, where the Banshee weeps mournfully? while the full orb'd moon sheds her cold, congealing beams, on the joyless prospect, and darts her rays through broken arches, mutilated porticoes, and wide breaches made by Saxon foes. These are thy halls, O unhappy son of fallen Erin!

Why dost thou frown on thy master, ye once grand and gorgeous dwellings of the far-famed chiefs of Innisfail? Ah! do not upbraid my long absence, ye mouldering monuments of Milesian heroes. 'Twas patriotism bade me lift the spear, it was my wronged country called me to the combat. I fought with the gallant Bruce, to free Erin from her Saxon invaders. Though not victorious, I have not combated in vain—my shining steel has been stained with many a hero's blood—my arm never failed in the conflict—my strength never forsook me in the struggle of spears. The name of Osmar shook the courage of mighty men, his lance was as light to the foe, that shrank from the meteor of wrath. The Bards have my fame in song, Osmar's name cannot be obscured

escape the fearful calamity. There are only two or three houses on the Island. The ruins of O'Tool's castle, which was sacked and burned by Sir John Bermingham, in 1313, proclaim the former grandeur of the structure. The Danes, during their possession of Ireland, attached great importance to this Island, as the remains of their castles are still to be seen. Edward IV. A. D. 1483, granted a charter to the inhabitants to hold markets and fairs to the Island, "in order," says Harris, "to favour foreigners resorting thither for commerce." In 1558, the Earl of Sussex shipped his army there, and sailed from thence to the Isle of Rathlin, to oppose the Scottish highlanders, who looked over to join O'Neill, in Ulster. The ivy-covered walls of a small abbey are yet standing, as a relic and a monument of the ancient piety and power of the O'Tools. The island, which is esteemed the best pasturing ground in the vicinity of Dublin, contains about twenty acres, and is now covered with flocks of sheep, where their flesh acquires a peculiar fine flavour. The little romantic village of Dalkey is situated at the northern base of the mountain, that, rising upon the sound which divides it from the Island. In the reign of Henry VIII. this island was chosen for fortified, to defend the city of Dublin against the incursions of pirates. The remains of the walls and towers are in good preservation still.

in the mist of oblivion. O! that my spear had sailed in the strife of shields; would to heaven that I had fallen on Caledonia's martial field, where I might have slept on the dreamless pillow of forgetfulness, thoughtless of the woes to come. Then the stranger would raise my tomb, and record my valour. Habitations of the brave, and beautiful! why are your courts unfrequented by steel-clad warriors, and the white-breasted daughters of Dubhín? Why are those chambers dark, that were once brightened by an hundred lamps, when the song of peace stole on the souls of the brave, at the feast of shells?

Where art thou, O my Elvalla? who so lately smiled the fairest flower, that graced the parterre of Erin's beauty! And where are the lovely blossoms of our affection? No voice answers to my calls, but the sounds of the mournful gale, and the melancholy murmurs of the waves, that dash against the cliffs of dreary Dalky!

Why, my friends, did I survive you?—Ah! why was I left, like the last rose of autumn, to be the sport of an unkind winter? Was it to view these desolate reverberations of despair, that Osman, after his well won fame in *Albania*, departed from the fields of glory. The clang of shields is music to the ear of the brave; but disappointment damps the soul of the hero. The mind which never dreaded danger, will shrink from even the phantom of despondency. Sorrow is sweet, and pensive sadness is mixed with a portion of pleasure; but the heart corrodes in the enjoyment. Ah! what false image has my bewildered fancy presented to my too expectant mind, as I saw, far distant, the rising moon shine with more than usual brilliancy, on the oak forest of Howth and Dalky! I already supposed that I saw my fair-formed Elvalla, stretching forth her arms of snow, to fold me to her bosom. Yes! I saw in the glass of hope, the smiling pledges of my love, cling to the knees of a long expected father.

O! how I indulged myself in these vain and illusive visions; but now dark and dismal clouds lower over the landscape of hope, the shrubs and verdure of which are blasted for ever! Ye prospects of promised happiness! how have you vanished! But so vanishes a shadow when the sun veils his beauty in the clouds of heaven. Elvalla! I fly to revenge your death, my sword shall be reddened in the heart's blood of the sanguinary Bermingham.

*Scenes from the new historical Irish Drama of KATHLEEN O'NEIL,**
written by the Editor of this Journal.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIM O'NEIL, Prince of Ulster,
BERMINGHAM, Lord Deputy of Ireland.
O'BRIAN, Prince of Thomond,
BLACK BRIAN, a religious hypocrite.
FERRUCH MOREL, } Feudal Chiefs holding
O'CALLAN, } Seats from Phelim.
O'CONNELL, Warder of Phelim's Castle,
CORMACK, his son;
CARVL, a Falconer.

GENERAL MAPUS, Commandant of the English pale.
DERMOT, an old Minstrel.
CONNAL, the Bard of O'Neil.
LADY KATHLEEN O'NEIL, } the Prince's
LADY BISHOP O'NEIL, } daughters.
MORNA, Lady Kathleen's nurse.
ELLEN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Parade Ground before the fortified Castle of Ardee. Several English soldiers are seen on duty, and the Lord Deputy and General Mapus, as if in deep conference; the former holding despatches in his hand.

BERMINGHAM. Alas! Mapus, this is disastrous news; our whole army almost annihilated at the fatal battle of Bannockburn. Edward's dominion in Scotland

*The ground work of the plot and incidents of the drama are to be found in Irish history. The historical incidents which the author has wrought into a drama, are these:—The news of the total defeat of the English army, at the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314, by Robert Bruce, fills the Irish with joy and hope, who were then, as they are now, grievously oppressed. The murder of Brian Roe, Prince of Thomond, by Thomas De Clari, brother to the Duke of Gloucester, and the rapacious exactions of the English of the pale, galled the Irish nation to madness. Phelim O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, and Feidhlim O'Donnor, Prince of Connought, raise the standard of revolt, and invite Edward Bruce to assume the sovereignty of Ireland. Sir John Bermingham is appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, by Edward III. and on his arrival he finds the spirit of revolt pervading the Irish mind; he is puzzled how to suppress the storm clouds that threaten a tremendous explosion. He visits Drogheda, Dundee, and Ardee, the strong holds on the northeast frontiers of the English pale—resolves to annihilate the

cannot be maintained, and I fear that the Irish will now receive succors from Bruce, to enable them to shake off our authority.

GEN. My Lord, it behoves us to take every precaution to prostrate the designs of Bruce, and suppress revolt. I think the majority of the population of Leinster is well affected to the King; but in Ulster and Connought we have but few holds, and should Edward Bruce effect a landing either in the north or west, we must inevitably have to evacuate the country.

BERM. I am well aware that we have but few friends in Connought and Ulster, and that in case Bruce carries his ambition so far as to invade this country, he will find numerous adherents to join his standard, more especially as he boasts of being descended from the Milesian Kings of Ireland. But, Mapus, though the Irish are fired with their wrongs, and the Scotch flushed with the glories of the accursed field of Bannockburn, we shall oppose them with a desperation of valour worthy of Britons, and the devoted subjects of a gallant, but an unfortunate King. Let the insolent victors of Bannockburn come on, and they shall have from us the reception which the descendants of the Norman conquerors are in the habit of giving their enemies.

GEN. My Lord, it is true that we are in possession of all the fortresses in Leinster; but if your Lordship, by stratagem or treaty, could obtain some posts in Ulster, our power in this country would be immoveable still.

BERM. To effect that measure has been long the object of my wishes: but O'Neil is too vigilant to be caught in the toils of stratagem; it is by treaty, alone, we must proceed. Let me, Mapus, impart a secret to you: I love to enthusiastic devotion, his beautiful daughter, the Lady Kathleen, to obtain whom in marriage would render me the happiest of men.

GEN. My Lord, as the representative of England's Monarch in Ireland, I think that if you make an overture of marriage to O'Neil, he will think himself honoured by the proposed alliance.

BERM. I am determined to hazard the trial; if I succeed in getting her hand, I will not only reach the summit of my hopes, but render an inestimable service to my King. Let me be but the son-in-law of the Prince of Ulster, then welcome Edward Bruce, and his followers. They will come as the victims of our vengeance, whom we will offer as a sacrifice to the manes of our countrymen who fell on the fatal field of Bannockburn. General, I shall set out immediately on this embassy of love and policy.

GEN. My Lord, I shall order out a strong guard to accompany you.

BERM. No, no; there is no occasion for a guard—that would show distrust. I shall let O'Neil see that I place confidence in his proverbial honour, and thus render myself worthy of his friendship. Farewell, Mapus; I rely on your caution and vigilance, during my absence in Ulster.

GEN. I believe your Lordship has no fears on that score. Go, *(taking his hand,)* and may kind fortune accomplish your intentions. [*Exeunt.*]

hand of the Prince of Ulster's daughter in marriage—repairs to the Prince's castle—has an interview with the Lady *Kathleen*, whose charms win his heart; but his suit is rejected. Chagrined and disappointed, he is returning to the fortress of Ardee, when he meets *Black Brian*, with whom he enters into a plan of carrying off the Lady *Kathleen* clandestinely from her father's castle. Meanwhile O'Neil sets out to a distant district to chastise a vassal chieftain, who had refused him obedience; *Black Brian*, aware of his absence, conducts *Bermingham*, by a subterraneous passage, into the castle, seizes the Lady while at prayer in her apartment, and forces her to a concealed cavern in the forest. Surprise and consternation seize every bosom in the castle, when the Lady *Kathleen* is missed. Her lover, the young Prince of Thomond, who had been some time in the castle, disguised as a minstrel, with all the domestics, go in search of the Lady *Kathleen*, and are fortunate enough to discover the place of her captivity, just as the hired ruffians of *Bermingham* are preparing to carry her off to Ardee. *Black Brian* attempts to assassinate the Prince of Thomond, by whom, in the struggle, he is overpowered and bound, and then brought a prisoner by the domestics, to the castle. The Lady *Kathleen* discovers the rank of her deliverer, in whose favour she was prepossessed while she thought him only a wandering minstrel. The Prince returns victorious, and is amazed at the depravity and deception of *Black Brian*, whom he sentences to imprisonment for life, and as the guards are leading him off *Bermingham* enraged at his duplicity, encounters him, and after a violent combat, *Brian* is killed. *Bermingham* expresses contrition for his conduct, and O'Neil suffers him to return to the English pale; and the play concludes by the marriage of the Prince of Thomond and the Lady *Kathleen*.

SCENE II.

A small yard before O'Neil's antique Castle, terminated by a terraced rampart adjoining Lough Neagh. Music. Enter O'Connolly, Cormack, and attendants, as if from the chase.*

O'CONNOLLY. O me! what a long and difficult chase we have had, over moors and mountains! (*he seems exhausted.*)

CORM. Yea, by Jove! we have had hot work of it; and the shafts of the Lady Kathleen seemed directed by the hand of a Diana. Why she has slain more deer to-day than would feast the Augustine monastery of Armagh, at shrovetide.

O'CON. Oh fy! peace, Cormack! speak reverently of sacred things.

CORM. I hope you call the appetites of forty hungry friars *sacred* things indeed! Truly, I fear they may, with more propriety, be called profane, as they are so carnally set.

O'CON. Cormack, Cormack! Thy tongue runs before thy wits. Say nothing of the men of God.

CORM. Better my tongue run away from my wits, than my wits run away from my tongue. I can tell you, father, these men of God can empty a flagon of Burgundy, and devour a haunch of venison, as quick as other folks. Let them alone for emptying glasses, and dissecting joints, ha, ha!

O'CON. Truce, sirrah! Dare not to speak so irreverently of the Clergy. I think you have taken leave of your senses. Forbear this impiety!

CORM. I shall say no more, father, but that I can assure you that my five senses were near abandoning me this morning, when my horse took fright opposite the hermitage of Black Brian. I never am lucky at any time I meet with that sisters' man.

O'CON. Black Brian, indeed, inspires awe; but the life of this pious pilgrim is so virtuous and sanctified.

CORM. Awe! it goes deeper than awe with me; for it excites the sensation of *dread*. I cannot fathom this anchorite; there hangs a dark cloud of mystery on the man, which, with all my ingenuity, (and thank my stars I have a tolerable stock,) I never have been able to penetrate. Then his dark scowling brow, peeping from under his ample hood, and his sudden appearance where he is least expected, (*looks round fearfully,*) heaven knows but he may be at my elbow now: No, safe for once.

O'CON. Hush, Cormack! he has a fairy ear; silence! let us not meddle with the man, as it might subject us to danger: but I do well the time remember, when he first appeared among us; though whence he came, or why, no one could ever learn. I do not think the Prince is acquainted with his history.

CORM. One thing, however, is certain; that I have often seen him in the castle, when to obtain entrance he must have crept through the key-hole; he is certainly a necromancer, whom I fear.

1st ATTENDANT. Why the holy pilgrim could walk at the bottom of the lake, without being wetted; the doors would themselves unbar, at the approach of so sanctified a man. Oh, he is piety itself; his penances are edifying, his fasts the theme and delight of the whole country.

CORM. A newly invented species of delight, truly! and one in which I have no wish to participate, particularly as a principal. Give me fat mutton and Ennis-hoven whiskey, and I never shall envy the pilgrim his luxury of water-cresses, and draughts of cooling limpid springs. Believe me, that fasting is the most grievous privation that a young fellow like me could suffer—flesh and blood cannot bear it.

* SHANE'S CASTLE, with its beautiful parks and extensive domains, situated on the sylvan banks of Lough Neagh, in the country of Antrim, is the country residence of Earl O'Neil, who is an illegitimate descendant of the hero of this Drama.

Lough Neagh is the largest lake in Europe, those of Ladoga and Onega, in Russia, and that of Geneva, in Switzerland, excepted; it being twenty-five miles long, and fifteen broad, and is constantly receiving the tributary streams of six considerable rivers. There are clusters of islands clothed with *Arbutus* trees in this lake of transparent water, which resemble gems of emerald set in crystal. On its shores are found a great variety of beautiful pebbles, and its water is celebrated for two extraordinary properties, the one for healing ulcers, the other for petrifying woods.

1st ACTOR. But see the reward of his pious abstinence; the faeries and spirits of darkness are subject to his power; and he can foresee what will happen, a hundred years hence, as plainly as I see your face.

CORM. I have no ambition to be acquainted with the spirits of darkness; but I shall go to the butlery and taste some of the gay spirits of whiskey, and if that does not improve me with the gift of prophecy, it will at least kindle the sparks of gayety and good humour. I am fully satisfied to take things as they come, without wishing to dive into the waters of futurity.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL PATCHWORK.

G. F. COOK.—An eminent French critic, cotemporary with Cook, whose works we have lately read with admiration, speaks as follows of our talented and lamented countryman—

"He is indeed, in his line, the genuine child of nature; and his Alma mater stamped him most thoroughly, both in voice, in features, and likewise in his action, for the characters he sustains so powerfully. No man ever acted the cool, determinate, low villain, or consummate hypocrite, better than this impressive actor: his Richard III. Iago, Shylock, Stukely, Iachimo, Glenalvon, are master pieces in tragedy. His Kiteley, Sir Pertinax, Sir Giles, and Sir Archy, are so excellent, in comedy, that we may justly term them diamonds of the first water."

We will not "attempt his life," but we shall soon give our readers, a brief memoir, and an engraved likeness of a man whose genius not only reflected lustre on the English Drama, but on the land of his birth, which he loved with the most patriotic devotion.

WOMAN.—We translate the following curious compliment to the fair sex, from an old French comedy.

"Who would ruffle your temper—who would abuse your delight-imparting sex, O, woman! Your breast is the abode of joy, where man can alone taste pure felicity. Were we not born of you? should we not then love and honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you! Made for you, and not seek and court you! And since we were made before you, should we not live under your silken bondage, and admire you as the last and most perfect work of nature? Man was made when nature was but an apprentice, but woman, when she was a skilful mistress of her art. By your love we live in double birth, even in our offspring after death. Are not all the vices masculine—and virtues feminine? Are not the muses, the loves, of the learned, of your fascinating sex? Do not all noble spirits follow the Graces, because they are women? There is but one phoenix, and she is a female. Was not the Princess and foundress of the fine arts, Minerva, born of the brain of the highest Jove, a woman?

"Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of eloquence, the smile of joy, and the body of delight? O divine, angelic, sympathetic woman! was not paradise dull and dreary without thee?

"If to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, endowed by education, ennobled by birth, sublimated by chastity, and adorned by beauty. Is she not, when combining mental and personal charms, the gift of heaven, the ornament of earth, the bliss of life—the unfading rose of enjoyment, and the very *Summum Bonum* of man's existence."

The comedy from which we extracted the above hyperbolical compliment, was written by Paul Scarron, in 1651, when he was offering the incense of adulation to the beautiful and celebrated Madame De Maintenon, (then Mademoiselle d'Aubignac,) whom he wooed and won, shortly after the performance of this comedy.

We cannot say whether Burns ever met Scarron's comedy, but he has hit, in one of his songs, upon the same idea, and almost the same words as we have marked in italics, whether by coincidence, or plagiarism, we submit to the reader's decision. Burns says, speaking of nature—

"Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!"

CALUMNY.—The Athenians deified calumny, a reverence, arising more from fear than admiration; for the character and good name of Aristides, Socrates and Themistocles, were the sacrifices which they offered at the apotheosis of their Divinity. Appelles seized upon the calumny which was so common in Athens, as a

subject for his pencil, on which he bestowed all the magic of his genius, and all the charms of his art. In this famous painting, *ORANDIUM* was seen with long ears, extending her hands to *CALAMITY*, who advanced to meet her with open arms; *Credulity* was accompanied by *IGNORANCE* and *SUSPICION*; *Ignorance* was represented under the figure of a stupid old woman; *Suspicion* was delineated as a timid man, rather advanced in years, and as if agitated by some secret inquietude, and silently exulting at some supposed discovery; *Calumny*, with a ferocious aspect, occupied the fore-ground of the painting; she held a torch in her left hand, and with the right she dragged by the hair *INNOCENCE*, under the figure of a female child of great personal beauty; who frequently made the most piteous appeals to heaven, as she was forced along; *ENVY* preceded the devoted child, with a malignant look, and a pale meagre visage; she was followed by *FLATTERY*, a flanneting young girl, who attended her. At a distance, which still permitted objects to be discernible, was perceived *TRUTH*, a modest and matronly woman of great dignity of mien, advancing slowly in the footsteps of *Calumny*, and holding a large torch, the light of which flashing in the eyes of *Envy*, and *Calumny*, seemed to have been very painful to their optics, as they shrunk fearfully from it. *Truth* was attended by another female, dressed in black and appearing sad and sorrowful; it was weeping *REPENTANCE*. What a painting! The *ATHENIANS* would have done well had they prostrated the statue of *calumny* and hung up the picture of *Apelles* in the court of the *Areopagus*.

SELECTED SHREDS.

ORIGIN OF THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

A *SWITZERWOMAN* in London, after having buried six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was mutual; a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners of her bed, who, as she said, had disgusted her by their sottishness and infidelity. In the view of knowing the real character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, to return at late hours, and when he did return, to appear intoxicated. At first reproaches, but afterwards menaces, were the consequences of this conduct. The gentleman persisted, and seemed every day to become more addicted to his bottle. One evening, when she imagined him dead drunk, she snatched a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and having melted it, she approached to her husband, who pretended still to be sound asleep, in order to pour it into his ear through a pipe. Convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up and seized her; when, having procured assistance, he secured her until the morning, and conducted her before a magistrate, who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up; and as marks of violence were still discoverable upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned and executed. To this circumstance, says the compiler of the *Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes*, &c. is England indebted for that useful regulation, by which no corpse can be interred in that kingdom, without a legal inspection.

BON MOT.—A *GENTLEMAN* who possessed a much larger quantity of nose than nature usually bestows upon an individual, contrived to make it more enormous by his invincible attachment to the bottle, which also beset it with emeralds and rubies. To add to his misfortune, this honest toper's face was somewhat disfigured by not having a regular pair of eyes; one being black and the other of a reddish hue. A person happening once to observe, that his eyes were not *fellows*, congratulated him on that circumstance. The rosy-gilled old tippler demanded the reason. "Because," replied the jocular genius, "if your eyes had been matches, your nose would certainly have set them in a flame, and a dreadful conflagration might have been apprehended."

Hibernian Press.

QUESTIONS ARISING FROM THE DRAMA.

In this age of elegance and refinement, *CRITICISM* and *TASTE* should make some necessary improvements in the Drama, and *innovation*, in our opinion, would have the sanction of the learned and the enlightened, if she lopped off some of the unwarrantable anomalies of *Shakespeare* and *Young*. We will enumerate a few of these anomalies,

which are unpruned excrecences on the stately dramatic oak of the Bards of Avon, and Upham.

Is it not inconsistent to make Zanga invoke Mahomet, as Dr. Young should have known, that the religious notions of a Negro or Blackmoor—of a native of Benin or Monomotapa, are essentially different from those of a native of Arabia, or Syria? But the doctor had not much information on the subject; for in his days there were not such literary travellers as Byron, Lady Morgan, and Chateaubriand, to enlighten the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries with their lucid descriptions.

In the tragedy of OTHELLO, Brabantino does not inform the Senate whether the "noble Moor" and Desdemona were first wedded, or bedded, at the Sagittary, or whether they postponed it until they arrived in Cyprus. Query, as to the etymology of the name *Dés Duemona*, or in what sense the Bard of Avon would have us take it? Was she possessed—and by what?

The Spanish Lexicographers inform us, that Zanga, in the Castilian language, signifies *spindle shanks*.^{*} In one of the heroic dramas introduced by the jolly Duke of Buckingham, in the "*rehearsal*," these lines of the Hon. H. Howard are given:—

"Old Zanga ba'ts, and reinforcement lacks,
They fly! advance those pikes, and charge their backs."

Here a moor is introduced under a similar name as Dr. Young has given a negro. We beg to remind the reader that our aim in making these remarks, is to point out some (to us at least) apparent incongruities in the dramas of Shakspeare and Young, and to give, as we conceive, their full scope to the qualifications, either natural or acquired, of the performer; in due, to wash the Blackmoor white, and to banish from the New-York stage, the horribly revolting simular of the Anthropophagi of Hayti.

Stephen Kemble was fortunate enough to exorcise Banquo's ghost, and drive it off the stage; why does not some bold innovator play Othello without a sable countenance? The negro characters are peculiar too, and the disgrace of the English stage. Custom and prepossession, we may be told, conspire to retain them on the boards. The Grecian, Roman, French, or Italian dramas, exhibit no *ebony* personages. Why, then, should not taste demolish the barriers of prejudice? The moral effects of the Beggar's Opera have been so operative as to induce its banishment for a long time, from the stage. On the New-York boards, *Othello*, *Zanga*, *Oronoko* and *Gambie*, attract as full assemblages of the "children of the sun," as did Gay's opera of Highwaymen, Paphian nymphs, and Footpads,[†] and perhaps tended to confirm and increase by their negro personation, the *native disposition* of the black and yellow community, that infest the theatres of this city, for dissimulation, fraud and treachery.

The tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, exhibits in *Lavinia*, the exact lineaments of a modern Haytian; in this "most tragical tragedy that ever was tragedized by any company of tragedians," a woman (*Lavinia*) enters, her arms cut off, and her tongue cut out!

And all the characters, to use an *oratorical* expression of the green room, "*killed off*."

The celebrated Ellen Gwyn, in an epilogue written by Dryden, is thus, very much in character, made to say:—

"Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog!
I am to rise and speak the epilogue!"

To be continued.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The character of Juliet, as drawn by Shakspeare, is one of perfect individuality; in which the brightest tints of nature, throw love's purple light over the shades of ardent passion. Juliet, we think, is the most interesting of the great Bard's heroines. Her artless innocence, and unaffected sincerity, enlist our sympathy. There is nothing coquettish in her manner; her sentiments spring from the fountain of the heart, clear and spontaneous. The very spirit of love seems to have touched her soul with a kind of magic sadness, to have made her tones as sweet

^{*} Were the names of some of our tragic heroes given in the vulgar language, it might derogate from their dramatic dignity. The *buckined* monarchs of the Park and Bowery would sink in the unclassical and further appellatives of *Edwin*, *James* and *Henry*. Such familiarity would cut down their dignities; and dim the lustre of our stars.

[†] The London critics called Gay, "The OAPHEUS of highwaymen."

as plaintive music, and poured a mild and mellow light around the halo of melancholy brightness.

Of late years, every English or American stranger in Italy, is sure to pay a visit to Verona, to have his sympathy excited, and his curiosity gratified, by gazing on the supposed "tomb of Juliet;" and there is no man who admires Shakspeare, but will go fifty miles out of his way, on a pilgrimage to a city which has furnished the Bard of Avon with the materials of an affecting tragedy, which, for all the pathetic details of hapless, enthusiastic love, and devoted constancy, stands unrivalled, in the whole range of the European Drama. We were led to make the preceding remarks by reading a book published by a recent traveller in Italy. After giving a descriptive sketch of Verona, he says, "Though much legendary exaggeration is superadded to the circumstances of Juliet's death, yet the main fact is attested by the local history of Verona; and therefore the mind is disposed to admit the probability, that the excavated oblong stone, which is now pointed out, in the neglected ruins of the old Franciscan Monastery, might have once contained the beautiful form of the unhappy Juliet." Count Persico, in his history of Verona, thus narrates the melancholy circumstances that led to the death of Romeo and Juliet.

"In the year 1303, or about that time, Bartholomew della Scala, being captain of the Veronese, Romeo de Monticoli was enamoured of Juliet de Cappelletti, and she of him, their families being at the time in bitter enmity with each other, on account of party feuds. As therefore they could not be openly married, a private union took place between them. Shortly afterwards, Romeo having in an affray of the two factions, killed Tebaldo, the cousin of Juliet, was obliged to seek for safety in flight, and proceeded to Mantua. His unhappy spouse, afflicted beyond measure, sought commiseration and counsel from the intermediate agent of her secret marriage, seeing that there was no longer any hope of a reconciliation between families now still more incensed against each other than before. Therefore, by a preconcerted arrangement, Juliet procured a sleeping draught, and shortly after, according to common report, yielded up her life. Romeo having been apprised of the dire news, before he heard that she was only apparently dead, resolved in the bitterness of his anguish, to take poison and die likewise. Previously to his doing so, however, not entirely despairing of her life, he went to Verona and availed himself of the evening hour to enter the Monastery. Being here assured that his Juliet had been interred not long before, he swallowed the poison, which he had with him, and hastened to the tomb, where their mutual friend pointed out the way by a passage beyond that which was ready for his return. The friar wondered very much what had happened to Romeo, unconscious of the hard fate that awaited him. While he endeavoured to assure him that the lady was not in reality dead, the poison began to operate, and now on the very verge of death, he called on his Juliet with a faint voice. She awoke, and scarcely recognized him. Romeo expired, and Juliet breathed for a moment only to share his hapless doom."

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—The Manager of this Theatre deserves the patronage and thanks of the admirers of the legitimate drama, for his taste and talent, in administering gratification to intellect. He neither sickens nor surfeits the audience with the burlesque and buffoonery of Punch and Harlequin, but elevates their minds, "mends their morals," and exhilarates their hearts, by the balmy draughts of the tragic and comic muse. Mr. Wallack is, we perceive, a popular favourite with the audiences of this house, though we confess that, except in the personation of the Peruvian hero, in our humble opinion, he does not rise above melodramatic mediocrity. Most of Shakspeare's characters are difficult and arduous, and therefore elevated above this gentleman's capability, so that he cannot

catch the spirit of his author, or present an animated and impressive portrait of the "crooked back" tyrant, or generous Moor. As a lover, like Mr. Forrest, he is cold, stiff, and formal; there is no passion beaming in his eye, no softness or tenderness in his under tones, which reaches the heart, in the wooing of a Kean or a Macready. Tragedy is not, indeed, his *forte*, but we must still admit, that in melodramatic representations, he is, in general, chaste in his manner, and succeeds, at proper seasons, in colouring highly the part he is personating, by picturesque acting, characteristic looks, deportment, and attitude. In that cast of parts, Mr. Wallack is duly appreciated, and may always be sure of gaining applause; but wherever impassioned love, lofty sentiment, or nobility of demeanour, are required as characteristics, he totally fails. Hence his Hamlet is a miserable piece of performance. Of Madame Feron's singing, we shall speak in our next number.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The exhibitions of the French Dancers, and the representation of the *spectacle*, (we will not call it drama,) entitled a "*Trip to Niagara*," are the reigning novelties in this house. The scenery of the *Trip to Niagara*, reflects credit on the talents of the artist, but its composition is derogatory, we had almost said disgraceful, to the acknowledged literary ability of the author. Has his dramatic fire sunk in the embers of apathy—or has age drawn off the champagne of his genius, and left only the lees and orts of language and sentiment? As a dramatic composition, from beginning to end, it is the most satiating *namby pamby* production, that ever disgusted an audience; words without ideas, scenes without connexion or probability; low jests, and mawkish sentiment clothed in the poorest language, compose the staple of the dialogue.

There is neither reason nor romance in the story, which might furnish a clue to direct the audience through the maze of incongruity and improbability. There is no delineation of character; as we are sure no Irishman ever sat for the daubed picture of *Dennis Dougherty*, which is no more like a son of the Emerald Isle, than Mr. H. Wallack is like a Lilliputian. In short, such a play as this would stigmatize with contempt the name of any author, who had not given before, unquestionable evidences of dramatic talent and literary capacity.

Mr. Wallack is quite incompetent in Irish parts; he reduces Major O'Flaherty to the standard of a poltroon, and a ninnyhammer.

Indeed there is no actor on the American stage, can give the faithful and chaste colouring of the Irish character, which is so egregiously mistaken by Mr. Wallack in his conception and glaring delineation. His is a vile caricature from which we have frequently turned with disgust. Did Mr. Wallack ever see the celebrated Johnstone personating an Irish gentleman?

If he did, he has certainly caught no spark of inspiration from him. That great performer, who excelled in the felicity of his Irish portraits, very judiciously discovered, that it is not the indiscriminate and vulgar adoption of a rich provincial brogue, that can designate our natural character. He has made himself familiar with the smooth insinuation—the soft waggery—the glowing passion—and that kind-hearted suberviency, which, in endeavouring to alleviate the wants of others, is not quite unmindful of its own.

LAFAYETTE THEATRE.—This house has opened under the management of Mr. Scott, from which we expect fortunate results. But on commencing the campaign, Mr. Scott should bring an imposing array of talent into the field to insure success. Miss Emery is certainly a star, (alas! she "shines a part,") that has brilliancy and attraction; but the other ladies of the house are a kind of dramatic negation.

Where is Mrs. Stone? This lady would be an acquisition to the company. The tragedy of Douglas was performed a few evenings ago, in which Miss Emery, as Lady Randolph, elicited some luminous points of acting, though it is by no means a part in which she excels. Whatever her merit may be in other characters, she certainly fails in personating Lady Randolph with either interest or effect.

We marked, particularly, her inattention to the "cunning of the scene;" her cold declamation—her misconception of the author's meaning—her utter want of that pathetic sensibility—even to agony—which we have seen manifested by Mrs. Duff, so as to thrill every bosom. In characters, in which the prevailing passions are sorrow, hatred, revenge, rage or disappointment, Miss Emery, we are sorry to say, is neither affecting, nor impressive.

When Mrs. Duff expresses those passions, her scenes are tinged with their warm colouring—the torrent of pathetic, or infuriate feeling, seems to burst from her heart, and almost to struggle for utterance on her lips, while the graceful dignity of her attitudes, and the music of her declamation, create a sympathy and an interest in the mind of the audience, which even the diabolical character (such as lady Macbeth) she personates, cannot entirely destroy. Miss Rock, too, in the impassioned Juliet, and the mad Ophelia, gives us brilliant contrasts, fine vivid touches, which cause the heart to vibrate from passions of the most tender, to those of the most alarming nature.

There are, we will not deny, some points in the part of Lady Randolph, in which Miss Emery stands pre-eminently distinguished; but, taken in the aggregate, viewing the performance in all its bearings, connexion, and dependencies, the palm is due to Mrs. Duff, and Mrs. Sloman.

Her scene with old Norval was ably sustained—her looks—her impatience, and her whole impassioned demeanour, at once expressing hope and fear, were indeed extremely impressive. Miss Emery was not, in our opinion, dressed appropriately for the languishing widow of Douglas. There is something rather awkward to us in criticising on a lady's dress, but the costume of Miss Emery was too modern for the Caledonian matron. We believe that this lady performed in Scotland; if so, did she ever visit Holyrood palace, and observe the fine old paintings in that ancient seat of Scottish grandeur? Did Douglas's widow wear a profusion of curls, and arms bare almost to the shoulders?

What were the "weeds of woe," worn by a race of dignified matrons, renowned throughout the world, for their chastity—their lamentations for the loss of their husbands, and the awful, marked solemnity with which they observed the memories of the departed? We would dare be sworn on the rubric, their mourning attire was not gay frippery, or sparkling with a blaze of brilliants fit to adorn an eastern Princess. The number of rings Miss Emery wore, reminded us of Sheridan's sarcastic couplet on Mrs. Hastings' court dress.

"On every membrane, see a topaz clings!

Good gods! her joints are fewer than her rings!"

Of *Glenalvon*, old and young Norval, we will only say, that they walked through their parts very soberly.

Tuesday evening 13th January.—This evening, the Tragedy of *Fazio* was performed. Miss Emery in *Bianca*, was, occasionally felicitous, but she laboured too intensely to produce effect; she wanted feeling, dignity, and grace. Mr. Duffy is a promising actor, and his nervous and impressive enunciation were displayed to great advantage, in every scene except in that of the senate, or council, where, instead of asserting his innocence with the firmness and energy becoming a man falsely accused, he divested himself of all respect for the "representative majesty" of Florence, and roared and ranted so furiously, as to crack the ears of the *groundlings*. This kind of bellowing declamation, at once destitute of passion and intellect, can never give force or pomp to tragic sentiment, as it not only exhausts his own lungs, but the patience of the audience. Indeed we are sorry to observe this corrupt innovation rapidly gaining ground, on the chastity of graceful acting, in this country. With the exception of this drawback, Mr. Duffy's performance of *Fazio*, was interesting, animating, and characteristic. Mrs. Mitchell's *Aldabella*, was a creditable effort. We are sorry that we did not see Mr. Scott's *William Tell*, which is, we think a part very suitable to his powers.

POETRY.

Lines written as an occasional Prologue, on reading an account in the Dublin Morning Register, (extracted from a New-York paper,) of Mr. PEPPIER'S historical Irish Drama of IRELAND REDEEMED, or THE DEVOTED PRINCESS, by JAMES SYLVIVS LAW, author of the "Irish Catholic," "Civic Wreath," &c.*

Concluded from No. 6 of weekly series.

MAOLTEACHUIN'S filial hope of love-lit eye,
His treasured soul, that like a sunbeam shone
Upon the landscapes of paternity.
Like Orient phosphor, brilliantly and bright,
The morning star of beauty, MELCHA rose,
Surrounded with full many a sister light,
Gilding the darkness of *franc's* woes;
In wane of life the ruthless Turges saw
And owned her loveliness, as beast of prey
Surveys its victim—taught by savage law,
Embowed nature's arbitrary sway—
O'er helpless innocence. Th' indignant maid
With haughty heart of majesty and pride,
Heard from her sire, with courage undimay'd
The lawless tyrant's mandate—that defied
And outraged virtue's rules of social life—
Despised the holy intercourse that binds
Faith—love—affection—to the name of wife;
The sacred union of commutual minds.
Fired at the insult of a monster's will
The royal heroine resolves to shake
The despot's throne—to leave th' impending ill.
With magnanimity, for virtue's sake,
She dared the danger—conquered—saved her name
From infamy, with deeds that live in song,
With fearless fortitude—that deathless fame
Through time's revolving ages shall prolong;
Th' events that slept for centuries awake,
The scenes of other days return to view,
Like morn succeeding night on grove and lake.
In nature's tints to truth's fair coloring true,
Our author spreads the drapery of the past
Upon the canvases of a new-born world,
Depicting direful deeds that overcast
Faith's ancient isle—and freedom's flag unfurled
Through one illustrious heart of noble daring,
That with her own sustained her country's pride,
When hell's worst fiends with virtue's interest war—
O'er Erin's breast spread devastation wide. [ring
ERIN was then a matron old in years—
COLUMBIA on her ocean cradle slept,
Unknown to nations, alien to their fears,
Their wars and rapine, long by sorrow wept.
The all-creating God, when first he made
This ample world, two wave-walled regions placed
To East and West apart, by seas enbayed—
One rendered populous—one left a waste;
For motives wise, omniscient, and divine.
The first with power and freedom he endowed—
The other left in solitude to shine—
Till man grew insolent, unjust, and proud,
And freedom found her energies decline.
When power grew tyrannous, and then arose
Above th' horizon of the distant west,
Columbia's virgin continent, where grows
The palm of peace that shades the eagle's nest.
Then Liberty, so long abused by power,
In climes enlightened by the rising sun,
To westward flew, in heaven's auspicious hour,
When left no world beside to rest upon,
Power, long the tool of tyranny, in time,
Followed the steps of freedom far away
From eastern realms to nature's forest clime,
That spreads its limits towards the setting day;
And here remain the heaven descended guest
Secure from tyrants, waning in their might,

Where justice reigns—where concord's zone invests
The face of liberty—where law and right
Are things synonymous—where jarring creeds
Curse not the soil, to poison human joy—
Where foul corruption's vile and noxious weeds
May flourish not, like hemlock—in destroy.
Our public virtues, while we live united
In social harmony and brotherhood,
With liberty's unpalling sweets delightest,
And all that constitutes the sovereign good.
Long may these blessings last, and long may thrive
Our public greatness, in a generous clime—
Where peace and harmony shall still survive
In blushing youth throughout the reign of time;
Fair on our fields, and mighty forest-scenes,
Our giant mountains with their waving pines,
Wide branching rivers, watering freedom's green
Vast mirror lakes, whereon divinely shines
Heaven's holy radiance—lovely may the light
Of cloudless Liberty for ever beam—
With Godlike effulgence to attract the sight,
And bless the land of day's last setting gleam.
ERIN! the graceful, green, Atlantic isle,
Has long, in lonely widowhood repined,
But she, sad mourner! thine' her tears shall smile,
When blazes forth her proud indignant mind.
Her patriotic sons have wakened from their trance,
And haughty vengeance sparkles from their eyes;
They breathe one spirit—and their souls advance,
To purchase freedom—or their nation dies!
Full sensible of wrongs—of foul deceit,
Grown conscious by experience—never more
Shall ERIN slumber, while her emerald feet
Are laved by ocean, where her breakers roar;
Her energies are roused—she feels the force
Of native courage, never yet subdued;
She draws fresh vigour from that mighty source,
Her regal breast with heroes' blood bedewed.
No more shall tyrants trample on her rights,
She knows their baseness and with patience, long
Has borne with perfidy that most delights
In treacherous deeds, her noble sons to wrong—
Union has traced the sinews of the brave,
One social interest every heart inspires:
The patriot son beholds his father's grave,
He draws his sword—and recollects his sires!
The martial genius of the past awakes—
And walks abroad, in majesty of mien—
While despots tremble—and injustice quakes,
As shrinking tyranny forsakes the scene.
A hand celestial in Belshazzar's hall,
In characters of light is witnessed, writing
Deep, mystic words upon the unhallowed wall,
The mighty Island Autocrat affrighting.
The bar's fixed—and sealed by heaven's decree
That dominating Briton's pride should cower—
Her prowess fall—when ERIN shall be free,
Through native bravery's renovating power,
Her modern MELCHAS ERIN still can boast,
But no TENGESSES shall hereafter dare
To offer insult on her wave zone coast,
To royal Maid—or strike the beam of war
Unpunished for temerity—untaught
The price of rashness, where th' intrepid stand
To guard their rights with sinews that have bought
The independence of their native land;
The injured nation once renowned in arms,
That slept, and waked from long unheeded repere,
Again should danger round her breathe alarms
To which she yields—deserves the chain of foes.
Once great, once free, once fallen, once SLAVESMEN,
Once taught by slavery liberty to prize,
That people merit not to be esteemed,
Who would not at the call of freedom—rise!

MORE PEACE, DUBLIN, SEPT. 27, 1826.

* For an account of the plot and incidents of the historical drama of "Ireland Redeemed, or The Devoted Princess," we beg to refer the reader to No. 7 of the weekly series.

THE IRISH SHIELD
AND
MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

Price £3 50 per annum, or 2s. 6d. per number.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN!—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE!"

NO. 2.

FOR FEBRUARY 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

—
CHAPTER I.

An Inquiry into the causes from whence Ireland derived the various names by which she has been distinguished in ancient times; the reason to which she owes the origin of her present appellation. The arrival of the first Colony in Ireland, under the command of PARTHOLANUS, of Migdonia, in Greece. The Rivers and Lakes found in the Island, by this Scythian Colony, with remarks on them.

NAME. In proceeding to give a History of Ireland, we think that we cannot take a preliminary step in our arduous undertaking, more conducive to facilitate our progress, than to give a compendious relation of the various names by which Ireland was distinguished in our ancient annals, and in the writings of Grecian and Roman poets and historians.

The noblest purpose to which history can be applied, is to extend our acquaintance with the human character, and to give free exercise to our judgment on human affairs. In deducing the History of Ireland from its first colonization, and tracing the foundation of our nation back to its remote origin, it is necessary that we should adduce every historical evidence that can strengthen the basis on which the proud edifice of our high pretension to illustrious antiquity rears its elevated towers. There are few, in this age of light and literature, who will conform to David Hume's favourite doctrine, "that nations should not push their researches too far into the exploits and adventures of their ancestors," which he thinks, "should be suffered to remain in oblivion."

Convinced, as we are, that the early period of our history presents traits of character, examples of valour and virtue, and monuments of genius, which the annals of Greece or Rome, in the most refined and enlightened ages of their triumph, can scarcely parallel, we shall expatiate with unwearied pleasure on the glory and grandeur that distinguished Ireland under her illustrious Monarchs, during those centuries of her greatness and renown, that preceded the disastrous epoch, which stands accursed in Erin's calendar, THE INVASION OF HENRY II., in 1172.

But let us proceed to enumerate the different names by which the land of Bards and Orators was known in the "olden time." The first name, according to Bishop Hutchinson and Raymond, bestowed upon Ireland, was "*Inis Ealga*," in honour of Ealga, the wife of Partholan, the great founder of our nation. This was the appellation of Ireland until the country was invaded by the *Tuatha de Danans*, whose chief called it *EIRE*, after his lady; hence *ERIN*. The descendants of this colony, in process of time, changed the name of the country to *Innisfail*, from an

enchanted stone, said to be part of Jacob's pillar, which they brought to Ireland. This continued to be the name of the nation until the Milesians subverted the dominion of the Danans, and gave Ireland the nomenclature of the Queen of Milesius—"SCOTIA." A great discrepancy of opinion prevails amongst our most learned writers, on the etymology of HIBERNIA. Bishop Usher and Raymond agree in deriving this name from the river Iberius, in Spain, whence the Milesians came to Ireland; while Ledwich and Harris contend that the term is borrowed from a Greek compound word, which signifies *a western country*. Doctor Keating seems inclined to impute the origin of the title *Hibernia*, to Heber, the son of Milesius, one of the first of our Milesian monarchs.

The learned Bochart's conjecture on this disputed question assumes a great air of probability: "*Hibernia*," says he, "plainly seems Phœnician; for this term, by some called *Ierne*, is no more than *Ibernæ*, or, the furthest habitation westward." Sir James Ware concurs in this hypothesis. Cæsar, Pliny, and Tacitus call Ireland by the name *Hibernia*, "which means," says Camden, "the most remote country of Europe, westward." Strabo talks of *Hibernia*, as a woody country in the Atlantic Ocean.

But let us inquire whence the derivative of the present name of our country—**IRELAND**. Camden cites Orpheus, the poet of Thrace, as an author who gives the most ancient and decisive testimony of the name of Ireland; he says, the son of Apollo calls it *Ierna*, and our learned countryman, Bishop Usher, exultingly observes, that, "the Roman people were not able to produce so ancient a witness of their name." We think, with Dr. Keating, that the etymological origin of the term *Ireland*, may be traced back to *Ir*, one of the sons of Milesius, who was buried at Colp, near Drogheda; the place of his sepulture was called the *land of Ir*, from which, in process of time, the whole Island received the general name of *Irelandia*, signifying, in the Irish language, the country of *Ir*'s grave. Sir William Temple is of opinion, that the name *Ireland* is derived from the river *Ierne*. Plutarch calls Ireland *Ogygia*, which signifies "*the most ancient Isle*." Some of our ancient historians have marshalled a host of arguments, tending to prove that Ireland was the Isle of Calypso. Eminent Roman writers have called Ireland *Juverna*. But it is time that we should conduct our readers out of the barren field of etymology and conjecture, into the spacious region of historical narrative.

ARRIVAL OF PARTHOLANUS.

Although creditable annalists have asserted, that Ireland was first peopled by the nephews of Noah, immediately after the flood, our learned antiquarians discard the story as the fiction of the Bards. But all our historians have impressed the seal of authenticity on the following record of the first colonization of Ireland.

According to the concurrent testimony of the annals of Erin, Partholanus, the son of Seara, the son of Sru, the son of Easru, the son of Framant, the son of Fathocda, the son of Magog, the son of Japhet, the son of Noah, was compelled to fly from his country, Migdonia, in Greece, to evade the punishment with which justice threatened to visit him, for the murder of his parents, and his attempt to assassinate his brother, in order that he might reach the goal of his ambition, the supreme command. In his flight to the coast, where ships were prepared by his adherents, to transport him from the scenes of his guilt, he was accompanied by his wife *Alga* or *Elga*, his three sons, *Rughraidhe*, *Slaighe*, and *Laughline*, with their three wives, together with one thousand soldiers, who volunteered to share in his fortunes. Having been fortunate enough to surmount the perils of a long and tedious voyage, he at length reached the coasts of Ireland, wafted thither, more probably, by the caprice of winds, or the sport of tempests, than by any previous knowledge which he had of the geographical situation of the Island, or the skill of his mariners in navigation. Our annals tell us, that he effected a landing in Derry, which he and his followers then called *Iubher Sceine*. This memorable event, according to the "*Book of Invasions*," occurred in the year of the world 1956, three hundred years after the flood. Mr. O'Flaherty, in his

Oggia, fixes, on the authority of *Chuan Mac Noisk*, the date of the arrival of Partholanus, in 1969, a difference, however, of little consequence in matters of such remote antiquity. The most incredible story recorded by the Partholaniens, is, that on their arrival there were but three lakes and nine rivers in Ireland; but that before the death of Partholanus, a period of thirty years after his arrival, seven more new lakes burst forth, and three rivers gushed from the mountains of Ulster.* Doctor O'Halloran conjectures that the lakes and rivers discovered by Partholanus, were those in that part of the country first occupied by the colony; but as the woods were cut down, and cultivation extended, the new lakes and rivers, which the people discovered in the forests, were recorded in the national annals at the precise time of their discovery. Be this as it may, the accuracy with which they are mentioned, sufficiently evinces the scrupulous regard that our early writers paid to those minute circumstances which composed the detail of their simple story. There is no history extant, should be less alloyed with the dross of fiction than that of Ireland; because it is a fact attested by writers of unquestionable veracity, that the *national annals* were always preserved in the archives of the state. O'Flaherty, Lynch, and Colgan, agree in stating that the government employed the chief Bards of the nation, to correct the national records before the assembled states, at Tara, so that the stream of genuine history might run down pure and pellucid to posterity. "The productions of the annalists," says the acute and erudite WARNER, "were to undergo the solemn test and sanction of the great council of the nation, in a triennial parliament or convention, where such accounts only as were deemed worthy of credit, were approved, and a memorial of them entered into the registers of that high court. If any authors were found perverting the truth or imprudently prostituting it, in order to serve the purposes of a party; misrepresenting unfortunate or defeated virtue, contracting or concealing undoubted facts, with the same perverse intention of prejudicing fallen patriots, who had no other than historical evidence for their vindication, in such cases the authors were degraded, and made liable to the penalties inflicted by a law against occasional and incendiary historians. Surely this ordinance of the ancient Irish legislators, gives a great idea of the wisdom of this people, and an authenticity to their history, which is to be given, I believe, to no other nation under the sun." That all the volumes of our ancient history, which ST. PATRICK, in the enthusiasm of his zeal for Christianity, committed to the flames at Tara, A. D. 440, were the pure and unmixed essence of TRUTH, there can be no question.

But it is time to return from this digression, to the Lakes of the Partholaniens. Doctor Hutchinson, late Bishop of Down and Connor, in his defence of Irish historians, has taken much pains to defend this part of our history, and maintains with a strong bulwark of argument and ingenious reasoning, the probable truth of the accounts transmitted to us of these lakes and rivers, "which are," he says, "so far from discrediting the authenticity of our annals, that they not only afford strong proofs of the reality of the facts, but those who recorded them were wise men, who wrote them for the instruction of posterity, that they might know which way nature moved. The most eminent Geographers tell us of more and greater new lakes than these, which have covered the low lands in many other countries."

* The following are the principal Lakes in Ireland.

Kilharney,	in the county of	Kerry.
Allen,	" "	Leitrim.
Allua,	" "	Cork.
Arrow,	" "	Sligo.
Cowp,	" "	Mayo.
Corrib,	" "	Galway.
Derg,	" "	Donegal.
Erne,	" "	Fermanagh.
Derg,	" "	Tipperary.
Eak,	" "	Donegal.
Foyle,	" "	Derry.
Gara & Gill,	" "	Sligo.
Gouganabarra,	" "	Cork.

Gule,	" "	Antrim.
Inchiquin,	" "	Clare.
Inny,	" "	Westmeath.
Kay,	" "	Leitrim.
Lane,	" "	Westmeath.
Laughline,	" "	Westmeath.
Mackean,	" "	Cavan.
Maak,	" "	Armagh & Down.
Neagh,	" "	Derry & Antrim.
Ramor,	" "	Cavan.
Salt,	" "	Donegal.
Seuddy & Shillin,	" "	Westmeath.
Shealing & Carr,	" "	Meath.
Strangford,	" "	Down.
Swilly,	" "	Donegal.

The Doctor confirms this observation by many instances ; and indeed it does not seem difficult to conceive that if even in our own times, the harmony of nature is often disturbed, and her laws interrupted, and this harmony must have been much more liable to tumultuary emotions, at so early a period after the flood, when the earth was convulsed to its very centre, and the equipoise of the Globe consequently vacillating.

Partholanus, we are told, suspected the fidelity of his wife, who is represented, by some writers, to have been a woman of extreme beauty, which led him to confine her supposed gallant, (one of his officers,) in a cave. The reign of Partholanus is not represented to us marked by any memorable events. This is what might naturally be expected from the settlement of a few adventurers ; and if our annals have thrown a shade of importance over it, they would have been more liable to suspicion. Indeed we find an account, not at all authenticated, in M'Dermott's history of Ireland, which states that, "An African Colony resided in the Island, previous to the arrival of Partholanus, who lived by fishing and hunting. They were under the command of Ciocal, the son of Nin, the son of Garbh, the son of Nadhmoiar. A desperate and decisive engagement is stated to have taken place between them and Partholanus, soon after his arrival, at a place called *Muigh Jotha*, where Ciocal, the son of Nin, and the greater part of his followers were destroyed. Doctor Warner and O'Halloran regard the story of the African Colony as the dream of poetic fiction. The Partholans cut down all the woods, and extended tillage and pasturage over the whole Island.

Partholanus reigned thirty years, and at his death left his kingdom to four sons, who were born in Ireland, *Er* or *Ire*, *Orba*, *Fearn*, and *Fergna* ; the three sons whom he brought from Greece having died since his arrival. *Slainge* died in the thirteenth year of his reign, and was interred in the side of a mountain, in the county of Down, from him denominated *Sliabh Slainge*, or the mountain of *Slainge*. Two years after, *Laughline* died, and from the circumstance of his being buried in the vicinity of a Lake in West Meath it received the name of *Loch-Loughline*. In the 25th year of his reign, *Rughraidhe* was drowned in a lake, in the County of Sligo. The scrupulous attention which our annals have paid to the names of places, is a strong and conclusive testimony of their truth.

The simplicity of such statements can never be reconciled to the spirit of romance and fiction. To describe so many men, observes Warner, "to point out their manners, to paint their persons, to relate their adventures, and make a circumstantial recital of their families, seems to be beyond the power of fiction." In the hyperbolical narrative of the imagination, nothing but the marvellous can please : nothing but great and perilous disasters, the revolutions of power, the ruin of empires ; the rapid strides of conquest ; the feats of chivalry, and the brilliant execution of the steel clad warrior ; in a word, nothing but what is glorious in its design, and grand in its progress, like the splendid career of a Napoleon, can be admitted into the fanciful creation of the legendary romancer. In all the statements respecting the colony of Partholanus we perceive nothing but what is suited to real life, and to the origin of an infant Colony, totally unacquainted with civil and political transactions. There are no reports whatever, in these early records, that are belied by the circumstances of time and place. Human nature appears in her native dress, or more properly without any dress, such as she appears in countries secluded from the polish and adventitious modification of artificial society ; and yet an *Innis*, a *Hume*, a *Mac Pherson*, and our own apostate *Ledwich*, have had the unblushing effrontery to assert, that the accounts of Partholanus have been invented by our Bards and Monks, to gratify the "*pride of ancestry and national honour*." Our history furnishes a "plain unvarnished tale," unadorned by that affectation of "*national vanity and high born ancestry*," to which *Innis*, in his "*critical essay, on the ancient Inhabitants of North Britain*," ascribes our high pretensions to "*illustrious antiquity*." But when we carry this history to the age of *Ossian*, we will endeavour to answer the objections of cavilling critics. The Monks, who are supposed to have fabricated our annals, would have found it ex-

tremely easy to exalt the character of Partholanus, the Romulus of Ireland, by uniting in his person all those conspicuous and ennobling qualities that emanate from heroism—from bravery, magnanimity, and God-like virtue; all the varied excellences of the son of Venus and Anchises might have been easily conferred upon him, and the national pride thus flattered by the high endowments of an imaginary hero. But instead of this we find him described as an infamous parricide, a wretch, who not content with spilling the blood of his parents attempted to deepen the enormity of his remorseless turpitude by sacrificing his brother's life on the diabolical altar of Fratricide. Surely if the Monks coined this story, in the mint of invention, we are sorry, for the honour of our early ancestors, that it has obtained such historical currency.

The sovereignty, as we have already observed, was transmitted, at the death of Partholanus, to his four sons—Ire ruled over the north east part of the kingdom; his southern limits extended to Dublin. Orba's dominion comprehended the country from Dublin to the Isle of Barrymore in Munster; Fearn had sway from Barrymore to Galway; and Feargus' possessions included the range of territory that lies from thence to the northern extremity of Ulster. Partholanus had, also, ten legitimate daughters, to whom, on their marriage with distinguished chiefs, lands were appropriated. We had almost omitted to mention, that when Partholanus landed in Ireland, he had, in his retinue, four learned men one Poet Laureate, two Druids, and a sculptor. The Partholanians governed Ireland for three hundred years, at the end of which period a dreadful plague broke out which proved fatal to almost the entire of the colony. The Psalter of Cashel says that the contagion was peculiarly destructive at Ben-heder, (now Howth,) near Dublin, so much so that Howth was the burial place of some thousands of the Partholanians, who perished by the sweeping mortality, from which circumstance, says the book of conquests, it was ever after called *Tainhleacht Muinter Phartholan*, or the cemetery of the race of Partholan. In the sixth century St. Fenton erected a church in Howth, dedicated to St. Mary, which was in good preservation until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was plundered and destroyed, by her sacrilegious and sanguinary myrmidons. Howth, though now stripped of trees, was, we are informed by history, formerly covered with venerable oaks which shaded a Druidical temple, as the remains of such an edifice are still to be seen in one of its sequestered valleys.

Before closing this chapter we should, perhaps, observe, that some antiquarians have gravely asserted, that the Partholanians were not the first who discovered Ireland. This honour they give to Adhna, the son of Beatha, a messenger sent by Nion the son of Pelus, to ascertain the quality of the Irish soil. On reaching the Island he found it clothed with the most luxuriant verdure, and brought back to his master a bunch of the rank grass, which he had plucked, as a proof of its fertility.

CHAPTER II.

The arrival of a second colony from Greece, under the command of NEMEDIUS, in Ireland. The Africans and infant Colony contend in several battles, for the dominion of the country; the Nemedians are finally defeated, and compelled to retire to Greece.

A. M. KEATING and O'FLAHERTY concur in relating that all the Partholanians were annihilated by the destructive plague which we mentioned in the last chapter, and that in consequence, the country lay waste and desolate for thirty years, until it was visited by a horde of African pirates, who took up their residence in it, and erected fortifications along the coast to protect them from the descent of other predatory rovers.

Nemedius, who, we are told, was descended from *Adhla*, an infant son whom Partholanus left after him in Greece, prepared in the Euxine sea, a fleet with

which he determined to follow the fortunes of his ancestors in Ireland. The motive that induced him to quit his native land, and fit out this expedition, is not recorded in our annals. This armament was very formidable ; it consisted of thirty-four ships, each of which was manned by thirty marines. He landed on the coast of Ulster, (but where, we are not informed,) without opposition from the Africans. Besides his wife Macha, he brought to Ireland his four sons, Sarn, Jarbhanel, the prophet Feargus, and Ainnin.

Having established himself in the country without molestation from his African rivals, he selected a beautiful valley, where the city of Armagh now stands, in which he prepared to build two palaces* for himself and his retinue. Four African architects, who it seems had made a greater progress in the arts than his Grecian followers, were employed in the erection of these palaces, which they finished with such exquisite skill and elegance as excited the admiration of Nemedius ; but whether from ignoble feelings of envy, caused by those artists having surpassed the Grecians, in genius and execution, or from the apprehension that these accomplished architects might raise other edifices, exceeding his in magnificence and style, he had the baseness to order them to be assassinated.

Soon after the Court of Nemedius was removed to the new palaces, MACHA, the wife of this Chief, died, and from the mound of earth that was raised, as a monument over her grave, Armagh derives its name ; *Ardmacha*, signifying in Irish, *Macha's eminence*. Nemedius, while at peace with the Africans, made great improvements in Ireland ; several wilds were cultivated, and twelve forests were cut down. At this juncture, if we can credit Keating, four large lakes sprung up suddenly, and overflowed a great extent of the country. The Africans looked with a jealous eye on the progress of the Nemedians, in their rapid acquisition of territory. A pretext for coming to an open rupture was soon seized upon by both parties. Hostilities were quickly commenced between them, and they engaged fiercely in three successive battles, in which the Africans were vanquished, and three of their principal leaders slain. The Nemedians, flushed with victory, resolved to drive the whole African race out of the Island. The Africans, aware of the resolution of their enemies, are determined to contend for the game of empire with desperate valour. Intrenching themselves in an advantageous position, they waited the attack of the Nemedians, to which they opposed a gallant resistance, that dismayed and deterred their assailants. Nemedius, exasperated at this formidable front, put himself at the head of his best troops, made an impetuous assault on the enemy's centre, but without effect ; the Africans now rushed forward on their foes, who began to give ground, and the conflict became general ; the engagement lasted many hours, both parties fighting with desperation, but at length fortune favored the Africans. Nemedius was totally defeated, and his army almost annihilated. Two of his sons, Sarn and Arthur, fell in the sanguinary battle. The fatal result of this conflict broke the spirit and blasted the hopes of Nemedius, nor did he long survive the disaster, for exhausted with grief and disappointment, he died at *Arda Neimhid*, now the Isle of Barrymore, in the county of Cork.

The Africans determined to avenge the different losses which they had sustained, on the shattered remains of the Nemedians, imposed a heavy tax on them, which was to be paid on the first of November, at a place called *Mag Gceidne*, or the plain of violence. But the chief of the Nemedians rendered indignant by the enormity of this exaction, conspired with others, to shake off the odious yoke of despotism, and make one bold and vigorous effort to regain liberty and independence.

The Chieftains of the Nemedians at this time, were Fathach, the son of Nemedius, his brother Feargus, and Beatach, their nephew, noble spirits, of daring,

* These Palaces were, General Vallancy supposes, the first structures of stone erected in Ireland. The Palace of Tara was built by Heremon, the first of our Milesian Kings, in A. M. 3737. Its order of architecture was Ionic, and the marble of its colonnade was brought from Italy. The Palace of Emania, in the county of Armagh, the hereditary seat of the illustrious O'Neils, was the next structure in magnificence and beauty, to Tara. It was erected by Crombkaoth O'Neil, monarch of Ireland, A. M. 3535.

fortitude, and chivalric bravery. They soon marshalled a force, with which they attacked their oppressors, and the success that crowned their arms was such as might be expected from the union of resolution and courage, animating men that fought for victory or death. In this irresistible assault, Conning, the African General, two of his sons, and the greater part of his army fell by the edge of the sword, and many of his fortified garrisons surrendered to the conquerors. But scarcely had the Nemedians enjoyed a momentary triumph under the laurels of victory, ere new dangers darkened the transient brightness of their exultation. More, a powerful naval commander, who was abroad on an expedition for some time, returned with his fleet, at the moment his countrymen were preparing to evacuate Ireland.

When the Africans perceived the approach of the fleet, hope banished despair, while the Nemedians hastened to the shore of Tor Inis, to oppose the landing of More and his forces, conscious that if they failed in obstructing the landing of this chief and his hosts, their dominion in Ireland was lost. More's ships not being able to come near enough to the shore, he caused his soldiers to descend into the waves in order to encounter the Nemedians, who had advanced through the water to attack their foes. The engagement was so fierce and obstinate, so prolonged and terrible, that both armies were unconscious of the swelling tide, that raised its waves to their middle, till they were borne away by the current, so that those who escaped the sword were drowned.

In this conflict the entire army of the Nemedians, except thirty officers and three commanders, perished. The African chief, with a few soldiers regained his shipping, and then with the wreck of his forces, took possession of the country.

The forlorn remains of the Nemedians were now reduced to the necessity of submitting to whatever terms their African masters thought proper to dictate, or to seek their fortune in other climes; to the latter alternative they almost unanimously inclined. They prepared a fleet as soon as possible, and under the command of Simon Brede, the grand son of Nemedius, set sail for Greece, the country of their fathers, where, on their arrival, they met but a cold and unkind reception from their relatives, who, instead of alleviating their misfortunes, spurned them with contempt and scorn. Another grand son of Nemedius, Briotan Maol, with his followers, landed in the north of Scotland, and there settled, and his posterity, for many ages, were possessors of the country, as well as of England, as far as Bristol. The Psalter of Cashel confers upon this Nemedian chief, the honor of giving name to Britain, which before was called the "Great Island."

This etymology is sanctioned by a great number of our antiquarians, and is certainly entitled to more credit than the fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wished to derive the term Britain from Brutus, the Trojan, a claim so unfounded as to be rejected even by his own countrymen.

The few Nemedians who remained in Ireland, were subjected to every hardship and privation, by their cruel task masters, the Africans, until the Firbolgs invaded the Island. The period of time that elapsed, according to Keating and Lynch, from the colonization of Nemedius to the landing of the Belgae, was 217 years, though O'Flaherty, through mistake, assigns a rule of 217 years to the Nemedians, in Ireland. Dr. O'Halloran, with his usual penetration, satisfactorily proves the anachronism of the author of Ogygia.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

An Irish Historical Tale.

During the sanguinary crusade of the arch regicide, Oliver Cromwell, in Ireland, which was marked by indelible traces of heart-rending cruelty and despoiling devastation, unparalleled in the history of the enormous violations and fla-

grant aggressions of the Goths and Vandals, the circumstances that led to the melancholy catastrophe of this tale occurred. After the tyrant had captured Drogheda, and put its brave defenders to the sword, without even sparing the hisping infant or imploring mother, who in vain besought for mercy, Lords Gormans-town, Louth, and Slane, with a remnant of the royal army, threw themselves into the fortified castle of Ardee,* where they resolved to hold out until honourable terms of capitulation should be offered to them by the remorseless conqueror; Colonel Fleetwood, the vile and inhuman coadjutor of the regicide, quickly summoned the castle to surrender unconditionally, holding out terrible threats of vengeance, in the event of his being compelled to carry it by storm; but the commandant, Lord Slane, laconically replied, *That Irish noblemen were not to be alarmed by idle threats, as they were determined to bury themselves in the ruins of the castle, rather than yield to an inglorious capitulation.* Fleetwood finding that he had to deal with lofty spirits, who would not tamely submit to the protector's sway, deemed it advisable to send a flag of truce, with an offer of allowing the garrison to march out with the honours of war; the soldiers to give up their arms and be disbanded, and the officers to retire to their respective estates. Imperious necessity, alone, compelled the besieged to accede to these overtures. The Earl of Slane's mansion was then in Ardee, and thither he asked his brave companions in arms to spend some time with him, to recruit their spirits by amusing

* Ardee is very celebrated in the Irish annals. In the vicinity of this town, according to Ware and Usher, Heber and Heremon, in the year of the creation 2736, at the head of their Milesian followers, totally vanquished the Danaan army, and slew the Princes of the Tuthadesean line. This victory gave the Milesian possession of the whole island. It was here that the arch Druid Amhergin crowned his brothers, Herber and Heremon, Kings of Ireland. The vicinity of Ardee is also renowned for being the scene of the great battle of Mullacrew, fought about a century before the birth of Christ, between the Ultonians, headed by the famous Champion of the red branch, Cuchullin, and the army of Connaught, commanded by Lugh, chief of the Knights of Munster, who slew in single combat, the Ultonian hero, during an engagement in which the Ulster forces were almost annihilated. After Palladius, the first Christian Missionary sent by the Pope to Ireland, had built churches in Drogheda, Melefont, and Slane, he repaired to Ardee, in order to erect a Christian place of worship there; but he was no sooner arrived than he was arrested, and brought before a convocation of Druids, at which the Prince of Origel (Tuthal) and his wife ARZARIA were present.

The Druids pronounced St. Palladius guilty of blasphemy against their pagan divinity, and demanded his immediate execution; but in his defense he gave such a lucid illustration of the divine precepts of the gospel, and urged the purity of his motives with such force and feeling as to make a deep impression on his judges, and to enlist the sympathy of the Princess, at whose intercession, he was suffered to depart from Ireland.

In 1014 the body of Brian Boroihme, on its way to Armagh for interment, was laid in state in the Abbey of St. John's, attended by the Bishop of Meath and the Prior and Monks of Louth. In 1209 Roger Peppard, one of the Knights who accompanied King John to Ireland, erected a magnificent Castle in Ardee, also, built the Abbey of St. Mary's for CROUGHAN FAIRIES, which he richly endowed. The Castle is still in excellent repair, and the Sessions for the County are held in it. In 1315, when Edward Bruce invaded Ireland, he carried the terror of his arms to Ardee, and after he took the town by assault, he set fire to the Abbey of St. Mary's, in which more than 500 human beings (mostly women and children who fled there for sanctuary) perished. This cruel and savage act shall remain an indelible blot on the memory of the Scottish Prince. After the battle of Dundalk, in which Bruce was slain by General Mapus Bermingham, the Lord Deputy caused Ardee to be strongly fortified, and encompassed with a strong wall. During Cromwell's sanguinary career in Ireland, Ardee was garrisoned by the royalists under Lords Louth and Slane, and Sir Patrick Cusack, who gallantly held out for many days against the tyrant's marauders; but were at length obliged to capitulate and give up half their estates to the rapacious Fleetwood and his ruffian soldiery, whose descendants possess them to this day. James II. prior to the battle of Boyne, remained a week in Ardee, on a visit with Sir Patrick Fleming. The now ivy-draped chamber in which the royal "imbecile," as Napoleon would call such a pusillanimous Prince, slept, is still looked upon with reverence. Ardee is a very flourishing town, and its commercial business is considerable; it is the third in magnitude in the county of Louth; Drogheda and Dundalk only taking precedence before it. Its population is about 8000 souls. Perhaps there is not a town in Ireland encircled with a vicinage of such rural and romantic scenery as Ardee. The highly improved and picturesque domains of Lord Louth, Thomas Filgate, Esq. W. P. Ruxton, Esq. and Alex. Dawson, Esq. M. P. present landscape beauties on which the genius of Salvator Rosa would have loved to rest his pinions. On every side shady groves, luxuriant meadows of grassy velvet, washed by the sparkling waters of the Dee, and the Lagan, are seen in all their sylvan charms.

Dear scenes! where the morning of life first arose upon us, you shall be ever consecrated in our memory! Surely none, but figid stoics will blame us for indulging a little in the feeling which the remembrance of the loved scenes of our youth gives birth to. It is, as Ossian sings, "pleasing and mournful to the soul," to turn to the contemplation of past delights, as every feature that characterised the hours of our youth, lives in our breast decked with all the glowing colours of life's first spring. Who exiled from the home of his fathers will not admit that the most powerful hold over the imagination, the strongest tie which time can impose on the feelings and the mind, is that which springs from early association.

ties, and lull fatigue to repose in the soft lap of the munificent hospitality for which the noble Lord was so eminently distinguished. This nobleman was proverbial for his high sense of honour and unblemished probity. He was bred in camps, where his gallantry and courage shone with the brightness of unsullied lustre. His attachment to the cause of the unfortunate house of Stuart, burned in his breast with as fervid an enthusiasm as ever glowed in the human heart. To effect the restoration of Charles II. was the predominant wish that engrossed his feelings; and his expanded knowledge and military talents gave him a decided pre-eminence and ascendancy over the adherents of royalty, in the province of Leinster, by whom he was looked up to with reverence, and implicitly acknowledged as a chief. In private life his conduct was equally amiable and exemplary. Having lost, when only in the prime of manhood, ere the illusions of the passions ceased to operate, a wife whom he loved to romantic enthusiasm, and in whose affections his chief happiness was embosomed, yet her memory was too dear and sacred ever to suffer another conjugal union to profane the heart in which the image of departed virtue was enshrined.

She left him one dear pledge of their short but felicitous union, an only daughter whose opening charms and germinating intellect gradually developed her mother's winning loveliness and mental accomplishments. Lovely and accomplished was EVA FLEMING; respected and admired by her friends, the idolized daughter of her fond parent, whose consolation was centered in her; for as he gazed on her budding beauties, all he had once admired in her mother, he now again contemplated in her angel-like countenance. Never for a moment had he repented the vow he breathed over the corse of his beauteous wife, never to make another choice. Under the immediate superintendence of her doating father, Lady EVA FLEMING's mind was cultivated and enriched with all the donations and accomplishments that education could bestow. Before she attained the age of fourteen, she was an adept in music and drawing, and besides an accurate knowledge of the English language, she could fluently speak the French and Italian.

Her understanding was not only expanded and enlarged by an intimate acquaintance with the fine arts, but what was still more estimable, with the moral precepts of religion, and the sacred obligations of virtue, which were deeply implanted in her heart by the admonitory inculcation of parental instruction. Her figure was elegance personified; it exhibited all that symmetry of loveliness, and grace of beauty, which history has described and poetry imagined; uniting the perfectly chiselled form of the Medicean statue, to the brilliant colouring of Rubens' females. Her face was fascinating, her neck white as the bosom of the swan, and her cerulean eyes bright as the smiling ray of the morning. Life lay before her like a vista in romance, lovely, bright, and delusive; the sun of hope cast its refulgent radiance over the fair prospect of adolescence, and diamond-tipped each blossom of anticipated delights, with the refreshing dews of the imagination; but it was but the gleaming light of fanciful felicity; the fleeting meteors of an hour; the glittering presage of the coming tempest of misfortune and calamity. She had one imperfection which clouded the splendour of her other virtues; that was an inordinate and insatiable curiosity, of which the caution and advice of her father could not divest her. That was the enchanted cup, the draughts of which intoxicated her imagination and lulled prudence to repose; but alas! she drank it to the dregs ere she tasted its bitterness or had the power to dash it from her lips. So extremely desirous was she to know every thing, that she would not let the least thing pass in the Castle, without inquiring into the particulars. If she heard a knock at the great portal, she ran to the window to ascertain who gave it; when a carriage entered the court-yard, she was immediately hanging over the staircase, to see what kind of people were in it. When visitors conferred with her father on business, in the library, she would listen at the door of the anti-chamber, in order to overhear the passing conversation. In short, her prying disposition carried her often beyond the bounds of prudence. The Earl endeavoured to impress her with a sense of the impropriety of her con-

duct ; but his expostulation had only a transient effect, for a moment it touched the sympathy of the soul with sorrow, but it was so evanescent, as to melt away from her memory, like the fading tints of the rainbow. The Earl fondly doated on his daughter, and his great pleasure was to converse with his dear Eva on all affairs of the family, as he intrusted her with the entire management of his domestic concerns. The secrets which he kept from her were not his own ; they were those of the royal party, which were under the inviolable seal of honour, and could not be revealed without endangering his life or tarnishing an exalted reputation, on which even the breath of censure had never blown. One fixed maxim which the Earl steadily maintained, was, that he who violated a secret intrusted to him, deserved punishment ten times more than he who robbed you of your property. He often explained the distinction to Eva, whose good sense never failed to assent, even with compunctious tears, to the justice of the discrimination.

Her sighs and wailings would obtain her pardon ; for when she wept, her carnation cheeks displayed the lily and the rose bending under pearly dew-drops ; how then could parental authority resist the affecting appeals, the humid lustre of lucid blue eyes, that looked like stars piercing the thick black clouds of repentant grief ? But though sensible of the truth of her father's representations, her insatiable curiosity brought her always to the prohibited point, that of wanting to know every thing ; which clearly demonstrates that it is extremely difficult to disencumber ourselves of the incubus of a contracted and confirmed habit. Notwithstanding that this imperfection obscured the radiance of her other amiable qualities, yet she was chaste and modest as a vestal virgin ; for if truth and purity of heart were embodied in a human form, they could not wear on an angelic brow, a brighter, legible trace of virtue inviolable, and holy innocence immaculate, than shone in the beauteous countenance of Eva Fleming. Her charms captivated the affections of a young gentleman in the neighborhood, who was the son of the inveterate enemy of her father. The rival houses of the parents were divided by a gulf of rancorous and deadly animosity, which was too wide and deep for reconciliation. Colonel Babe, the father of our hero, was a zealous Cromwellian, which drew down upon him the implacable abhorrence of the Earl of Slane, who regarded him as a vile renegade, that abandoned his honor and his king. To ally his noble blood to the plebian family of the Colonel, would, in the Earl's opinion, be a blot of contamination on the quarterings of his armorial shield, disgraceful to nobility. But love, like ' death, levels all distinctions.' Frederick Babe was gifted with all the prepossessing graces of nature ; young, enlightened, and amiable ; sensitive in honor, polished in manners, beneficent to extravagance, and chivalric even to romantic enthusiasm ; no wonder then that he inspired the dreams of Eva's earliest love ; and that his attentions, which were always by stealth, should awaken in her heart the glowing ardour of a tender passion. Their attachment soon became mutual, their bosoms glowed with the sacred flame of reciprocal devotion. Frederick idolized his charming Eva, he adored her as a saint, to whom his heart had erected a shrine, where enthusiastic affection still offered tributes of ardent devotion, and the solemn vows of unalterable constancy. But the blissful hour of their union must be deferred until the curtains of death should be drawn across the existence of the Earl of Slane. His life was the barrier that opposed the consummation of connubial happiness. Of this the lovers were aware ; they had therefore only the delights of stolen assignations, and the illusive promises of hope, to comfort them during their pilgrimage to the Temple of Hymen.

In the mean while, the predatory bands of Cromwell, continued to ravage the country with unexampled rapacity ; while licentious excesses and relentless cruelties, paved the pathway of their devastating incursions. It were in vain that the Irish claimed the protection of the laws of nations, and the pity of humanity ; for the Cromwellians respected no law but that which their sword maintained, and mercy was a stranger to their sanguinary hearts. In fine, the reign of terror

reached the climax of stupendous horror, and havoc and plunder, like destructive demons, stalked, with gigantic strides, through the land, followed by murder and assassination, bearing their blood-stained train. The Earl of Slane, and the royal party, saw, but could not avert or contravene, the diabolical proceedings of the monstrous barbarians;—they had the will but not the power to arrest the iniquitous career of the Juggernaut that daily rolled its wheels over the necks of its countless victims. The partizans of Cromwell narrowly watched the movements of the Earl and his friends, as they regarded him as the nucleus of royalty in that part of the country. On one occasion several noblemen and gentlemen contrived to evade the vigilance of Cromwell's spies, and to assemble at the Earl of Slane's castle, for the purpose of deliberating on the melancholy and deplorable state of Ireland, when they came to a resolution of applying to the Courts of France and Spain, for succor, to enable them to break the chains of an insupportable despotism. The discussion of the meeting was prolonged to eight o'clock in the morning. The impatience and curiosity of Eva, during the time of the deliberation, were excited to their utmost pitch. She did not let a single servant pass, without inquiring the number of persons assembled, the time of their arrival, and the motives of their remaining so long. As the servants knew nothing of the matter, they could afford no clue by which she might wind herself into the mystery. Difficulty only added fuel to the combustible elements of her curiosity. During the night she could not compose herself to sleep, her pillow was planted with thorns. Several times she rose from her bed, and walked softly to the door of the chamber where the company was deliberating; but she could hear nothing definite, the ear of discovery could not penetrate the thick veil of silence in which their conference was held. After a long and anxious interval of intent watching, the nepenthe of hope began to distil a few cooling drops on her inflamed impatience. About one o'clock in the morning she heard the door open, and saw her father conducting two young Lords, very secretly, towards the garden door, bearing a leaden box, apparently very heavy. At this sight her heart throbbed for joy. She followed them at a distance, and perceived them digging a hole very deep, into which they put the box, and then proceeded to fill it up with clay, over which they placed, carefully, some grassy sods, so that no appearance might remain, as a trace to the secret deposit. Concealed under the thick foliage of a yew-tree, she scrutinously observed every circumstance. She retired to her chamber, resolved, at an early opportunity, to gratify the ardour of her curiosity, by ascertaining the contents of the box. On the following night she repaired to the garden, and began to dig with all her might, but she hardly dug a foot deep, ere her delicate hands, which were only fitted by nature to twine flowery garlands, or wake the swelling sounds of melody, became blistered, and the exertion of labour exhausted her strength. Convinced that her individual efforts would be unavailing, in accomplishing the task, her irresistible curiosity suggested the indispensable alternative, of calling one of the servants to her assistance. She therefore summoned to her aid the principal footman, who speedily disinterred the box. Imagining that it was full of money and valuable jewels, he advised Lady Eva to have it broken open; on doing which, to their great surprise, they found it contained nothing but a sheet of parchment, detailing the plan of emancipating Ireland from Cromwell's despotic yoke. This document bore the signatures of twenty noblemen, at the head of which stood her father's. Thus her curiosity was strangely baffled, and disappointed. She expected the substance of reality, she only found a chimerical phantom, with which the delusions of her imagination vanished. They hastily, as the morning began to dawn, re-buried the box, with all possible precaution, and fled to their respective apartments; Eva determined by the disappointment to be no longer the dupe of curiosity, and the valet well pleased at the discovery of a secret, from which, in process of time, he might derive an important advantage. Some months after this occurrence, Cromwell's Government offered great rewards to any person that would inform against those who were disaffected to the Protector's party in Ireland. The infamous footman, like another Judas, blinded by the dazzling hopes of raising the edifice of his fortune on his base treachery, repaired to Dub-

lin, and divulged to the officers all the particulars relative to the box. A strong guard was despatched to Ardee, who brought the Earl of Slane, and several others of his friends, before Cromwell's privy council, who, instantly, after reading the paper, ordered them to be thrown into a dungeon. The Earl, having the greatness of soul which tyranny could not subdue, deprived his cruel enemies of the pleasure of inflicting an ignominious death upon him, by falling, like a noble Roman, on the point of his own sword. His example was followed by his captive friends.

The moment Eva heard of the melancholy fate of her father, of which she was the sole, though unintentional cause, she became frantic with grief and remorse. She considered herself the murderer of her parent, and that her inextinguishable crime could only be atoned for by her sacrificing herself, as an appeasing victim to his manes. Her mind was tortured by the avenging fiends of conscience; life was an intolerable burden, from the pressure of which she could extricate herself, only by a deadly draught of poison. Immediately after swallowing the baneful potion, she wrote an affecting letter to Frederick, acquainting him of her approaching dissolution, and the culpable cause that drove her to selfdestruction. "Believe me," added she, "that I shall bless you with my last sigh, and the last throb in the languishing pulse of my existence, shall beat only for you. Surely then, my Frederick! You will cast some sad looks of pity upon my tomb? and I know that your heart, to which I was once so dear, will melt in sympathy, and those eyes, in whose rays I basked, will drop a tear of recollection into my urn. Ah! I fondly hope that your compassion will be more inclined to bedew my repentant ashes with regret, than your rigid morality, to lacerate my memory with reproach." Such were the tragic consequences of the fatal curiosity of *Eva Fleming*: It consigned herself and her parent to the tomb, rivetted the chains of oppression that manacled her country's liberty, and severed the rosy ties of love, which bound two young hearts that were devoted to each other, in the full and romantic intensity of that noble passion, which in the sunny hours of youth, is the food and rapture, paramount enjoyment, and ruling principle of life.

GRECIAN FEMALES AND MANNERS.

A picture of Grecian Females and Manners, drawn by a French Traveller, in a series of Letters, which appeared in a recent Parisian periodical. (Translated for the IRISH SHIELD.)

No. II.

Zante, 24th December, 1827.

My Dear Friend,—In my last I endeavoured to give you a delineation of the family of my kind friend in Corinth. No scene can be more patriarchal than a respectable Greek, in the bosom of domestic affection. The tender cares of his wife, the fond and filial embraces of his children, and the dutiful and devoted attention of his slaves, indicate him at once the loving husband, affectionate parent, and kind master. Believe me, that every object, every scene, and occurrence, connected with my stay in Corinth, are pictured by fond recollection, on the canvass of memory. The residence of my friend corresponded with his wealth. The house, though one of the best in town, would be only considered a cottage in France, was situated off the street, in the midst of a grove of fig, orange, olive, and pomegranate trees. Its front was adorned by no portico or fluted column; it was a plain dwelling, not unlike that of a shepherd's on the banks of the Loire, consisting of two stories; the lower one was occupied as a stable, whilst the upper, to which we ascended by a ladder and platform, was the dwelling of the family. Such is the exterior of that casket which contains the most brilliant gem of beauty in Greece. The interior of the principal apartment was decorated with

coloured glass, the walls painted in arabasque, and the ceiling fancifully with green varnish, resembling emerald. The room was hung with elegant Turkish arms, scimitars in silver-gilt sheaths, and other implements of war, together with splendid reliquaries, suspended from coral and golden chains. The Greeks have as great a passion for glittering arms and shining trinkets, as we in France have for the acquisition of pictures, antiques, and Etruscan vases. The furniture, half Turkish and half Grecian, combined the luxury of one with the tasteful elegance of the other; while the rich carpets, embroidered cushions, and gilded divans, imparted to the whole chamber an air of oriental magnificence.

Our host himself is of the middle stature, and fresh and florid in his aspect; and his appearance is manly and graceful. He wore a scarlet turban wrapped curiously round his head, so that one end fell on his shoulder, whilst the other formed a pretty festoon under his chin; the rest of his dress was elegantly tasteful. Having engaged us to dine on the following day, we took our leave of him and his amiable and interesting family, with whom we were charmed and delighted; for indeed the image of the fascinating LUCIA then reigned the paramount deity of my heart.

The long wished for hour of repairing to the house of our kind host arrived, and no sooner did we enter the portico, than we were met by a pretty female slave, who poured water upon our hands, and supplied us with napkins, and other necessaries of ablution. We approached the festive board, but alas! those attractions that brighten the festal hour, and diffuse cheerfulness over the dulness of society, in the happy dinner-parties of France—the presence of the ladies—did not shine at our Grecian banquet. We sat down, cross-legged, upon cushions, round a hospitable table, covered with fish, lamb, kid, pillaw, and coagulated milk, as well as a profusion of fresh and dried fruits. The wine was delicious, and, from time to time, like the nymphs that attended Ulysses, at the banquet of Alcinoüs,—

“Gay stripping youths the brimming goblets crown’d,”

and were quite assiduous in helping us plentifully with the rosy beverage.

Our dessert was a delicious treat; it consisted of oranges, dates, olives, figs, raisins, &c.; indeed the whole repast was not only classical, but palatable.

After quaffing a goblet to the independence of Greece, all the guests, for there were five or six strangers, exclusive of my friend and me, at table, rose, and in a solemn manner, drank, “*the memory of the great Effendi, Lord Byron,*” while my host took a miniature likeness of that lamented nobleman from his bosom, and kissed it several times, and then, bursting into tears, he observed, “that, in that illustrious Poet, Greece had lost her truest and most powerful friend—for he had sacrificed for her, his health, his fortune, and his life.”

In the evening we attended the ladies in their reception, or drawing room; this was passing from the gloomy region of politics, to the sun-lit bower of beauty. We found it covered with the most beautiful silk carpets, with the ceiling gilded, and painted with flowers. Around were placed sofas, on which the ladies were seated cross-legged. When tea and coffee were served, the young ladies began to entertain the company with song and dance. The Greek songs are lively and impassioned, and their airs have a pleasing and elegant melody, arising from the genius of the language. The songs are generally oral, as well as the tunes, few of them being committed to writing, nor the music to notation.

The modern Grecian music consists principally of melody; counterpoint, if known, being seldom attended to, except on the octave. The airs, however, though in general simple, have an extraordinary cadence and energy in them, which do not belong to the northern regions of Europe. One lady, who gave me to understand that she had visited Paris, Rome, and several cities of Germany, remarked, that she found no passion or feeling in the music of those countries. She considered the German wanted pathos and expression, and that the French resembled the screeching of cats; the Italian was the only one she liked, though not by any means so melodious, pathetic, and full of that expression that reflects the sensibility of the soul, in the Grecian.

The ladies accompany their songs with the guitar and timbrel, and the men by the flute and lyre; some of the latter are played with a plectrum, others with a bow. They have also a small harp, the noblium of the ancients; it has twelve strings, placed in two rows, six on each side, which harp is called by the modern Greeks, *scheschdar*.

The Grecian dances are performed by one, two, or more persons; they are sprightly, picturesque, and for grace, attitude, and proper expression, far exceed the French and Italian. The Greeks are extremely fond of dancing; in the country the young people of both sexes assemble at their festivals, and often celebrate even their religious rites by the "poetry of motion." They have dances adapted to each festival, most of which are evidently derived from their ancient Pagan institutions.

Besides the amusement of song and dance, the Grecian ladies, while at work, amuse themselves in the relation of stories or apologues, or the recital of extemporary poems. While sitting round the *tendor*, it is customary for each lady, young and old, to tell her tale, sing her song, or repeat her poem. This method of beguiling time is common with most of the ladies of the east, Turks, Persians, and Arabians, and was formerly, also, in the south of Europe, particularly in France and Italy. The Camerons, of *Boccaccio*, and the stories of Margaret of Navarre, originated from this custom; as also did the Persian and Mogul Tales, so well known by translation, to every French reader. As well as the pleasures of the *Gynæceum*, the fair Greek enjoys the refreshing delights of the public baths every day, during the summer months. These baths are a species of female coffee-houses, where formerly both sexes met promiscuously; but at present the men and women have separate apartments for bathing. In those appropriated to the men, no modest female is seen; and in those dedicated to the ladies, the fate of Actæon would attend the man who would dare profane them with his presence. Here all the respectable women of the city meet in their best attire, where they drink coffee, eat fruit, and talk scandal. The young Grecian women are very lively, quick, and witty, though almost destitute of the benefits of education; they will repeat an ingenious tale, or comic song, extemporary; they are also much given to swear by their eyes. If a pretty Greek miss has a mind to impose on you a lie, she will solemnly swear "by her eyes it is true." Their vivacity generally leads them to exaggerated and hyperbolic modes of expression. One day, sitting with my Athenian friend, in his *gynæceum*, at his country seat, and chatting with his eldest daughter, Helenist, *Zoa*, his youngest daughter came running into the room, with her arms extended, exclaiming with great energy—"O mama! mama! the great fiery Bull, whose nostrils smoke like a furnace, and whose eyes shine like the lamps before *Pananura* (the blessed Virgin,) has killed poor Paramama, (the nurse); I swear by my eyes it is true, for I saw her lie extended on the ground like the bush of *Thisbe*. Ah, poor Paramama! what shall we do for dear nurse!" She then flew out of the chamber, but quickly again returned, exclaiming—"O mamma! our nurse is safe, she is not killed; but Oh! the fiery bull!" Upon inquiry, we found that the nurse, seeing the animal at a distance, ran away and fell, which gave birth to the hyperbolic exclamation of *Zoa*. The nurse, among the modern, as well as ancient Greeks, is always an attendant of the family. When a young lady obtains a nurse, she never quits her; she is her governess in youth, managing her courtship in the season of love; and after marriage, she becomes her friend and confidant, as we find mentioned by Homer, and other ancient writers.

The Grecian females are much influenced by superstition, and no momentous undertaking, either before or after marriage, is entered on without consulting a charm or a fortune-teller; they are, therefore, like Pythia of Delphi; the priestesses of false oracles, who only show in their delusive glass the fantastic vagaries of dreams, and the ambiguous presages of omens.

Mostly all the Greek females are handsome, their complexions generally brown; their figure not tall, but finely formed; their face oval, with high fore-

heads, and dimpled chins; their eyes large, and brilliantly blue; and their fine, flowing, black hair, add to their charms. They are indeed models for the chissel and the pencil; yet they do not, in the aggregate, pay that attention to personal cleanliness, which distinguishes French women; as their linen, far from being the "snowy camise" of Childe Harold, is soiled, and, I had almost said, filthy; though so frequently sprinkled with otto of roses, and other costly perfumes, would be rendered much more pleasing to the eye, by an aspersion of suds.

Farewell—I shall soon write again.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—NO. V.

HUGH HAMILTON.

BIOGRAPHY is allowed to be the most pleasing and instructive species of literature. It not only includes all the advantages of general history, but frequently explores the hidden causes of great events, which in the wide circuit of historical narrative would have escaped our notice.

The subject of this memoir, the late HUGH HAMILTON, whose productions will survive the vicissitudes of opinion and the revolution of taste, and shall be admired while the fine arts are appreciated, and considered honorable to the country that produced them, was born in Dublin, where his father exercised the humble vocation of a peruke maker; a profession for which our artist was destined by his parent. Fortunately, however, for himself, and that art of which he was one day to be the brightest ornament, some lucky chance intervened, or more probably, the unaccountable bias of his own genius contributed to rescue his talents from such a deplorable degradation. He appears to have been thoroughly acquainted with the complexion and indication of his inherent genius, from his very childhood and adolescence; since that period, he is never found "out of his element." No sooner had he dispersed the scrawls and daubings of puerility, which he traced and sketched on the walls of his father's shop, in Crow-street, than, anticipating his future success, and conscious of his latent powers, he procured admission to the drawing school of the Royal Irish Academy, in Hawkins' street, where he studied intensely, contemplated deeply, reasoned accurately, and practiced diligently. The lapse of a few years enabled him to ascend that eminence where "Fame's proud temple shines afar," as a finished Painter of portrait, scenery, nature, and manners; an artist, who having sagaciously prescribed the limits of his pursuits, had effected whatever in knowledge or in practice was requisite to the purpose of adding to his proficiency. Many and severe were the difficulties indigence opposed to his progress in life. But he had the aid of genius, that heaven-kindled spark, which when bred in the inmost recesses of the heart, ripened by attention, strengthened by perseverance, and animated by ambition, is capable of sustaining its own powers, and contributing to its own happiness; such a genius will bloom without nourishment, and attain beauty without culture; it is timid as the willow, yet firm as the oak; it will bear up against the chilling blasts of poverty, yet rise indignant against the gloom of obscurity. Such was the genius of Hamilton, humble, yet proud, gentle, yet spirited, existing on its own strength, animated by its own exertions, and producing its flowers and fruits, even in the absence of the cheering zephyrs of patronage. Though the rare talents of this accomplished artist have long been the admiration of England, and the glory of his native land, no Biographer, worthy the task of recording his merits and transmitting his name to posterity, has yet written his life. Among the extensive and elevated circle of friends, and *summer patrons*, by whom he was, a few years ago, surrounded, and amid the general approbation of his numerous admirers, it is

a fact no less extraordinary than certain, that the memory of such superior endowments, has been treated with a neglect the most mortifying and unaccountable. His works, it is true, speak more than volumes in his praise ; but few, comparatively speaking, can have, even in his native city, an opportunity to view the glowing productions of his pencil, dispersed as they are, through the various collections in England and Ireland ; and fewer still will be found capable of duly estimating their value, when his name and living reputation (if such superlative stupidity and forgetfulness may be supposed within the bounds of probability) are remembered no more. Under these impressions, this imperfect biographical sketch, is attempted ; more for the purpose of inducing some pen better qualified than ours, to do the character of our celebrated countryman justice, than from any design in the writer to obtrude himself, by undertaking so arduous a task.

After the usual preparatory studies, he commenced a portrait painter, in Crayons, in his native city. How long he remained there is uncertain ; but having married, for love, he was compelled, by the change in his condition, to visit London, as the great theatre where genius might advantageously display itself.

The numerous embarrassments he experienced there, at a time (1790) that a taste in the arts was, if possible, at a lower ebb than among ourselves in Dublin, would almost exceed belief. True genius and the enthusiastic love of art, by which it is generally accompanied, enabled him to bear up against such a fearful complication of misfortunes, and induced him to resort to Rome, at that time the grand emporium of the fine arts. While there, his toils were well requited by the improvement he made, and the proficiency he acquired ; toils without which it is impossible any works can stand the test and trial of rigid criticism. At his return to London, the generous GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, moved by his national sympathy, and the kindred feelings of genius, afforded him pecuniary assistance. Mr. Cook exerted his powerful influence in his behalf, so that his practice rapidly increased, and the reputation he acquired kept pace with his efforts to deserve it. His love of fame, however, gave place to his love of country, and he renounced the prospect of those academical honours, that no doubt awaited him in London, for the patriotic purpose of settling in his native city. His return formed a memorable epoch, not only in his life, but also in the generally improved state of the art in Ireland, which was the immediate consequence. His first production, after his return, was a full length picture of Lord Charlemont, as General of the Irish Volunteers. This effort of his pencil was highly admired, and the popularity of the subject added much to the fame of the Painter. The Critics praised it for precision of form, striking likeness, felicity of execution, and fine tone of colouring. Indeed he is unrivalled in the freedom of outline, and a happy disposition of light and shades, which are always mild, mellow, moderate and diffusive. His *tout ensemble*, reposes easily upon the eye, and satisfies every correct taste.

Lords Moira, Charlemont, and O'Neil, now became his patrons ; and fame and fortune began to weave a chaplet of laurels for his brow. His superior merit secured him constant employment, and all the noble dames in Ireland sat for his portraits, for the spirit of national independence was in its full vigor, as we had then a parliament, and a resident nobility and gentry, who were not above patronizing the arts of their own country, or encouraging native merit.

Mr. Hamilton was now accumulating a respectable fortune. This he has been charged with diminishing, by a too ardent research into the arcana of chemical science ; but those who make the charge should know, that curiosity, if true, is one of the most praise worthy traits in his character as an Artist. To investigate and analyze the nature and various combinations of the pigments he daily used, was a piece of knowledge highly necessary, and intimately connected with the durability of his compositions. Had several eminent painters paid a similar attention to this department, we would not now have to regret the many faded pictures, which faintly remind us of that excellence they once possessed. Fortunately, in our days, artists and others are enabled, without the smallest injury to their fortunes, or interruption to their individual pursuits, to acquire this knowledge

with much more certainty and effect than could hitherto have been obtained, by the improved state of chemistry and the institution of public lectures on the subject, now in Dublin, under the patronage of a spirited society, to which the public have easy access.

We observed before, that we could not enumerate many pictures of an elevated character, which he has produced. His *Evening at Howth*, is a beautiful composition. The subject is composed with great skill, and coloured in a fine, warm tone: a jetty, with a high round tower at one end, projects into the water, in which there is a number of boats and small craft; at a distance oystermen are seen, and many figures, cattle, &c. adorn the foreground. The sky is serene, the water calm, reflecting from its polished surface the images of the various objects, and the figures are introduced with great taste, and drawn with boldness and accuracy. The landscape has the freshness and truth of nature, which distinguish all his pictorial displays. The Earl of Howth purchased this picture for 600 guineas. Indeed all his sea pieces have much of the luminous effect of Vandervelde, united to the broader touch of the English school.

The Pedler Girl, at the fair of Donnybrook. A young and pretty female, with her boxes of toys, ballads, apples, figs, tooth-picks, laces, and garters. This piece, which we saw, four years ago, among the collection of the Duke of Leinster, strongly exemplifies the power of effect, of which this species of composition is susceptible, and which our artist knew so well how to temper with delicacy of character. The expression of the girl's countenance is well conceived; the effect of light judiciously concentrated, and the colouring, which is rich, shows much skill in harmonious arrangement.

The Monastic Ruins of Glendalough. This picture, which was purchased by the late Mr. Grattan, displayed great simplicity, classic purity of design, and scientific composition. The architectural ruins with which he enriched his subject, manifested great knowledge and feeling for that branch of art, whilst they afforded an air of grandeur and sublimity which is quite in keeping and harmony with the effect of the scene.

Island Bridge. In this picture he has combined the beautiful and picturesque; the grouping of the scenery, and the perspective views, are distributed with great effect. The light is finely managed, the water is uncommonly transparent, and the architecture and surrounding objects are marked with great truth, and touched with the Artist's characteristic spirit.

The genius of Hamilton was not confined to the beautiful and sublime alone, but was equally capable of embracing the more playful and wilder sallies of the imagination. His pictures of *Dean Kerwin pleading the cause of charity*, and *Cupid and Psyche in the nuptial bower*, furnish sufficient examples of this. The latter is fancifully conceived, spiritedly drawn, elegantly executed, and placed in the most definite manner. This picture was purchased for 700 guineas, by Lord Bessborough, which, for colouring, composition, and classic idea, was esteemed a master piece. His *Tisiphone* and *Medusa*, is a grand and beautiful picture, which presents the result of well digested meditation on the subject, successfully applied to the rules of art as they relate to fine and appropriate attitude, strong contrast, and animated expression, evincing great judgment, as well in the choice of materials for the background, as in their general management and disposition.

The last work of our great and gifted countryman, was a design, painted in 1808, for the Irish Harp Society in Dublin. It represented the genius of Ireland as if starting from a fatal languor, and calling upon hope to view the instrument which had withstood the neglect of centuries. The Muse was seen in the back ground, mourning over the Harp. On another page, forming a sort of a second frontispiece, the genius of Erin was very happily portrayed descending from the clouds, and holding a wreath over the head of the Muse, at which moment she was observed to look up, and strike the strings of the long slumbering harp with one hand, while she held in the other a portrait of Carolan. Underneath was written—

"If music's the soul that enliven's the scene
 'Then tell me whose harp you approv'd,
 Or tell me the Bard of the Island so green,
 Whose song is so dearly belov'd.
 For dear is the theme it revives in my breast—
 Its principles never decay ;
 It lives—shall not perish, until I'm at rest,
 Or time withers mem'ry away.
 Old TARA, the court of the Bards, is no more,
 Not a vestige is left of the pile—
 Not a stone where the Raven might perch to deplore,
 The harp of the EMERALD ISLE.—
 Then who is the Bard for whose mem'ry I sigh'd,
 And where is the harp I approv'd ?
 Yes, CAROLAN's* the Bard that in poverty died,
 And 'twas Carolan's harp that I lov'd."

Mr. Hamilton's portraits, in brilliancy of colouring, were more true to nature, than any of his cotemporaries of the British school, his outline free and strictly correct, and his likenesses faithfully characteristic, though dignified delineations of his individual subject.

Latterly his health was so infirm, that he was obliged to discontinue his professional labours, and early in the year 1809, death terminated the existence of a man, whose genius irradiated the renown of his native land, and whose memory, as a patriot and an artist, the historic muse will enshrine in the temple of immortality. He left an only daughter, who inherits a large portion of her father's talents, though some years ago she had chiefly confined them to copying the works of the great masters, in which she has been eminently successful.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY.—NO. II.

CLARE AND ENNIS.

As Ennis, the Capital of the County of Clare, in all probability, is likely to become as noted in Irish history, for giving birth to Irish liberty, in the triumphal election of Daniel O'Connell, as Limerick is for her memorable and heroic struggle to preserve the rights and independence of our Country, we think, that a brief historic and local description of a County which has set such a glorious example to Ireland, will have some interest for our readers. Clare, from whence the county derives its name, is a small market town, situated in a romantic valley, watered by the confluence of the rivers Fergus and Shannon; but owing to its proximity to Ennis, it is falling into decay. The Irish annalists tell us that at Callan mountain, near Clare, where a large tombstone and tumulus mark the "narrow house of the hero," Conan, one of the Connaught knights, fell in a great battle fought there in 295, between the Connaught and Munster armies.† We

* We shall shortly give an original biography of the Irish Orpheus, into which we will introduce anecdotes and circumstances that are not found in Walker's *Irish Bards*, Ryan's *Irish Worthies*, or Miss Brooks's *relics of ancient Irish Poetry*.

† In the year 1784, Mr. Flanagan, whose researches into the early history and antiquities of our country, have brought such an acquisition of erudition to the publications of the Dublin Gaelic Society, discovered on Callan mountain, an antique marble tomb stone, which was eight feet in length, and four in breadth, embellished with sculptured figures and symbols, of exquisite workmanship. The following inscription, in Irish characters, is deeply engraven on this remarkable stone, which serves to stamp the seal of authenticity on our ancient annals.

"Beneath this marble flag is interred, Conan, the valiant Victor.—He was brave in the strife of spears, and as swift in the chase as the wind-footed Brun."

The flag is placed upon a kind of Tumulus, around which there is a circle formed with large pillars of Granite. In a historical tale, written, it is supposed, by Ossian, in 296, the author thus alludes to Conan. "But Conan of the noble soul, the fiery chief, who rolled the thunder of battle like the fire-winged tempest that blasts the foliage of the forest, and severs the trunks of the stately oak—was not in the conflict of blood; for the gallant hero, while going to the adoration of the Sun, the preceding May,

learn from Colgan and M'Dermott, that the Irish monarch Cormac-Cas, in the middle of the third Century, in order to strengthen his power, and defend the frontiers of his territories against the incursions of the king of Connaught, bestowed the whole county of Clare, on Oilioll, prince of Munster, and his officers, as sword land, for which he and they were to fight under his banner, and render him Knight's service in all his wars.

It was this Munster prince, that first built *Clare*, and a large portion of the County is possessed, at present, by his posterity, the O'Briens, O'Connors, O'Gormans, O'Harras, and O'Coghlines. In the fourth century, the Connacians made a daring attempt to wrest Clare from the territories of *Leath-Mogha*, (as the southern part of Ireland was anciently called,) but they were repulsed and driven back to the north of Mayo, by Lugha, King of Munster, who, as a reward for the valour displayed by some of his officers, gave the O'Connors the entire County of Galway as "*sword land*."

According to O'Halloran, in 934, the king of Connaught invaded Munster by sea and land, and burned and plundered the palace of King Lorcán, at Clare; but Lorcán mustering his force, attacked the Connacians in their fortified camp at Dromoland, and completely routed them. Clare Castle was built on an Island in the river Fergus, in 1019 by Murtagh O'Brien, King of Munster. This Castle was repaired about thirty years ago, and is now used as a barrack. Donald O'Brien, the renowned monarch of Munster, built an extensive abbey in Clare, for Canons regular, in 1195, under the invocation of St. Augustin. St. Donatus was the first abbot of this Monastery, at the shrine of which several Princes of Europe made splendid offerings. Here, in 1278, Maurice Fitz-Maurice and Theobald Butler, at the head of the English forces, defeated O'Brien Prince of Thomond, by treachery, and afterwards hired villains to assassinate him in his own palace. *Ennis* is a large and improving town, situated in the midst of a picturesque and highly cultivated Country, near the junction of the Shannon and Fergus, distant about 140 English miles from Dublin. The houses are almost all built of brick, and the new market house, Barracks, and free school, are neat specimens of architecture. The court house, the scene of O'Connell's victory, or rather the victory of liberal opinion over intolerance and prejudice, is a spacious and convenient edifice.

According to Shaw Mason's statistical survey of Ireland, the population of this town is about 25,000 souls. The vicinity of Ennis is rendered at once beautiful and romantic, by lofty mountains, shady groves, and rolling floods, as well as the ruins of Feudal Castles and monastic edifices. The extensive domains of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, the opponent of O'Connell at the late election, at Turin, of Lucius O'Brien, M. P. at Dromoland, of Mr. Gorman Mahon, at Criughliagh, and other rural villas, impart, sylvan grandeur and pastoral charms to the diversified landscape.

In Ennis, are the remains of one of the finest abbey Churches in Ireland. It was founded by St. Commán, A. D. 689, and built in the most elegant style of gothic architecture, and liberally endowed by many noble families. The tracery of the windows is exquisitely light and delicate. One of the aisles of this once magnificent structure, now serves for the Protestant parish church. In 1586 Neal McCarthy, the prior, refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII. which, as well as many other recusant heads of religious houses, exposed him to the resentment of that tyrant, who caused the abbey to be suppressed, and its possessions to be confiscated, as the property of the crown. Henry, in order to seduce the Irish chieftains, bestowed upon them the spoils of his ecclesiastical plunder. To O'Brien, who ingloriously renounced his Milesian title, of Prince of Thomond, and accepted from the English despot, the feudal distinction of Earl, he granted a patent investing him with all the revenues and lands of the abbey of Clare; but the most mortifying and national disgrace, which yoked the Milesian chieftains in the Car of British vassalage, was that exhibited by O'Neill, the last of our royal Heremonian race, when he stooped to the degrading humility of assuming a title conferred by an English King, and sharing in the fruits of rapine and sacrilege. Oh insulted shades of a thousand Kings! did you witness the infamy that clouded the setting sun of the royal dynasty of Heremon.

In 1587, the Lord Deputy, Mountjoy, who in obedience to the orders of the barbarous,

was treacherously cut off by the Leinster troops, though he was but a single Knight of sea-washed Connaught, of grassy hills, and snow white flocks. We have raised the grey stones over the tomb of the warrior, on the N. W. side of *Callan's* mist-mantled mountain. Lonely is the place of his rest! the grass is rank over his grave, and the breeze sighs in the oaks, that droop over the "narrow house" of the warrior, the dark dwelling of the bravest of Connacian chiefs. But his name is inscribed in the *Ogham*" (the ogham was a character sacred to the Druids, the alphabet of which is still preserved in Trinity College,) "on marble, and his deeds shall shine in the light of song." On the south side of *Callan* mountain, there is a very magnificent Druidical altar, of Granite, thirteen feet by five, curiously sculptured, and in a state of preservation that seems to defy the ravages of time. Many strangers visit Ennis, in order to view this monument of antiquity.

and sanguinary Elizabeth, deluged Ireland with blood and devastation, quartered his troops on the inhabitants of Ennis, and during his stay in the town he caused six Roman Catholic Priests to be put to death, for no other crime than that they were found officiating in their clerical capacity.

The events that occurred in Ennis during the usurpation of Cromwell, and the reigns of James II. and Queen Ann, shall be related in our history of this epoch.

But among all the memorable circumstances that happened in the County of Clare, perhaps the election of Mr. O'Connell will produce the most important results, and lead to a train of great events, which shall pave the way for the *emancipation of Ireland*. The withered arm of infirm despotism cannot much longer hold the reins of iniquitous power, as the uncontrolled and indomitable spirit of seven millions of people, united in unanimity, will no more suffer the wheels of that *Juggernaut* to pass over it. O'Connell has removed the incubus which for ages paralyzed the moral and physical energies of his Country, and like a powerful Magician, exorcised the demons of discord, long the curse and bane of Ireland, from Roman Catholic opinion. We sincerely congratulate our Countrymen, on this side of the Atlantic, on the encomiastical addresses, which they have voted to a sterling patriot, whose undeviating zeal, powerful talents, and enthusiastic devotion, exercised for more than a quarter of a century, in the cause of Irish freedom, justly entitle him to the gratitude and applause of every friend of civil and religious liberty. O'Connell, in his efficient advocacy of Ireland, neither feared the threats of power, nor listened to the dictates of interest; his course was ever regular, honest, and sincere, the freedom of his oppressed Country, was the polar star to which the compass of his efforts pointed, and those efforts attained an elevated eminence of national advantage, which other Irish Patriots could only view through the telescope of hope. The bays and myrtles of his chaplet fresh blooming and fragrant as those that entwine their tendrils in Elysian bowers, have never been sullied or stained with a drop of his country's blood. The Irish Cato, in his splendid career, has developed virtues which would reflect lustre on the most exalted names of Grecian and Roman antiquity. We do not wish to pluck the laurels from the tombs of the illustrious dead, nor despoil the shrines of the Swifts—the Lucases—the Grattans—the Currans—the Fitzgeralds—the Floods or the Emmets, of the trophies offered by their grateful Country, nor extinguish the torch which the historic Muse holds up to their deathless fame and signal merits; but we will say, comparatively speaking, that their united services would be but a feather in the scale opposite the preponderating and successful exertions of *Daniel O'Connell*.

Let the Page of Erin's history be searched, and a parallel for them cannot be found. After the Fingalls—the Gormanstowns, the Frenches, the Southwells, and the Kenmares, had deserted the Catholic Board, at the mandate of the Duke of Richmond, O'Connell, undismayed by the defection of these nobles, clung with undaunted courage, and Roman devotion to the shattered wreck of the Catholic cause. Regardless of the threats of the Irish government, he organized the *Catholic association*, gave it bone and muscle, created that luminous prism which now reflects all the talents and wonders of an influential body, that marshals under its banners the intellect, wealth, Independence, and virtue of Ireland. In Comparison to this association, the little knot of Brunswickers is like a Molehill in the vale of mount Atlas.

Amidst the extinction of other lights, the firmness of O'Connell, like the morning star of our redemption, glittered in the horizon of Erin's hope. He was the vivid rainbow, which appeared after a long and dreary night of apathy and suffering, gleaming bright and variegated as the herald of serene weather. It was he that enlisted the liberal English and Scottish Press in our favour; it was he that denounced Lord Manners, the corrupt Irish Chancellor, for countenancing the Orange magistrates, in their vile injustice to the Catholics; It was he who, on the trial of the young and lamented martyr of the liberty of the Press, *John Magee*, the late proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, refuted the calumnies of Attorney General Sauren, flung them back in his teeth, and made him quake and tremble; it was he who, in "eloquence of fire and lightning," as pure and patriotic as the Roman forum ever echoed, gave expression to our wrongs, and hurled the red hot thunderbolts of national indignation against the diabolical system of tyranny and oppression, which distracted, divided, and disorganized the harmony that should connect a brave and generous people. Yes, it was he, that in 1812 infused the spirit of liberty into the hearts of his countrymen, awoke their energies from the slumber of ages, and communicated the promethian fire of patriotism to the then congealed elements of Irish feeling and sentiment, and like a skilful alchemist, amalgamated them in a solid, sterling mass of *concord* and *unanimity*. This was the triumph of eloquence, achieved by integrity of principle. The

Byrnes, the Keoghs, the M'Donnells, the O'Connors, and the Brophies, attempted what O'Connell has performed ; to still the tempest of prejudice, and twist, as it were, a rope from the sands of division and dissension.

Who then, among all our countrymen, either living or dead, has laboured so uniformly, and so fortunately, has rendered such essential services to, and has made such immense sacrifices for his country, as Daniel O'Connell? Who, therefore, let us ask, since the invasion of Henry II. had such a claim, ay, such a strong and paramount claim on the gratitude of Irishmen, as he has? Can we wonder then at his having soared to a higher summit of popularity than any Irish Patriot ever attained.

In the race of patriotism, he has distanced competition. Why then would any man, possessing an Irish heart, nay, possessing a heart alive with the glow of freedom, envy the leader of Catholic Ireland, the honor and reverence which his country has unanimously awarded him ; whose name will go down to posterity encircled in a resplendent halo of immortality ; whose services, exertions, and virtues must find monuments in the hearts of succeeding generations, which shall last after bronzes and marble statues are crumbled into dust, and scattered by the winds of time, because the HAPPINESS AND LIBERTY of millions yet unborn, shall be the imperishable trophies that will adorn his shrine?

ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES OF DUBLIN.—NO. II.

CHRIST'S CHURCH.

Bishop Usher, on the authority of Maurice Regan, who was private secretary to Dermot, King of Leinster, in 1168, states, in his "*Antiquities of British Churches*," that the vaults of Christ's Church were built before the coming of St. Patrick into Ireland. Harris and Archdall quote an inscription, which was impressed on a marble tablet, in this Church, recording that it was consecrated by St. Kevin, Abbot of Glendalough, in the fifth century, and endowed by several Irish chieftains.

In 1088, this structure was rebuilt by Donat, Bishop of Dublin, of cut stone, according to the Gothic order of architecture. Sitric, King of Dublin, caused a superb mausoleum to be erected over the remains of his wife Beibhion, who was interred in the chancel of this cathedral. According to Colgan, this monument existed in the reign of Richard II. Sitric gave to Christ's Church the lands of Lusk, Bealduleck, Howth, and Portrahern, with their rights and royalties.* In 1164, Archbishop O'Tool appointed twenty-four cannons regular to attend this Cathedral.

After the English had established their authority in Ireland, Strongbow, Robert Fitzstephens, and Raymond Le Gross, enlarged and beautified this church, built a new choir and steeple, as well as two chapels, one dedicated to St. Edmond, King and martyr, and the other to St. Laud. In the reign of Edward I. the prior of Christ's Church took his seat among the Peers of Parliament, as appears by a registry in its *Black Book*. Philip Nugent, who was buried there in 1248, endowed Christ's Church with a tract of land, and the wood of Kilcullen. John De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, John Comyn, and Henry De Londres, the prelates, were among the most magnificent benefactors of Christ's Church.

* The following enumeration of the Irish Cathedrals, may not prove uninteresting to our readers:—

Armagh, (the metropolitan church.)	Armagh.	Derry,	in the county of	Londonderry.
Christ's Church, " "	Dublin.	Raphoe, " "	" "	Donegal.
St. Patrick's, " "	Dublin.	Leighlin, " "	" "	Carlow.
Cashel, " "	Tipperary.	Ossory, in the city and county of	" "	Kilkenny.
Tuam, " "	Galway.	Cork, " "	" "	Cork.
Meath, has no Cathedral, though a rich see.		Cloyne, " "	" "	Cork.
Kildare, in the county of	Kildare.	Limeric, " "	" "	Limeric.
Clogher, " "	Tyrone.	Killaloe, " "	" "	Clare.
Kilmore, " "	Cavan.	Waterford, " "	" "	Waterford.
Dowpatrick, " "	Down.	Clonfert, " "	" "	Galway.
Dromore, " "	Down.	Elphin, " "	" "	Roscommon.
		Killala, " "	" "	Mayo.

Camden and Sir William Dugdale give a copious description of the tomb of Strongbow, which was elegantly decorated with the enrichment of architecture and sculpture, some of the fragments of which are still to be seen. The effigy is a tasteful piece of sculpture. The Earl is represented reposing on an altar, in full armour; on the shield his arms (*three chevronals gules, on a chief azure, three crosses pattie fitchy of the field*) are finely embossed. Adjoining Strongbow's tomb is a marble slab, but so effaced by time's obliterating fingers as to render the inscription illegible, that marks the graves of Robert De Quincy, Earl of Winchester, and his wife, Mary the daughter of Strongbow.

In 1262, according to Wright, a serious dispute arose between the Prior and convents of Christ's Church, and the citizens of Dublin, about the tithe of fish; but the assumed pretensions of the church triumphed over the equitable opposition of the laymen, and the Archbishop of Dublin, until this day, is entitled to the tenth part of the fish caught in the Liffey.

The sanctuary of Christ's Church, according to Camden and Hanmer, (both staunch Protestants,) contained, as "will appear by the obituary *White Book* of said church, a large crucifix, reputed miraculous, on account of the several cures it performed: Jesus' staff, which, in 1181, was translated along with the text of the gospel used by St. Patrick, as also his altar stone, from Armagh to Dublin, by William Fitz Adelm; a thorn of our Saviour's crown; a part of the Blessed Virgin's girdle, and the thumb of St. Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. These reliques were carried off to Spain by a Monk, on the accession of Elizabeth to the throne."—*Camden's Hibernica* 83. *Hanmer's Chronicle* 34.

"In 1283," says Colgan, "the belfry and steeple, as well as the dormitory, of Christ's Church, was burned, the flames extending to Skinner's Row, a great part of which was also burned; the roof and part of the body fell, and broke the ancient monument of Strongbow."

Stanhurst, who wrote in 1584, mentions, "that in 1540, a certain tomb in this church was opened, and in it was found the body of a Bishop, who had been some hundreds of years buried, being whole and uncorrupted; having rings, a golden chalice, and pontifical ornaments."

There is a copy, in the *Black Book* of this church, of Queen Mary's letter, which was addressed to Thomas Lockwood, the then Dean thereof, requesting him to receive Hugh Curwin, the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, "honourably and with due respect; as it was her will and royal pleasure that he should be the Primate of Ireland, under the sanction and concurrence of his Holiness, the Pope."

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the English throne, she nominated Dr. Brown to the see of Dublin, who, on his induction, caused all the fine paintings and sculptures of this Cathedral to be destroyed. There are no less than twelve Deaneries in the gift of the Archbishop of Dublin.

This edifice is more remarkable for its magnitude than for its architectural magnificence. It is an antique Gothic pile, the pillared portico, and pilastered walls of which give it a solemn aspect of antiquity. It is situated in Wine Tavern street, in the heart of the city, built in the form of a cross, and elevating from the centre of its roof a large square tower, in which there are eight immense bells, with chimes. It is almost entirely surrounded with houses, and those parts of it that may be seen externally, whether from the natural colour of the stone, or from the smoke incidental to large cities, exhibit a sombre appearance that makes it resemble the gloomy prison of Constance, as described by Sir Walter Scott, in *Marmion*. Its pillared aisles appear like an extended vista; and the archiepiscopal throne, where Doctor Magee, the present intolerant and uncharitable Archbishop, enjoys "the fat slumbers of the church," is at once unique and elegant. The Lord Lieutenant's pew is furnished in a superb style, and ornamented with the most splendid embellishments of art. Its spacious nave is full of "storied urns," and stately monuments, where "grandeur weeps magnificently in marble." The choir is enclosed; and a gallery is at the west end of it, where there are four organs, the swelling melody of which "lift the rising soul." It has also north and south

galleries, which are furnished with organs. There are some elegant monuments of great architectural beauty in the choir, among which the Roman tomb of the Earl of Kildare, who died in 1743, possesses the greatest attraction for the eye and the admiration. He is represented in his parliamentary robes, lying in state on an altar tomb, with exquisitely sculptured figures, large as life, of his son and daughter, weeping over him.

The characteristics of the ancient Gothic order of architecture prevail throughout the component parts and general disposition of this edifice. The front portico is crowned with a lofty pediment, in the pyramidal form, like that in the transept front of Westminster Abbey; and the spire, in a direct line with its apex, rises over the intersection of the nave and the transept. The walls are strengthened with buttresses, and each of the turrets is pinnacled with a small pyramid; and the arches of the doors and windows terminate in a Saxon point, which are enriched with the mouldings and pyramidal canopies peculiar to this order of architecture.

ESSAYS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

NO. I.

By the late arrivals from Europe, we are informed, that the Marquis of Anglesey is recalled from the Irish Government; or else has sent his resignation as Lord Lieutenant and Governor General of that part of the United Kingdom. This every intelligent person, familiar with the *Anglo-Irish* administration, expected: it is even surprising he was permitted to continue so long in his official capacity. The British Ministers have invariably recalled every unprejudiced and liberal governor, who has attempted to ameliorate the condition of the persecuted Catholics,* or else has sent a bigotted, partial Secretary of State to accompany him, not to discharge his official duties as an enlightened statesman, in unison with his colleague; no, but to thwart the liberal administration of the Lord Lieutenant, and foment intestine commotion amongst the deluded inhabitants. The Orangemen have been encouraged to persecute the Roman Catholics; sometimes to shoot a few of them with impunity. The meetings of the Roman Catholics have also been overlooked, as it were, to entice them to commit some depredation, that government might have some plea to suspend the "Habeas Corpus Act," in districts inhabited by Roman Catholics, and thereby give the atrocious Orangeman an opportunity of revenging imaginary transgressions.

The Marquis of Anglesey, aided by his enlightened colleague, Lord L. Gower, prohibited such insidious proceedings; the transgressors were punished—the exclamation, "I am a brother," was no longer sufficient to screen a murderer, or acquit an Orange Assassin, as formerly, in a court of justice—the noxious word "Papist," or "Ribbon-man," although uttered in court by the master of an Orange lodge, was equally unavailing to convict an innocent Roman Catholic—no man was transported for seven years or more, for resisting a lawless band of Orange marauders—the laws were more impartially administered than the inhabitants were accustomed to experience—the peaceable portion of the people look to government for protection, and to the spirit of the constitution for justice—illegal associations, for political purposes, were seldom heard of; even the vile Orange lodges were discontinued; and the enemies of Ireland assumed a new name, that of *BAUNSWICKIANS*. The nobility of Ireland, "the Corinthian pillars of the state," assumed their original rank, station, and dignity, and declared that "Ireland is, and ought to be, an integral part of the United Kingdom, and as such entitled to an equal share of the administration, and ought not to be governed as a province."

* It has been the uniform policy of the British Government to recall every Lord Lieutenant, who manifested a disposition to administer the laws to the Irish with justice and impartiality. Sir Anthony Bellingham, and Sir John Perrott, were recalled by Elizabeth, and reprimanded by that virgin Queen, "for not sufficiently oppressing the Irish!"

The Marquis of Anglesey, Lord L. Gower, and Sir A. Hart, the Lord Chancellor, were also unanimous on this wise and liberal principle; and Ireland, for the first time, witnessed the three greatest officers of state mutually agreeing and individually endeavouring to mitigate the existing distresses of the kingdom, and rendering impartial justice to all classes of the community.

The British Ministers have been completely baffled and disappointed in their most sanguine expectations. The Catholic Association has accumulated strength, power, and influence. The Anglo-Irish government, the majority of the Irish and English nobility, and the great body of the people, demand, not as a privilege, but as a right, the emancipation of seven millions.

This is a remarkable epoch in Irish history. Lord Anglesey's resignation, and O'CONNELL's election, will cause as great a sensation throughout the British dominion as Napoleon's return from Elba did. All Europe was then in commotion; the most experienced statesman shuddered at the prospects before him, and could not even anticipate the termination of the consequences that portended such fearful results. The invasion of France was not more hostile to the Bourbon Dynasty, than O'Connell's admission to the Imperial Parliament would be to the bigotted and illiberal factions who have monopolized, for centuries, almost all places of trust, profit, or emolument. The despots of Europe combined to destroy the French Emperor, and deprive the French nation of a Monarch whom they loved and almost adored. The petty despots of Great Britain, the Borough-mongers, will also unite to deprive O'Connell of a seat in Parliament, and the Catholics of a representative. What Napoleon designed to accomplish for the French, and all Europe, O'Connell would for his countrymen and the empire at large.

The British Ministers appointed, as efficient governor for Ireland, a *Military Chieftain*, who was known to inherit all the national antipathies of his ancestors to the Irish nation; and as they invariably practiced, "*divide, and conquer*," they have also selected Lord L. Gower as Secretary of State. Oh, what an unexpected change!! The noble Marquis, from being an inveterate political opponent,* became a zealous, disinterested friend of the Catholics, and of course his services were no longer required as *Vice-Roy of Ireland*.

There are other motives which probably induced his Lordship to resign; such as the probability of rebellion, &c. &c. The Marquis of Anglesey is an experienced warrior, and a consummate general; no man in all Europe understands what a united peasantry, when driven to desperation, can accomplish, better than Lord Paget. His Excellency recollects how the Portuguese and Spanish peasantry fought, and finally conquered, Napoleon's invincibles. He also remembers the French Revolution, and cannot forget that the French peasantry overcame the veteran troops of Europe: nor can the immortal American peasantry, who overcame all opposition, and compelled the British Ministers to acknowledge them "Free and Independent," be forgotten. Ireland, with a population of seven millions of inhabitants, directed by the wisdom of the Catholic Association, as warlike as either Portuguese, Spanish, or French peasantry, is as likely to prove as formidable to Wellington's troops in the field of battle, as the Spanish did to the Marshals of Napoleon. The forces which any Irish chieftain could bring to the field, are certainly very powerful, for their wrongs would make cowards heroes. There are about forty thousand disbanded militia in the kingdom, who are well disciplined, and no doubt willing to follow any influential leader; about ten thousand discharged from the regulars, and about fifty thousand yeomanry and citizens, who are well trained; add to these about one hundred thousand disaffected young men, who would follow the standard of any commander opposed to the "*Sassanagh*;" ex-

* The great English legislator, Sir Edward Cooke, in a letter to Sir John Davies, observed:—"It is a circumstance which reflects great honour on the moral worth of the Irish nation, that scarce any man, exercising the supreme authority of government, for England, who did not prove for ever after her strenuous defender. If Ireland cannot be safe, therefore, England cannot be safe; so that I think we would act wisely in sanctioning the political independence of that nation." Vide *Henry's History of England*.

clusive of these, there are as many Presbyterians and Roman Catholics in Ulster, as are capable of disarming the Orangemen.

The present state of Ireland is truly foreboding of some sudden explosion, that shall shake the British Empire to its centre, and sweep away in its vortex-torrent the holds and fastnesses of English tyranny.

B,

IRISH AFFAIRS.

To make room for the following important and signally momentous letters, and the interesting speeches of Messrs. O'CONNELL, SHEIL, STEELE, as well as of that of the wealthy Dublin Banker, JOHN DAVID LATOUCHE, Esq. we are obliged to exclude our *Retrospect of Irish politics*, which we had prepared for this publication.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE MOST REV. DR. CURTIS.

As this correspondence now forms a part of the history of our times, we are induced to publish the answer of the Most Rev. and venerated Prelate, to the letter of the Premier, which has been a subject of so much speculation and commentary. It is as follows:—

"Drogheda, 19th December, 1828.

"MY LORD DUKE—I have never been more agreeably surprised in my life than by the unexpected honour of receiving your Grace's very kind and even friendly letter of the 11th instant, which, coming from so high a quarter, I should naturally wish to reserve, if possible; but as it was franked by yourself, the news of its arrival was known all over this town, (as might be expected from a provincial post-office) before the letter reached my hands, so that I was obliged, in your Grace's defence and my own, to communicate its contents to a few chosen friends, for the satisfaction of the multitude, who might otherwise fabricate, in its stead, some foolish, or, perhaps, mischievous nonsense of their own. But fortunately, your Grace's letter contained only such liberal and benevolent sentiments as all parties must eulogise, and none could possibly malign; besides, it very seasonably strengthens the testimony that I, as a faithful witness, have, on all occasions given, of your generous, upright and impartial disposition. It would be somewhat worse than ridiculous in me to offer any thing in the shape of political advice to a consummate statesman at the head of the first Cabinet in or out of Europe; but as your Grace has so humanely condescended to mention some of the difficulties tending to paralyze your efforts to settle the Roman Catholic question, I beg leave to submit to your superior judgment a few reflections made to me, by some well informed and unbiassed friends, as well Protestant as Catholic, who certainly understand the subject better than I can pretend to do.

"They have read with great pleasure and gratitude, the noble declaration, in which your Grace so strongly expressed your sincere anxiety to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which you are convinced, would, by benefitting the State, confer a benefit on every individual of society; and you regret that you see no prospect of such a settlement, because violent party feelings are mixed up with that question, and pervade every discussion of it, to such a degree as to preclude the possibility of prevailing upon men to consider it dispassionately; but that, if it could be buried in oblivion for a short time, and if that time were diligently employed in the consideration of the question, you would not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy.

"These humane and statesmanlike sentiments (as far as they go) do great honor to your Grace's head and heart, and might appear sufficient, if you were a private nobleman, but not in your present exalted station, with power to wield, when necessary, all the resources of the government; for it would be a slur on the unrivalled and famed British Constitution, to assert, that even when well administered, it does not possess or supply means for establishing any thing known to be essential for the welfare, peace, and tranquillity of the empire at large, and for putting down or removing any intrigue or party spirit that might wantonly attempt to oppose so great a blessing. My friends allow that such momentous exertions may be sometimes unsuccessful, when Government is conducted by weak or unsupported heads or hands; and that they require such a Prime Minister as the nation has now, and I hope, will long have the happiness to enjoy; who, after an uninterrupted series of the greatest victories, and the successful arrangement of the most important interests that, perhaps, ever yet occur-

red, has been placed at the head of the Government, by the entire and well-earned confidence of our most gracious Sovereign, and with the universal applause of the whole empire. Under such a chief, exerting his legitimate prerogative, they say that no party would dare to oppose the general good ; and that if your Grace would intimate your serious resolution to settle the Roman Catholic question, its opponents would instantly fly, and appear no more ; and if the settlement were once carried, it would, in a few days, be no more spoken or thought of than the concessions now are, that were lately made to the Dissenters ; for the enemies of such an arrangement are not half so angry, in reality, as they now appear to be, in order, by that bugbear, to carry their point.

" But my friends have no hesitation in declaring, that the project mentioned by your Grace, of burying the Catholic question in oblivion, for the purpose of considering it more at leisure, is totally inadmissible, and would exasperate, in the highest degree, those who are already too much excited, and could only consider that measure as a repetition of the same old pretext, so often employed, to elude and disappoint their hopes of redress. But that if it even were adopted, it would only serve to augment the difficulties by allowing the contending parties, and particularly the enemies of all concession, the opportunities they seek, for preparing the means of resistance and violence, which they have latterly carried to the most alarming lengths ; which they have avowed and publicly announced in atrocious and sanguinary terms, to which, however, I should not here allude, (for I never wish to be an accuser,) but that I am certain your Grace must have read those horrible threats, often repeated in the Brunswick and Orange public prints ; and to this latter subject, at least, I must beg leave to call your Grace's attention, and to implore your powerful protection, humbly praying that you will not suffer public peace and concord to be disturbed or violated, under any pretext whatever. An effectual remedy will cost your Grace but one word. I do not, however, hereby mean to meddle in temporal affairs, but I consider it my bounden duty to labor incessantly, in concurrence with all my venerable confreres, to impress on the minds and hearts of all those committed to our spiritual care, sentiments of true Christian charity, moderation, and kind forbearance, towards all men, without exception.

" I beg your Grace will excuse the length of this letter, and vouchsafe to consider it as a proof of my unfeigned regard, and of the sincere respect with which

" I have the honour to remain, my Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient and humble servant,

R. CURTIS.

" To his Grace the Field Marshal, Duke of Wellington, his Majesty's Prime Minister, &c. &c. &c."

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S LETTER TO THE MOST REV. DR. CURTIS.

The following is the important and valuable letter addressed to the Catholic Primate of Ireland, by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant:—

Phoenix Park, Dec. 23d, 1828.

MOST REVEREND SIR,—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22d, covering that which you received from the Duke of Wellington, of the 11th inst. together with a copy of your answer to it.

I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me.

Your letter gives me information upon a subject of the highest interest. I did not know the precise sentiments of the Duke of Wellington, upon the present state of the Catholic question.

Knowing it, I shall venture to offer my opinion upon the course that it behoves the Catholics to pursue.

Perfectly convinced that the final and cordial settlement of this great question can alone give peace, harmony, and prosperity to all classes of his Majesty's subjects in this kingdom, I must acknowledge my disappointment on learning that there is no prospect of its being effected during the ensuing Session of Parliament. I, however, derive some consolation from observing that his Grace is not wholly adverse to the measure ; for if he can be induced to promote it, he, of all men, will have the greatest facility in carrying it into effect.

If I am correct in this opinion, it is obviously most important the Duke of Wellington should be propitiated ; that no obstacle that can by possibility be avoided, should be thrown in his way ; that all personal and offensive insinuations should be suppressed ; and that ample allowance should be made for the difficulties of his situation.

Difficult it certainly is, for he has to overcome the very strong prejudices, and the interested motives of many persons of the highest influence, as well as to allay the real alarms of many of the more ignorant Protestants.

I differ from the opinion of the Duke, that an attempt should be made to 'bury in oblivion' the question for a short time. First, because the thing is utterly impossible; and next, because, if the thing were possible, I fear that advantage might be taken of the pause, by representing it as a panic achieved by the late violent re-action, and by proclaiming that if the Government at once and peremptorily decided against concession the Catholics would cease to agitate, and then all the miseries of the last years of Ireland will be to be re-acted.

What I do recommend is, that the measure should not be for a moment lost sight of, that anxiety should continue to be manifested; that all *constitutional* (in contradiction to *merely legal*) means should be resorted to, to forward the cause; but that at the same time, the most patient forbearance, the most submissive obedience to the laws, should be inculcated; that no personal and offensive language should be held towards those who oppose the claims.

Personality offers no advantage, it effects no good; on the contrary, it offends, and confirms predisposed aversion. Let the Catholic trust to the justice of his cause; to the growing liberality of mankind. Unfortunately, he has lost some friends, and fortified his enemies, within the last six months, by unmeasured and unnecessary violence. He will soonest recover from the present stagnation of his fortunes, by showing more temper, and y trusting to the Legislature for redress.

Brute force, he should be assured, can effect nothing. It is the Legislature that must decide this question; and my greatest anxiety is, that it should be met by the Parliament under the most favourable circumstances, and that the opposers of Catholic emancipation shall be disarmed by the patient forbearance, as well as by the unwearied perseverance of its advocates.

My warm anxiety to promote the general interests of this country, is the motive that induced me to give an opinion and to offer advice. I have the honour, &c. &c.

(Signed)

ANGLESEY.

To the Most Rev. Dr. Curtis, &c. &c.

CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

DUBLIN. FRIDAY, JAN. 2.—The Association was yesterday crowded to excess.

Sir THOMAS ESMONDE in the chair. Mr. MAURICE O'CONNELL was appointed Secretary.

Receipt of Catholic Rent from 19th Dec. 483l. 8s. 6d.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

Mr. O'CONNELL, M. P.—I rise for the purpose of proposing four resolutions, of which I have given no notice; for on Tuesday last I could not have expected to enjoy the happiness which I have this day experienced, in reading the letter of the Marquis of Anglesey. (*Hear, and cheers.*) It burst upon us this morning the happiest new-year's gift that was ever presented. (*Hear, and loud cheers.*) It came from one of the most gallant soldiers that ever faced an enemy in the field of battle; brave as his own sword; true to his King and his country as the steel is to the adamant, and firm as that adamant in the maintenance of his own principles. (*Cheers.*) Noble and manly in all the relations of life, he is an honour and a credit to his own country, and a blessing to this unfortunate land. (*Continued cheering.*) It is said that it is difficult to conciliate the people of Ireland. The Marquis of Anglesey does not say so; he will not, and even he could not say so. (*Hear.*) He has shown himself the best counsellor of the throne and the people. He it is who could make that throne secure, because he would draw to its support the willing hearts and the ready arms of the people of this country. (*Hear, and cheers.*) The present administration should deem him their chosen champion; for with such a representative in Ireland, their power is increased and supported. (*Hear, hear.*) I know not what debt of gratitude the Duke of Wellington may feel he owes to the Marquis of Anglesey. I remember when I was in France, to have frequently heard the military skill of the Duke of Wellington undervalued, and to his excellent subordinate officers attributed the great portion of the merit to which he laid claim. Victory certainly never could have been attained, but for the gallantry of the subaltern officers and soldiers. The British soldiers fought with the vigor of freemen,

and their arms were nerved with the strength of men who were educated in a free country. (*Hear.*) The soldiers should obtain their meed of merit; but then we must not take all from the Duke of Wellington, or desire more than to share his fame, with those officers, who periled themselves in his battles. Is there one of those officers who encountered danger more frequently than the Marquis of Anglesey? None were more closely engaged in personal conflict with the foe, and none escaped less unscathed from the contest than the Marquis of Anglesey. (*Hear, and loud cheers.*) If he is alive it is not by accident! He shrunk not from the battle; but in the closest encounter his sword was wielded; he poured out his blood to elevate the Duke of Wellington, and increase his glory. The Duke of Wellington owes him a deep debt of gratitude; it is not for me to inquire how that debt has been discharged, or what his feelings may be towards the noble Marquis. But if the Duke of Wellington owes him much for what the Marquis of Anglesey has done for him in the field, he owes him still more for what has been accomplished in the cabinet. (*Hear, hear.*) The manner in which he has conducted the affairs of this country has been such, that the Duke of Wellington should feel for ever grateful to him. (*Hear.*) He came here in the month of March last; his character was misrepresented before he reached our shores; the enemies of Ireland industriously circulated the report that he was attached to the predominant faction in the country, and the people were by them told to look upon him as a partizan. How soon did his conduct bitterly disappoint the faction? How soon did it delight and cheer the people of Ireland? (*Hear, and cheers.*) Not one word ever yet fell from his lips, to which his honest mind has not given thought. From my soul I declare most solemnly, that I believe there never lived a man less capable of concealing his conscientious opinions, than the Marquis of Anglesey; his straight forward disposition is incapable of shadowing over with doubt or mystifying his thoughts and opinions. (*Cheers.*) That noble, that truly noble man, came to this country in March last, but, I ask, did he take an overweening part with the oppressed? Although his generous disposition must have had a leaning to the cause of the oppressed, is there one single individual of the dominant faction who has cause to complain of injustice from him; is there even one of that faction who can complain that any slight has been thrown upon him? (*Hear.*) Strict impartiality has guided his course, and therefore is his government universally respected. The Irish people sought not that he should be a partizan; and for the first time they obtained all they looked for, "a clear stage;" and what was equally good, "no favor." (*Cheers.*) His anxiety is that the law should be fairly and impartially administered, and it is that anxiety which has endeared him to the hearts and affections of the Irish people. (*Loud cheers.*) If he were a partizan, we might have applauded him; but even in the passing moment, when that applause was given, our pleasure would be dashed, and our happiness blasted by the consideration that his fame could be branded with the charge of partizanship. But the applause which we now offer can suffer no such draw-back; our pleasure is as complete as it is unaffected and sincere; because the entire conduct of the Marquis of Anglesey has proved him to be a just and upright magistrate, showing favour to none and doing justice to all. (*Long continued cheering.*) Let us look back to the period of his administration; ten months have only elapsed since he took the reins of government in his hand; but these have been ten months of more tranquillity and peace than has ever occurred since the time the English first invaded Ireland. (*Hear, and cheers.*) During that period there have been fewer crimes, less political offences of any kind; the public peace has been more secured; tranquillity has been more firmly established in the country; the jails have been nearly empty; and with the exception of the outrages committed by the Orange gang in the North, the country has been more free from offences and crimes than it ever was since the invasion of the Second Henry. (*Hear, and cheers.*) It must be cheering and consolatory to the Marquis of Anglesey, to look back and think, that in the last ten months, and while he had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, there had been less crimes committed than in any ten months of any other period, from the year 1172 to the present. (*Hear, hear, and cheers.*) Good God! what a lesson should this be for the British Ministry! Do they wish to see the Irish people tranquil, quiet, subordinate, obedient to the law, and ready to defer to their authority? Do they wish to see them attached to the Government? Let them look to the effects of the Marquis of Anglesey's administration. (*Hear, and cheers.*) I said, that the Marquis of Anglesey was the best supporter of the Administration of the Duke of Wellington. Does not his conduct in this instance prove that he is a better supporter of the Duke's government, than even his gallantry proved him to be in the bloody fight of Waterloo? (*Hear, and cheers.*) That is a consideration which the Duke of Wellington should not overlook. I cannot think it possible that there can be any jealousy felt towards him. Contrast the conduct of the Marquis of Anglesey and the Marquis of Wellesley, as the governors

of Ireland. The Marquis of Wellesley had emancipation upon his lips; he spoke of it, but when were the Orangemen more cherished at the Castle, than during his administration? The Marquis of Wellesley was intimidated and put down by the Orangemen. (*Hear.*) There was an attempt made to intimidate the Marquis of Anglesey, but such a puny and unworthy endeavour could not reach the height of his moral elevation. The Orangemen shrunk, almost without an exertion, before him. He stands superior to the assaults of faction, regardless of the attempts of party and he has won the affections of all, by an honest and impartial administration of the laws. (*Hear, and cheers.*) Therefore it is, that he can rally round him the love and the affections of the Irish people. (*Hear, and cheers.*) The people seek not, an wish not for either revolution or change, except such a change as would ameliorate their condition; a change which would free them from oppression, and obtain for them the protection of the constitution itself. (*Cheers.*) We want the constitution, and nothing but the constitution; we want the whole of that constitution, and we will not take less; and God forbid that there now exists amongst us any base wretch, whose feelings for his country are so completely lost and deadened, as to consent, for one moment, to be tranquil, until he attains the full benefits of that constitution. In this sentiment we concur with Lord Anglesey, and truly delighted am I that he concurs with us. (*Hear, and cheers.*) I do not think I will have occasion to employ much entreaty in requesting your permission to read his letter; you have read it already, but I doubt much if you would not derive a great deal of comfort from reading it over and over again. (*Laughter, and cheers.*) With respect to its composition, the style of it may be deemed even to exceed its merits as a state paper, and in it, it is no exaggeration to state, that the elegance of the scholar is displayed equally with the wisdom of the statesman. What a contrast in this respect does the illustrious author present to other letter-writers, who shall be nameless. (*Laughter.*) It is cheering to the heart of every man who loves Ireland, to have such a letter to read. Though I know every one present has read this letter, I know that all will be delighted, as I said before, to hear it read once more. (*Hear, and cheers.*) The Marquis of Anglesey commences his letter, "Most Reverend and Sir." There is both propriety and delicacy in that phrase; his Lordship does not forget that the person whom he thus addresses was admitted and received by our gracious Sovereign, as a Catholic Archbishop. (*Hear.*) We do not find there any little minded or paltry effort of half bred aristocracy, to lower or degrade the truly venerable clergyman to whom it is addressed. Lord Anglesey gives the Primate his strictly constitutional denomination. The title of "Lord" belonged to a bishop on account of his baronial possessions; and these being lost, the title is therefore gone. Lord Anglesey was strictly correct in the use of the phrase. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. O'CONNELL then read the letter of his Excellency to Dr. CURRIS, (a copy of which is given in another part of our paper) paragraph by paragraph, and commented on it as he went along. Having gone through it, he asked, "Is there no monument to be erected for the men who serve Ireland." (*Hear.*) We see many lofty and stately columns erected to those who have done nothing but oppress Ireland—for men who have obtained victory for every country but this. (*Hear.*) But is there to be none for those whose services we would wish to commemorate, and to whom is due the gratitude and the affection of the people they have so well served? (*Hear, and cheers.*) I trust I shall live to see the day when there will be erected a column to which all Ireland will be contributory, and that upon its base will be found the name of the Marquis of Anglesey. (*Long continued cheering.*) Upon that ought to be engraven, in letters of gold, the sentiments I have just read to you. (*Cheers.*) Who, after reading these sentiments, will not determine upon continuing agitation? Is there in Ireland to be found, one Thersites—is there any man so miserable, so wretched, and so degraded as to promote disunion, after perusing these sentiments? Oh! if there be, how I should like to catch him, and put him in a rat-trap, that I might exhibit him—(*Laughter.*)—that I might kill him dead in his cage by reading these sentiments for him. (*Hear, and laughter.*) Here we have true political wisdom, and paternal advice, to which we should all listen.—Who, after reading this, would not declare, that if the advice of the Marquis of Anglesey, was attended to, the people would be made united, contented, and happy? (*Cheers.*) "What I do recommend, is, that the measure should not for a moment be lost sight of." He may be sure that we will obey him. "That anxiety should continue to be manifested—that all constitutional (in contradistinction to merely legal) means shall be resorted to, to forward the cause." This is the only part of his letter we will be inclined to disobey; for, though a measure be constitutional, still if it be against the laws, we will not adopt it. We will obey the law, even though it be opposed to the spirit of the constitution. The English mind, however, has broken out in that sentiment. Though the cobweb of the law is allowed to deface, for a moment, the stately structure of the consti-

tution, still we will respect that cobweb, and shall not attempt to break through it. (*Hear.*) The honest and the manly mind of the Englishman is displayed in this passage of Lord Anglesey's letter: it was such a spirit that first gave birth to the constitution—and it is such a spirit that has preserved England free and independent, when the other nations of Europe were sunk in slavery. But even though we are conscious that our exertions may be constitutional, we will not persevere in them unless we are certain that they are also strictly legal. (*Hear.*) There is not a peasant in the land who will not hear of that letter. There is not a Catholic Churchwarden in the country who will not, upon receiving that letter, be surrounded by an anxious auditory, and when he has concluded reading it, prayers will be offered to the Almighty God, for the health and the continued happiness of the Marquis of Anglesey. (*Cheers.*) And there is, I hope, many and many a man, who joined the Brunswick clubs, who, when he reads that letter, will see the mischief of the course he has been pursuing, and will again return to the path which it becomes a Christian to pursue, and join heartily and cordially in sentiment and opinion with his fellow countrymen. (*Hear, hear.*) This letter will be as oil poured upon the strong waves, and it will, I trust, charm into quietude the moral tempest which at present rages around us. (*Hear.*) The sentiments contained in this letter will be our watch-words, and our endeavours shall be to submit to the advice that is given in it. (*Hear.*) The stay of the Marquis of Anglesey will, I trust, be long; but when the dismal day of his departure arrives, every heart will throb with sorrow, and with grief. (*Hear.*) He went without guards amongst the people—he was found in his curriole alone and unattended, even in what were considered the most disturbed parts of the disturbed county of Tipperary—he relied upon the affections of the peasantry, and thousands would have died before any harm could have reached him. (*Hear, and cheers.*) When the day of his departure does arrive, (and may it be long distant!) he will find himself surrounded by hundreds of thousands of every class of persons. (*Cheers.*) The neighbouring counties will send in their people—the hills will pour down their peasantry—the city will send forth its multitudinous population, and but one sentiment will be impressed upon every countenance—that of respect, affection, and eternal gratitude to the Marquis of Anglesey." (*Long, continued cheers.*)

Mr. O'CONNELL then moved the following resolutions:—

1. That the Marquis of Anglesey, by his distinct and unequivocal declaration, in the letter addressed by him to the Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, that the settlement of the Catholic question can alone give peace and prosperity to all classes of His Majesty's subjects in this kingdom, has manifested equal manliness of character, true political sagacity, and disinterested integrity of purpose.
2. That this country owes to the Marquis of Anglesey a most important obligation, for standing forward in this peculiar crisis, as the avowed and unhesitating champion of her rights, and co-tributing the weight of his official authority and experience to the testimonies which so many wise men have given, of the necessity of tranquillizing Ireland, by doing justice to her.
3. That the Duke of Wellington has reaped the advantage of the bravery and skill of the Marquis of Anglesey, in the bloodiest and the best fought field, to which he is indebted for his present power, we have a right to expect, that in discharging the high trust which is vested in him, for the benefit of the empire, he will avail himself of the political wisdom of his military auxiliary, in the achievement of that noble victory, by which prejudice will be effectually conquered, and faction will be permanently subdued.
4. That the best practical encomium which we can bestow upon the man, who, beyond any other Lord Lieutenant, is entitled to our lasting confidence and gratitude, is, to regulate our proceedings by the adoption of his advice.

Mr. SHEIL said—I second the four resolutions which are founded upon the letter of the Lord Lieutenant to the head of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The document is not only remarkable from its contents, and from the high official, and therefore authoritative station which is occupied by its celebrated writer, but for an incident which is common to it and to the ministerial lucubration of the Duke of Wellington. Both letters are addressed to the Catholic Primate, who bears a mitre without a gem, upon a head covered with the grey locks of ninety. The Duke of Wellington's opinions were lost in doubtful conjecture. He takes his first opportunity of disclosing them, in a communication to the ex-Professor of Theology in Salamanca. [*Cheers.*] The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland obtains a clue into the mind of his Premier through this episcopal medium, and following the example of the Duke, he intimates his opinions to the head of the cabinet through the intervention of a Catholic ecclesiast. Thus a Popish priest is selected to be a conductor between two great minds and the empire. The priesthood of Ireland [that intellectual and powerful corporation] see in their chief pontiff,

the repository of the highest diplomatic confidence. It is impossible to consider the letters apart from each other, for the one is the offspring of the other—the Duke of Wellington's letter has produced the Lord Lieutenant's; although it must be owned that the latter bears few features of resemblance with its epistolary progenitor. Having considered the points of affinity between these two documents, which are both written by two members of the government to their pontifical correspondent—[*laughter*,] let us consider the points of contrast which they exhibit, and the difference of traits which mark the characters of their noble inditors. I shall begin with the Duke's letter. I beg to be understood to mean nothing disrespectful to him—on the contrary, I desire that the pride which every Irishman should derive from his renown, were unalloyed with the recollection that he has as yet made an indifferent requital to the country to which he owes not only his birth, but his renown. [*Cheers*.] I do not mean either to flatter him, or to condemn him. Let us look at him and at his manifesto with impartiality, and even, if it be possible, with favour. The Duke of Wellington (for Sir Arthur Wellesley, the quondam secretary for Ireland, is now the Premier of the Imperial Councils) was once a page in the Castle. Wherefore do I mention this? Not as a circumstance degrading to him, for, into what a gigantic altitude has the pigmy who sustained the gown of a Lady Lieutenant, ascended! I state the fact, because his early life, and the way in which a portion of his manhood have passed, have formed the impressions upon which, it is probable, that he is at this moment acting. He was born among Irish Protestants, and he has lived among Irish Protestants, and he takes the view which an Irish Protestant will be apt to take, of the power of the party to which he originally belonged. He thinks, he scarcely feels as yet, that Catholic emancipation should be passed; and while he admits that the question should be settled, he stands dismayed by the Brunswick phalanx, and the array of orangeism, which his hesitation has contributed, if not to create, at least to strengthen and to consolidate. [*Cheers*.] He talks of the spirit of party having been mixed up with the question. What does he mean. He does not distinctly tell us, but we can readily guess. He refers to the Brunswick organization. The Irish Protestant, or rather the Castle page, for a complete absorption of his early predilection has not yet taken place, pursues the great statesman, and the dwarf of the Phoenix park encumbers the giant of Waterloo. (*Hear and loud cheers*.) He talks of difficulties. The Duke of Wellington should remember that he was the man who seconded the address to the crown, in the Irish parliament, in 1793, recommending a partial Catholic emancipation. He then called himself the Hon. Mr. Arthur Wesley, adopting the name of the celebrated fanatic; and I would to God that he had something of that enthusiasm in politics, which distinguished his relative in religion. His speech is remarkably like that which he lately delivered. He expresses a hope that all passion and prejudice will be laid aside. The Duke should recollect that there was just as much passion and prejudice at work at that moment, as there are now in operation. In the preceding session, the Catholic bill was lost in the Irish Parliament by a vast majority, [upwards of 200], but the instant the Government seriously took the question up, the measure was carried without an effort. Mr. Hobart went down to the House and intimated that war had been declared, and the information produced an immediate effect upon the legislature. [*Cheers*.] How does it happen that the Duke now sees nothing but difficulties, when before he advanced without impediment? Are the Government deterred upon other occasions by such apprehensions? When measures of vigour are requisite, and the spirit of popular insubordination is to be suppressed, does the minister stand aghast? Look at the six acts—when upwards of six hundred persons lay maimed and wounded by the savage yeomanry of Peterloo, and the public mind was in a state of violent exasperation, were the government appalled by the outcries of the people? [*Cheers*.] No—they carried measures of extreme coercion, without the least difficulty, and trod upon some of the best franchises of the subject. The right of petition and the liberty of the press were both shovelled into an Act of Parliament, were they remained “buried in oblivion” indeed. Wherefore, then, is it that when rights are to be subtracted, the minister should be all courage, and when rights are to be conceded, the minister should become imbecile in his apprehensions and impotent in his dismay? [*Cheers*.] What does he dread? Let him declare that the question must be carried, and at once the spirit of party, which owes its origin in a great degree to strange vacillations, will be at once subdued. Where is his substitute in the Premiership, to be found? If he shall tell the King, “I owe it to my own honor to settle the Catholic question;” and if he should throw down his ministerial baton—[*Loud cheers*.] where is the hand strong enough to lift such a weight!—[*Cheers*.] How can this hero in the field be such a dastard in the cabinet; how can the victor of Napoleon tremble before Mr. Peel? His letter, full as it is of solecisms in expression, of inconsistencies in sentiment, and infirmities in purpose, calls fourth this strong, but not vituperative,

comment. When will he be truly alive to his own glory, and awaken to the consciousness of the magnificent opportunities which a peculiar fortune has placed in his way. He is a great man; it were idle to deny it. He never could have reached the glittering pinnacle on which he is placed, without a rare combination of abilities and of accident. But what I complain of is, that from such a lofty place, with such an immense horizon, he should take such a contracted view. It is as if such a man were placed on the summit of the Wellington testimonial, and see nothing but the Phoenix Park, when an immense landscape is opened on his sight. And a superb monument has been raised to the fame of this extraordinary Irishman, on the verge of our city, and the names of many a battle—Vimiera, and Salamanca, and St. Sebastian, Toulouse, and Waterloo, (names which will leave a long track of splendour through time,) are engraven upon it. How noble a addition is yet left for the sculptor's chissel, and how much higher in the moral vision will that lofty column tower, if there shall yet be reason to commemorate a greater victory than any which he has yet won, in those glorious words "Catholic Emancipation." Sir, I cannot help exclaiming, in the language of the great orator of antiquity, addressed to "the great captain" of his time, when he adjured him to tranquillize the republic—"Hic igitur reliqua pars est—hic restat actus—in hoc laborandum est, ut rempublicam constitues." I turn from the letter of the Duke, to that of the Lord Lieutenant. Who is he? an Englishman and a soldier, and, accordingly, before he knew Ireland—Ireland now knows him well—[cheers]—he spoke of us with the haughtiness of his country, and the demeanor of his profession. He was exceedingly unpopular here, an account of a strong strategic phrase. The King selected him as his representative—we watched the hilt of his sabre as he entered our city; he saw Ireland—he had the ocular proof of our sufferings, and then, after a brief experience, the magnanimity of his nature, and the generosity of his character, overcame his prejudices, and he has rushed forward as the devoted champion of that country, which has nothing to give but her grateful and enthusiastic heart. Mr. O'Connell has spoken of raising a monument to him. No; he does not want one of marble or of brass; that which is already built to him (he is himself its splendid architect) in the affections of the Irish people, will suffice. It is, indeed, "ære perennius," and will last as long as gratitude shall endure in Ireland. The annals of our country will hereafter say, that while the prime minister hesitated upon the pacification of Ireland, and his mind fluttered like an aspen leaf, the co-partner of his victories, however his inferior in military renown, outran him in the race of generosity and of wisdom, and boldly stood forward to proclaim "that Catholic emancipation was necessary for the tranquillization of Ireland." I do not wonder at the difference of character which is impressed upon their respective declarations. The one is the work of an Irish Protestant, conscious that the question must be ultimately settled, and yet vibrating with a pendulous uncertainty between his wishes and his convenience, his early predilection and his immediate urgencies. The other is the effusion of a gallant Englishman, who sees that Ireland is maltreated, and is genously indignant at her sufferings, and chivalrously devoted to her cause. [Cheers.] It may be said that it was rash of the Marquis of Anglesey to have written such a letter. When he shall appear before his Sovereign, should he be questioned respecting his epistolary addictions, let him produce the "parting injunction and admonition of the King," and Majesty will be struck dumb. (Loud cheers.) The King writes a letter, the Duke writes a letter, and the Lord Lieutenant writes a letter—of this triumvirate of correspondence, I greatly prefer the last. Some of the admonitions which are given us are unpalatable, but they shall be followed. The best encomium which we can bestow upon him is, indeed, the adoption of his advice. He reprehends our violence. I am sure that he is disposed to make some allowance for it. He condemns our vituperative tendencies. Are we not ourselves the object of contumely, and when we are bespattered with opprobrium, is it wonderful that we should occasionally stoop down to pick up some of the miry missiles with which we are ourselves assailed. Lord Plunket put it well—"Are the Catholics," he said, "only to parry, and never to thrust?" (Loud Cheers.) But I bear with every admonition of Lord Anglesey, for the sake of his reproof of that strange recommendation, "that the Catholic Question should be buried in oblivion." Buried in oblivion! My Lord Duke, there is no sepulchre sufficiently deep and capacious to contain what you desire to see thus "quietly inurned." [Loud cheers.] The injuries of a great people have in them a resurrectionary quality—they will not lie at rest, not repose in peace. [Loud cheers.] Buried in oblivion! What, the rights of seven millions of people are to go through a process of political interment, that ministers may read, in the pacific condition of Ireland, this consolatory epitaph—"Here lies the Catholic question," and a huge tombstone is to be laid over it, in the shape of an act of parliament, with the words "Wellington fecit" inscribed upon it. Buried in oblivion! No. The sense of our wrongs shall be as immortal as our injuries, and shall

be endowed with a vitality that shall endure for ever! delusion!—an Irishman may forget his country—a soldier may, [*Loud cheers.*] wretched and most miserable, be dead to his honor—a minister may be blind to his interest; but a nation cannot be insensible to her rights. What! does he imagine that we, who have raised the mind of Ireland up, who have organized her Priesthood, her aristocracy, and her people, and brought our question in all its dreadful urgency, with seven millions to uphold it, before him—does he think that we will play the part of political undertakers, and bury our country and her great demands, in order to accommodate ourselves to his aspirations? Stop the Catholic question! Arrest the tide of public emotion! Bid seven millions hold! Cry “halt” to a nation! Tell the torrent not to rush; and bid the cataract to stand frozen in its fall! [*Loud and continued cheers.*] Away with the wretched expectation! Wellington, there are three consellers whom it behoves you to consult, and they are better advisers than any in your cabinet—The first is justice, and Justice will tell you, “you are bound to grant Catholic emancipation.” The second is expediency, and Expediency will tell you, “you ought to grant Catholic emancipation.” The last and chief is necessity, and Necessity will tell you, “you must emancipate the Catholics of Ireland.” [*Loud and continued cheers.*]

Mr. STEELE.—After the display of eloquence you have heard, it would be presumptuous in me to address you at any length; but, I trust you will, notwithstanding, listen to a Protestant. (*Hear.*) Mr. Steele proceeded to read Lord Anglesey’s letter, and commented on its passages, in very forcible and nervous language. On what occasion, he asked, has violence been shown? The Catholics have uniformly adopted a system of forbearance, which is absolutely miraculous. I speak from experience. My Catholic brother, O’Gorman Mahon, and myself, have more experience of the praiseworthy conduct of the people than any other two men in Ireland. I dissent from the Marquis of Anglesey’s views, when he accuses the Catholics of violence; but I cordially assent to the eulogy that has been so eloquently bestowed on his Excellency. I was on the Rhine, when the battle of Waterloo was fought. Three days afterwards, however, I trod the field of Waterloo. The chivalrous gallantry of the Marquis of Anglesey was the universal theme of panegyric. Ney has been called “the bravest of the brave;” he might have been so in the army of the conquered, but Anglesey was “the bravest of the brave” amongst the conquerors. (*Hear, hear.*) The violence complained of, or alluded to, in the letter, should not be charged to the Catholics; it was evinced by their implacable foes, the Brunswickers; any extraordinary effort or energy shown by the Catholics, was for the purpose of protection, and not of aggression. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. JOHN DAVID LATOUCHE rose amid the most enthusiastic cheers, and said, that although he had never before attended at the debates of the Catholic Association, there could not exist a more sincere friend to its objects than himself. He always regarded the Catholic question as one referring less to the interests of any sect or party than to those of Ireland generally. (*Cheers.*) The happiness, the interests of every individual in the country, were affected by it. He was struck, very particularly, with a passage in a speech which he had lately read, in which it was declared, that the Irish Roman Catholics could not be content with an existence under the penal laws. He [*Mr. Latouche*] would add, that he should not, and would not be content. (*Cheers.*) He would go even farther—the Protestants of Ireland should not, cannot, ought not, will not, (*tremendous cheering.*) be content, until the question shall be settled. This question was not, as Mr. Sheil had stated, a question that concerned seven millions of Irishmen. There were millions to be added to the sufferers and victims of the penal laws, and these were the Protestant population of the country. (*Cheers.*) He should desire that every Protestant would come forward and co-operate with his Catholic fellow-countrymen for the pacification of the country, and the restoration of mutual good will amongst all classes of his Majesty’s fellow-subjects. They ought not, and they will not be satisfied with the present system. This was language perfectly compatible, in his mind, with the admirable and invaluable advice communicated in the letter of Lord Anglesey. The illustrious Viceroy recommended the continuation of agitation—of agitation free from personality or violence, and such constitutional agitation, it was the interest of every Protestant in Ireland to encourage and promote to the best of his power. (*Cheers.*) Those especially, who called themselves liberal Protestants, should come forward and join the Catholic Association. (*Great applause.*) Mr. Latouche concluded with expressing his high sense of the importance of Lord Anglesey’s letter, and his hope that the liberties of Ireland would soon be established upon a firm basis,

Mr. BARRETT said, as an old Protestant member of the Association, he rose to congratulate the meeting on the appearance amongst them of the respectable Protestant

gentleman who had just sat down. I have [said Mr. B.] conversed with many Protestants, who pretend to great liberality. They say, 'We like emancipation, and think it should be granted; but we dislike the Association.' At the period of the deputation to London, when the Catholics were too ready to concede their rights, they were treated with contempt, and insulted by a blasphemous oath, which was not registered in Heaven, but I fear, in another place. When I saw all this, and that they were treated in this ignominious manner, I then became a member of the Association. The time will come when the proudest epitaph that can be engraved on an honest man's tomb will be—"He was a Member of the Association." (*Cheers.*)

THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND IN AMERICA.

The following is the eloquent Address prepared by Mr. H. G. CURRAN, at the request of the Catholic Association:—

To the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, in the City of Charleston, South Carolina: The Roman Catholic people, and the Catholic Association of Ireland—Greeting,

To men who strive for freedom, the sympathy and admonitions of those who have been familiar with adversity, who have felt the burning sense of wrong till it became a hope, who have appealed from man and found the Almighty just, carry with them deep claims to gratitude and respect; with the fulness of both we have received the expression of the interest which you feel in our behalf. But, sensible that the language of confidence is reproach to the faithless, and the words of praise are censure to the undeserving—with that valued testimony of your approval before us, we have instituted a jealous scrutiny into the means by which we have laboured to advance a cause, whose justice not even our enemies deny, and we proudly assert that our assiduous search does not furnish a single reminiscence to disturb our fruition of those feelings, crowding and intense, which it calls up—that many features of that retrospect must individually enhance, that none can impair, our claim to your esteem. We say esteem, because of that sympathy which is an instinct of generous minds—no error, properly chargeable, not upon our nature, but our lot—no precipitation into which we might have been betrayed by rigour and exaction, could ever have bereft us. We have searched all the past, and while, with feelings kindred to your own, we dwell upon the description of ties that ought to have endured with ingenuous confidence, we proclaim ourselves free from aught which might blend with their remembrance a shame or a regret, might impeach the tear you shed above their loss, or cloud the cherished hope of their revival.

Well might you—satisfied of the justice of our claims—well might you admire the infatuation of our rulers; well might you—enjoying all that belongs to the condition of beings whom the Great Disposer made free, that he might render them accountable, and exhibiting the consonance of that enjoyment with the stability of protective establishments—well might you admire the speculations of those who, by unmerited degradation, would break the spirit they should soothe—who, by the lash, the gibbet, and the inquisitorial vigilance of police, would work those ends which the restitution of our natural equality—the substitution of the protection for the penalties of the law—in a word, which the blindness of justice alone can or shall ever accomplish.

Citizens of a free state, which your own virtues have rendered free, with you we do not argue on our claims; you have no darkening instinct to supplant, no clinging of self-interest to subdue—your hearts confess them just. To you we need not enumerate the proofs of faith that we have given—to you we need not recount the laurels we have reaped, and the poisons we have wrung from them—to you we need not paint the indignant sorrow that we feel, beholding him whom our energies have exalted, claiming acceptance at the shrine of bigotry, by breaking the hearts that bled for him, in double parricide against his country and the authors of his fame. To you we need not tell why this measure is dealt to us; why an allegation, which falsehood only could devise, which nothing short of fatuity could believe, is assumed as a sanction to oppress us. Because approaching the middle of the nineteenth century, we are not content to spurn the advantages which time has conferred upon our kind—because in the maturity of the human race, we are not content to be as a stunted limb exhibiting the crippled incompetence of infancy amid the vigour and expansion of its prime—because we are not content to discard the guidance of experience and the light of knowledge, to shamble darkly and ignominiously under laws of police and not of justice—because too proud for succumbency, too cautious for betrayal, and too powerful for defeat, we demand to be

attached, indignantly refusing to be bound. You tell us that the welcome assurance of your sympathy has been delayed by apprehensions, whose entertainment bespeaks the pure exaltedness of men who have so nobly burst their bonds; we confess that what has given subject of slander to our enemies at home, may afford matter of just solicitude to distant friends. Had we been obvious to that charge, we dared not indulge the feelings with which we regard its expressions thus deferred. But no—while the capability to appreciate freedom remains an evidence of man's title to be free, never shall any reach of intellect, or proof of zeal, induce us for a moment to deposit in human hands the rich blessings that we seek; never will we institute a commission, or delegate a power, by which its attainment may be periled, or its plentitude curtailed. And for the commutation which you dread, do us not the injustice to suppose, that whatever succumbent mendacity might bring, we shall ever solicit as a gratuity, what we insist on as a right, or cease to assert that allegiance and civil participation, correlate as price and purchase; and that all we demand does, in justice, as necessarily follow on obedience to the laws, as in commercial barter the transfer of the thing bought upon the payment of its stated equivalent. True it is, that such a prospect was once entertained; but true it also is, that the respected individual who harboured the idea, has never ceased to expiate that momentary defection by heaping upon it a lively reprobation, which the memory of past services scarce influenced his country to suppress. And should any future voice be raised in advocacy of a measure, by whose adoption the people of Ireland should acquiesce in the sentence which has preceded inquiry upon them, or been recorded in contempt of all that inquiry must unfold, the voices of her millions would arise in execration of the treason.

Citizens of Charleston—the Catholic Association of Ireland regard with the liveliest satisfaction, the token of your respect. Like the dignified Assembly from which that token is transmitted, our convention comprises men of all denominations and forms of belief. The line of demarcation, whose legibility the monopolists would preserve by bathing it in blood, obstructs not the coalition of men who display, with us, the common zeal which common interest enjoins. Invested by our countrymen with a commission at once dignified and important—a commission devolved upon us, not by any express delegation—but adequately implied in the advice daily sought and respected at our hands, and recorded in the influx of national produce to our defensive fund, we are cheered and sustained by your attestation of the fidelity with which we have discharged our sacred trust. We have conscientiously laboured for the great end of making principles instead of passion, the staple motive of men's acts—and docility and aptitude beyond our most sanguine anticipations, have required our solicitude to waken inquiry and expand comprehensions. We have been assailed, and slandered, and denounced; yet under every device of exasperation, with which oppression has tried us, in doubtful reliance on our virtue or debasement, we have preserved 'the equal tenor of our way,' and the utmost vehemence, which has answered the efforts of our maligners to 'wring us into undutifulness,' have never caused us permanently to deviate from the great principle, that it becomes a nation 'not to seem just, but to be so.' We have abstained from violence, not because the conduct of our enemies has been marked by similar abstinence, but because we have never, through our protracted struggle, lost sight of the righteous end which alone can sustain our hopes and justify our exertions—and so uniform and so successful have been our admonitions to our countrymen, that we may confidently assert, that there is not a man attached to the liberal interest in Ireland, who does not as thoroughly understand and respect his civil relations, as his human rights; who does not as inflexibly observe the one as he jealously vindicates the other—we have advanced our cause by the culture of those virtues which may adorn its success. Again and again have we solicited the fraternal embrace of our opposers; and should our anxious hope of amicable adjustment be baffled or delayed, we shall never lose the consolatory reflection, that we have proffered, as its price, forgetfulness of all, save the compatibility of the meekness of Christians, and the fortitude of men.

You have called us 'friends, relatives, connexions'—continue to us the feelings these affinities may claim; cease not to repeat for us your petitions to Him who establishes the righteous; and cherish the belief, that whatever may henceforward be our lot, we shall, like you, retain the memory of our wrongs—not to retaliate or revenge them—but to remind us that we are in the hand of a Providence, to whom human happiness owes a debt, which human misery may claim; and should it be ours to dispense justice to the wronged, or give deliverance to the slave, he shall not urge man's claim, and urge in vain.

Citizens of Charleston, farewell! Whatever Omnipotence may direct to be the issue of our toils, we will never betray the principle, that the heart of man is a temple which the supreme artificer has fashioned for himself—whose pulses are its ministering priests

which monarchs may not subsidize or silence. May centuries roll on, and multiply the blessings you enjoy. Should our assiduity be rewarded by success—should we be enabled to defeat the obstacle, and surmount the obstructions in our path; to reconcile jarring interests, and to blend our divided and distracted resources into.

“One free and fairly represented whole,”

we shall never forget our debt of gratitude to those who have poured forth the consolation of their sympathy from the ‘new world,’ where man’s spirit, like his chains, becomes too big for bonds, to those who merit not the bonds they wear—from a land, where wealth and contentment diffuse themselves, and where religion, however modified, is venerated, as honouring the Eternal with greater variety of praise; to a land where man impiously dares disturb the communion of his fellow with his God.

Mr. O’CONNELL has announced his intention of coming over to take his seat in the House of Commons, on the first day of the meeting of Parliament. We shall make no observation on the expediency of that course, as we must give him credit for having resolved upon it after consultation with his Parliamentary friends, and after full deliberation on every part of the novel question which he is about to raise. The main difficulty, it is thought, will be found in his effecting an entrance into the house. The difficulty will very much depend on circumstances. Let us suppose that he is in the lobby, when the members of the House of Commons are summoned to attend at the bar of the House of Lords, in order to hear the King’s Speech. No person can by law prevent him from going with the members into the other House, for that purpose. When he has thus far initiated himself in the exercise of the privileges belonging to a member of the House of Commons, will it be competent to any officer of that House to obstruct his entrance into it? Is he bound to presume, and to act upon the presumption, that Mr. O’Connell will now take the oaths? When he has got into the body of the House, the first thing the Speaker will do, will be to read the King’s speech. On concluding the speech, he will ask if there are any members to be sworn. Several there probably will be, and all the time occupied in reading the Speech, and in members taking the oaths, Mr. O’Connell will be seen sitting in his place. Will the Speaker call upon him personally, to come to the table to take the oaths? And if such a call be made, will not Mr. O’Connell be entitled to rise in his place, and state his reasons why he should not be compelled to obey it? If Mr. O’Connell make a speech on this question, may he not be answered by others; and may not a discussion thus arise, which shall altogether supersede the debate on the address, for one, two, three, or more days? The practical embarrassment springing from his election, not to talk of the legal ones, will, we apprehend, afford a most perplexing occupation, to the sticklers for precedents.

Catholic Journal.

ASSOCIATION OF THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND, IN NEW-YORK.

The meeting at Tammany Hall, on Tuesday evening, was very numerously and respectably attended, and the blaze of patriotic feeling burned as bright and fervid as ever. When the President, Dr. MACNEVIN, announced the receipt of a liberal donation of \$50, from the amiable lady of the immortal THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, the devoted victim of despotism, whose life was sacrificed on the holy altar of Irish liberty, and whose memory is emblazoned on the annals of his country, the enthusiastic cheering of the meeting swelled into an intonation that seemed to rend the very concave of the building. The sufferings and heroic virtues of Mrs. Tone, are identified with the history of our country, and are worthy of being recorded in the deathless page, on which the conjugal attachment of Lady Russell, and Madame Lavellette, are registered among the brightest deeds that shed lustre on the female character. Mrs. SAMYSON, the compatriot of the martyred Tone, was evidently affected, on hearing Mrs. Tone’s pathetic letter read, as it no doubt called up regrets and endearing associations of memory, that like Ossian’s song of sorrow, were “pleasing and mournful to the soul.” This Gentleman, whose intellectual vigour, like that of Solon “grows in learning as he grows in years,” addressed the meeting in a strain of eloquence, glowing with a spirit and warmth of patriotic feeling that would have done honor to the most brilliant efforts of his youth.

Indeed, although the snows of virtuous age blanch his head, the fire of genius, and the enthusiasm of patriotism, glow with undiminished heat and ardour in his mind. The literary world will learn with pleasure that this talented gentleman is now writing

the life of his lamented friend, THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, Esq. which will be ready for publication in a few days. This work, we have no doubt, will be as interesting and as elegant a biography, as any that has been issued from the American press; as the acknowledged abilities of the writer, and the long and uninterrupted intimacy that subsisted between him and his eminent subject, afford grounds for the highest expectations. We shall seize on the earliest opportunity of reviewing a work, which the public look for with such intense avidity.

The time is come, indeed, when the "stranger hears the lament of Ireland over the deep;" her wrongs have touched the springs of American sympathy; as in every city, nay, almost in every village in the country, the friends of civil and religious liberty have associated, for the purpose of raising funds for the CATHOLIC RENT. But America is the birth place of Freedom, where the radiant banner of Toleration is always displayed, and her commiseration ever ready to assist the oppressed. The national spirit has nobly manifested itself in this city, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Washington, Charleston, New-Orleans and Baltimore. As we mentioned Baltimore, we must not omit paying the feeble tribute of our unfeigned applause to the brilliant eloquence of a Gentleman (WILLIAM G. READ, Esq.) whose glowing speech, at a recent meeting in that city, we have read in the *Gazette*, with pleasure and admiration. MR. READ is not a *parrotted speaker*, for the rapid flow of his sentences, the beauty of his imagery, and the coruscations of his wit, proclaim his extemporaneous facility, and that he is a man as highly gifted by nature, as improved by study. We perceive that he is familiar with our ancient annals, and that he possesses the power of arraying logical argument and historical detail, in the spangled drapery of poetic diction. We are sorry that the length of Mr. Read's admirable speech precludes the possibility of transferring it to our columns. He speaks so well, that we hope he will speak often.

Our Charleston friends will peruse, with feelings of pleasure and admiration, the eloquent and animating address of the Catholic Association in Dublin, which we lay before our readers, written by the classic pen of H. G. CURRIE, Esq. the son of the Irish Demosthenes. It is a brilliant and energetic paper, that is 'worthy of the gifted mind whence it emanated.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, this house has been filled with crowded audiences during the last month, particularly on those nights that Miss Rock performed. We have not space for dilating on her different personifications, since her engagement in this house, to which she has proved a magnetic star of unrivalled attractions and brilliancy; let it suffice to say, that she invested every character which she assumed, with a radiant halo of judgment, animation, effect and passion, which won admiration, and drew forth from fashionable and discriminating audiences, loud and reiterated plaudits of approbation. Her style of acting, though eminently original, would seem to a cursory observer, to savour, in Tragedy, in which she is pathetic, impressive and impassioned, of the Siddonian school; particularly when she delineates the grief and madness of *Ophelia*, or expresses the devoted and romantic love of the tender and affecting Juliet, a personation in which she makes us fancy her the very character the great author designed to exhibit; while her easy grace, *naivete*, and picturesque attitudes in Comedy, would lead us to suppose that the spirit and vivacity of Mrs. Jordan, had embodied her vivid representations. Look at her in *Lucy Ashton*, a character which she encircles with the brightest illusions of the histrionic art, and you will grant, after witnessing her devoted love, tender anxieties, and romantic constancy, so forcibly and felicitously portrayed, that she is the very heroine of Sir Walter Scott. See her again in *Lady Townly*, or *Maria* in the Citizen, ringing around her the vivacious gaiety and sparkling humour of the Comic Muse, and you will be astonished at the variety of her powers, and the versatility of her genius. But her accomplishments and powers of pleasing, are so well known that they require no eulogy from us; what we have said is the tribute due to legitimate merit, varied and exalted. Well skilled in the science of music, a sweet singer, and a graceful dancer, capable of the highest efforts in Tragedy and Comedy, Miss Rock is competent to make any theatre, in which she performs, the focus of attraction and popularity. We hope that the auditory of our metropolitan theatre will be long electrified and enlightened by the charms and attractions of her graphic and graceful acting.

We cannot conclude this article, without paying the merited tribute of our com-

commendation to MRS. WHEATLEY, for her admirable and characteristic personation of *Alice Gray*, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Mr. Barry, who is generally able and efficient, under every assumption, failed in concentrating his usual force, conception, and spirit, in the *Master of Ravenswood*. Had we never seen the incomparable personation of *Caleb Balderstone*, by Mr. Maywood, we would think highly of Mr. Horton in that character.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Bowery and Lafayette Theatres, we shall pay our devoirs in our next.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The Editor of this Journal would be wanting in gratitude, were he to omit this opportunity of expressing the lively sense kindled in his mind, by the cordial and flattering reception with which the public have honoured this publication, and the progressive accession of patronage that now sustains it. The approbation of his countrymen, is the summit of the Editor's hope, and the goal of his endeavors; it will shine like the fiery pillar, to direct and cheer him in the career of patriotism, arouse all the energies of his mind, and stimulate him to further exertions in that hallowed cause, which he ever has, and ever shall advocate, with a zeal and enthusiastic devotion, that shall only cease to glow in his bosom, when Death extinguishes the "lamp of life."

We are happy to announce to the public, that MR. CALEB BARTLETT, Bookseller, No. 76 Bowery, New-York, has become Proprietor of the "*Irish Shield and Monthly Milenian*," so that our patrons may implicitly rely on its being regularly published, in future, and that no expense shall be spared by the proprietor and publisher, nor exertion by the Editor, to render it, in point of mechanical execution and literary interest, equal to any of its monthly cotemporaries. We hope that the portion of the early *History of Ireland*, which is given in this number, will meet the approbation of literary men, and of our countrymen in general. Let us be judged fairly, and encouraged according to our deserts, and we ask no more from IRISHMEN.

EDITORIAL COURTESY.

The encomiums, which a countless number of our Editorial Brethren throughout the UNION, and the CANADAS, have bestowed upon the IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN, demand the expression of our grateful acknowledgments. We shall be assiduous to merit a continuance of their good opinion, by making our publication a source of interest and intelligence.

It would be, indeed, considered invidious in us, were we only to particularize a few among the many Editors to whom we are indebted for favorable notices, but our wish to remove an unfavorable impression entertained against us, by a Gentleman, whose liberal principles and acknowledged talents, we admire, and whose good opinion we would conciliate, by every honorable concession, will, we trust, plead our apology for naming SYLVESTER S. SOUTHWORTH, Esq, the classic Editor of the LITERARY SUBALTERN. This Gentleman stated, in his notice of the *Irish Shield*, that while we wrote the dramatic critiques of the *New-York Spy*, we "had ABUSED MR. FORREST, and every other American Astor." Now with every deference to Mr. Southworth, we must say, that the word "*abused*" is rather coarse and ungracious, to flow from so elegant a pen as his. We solemnly declare, that we never were actuated by the unworthy motives of prejudice, in giving to the world the estimate of our sincere and unbiassed opinion of MR. FORREST, and other American performers. We acknowledge that Mr. Forrest is gifted with a great, but not a perfect genius; and if we pointed out, in decorous and appropriate language, his vulnerable parts, it was for the purpose of inducing him to throw over them the shield of study, and thus guard himself from the arrows of criticism. If this was "*abuse*," an elegant and accomplished writer in the *Evening Post*, signed Q. as well as the Editors of the Morning Courier, must stand before the sweeping charge of Mr. Southworth, as well as we.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES, written in Memory of MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS; on reading Dr. Lingard's affecting account of her tragical death, by order of ELIZABETH.

WHILST I the horrors of this reign
Survey, Oh glorious, fallen Queen!
With sympathy my bosom glows,
At thy unjust, unnumbered woes.
What crime was thine—what cruel cause
Could thus disgrace all nature's laws?
What impotence of female rage,*
Could so oppress thy withering age?
Transcendant charms of ev'ry kind
Adorn'd thy person and thy mind;
These were thy only crimes—no more,
When lured from Gallia's happy shore;
When stern Elizabeth's decree
Destin'd thy life to misery.—
O sad reverse! the blissful hours
That once had mark'd thy matchless pow'r
Of learn'd eloquence, display'd
In Gallia's court,† thy fame had spread,
Delight no more. A prison's gloom
Obscures thy youthful beauteous bloom,
Where you in fruitless sorrow mourn,
The days which never more return.
Full twice ten tedious years immur'd,

How great the suff'ring thou endur'd!
At length the hand of power prepares
To put a period to thy cares;
Yet death, in ignominy dress'd,
Creates no terror in thy breast:
For long endur'd with heavenly grace,
Calm resignation clothes thy face:
When to the block a victim sent
To suffer, truly innocent,
Under the axe's mortal blow,
Thy royal blood in currents flow;
Aloft thy parting spirit flies,
To dwell with God above the skies.
Whilst life shall animate this frame,
Whilst I shall honour virtuous fame,
Resentment deep against thy foes,
Compassion for thy countless woes,
Triumphant in my breast shall reign,
And undiminish'd force retain.
The feeling heart, belov'd Princess,
Will ever pity thy distress;
In ev'ry clime—in every age,
Will wet with tears thy mournful page.

JUVENA.

* When we look through the glass of history at her sufferings, we weep, and relenting pity drops an oblivious tear on the page that records the death of Lord Darnly, and the flight with Bothwell. Her tragical fate awakens sympathy, which with compassion throw a veil over her faults, and hide her follies in the robes of virtue. The fortitude and invincible courage with which she met death, proved her an exalted heroine. That Elizabeth, as some of her apologists would fain make us believe, was really sincere in her apparent reluctance to execute the unfortunate Mary, we think very improbable, because Elizabeth, like her tyrannical father, neither respected justice, nor regarded the dictates of pity, when she sought the gratification of her passions or her vengeance. Certainly, we must admit, that there were great arts used by her wily courtiers, to determine her to the side of severity, as they had every thing to fear from the resentment of the Scottish Queen, in case she ever succeeded to the English crown.

Accordingly the kingdom was then filled with rumours of plots, treasons, and insurrections, so that Elizabeth was continually kept in alarm, by fictitious dangers. In this situation of perplexity, she one day called her cunning secretary, *Davidson*, whom she ordered to draw out, secretly, the warrant for Mary's execution, giving him at the same time to understand, that she intended to keep it by her, in the event of any attempt being made for the delivery of that Princess. She signed the warrant, and then commanded it to be carried to the Chancellor, to have the seal affixed to it.

Next morning, some of her apologists say, she sent two gentlemen, successively, to desire that *Davidson* should not go to the Chancellor, until she should first have seen him. But the execrable *Davidson* proceeded in "breathless haste," to the high functionary, and obtained the seal and signature to the fatal instrument, which, by order of the infamous privy council, was given to *Beale*, who lost no time in summoning the disgraced noblemen to whom it was directed, namely, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, Kent, and Cumberland. It would be repeating a "thrice told tale," for us to give a new narrative of her execution, as the particulars of the bloody deed are known to every reader of history.

† She uniformly expressed her regret that the death of her husband, Francis II. compelled her to leave the French court, where the brilliancy of her talents, the grace of her manners, and the fascination of her wit, won general esteem, and cast such lustre on the royal circles of the Louvre, as dimmed the radiance of its whole constellation of French beauties. Nature enriched this illustrious woman with her rarest donations, which were polished and refined by every female accomplishment that can, not only elevate the mind, but give seductive attractions to the charms of beauty. The benevolence of her heart corresponded with the loveliness of her person. Though uniformly experiencing ingratitude from those who shared in her bounty, and basked in the sunshine of her fortune, she was, like Napoleon, forgiving and tolerant to her foes and persecutors.

This unfortunate Princess, to testify her deep regret at leaving her connexions in France, composed a farewell address to that country, of which the following is a translation:—

"Ah! pleasant land of France, farewell!

My country dear,

Where many a year

Of infant youth I love'd to dwell!

Farewell for ever, happy days!

The ship which parts our loves, conveys

But half of me—one half behind

I leave with thee, dear France! to prove

A token of our endless love,

And bring the other to thy mind."

MARY wrote poetry in French, with great taste and feeling, and her prose compositions are distinguished for the graces of their style, and the beauty of their sentiments.

We hope that our esteemed correspondent, *JUVENA*, will not for a moment suppose that we wrote the preceding notes with the view of derogating from the interest which his fine lines will excite, notwithstanding that we have burdened them with the "clog of our comment."

THE DROOPING ROSE.

(Inscribed to her who understands it.)

"Oh! Parent of blushes! why dost thou bend,
What causes thy grief, lovely Queen of the
flowers?
Dost thou languish and pine for a false-hearted
friend,
Who has left thee expos'd to the merciless show-
ers?"

"Twas thus I inquired, of a Rose fully blown—
That woefully drooped by a green-margin'd
fountain,
Where it silently weeping, remain'd all alone,
And it bent to the bloom-fading blasts of the
mountain.

"I am sad," she replied, "for the ocean's between
My Guardian—my long absent Guardian, and
me;
And distress'd for his absence I weep here, unseen,
Where the spring and its flow'rs can no com-
forters be.

Since he left me, thus shadeless, unblest and for-
lorn,
The sport of rude winds, and the keen blasting
storm;
Full twice seven suits of the summer I've worn,
And as often has winter strip'd naked my
form."

"Sweet Rose!" I exclaim'd, but my words were
through sighs—

"I will be your protector—I'll shield you from
harms;
I will wipe off those tears from your beautiful eyes,
And restore the lost bloom of thy care-blighted
charms."

At the sound of my voice, she erected her head,
For the kind-whispered accents of friendship
she knew;
And her cheeks glow'd with lustre—her lips grew
more red,
And the charms of her person returned to my
view.

At the sudden transition my sight was so blest—
And so lovely appeared the young smile-beam-
ing fair,
That I snatch'd her, in raptures of love, to my
breast,
And I gave the sweet mourner to constancy
there.

And long shalt thou flourish, dear flow'r of my
heart—
Oh! thro' life, in this bosom thy graces shall
bloom,
And your soul-seasting fragrance shall always im-
part
To my care-stricken mind, an enliv'ning per-
fume. J. S. L.

FARE THEE WELL.

(To Juvena.)

Can you thus my faith betray,
Leave thy Mary here to sadness,
Doom'd to cankering grief a prey,
That breast which doats on thee to madness?
For ah! believe this beating heart,
Believe those sighs, those tears and anguish,
The cruel fate that bid us part—
That Many dooms to droop and languish—
Fare thee well!

Too lovely—too perfidious youth!
False, alas! to love and duty,
Go breathe the forth vows of love and truth,
To lure soft unsuspecting beauty:—
But ere thy winning arts prevail,
Ere yet her virgin heart is taken,
Ah! tell her Mary's hapless tale,
Who droops and dies, by thee forsaken?
Fare thee well!

Cashel, 16th Nov. 1828.

A LOVER'S OATH.

"Ye gentle gales quickly waft my vows
To Many —"

By that lovely form I swear,
By that bosom soft and fair,
Those looks in native ringlets flowing,
And by that face with beauty glowing,
Where Cupid lurks in ev'ry dimple,
So fascinating, yet so simple;
By those lips of ruby hue,
Sweeter than Aurora's dew,—
When Phoebus gilds the eastern skies;
By those lustre-beaming eyes,
And the soft fragrance of that breath,
My passion shall endure till death.

JUVERNA.

Broadway, 2nd January, 1829.

WHAT IS LOVE?

"Tis a passion
Often follows wealth and fashion,—
But the love I would explain,
'Tis a transport of the brain;
A sweet, a painful pleasing smart,
That pierces through the inmost heart;
A sorrow, that we wish to keep;
A pleasure, that disturbs our sleep;
A moping melancholy knave,
Yet makes a very coward brave;
Pats honor in the villain's breast,
And almost ope's the Miser's chest:—
The portion of the brave and bold,
Which never can be bought or sold;
It breaks the shackles that would bind,
And softens all the human mind:
No bonds or fetters will it bear,
But such as beauty makes it wear.
It is the monarch of the earth,
From whom all nature has its birth;
It is ———, and shall I tell you true,
The very thing I feel for you.

D. F.

A TEAR.

Little glitt'ring spark am I,
The child of sensibility;
I overcome the bold and brave.
Yet melt upon an infant's grave;
Sometimes, too, the child of mirth,
From ecstasy receive my birth:—
Surrounded by a group of smiles,
Expressive of a thousand wiles;
Yet though I sparkle in the sun,
The house of woe I never shun.

JUVERNA.

EPIGRAM,

*Addressed to a late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,
who conferred the order of Knighthood on a po-
pular Accoucheur, still living in Dublin. (Ne-
ver before published.)*

You made Sir Henry — J. S., a KNIGHT;
He should have been a Lord by right;
For then the Ladies' cry would be,
"O Lord! good Lord, deliver me!"

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESTIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

Price £3 50 per annum, or 2s. 6d. per number.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN!—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE!"

NO. 3.

FOR MARCH 1829.

VOL 1.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival of the Belgæ, or Fir-bolgs in Ireland. The reason why they were called by that appellation explained. Division of Ireland betwixt the five chiefs of the invaders.

A. M. 2503. IN the conclusion of the last chapter, we stated that the fugitive Nemedians, under Simeon Breac, were treated as aliens by their relatives, in Greece, who subjected them to the most intolerable hardships, compelling them, like the captive Israelites, in Egypt, to hew wood and draw water. Their task masters exhausted ingenuity to devise the most toilsome and operose occupations for the strangers; for they were obliged to sink pits, and carry clay from the valleys, in leathern bags, to the summits of rocks and mountains to form an artificial soil. From this circumstance they derived the name of "*Fir bolgs*," or bagmen. We should mention, however, that two of our antiquarians, Raymond and Smith, ascribe the appellation to a different etymology; these writers say, that after the invasion of Ireland by the Firbolgs, they took up their residence in caves, with which they *burrowed* the whole country; hence these Troglodytes were called *Fir-bolgs*, or creeping men.* In an edition of Dr. Francis Molloy's Irish

* Among the innumerable Caves in Ireland, the following are celebrated for their structure and extent:—

BRIDE CAVE, about six miles from Cork, is remarkable for its structure, and various compartments. One chamber, in which are the remains of a Druidical altar, is very spacious. Its arched roof is supported by massy lime-stone pillars, so highly polished that they seem the work of art, though Grose and Ware alledge that they are the formation of nature. In some places the entrance is very low, but after you descend, the arch suddenly rises to an elevation of ten feet, the concave of which is as smooth as if it had been the work of art.

COU-A-GLOUR, near Cappoquin, in the county of Waterford, is a large open cave, into which you descend by stairs formed by the shelving declivities of rocks. The first chamber you enter is about thirty feet square, through which a subterraneous rivulet is seen running in a natural aqueduct, through the solid rock. This Irish *Arethusa* sinks under ground at Ballynacourty, and proceeding for a mile through this cave, rises again in a gushing fountain, at a place called Knockane. In some of the chambers the stalactical matter, descending from the roof, presents a variety of forms, both fantastic and picturesque.

BALLY CASSIDY. This famous cavern is near Enniskillen, in the county of Fermanagh. The dome, covering the pillared portico of this cave, rises to the elevation of twenty-five feet; and the different chambers of the interior are spacious, and adorned with Tuscan columns of lime-stone.

DUNLUCE. This cave is situated under the Castle of Dunluce, near Bushmills, in the county of Antrim, of which we will speak in the course of our topography.

DONMORE, near the city of Kilkenny, is a cavern that is daily visited by travellers. The passage into it, is down a square aperture, or rather precipice, upwards of sixty feet deep, by twelve feet wide; at the bottom thereof is the mouth of the cave, which is but low, arched with rocks, seemingly dropping on the head, when from a number of petrifications, like icicles, there falls a vast quantity of limpid drops of crystal. After you wander through this cavern for a quarter of a mile, you hear the

Grammar, published in 1676, which has just been put into our hands, we find that Raymond and Smith have borrowed their ideas of the Fir-bolgs from the illustrations of that learned divine, on the *ogum* of the Brehons. But we will not pursue any further, an inquiry which cannot lead to a result of any material importance.

The Nemedians, groaning under the pressure of persecution and injustice, formed, after the lapse of years of suffering and cruelty, the resolution of bursting the bonds of their slavery, and of quitting a country where they never were to enjoy the charms of ease or happiness. So well did they manage their conspiracy, that they collected 5000 followers, with whom they embarked on board of a large Grecian fleet, which they had seized, before their oppressors had the remotest suspicion of their intention. After a long and perilous voyage, the first division of the fleet, under the orders of Slainge, effected a landing in the bay of Wexford, which in honor of this chief was called by our annalists *Inbher slainge*; the second Division, of which Gann and Seangann were Commanders, effected a landing on the coast of Donegal; and the third with the chieftains Geannann and Rughruidhe reached the shores of the county of Mayo, near Killalla, in a destitute state. These five chiefs, after uniting their forces, agreed to parcel out the country into five divisions, among them. Slainge being the eldest brother, assumed the sovereignty of Ireland, though his portion of the division only comprehended Leinster; the two Munsters fell to the share of Gann and Seangann, and Ulster became the dominion of Rughruidhe while the government of Connaught was assigned to Geannann. Slainge, to whom our historians give the title of the first monarch of Ireland, was passionately fond of music, in which according to Molloy and Colgan, he was an eminent proficient, particularly on the harp. It was this Prince say O'Geohegan and O'Flaherty, that first bore the harp as the national emblem, on his royal banner. It appears that his short reign of one year was distinguished by no memorable event. Keating and Lynch trace his genealogy up to Japhet. This Prince was succeeded by his brother Rughruidhe, who after a reign of two years was drowned in the Boyne, near Drogheda, having no issue his throne and sceptre devolved to Gann, who after a reign of two years, was succeeded by his brother Geannann, whom death soon plucked from his throne to make room for Seangann, who after a reign of five years, was murdered by his nephew and successor, Fiacha Cinnfionnan, or white-haired, the grand son of Rughruidhe. The usurper did not long enjoy his ill-gotten power, for he was assassinated by his cousin Radhnall, the son of Geannann, who was saluted as monarch. This monarch was scarcely seated on his throne, when his title was disputed by *Fiodhbhghean*, the son of Seangan, whose standard was joined by numerous malecontents, with whom

hoarse murmuring of a subterraneous river which rolling over rumbling stones, and falling down ledges of rocks, produces a strange kind of noise in the hollow cavities.

GRANGE. This cavern, which is in the vicinity of Drogheda, has been celebrated in the writings of several travellers. It is a vaulted cave in the form of a cross, with a gallery leading to it, eight feet long. On the first discovery of this cave in 1318, a gold coin of the Emperor Valentinian, was found in it, which General Vallancy and Dr. Lihwyd observe, might bespeak it to denote it a Druidical monument of the early ages. We think it was a place of interment of some ancient Irish chief.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY. This cavern is a narrow cell in one of the islands in Lough Derg, in the county of Fermanagh, famous for being hewn by St. Patrick out of a solid rock, as a place of penance, and prayer, in which the holy man often confined himself.

SKIRREWRINKY, in the counties of Cork and Tipperary, situated between Cahir and Mitchell's town, is one of the most magnificent caves in Ireland. It is described as follows, by our valued correspondent, *Tipperary*. "The opening to it is a cleft of rock in a lime-stone hill, so narrow that it is difficult to get into it. You descend by a ladder of thirty steps, and then reach a vaulted apartment of a hundred feet long, and sixty high. A small aperture on the left leads from this, in a winding course of not less than half a mile, exhibiting a variety of rocky altars, columns, spires and architectural ruins, resembling a fallen city. In some places the immense cavity of the rock is so extensive, that when well lighted by torches, it assumes the appearance of a vaulted cathedral divided into pillared aisles, and furnished with many altars. The walls, ceiling, and floor seem enriched with the finest embellishments of art, as the curious incrustations that adhere to them, appear as dazzling as if they were powdered with diamonds, and enamelled with crystal. The columns of spar are extremely brilliant and shaped into every order of architecture, and adorned with volutes; and fancy foliage of icicles, which possess a grace beyond the reach of art." One branch of the cave extending in a northern direction, is in some places extremely narrow and low, but it widens abruptly into a large hall, in which the rocks form an amphitheatre, through whose area a stream meanders."

he marched to *Craoibhe*, where the royal army was encamped. A fierce battle quickly took place, in which the king was slain, and his forces cut to pieces. The crown was not long suffered to remain on the brows of the victor, for Eochaidh, the heir of Radhnall, fomented a rebellion, the result of which was the death of *Fiodhbhaghean* and the total discomfiture of his army, at the engagement of *Muir-theinne*, in the County of Louth.

Our historians represent Eochaidh as a prince that united the matured wisdom of the statesman, to the heroic valour of the general, consequently his reign was more brilliant and fortunate than that of any of the Belgian monarchs. He was a friend to literature and the arts, and the laws he enacted were fraught with a spirit of justice and equity which commanded at once reverence and obedience. We are told that he was married to Tailte, daughter to the king of Spain, the place of whose interment, in Leinster, still retains the name of *Tailtean*.

He fell in the tenth year of his reign, in an engagement with Virgiodlamed, king of the *Tuatha de Danans*, at a place called *Muige Tuirride*. His death terminated the Belgian power in Ireland, which, according to the testimony of Keating and O'Halloran, lasted thirty-seven years. O'Flaherty however, who is certainly one of the most accurate of our chronologists, maintains with a strong force of argument, that the dominion of the Belgians existed eighty years, from their first invasion of the Island until its subversion by the *Damnonii*, whose history shall be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Invasion of Ireland by the Damnonii, or Tuatha de Danans. Their migration from Greece. History of the Liagh-Fail, or stone of destiny. Of the reigns of Breas, Nuadh, Lusgha, &c. Objections of Ledwich, Mac Pherson, O'Connor, and Warner, answered.

A. M. 2541. Eochaidh having, as we stated in the last chapter, raised his power to the highest pinnacle of grandeur, believed himself secure from foreign or domestic foes; but the unexpected invasion of the *Damnonii* soon dissolved the delusion of his dream of regal happiness, and convinced him that the stability of royal authority is not always immovable on its slippery foundation. The invaders landed in the tenth year of the reign of this monarch, under the command of *NUADH*, a direct descendant of *Nemedius*. This Prince and his soldiers distinguished themselves in Greece by their martial exploits.

Our annalists inform us, that these invaders were designated "*Tuatha de Danans*," to denote their descent from *Brian Juchor*, and *Juchorba*, the son of the Princess *Danan*, the daughter of *Dealboith*, of the royal dynasty of *Nemedius*. Other antiquarians derive this name from the magical power which the *Damnonii* possessed, and exercised in so astonishing a manner, in *Bæotia* and at *Athens*. Warner and O'Connor deduce the origin of their appellation from the fact of the colony being divided into three tribes; the first of which, consisting of the chieftains and nobles, were called *Tuatha*; the second *Dee*, which signifies gods, as they were the Priests and Druids who officiated at their sacrifices and religious rites; the third class, the *Danans*, ranked in their numbers the Bards, who sung the exploits of their heroes, and the hymns of their sacred ceremonies.

Some of the *Nemedians*, who, as we before related, were expelled from Ireland by the *Africans*, settled themselves, with their chief, *Jobath*, near *Thebes*, where they acquired great fame for their skill and potency in magic, in which we are told they were so profoundly versed as to raise, by their necromantic power, the dead to life. They continued at *Thebes*, where they increased prodigiously, until the country was subjected to the sway of the *Assyrians*, when they removed to

Athens, and became the auxiliaries of the Athenians in their wars with the invaders. The enchantments they are said to have wrought at Athens are only, in our opinion, the creation of poetic fiction, and therefore too marvellous to obtain historical credence from us. Finding their magical spells rendered ineffectual by the counter charms of the Assyrian Druids, they hastily quitted a country where their credit and influence were rapidly sinking in public opinion. Accordingly they committed themselves, once more, to the guidance of fortune, and after several wanderings and adventures through "field and flood," they arrived, at length, in Norway, where it is said they were hospitably received by the inhabitants, who being an illiterate people, entertained feelings of respect for the strangers, whom they admired for their learning, as well as skill in necromancy. They appointed four cities for their habitation, where they erected schools for the instruction of the youth of the nation. These cities were named Falias, Goreas, Finnia, and Murias. Here they diffused the blessings of instruction and the lights of education. Our records do not say how long the Damnonii remained in their new habitations: but whether disgusted with the climate, or with the unpolished manners of the people, or what seems more probable, disturbed by the jealousy and envy of the natives, they determined to seek out some new land of promise. Enlisting themselves under the banner of NUADH, they migrated to Denmark; but finding the aspect of the country unpleasing, they sailed thence to Scotland, where they landed, and resided for seven years. The occurrences of their stay in Scotland have not been committed to the historic page.

These erratic people becoming discontented in Scotland, set out again in quest of another country, and succeeded, after a short voyage, in reaching the northern coast of Ireland. The luxuriance of the verdure, and the vivid greenness of the grass that mantled the hills and valleys of Erin, proclaimed the fertility of the soil, and convinced the strangers that here cultivation and industry would afford them all the necessaries of life. NUADH, after landing, by the advice of his principal officers, caused his entire fleet to be burned, so that all hopes of retreating from the Isle should be thus cut off, and that the valour and courage of his followers should be their only remaining refuge from the opposition which they might experience from the natives.

Having arranged themselves in martial array, they commenced their march into the interior of the country, under the covert of a thick mist, which they raised by enchantment, to screen them from the observation of the inhabitants. After the lapse of three days, while it is said this magic mist continued, they reached the northern frontier of Leinster, where, concentrating their forces in a strong position, they then resolved to send heralds to Eochaidh, requiring him to resign his crown to their chief, or meet them in the field of battle.

The monarch, indignant at the insolence of this daring message, sent by a band of wandering adventurers, accepted the challenge without hesitation. Placing himself at the head of his troops he soon reached the camp of the invaders, where an engagement, as obstinate as it was sanguinary, ensued. Both armies fought with desperate valour and implacable fierceness, for many hours; but at length, notwithstanding the gallantry displayed by the Belgians, victory declared itself for the invaders, and the brave Eochaidh and ten thousand of his soldiers fell in the conflict. In this battle Nuadh lost a hand, but the wound was healed by the skill of his physician, Miach, and a silver hand exactly fitted to the stump by Credah, his goldsmith, whence he derived the appellation of Airgidiamh, which signifies, in Irish, the silver-handed.

The conqueror, after this victory, assumed the sovereign authority, and acted very arbitrarily towards the defeated Belgians, whom he compelled to exile themselves to foreign countries. Many of these Belgians found refuge in the Isles of Arran, Man, and the Hebrides.

The Damnonii are said to have brought four monuments of great antiquity with them into Ireland. The first was a block of marble, called "*liagh-fail*," or, the stone of destiny, to which they attached great value, as one of their prophets had

predicted, that a prince of their race should reign wherever it should be preserved; consequently it was used for many ages in Ireland in the coronation chair of our monarchs, until Fergus the great, the son of Earca, and brother of the Irish monarch, Morough, subdued Scotland, and ascended its throne, in A. D. 430, when, to give greater pomp and solemnity to his coronation, he entreated his brother to favour him with the loan of it. This sacred relic of antiquity was accordingly sent over to Scotland, where it remained preserved in the Abbey of Scone, until Edward I. carried it off, with the other regalia of the Scottish crown, and placed it in Westminster Abbey, where it has been employed in its original use, at the coronation of George IV. as well as at that of most of the Kings that preceded him, since the reign of Edward I.

The Druids consulted this sacred stone on all momentous occasions, and its divinations were as religiously believed as were those of the oracle of Delphi. Many wonderful miracles have been imputed to the *Liagh-Fail*. It had the singular property of emitting a sound resembling thunder, when any of the true line of the Scythian or Milesian Princes was crowned upon it. The statue of Memnon, we are told, possessed a similar power of uttering a sound when it received the first rays of the rising sun. Whenever any illegitimate prince, whose mother had been faithless to the King's bed, was seated on the "*fatal stone*," it issued no sound, so that it served as a talisman to preserve the chastity of the Irish Queens, as well as an ordeal test of the purity of the Milesian blood. But the coming of the Messiah, which abolished all the Pagan superstitions, deprived this oracular stone of all its virtues, as it never was known to emit a sound after the birth of Christ. Many of our antiquarians have written disquisitions on the Stone of Destiny, and entered into the recesses of historical research, to bring forth testimony of its being actually part of Jacob's pillar. Indeed Bishop Usher says, "that whether the extraordinary attributes which the *Liagh-Fail* was supposed to possess were the invention of the crafty Druids, or the real donation of enchantment, cannot be now ascertained; but the prophecy of that singular medium of augury, is every day fulfilled by the reign of the present royal family of England, who are lineally descended from the Milesian monarchs of Ireland." Doctor Warner, who, except Plowden, did us more justice in his history than any other Englishman, observes, in relation to the fatal stone, "that the coronation of the Kings of England over this wonderful stone seems to confirm its title to the *Stone of Destiny*; but it reflects no great honour on the learning or understanding of the nation to retain a remnant of such ridiculous Pagan superstition in so important and solemn an act." With regard to these sentiments of Dr. Warner, it may be observed, that it will always be the interest of the chief rulers not to disturb the opinions that have once gained popular credit, unless they tend to subvert some moral or religious principle; for in that case, they may sap the very columns that support the grand edifice of social order, and destroy the basis on which laws and government are founded. So great, indeed, is the influence which opinion has over the destinies of a people, and so much are they subject to its sway, that Pascal, in his *Provincial Letters*, calls it the "*Queen of the world*"—*la Reine du Monde*. The Trojans defied the assaults of the Greeks, as long as they possessed the Palladium; and the Romans were invincible, while they continued to believe that their city was to be eternal. *Possunt quia posse videntur*. "Mahomet," says Mennais, the learned and acute author of the *Essay on Religious Indifference*, "persuaded a few Arabians that their swords were to subject the whole world to the Alcoran, and in less than a century the Turkish Empire was established, from the banks of the Euphrates to those of the Nile. Cato did not so much fear the introduction of the Grecian philosophy into Rome, only because he foresaw, that by teaching the Romans to dispute about every thing, they would end in believing nothing. His fears were completely justified by the event." The new philosophy triumphed over the resistance of the laws, the wisdom of the senate, and the destinies of the eternal city itself. A few reveries, armed with doubt, accomplished what the forces of the entire world were unable to effect; as the snows of Rus-

was effected the dissolution of Napoleon's invincibility, what Europe, in arms, essayed in vain to achieve.

From these examples, nothing can be more obvious, than that the art of governing the people effectually, is the art of chaining their belief to the pillars of OPINION, and alarming their fears, by raising before them the phantoms of superstition. Of this the Pagan legislators were so sensible, that they made it one of the first maxims of their policy.

It is evident, then, that though, as Dr. Warner says, "it reflects no great honour on the understanding of the nation," to attach any credit to this superstitious practice, yet the retaining of it, on the other hand, argues no want of sound policy in those who are invested with the executive and legislative authority in England. Consequently, if the people are weak enough to believe that the crown will be perpetuated in the present royal family while they are crowned on this stone, it is certainly the interest, as well as the wisdom of the government, to strengthen the bonds of delusion which fetter popular prejudice, and deepen the gloom of credulity that darken its optics. But we have wandered too far into reflection on the "*fatal stone*," from which Ireland got the name of "*Innis Fail*."

The second instrument of enchantment which belonged to the Damnonii, was a sword of exquisite temper and workmanship; and the third a gleaming spear, so polished and bright, that some of our Bards have denominated it the "*Meteor of Death*." This famous spear was used in battle by several Irish Kings.

The fourth magical implement, as the *Book of Invasions* represents, was a Cal-dron, of singular construction and properties.

That the ancients cultivated necromancy and astrology, in an extraordinary degree, is a fact attested by the evidence of authentic history; but in all probability, their magic was nothing but a more extended acquaintance with the arts and sciences, and a knowledge by which many movements can be put in operation on natural and philosophical principles; and things effected by mechanical power, that appear strange and surprising to the ignorant. This species of magic is practised at the present day as much as in ancient times, by every juggler, though it has ceased to excite our surprise by its apparent opposition to the general laws of nature, because we know it is founded on an application of a power supplied by natural philosophy.

If Electricity and Galvanism were known to the Irish Druids, the people would reverence them as Gods, who could kindle the fire of heaven on earth, and reanimate the bodies of the dead. We make these observations merely to blunt the edge of that ridicule to which the supposed magic of our Danan ancestors might expose the authenticity of the annals that record it. The Danans might be conversant with many of those feats, which excite admiration for ingenuity and expertness in enlightened minds, rather than the astonishment which only springs from the conviction of the intervention of supernatural agency. In those days of remote antiquity, the beacons of philosophy and literature did not blaze so splendidly in human intellect, as they do now. But to resume our narrative; NUADH having secured by the decisive defeat of the Belgians, the entire sovereignty of the Island, imagined himself inaccessible to the attacks of fortune or the pretensions of rivals; but this confidence was not well founded. After the lapse of some years, his cousin, BREAS, who acted as Regent of the kingdom during the period which the King's hand was healing, now became a pretender to the crown, and succeeded in collecting an army from among the exiled Belgians, and the alien Africans, to sustain his claim. An engagement soon took place at Moyturey, near the lake of Arrow, in the county of Mayo; the conflict, as usual in a civil war, was sustained with animosity and intrepidity on both sides.

BREAS himself, as well as the chiefs of the Belgian and African auxiliaries, fell on one side, while the monarch Nuadh, and the most distinguished leaders among the royal army, fell on the other. The victory, however, was gained by the gallant Danans, who instantly raised the nephew of their fallen King, LUIGHNA LAIMHFHEADA, to the vacant throne. It was this Prince that instituted the fa-

mous "*Aonach Taitian*," or military games, ordained in honour of Tailte, the daughter of Magh More, King of Spain, and widow of Eochaidh, the last king of the *Fir-bolgs*. After the death of her royal husband, she married *Deocha Gharbh*, one of the Danaan chiefs, and was entrusted with the education of the young Prince, Luigha, who in gratitude for the care and tenderness he experienced from her, instituted these Olympic games to commemorate her name. The celebration of these games, at which the beauty and chivalry of Ireland assembled, commenced on the first of August, the anniversary of the Queen's death, and continued fourteen days after. From this celebration the first of August is called in Irish, "*lah Lughnansa*," or the day of King Lughaidh. This King, after a prosperous reign of forty years, died full of years, and honour, and was interred at Uisneach, in the county of West Meath.

To his diadem succeed DAGHAIDH, of whom our annals record that he reigned Monarch of Ireland nearly eighty years. Dr. Keating bestows the appellation of *Great* on this king, without telling us whether his virtues or his valor entitled him to that distinction.

The next Prince of this line, who ascended the throne, was DEALCHAOIDTH, who, after a reign of ten years, undistinguished by any military exploit, was assassinated by his own son FIACHA. The vile parricide, however, did not long enjoy that power for which he waded through the blood of his parent, as he was slain in the battle of Ard Breace by Eogan of *Inbher-more*. His death made way for the three last Princes of the *Tuatha Danaan* dynasty, MAC CUIL, MAC CEATH, and MAC GREINE, who reigned a year alternately, for the period of thirty years. They received these names from the respective Deities that became the object of their adoration. *Maccuil* worshipped a log of wood. *Macceath* bent the knee of homage before a plough-share; but *Macgreine* elevated his thoughts to a more sublime object, and adored the sun, which until the introduction of Christianity was revered as the chief Deity of the Irish. In process of time, *Macgreine*, (which signifies the son of the sun,) became sole Monarch of Ireland, and was in the meridian of power, when the Milesians invaded the Island in 2736, and established a sovereignty, which lasted 2400 years! In the preceding history of the four first colonies that settled in Ireland, we have strictly adhered to our ancient annals, in deriving the Partholians from Fathocda, the son of Magog, and in making the Nemedians, Belgians and Damnonii, descendants of the Partholians. The learned Dr. O'Halloran has devoted three chapters of his history to substantiate and fix this origin of our nation on an immoveable foundation of historical proof. But opposed to his bulwark of logical deduction and deep research, are arrayed the powerful arguments of the late CHARLES O'CONNOR, the lucid reasoning of O'Geoghegan, and the philosophical inquiries of Dr. WARNER.

Amidst the contention of these giants of literature, we find our little bark adrift in the whirlpool of Scylla and Charybdis, for

"Who can be right when Doctors disagree?"

One party argues that every country received its inhabitants from that immediately contiguous to it; that Asia Minor was consequently inhabited by the posterity of Japhet before Greece; Greece before Italy; Italy before Gaul; Gaul before Britain, and Britain before Ireland. This opinion is, no doubt, very powerfully enforced by Charles O'Connor in his dissertations. Dr. Warner, evidently borrowing the tinge of his notions from the profound author of the dissertations, asserts "that the little knowledge of navigation in those early ages, would not admit of longer voyages; and we may assure ourselves, that the poetical relations bringing some of them from remote regions, and speaking of their performing various exploits, are nothing else but the humour so common in those days, of swelling the original of nations, with the heroic and the marvellous." We admit, with pride, as an Irishman, the genius that shines in the writings of Charles O'Connor, nor can any one admire more than we do the good sense and impartiality that pervade the dissertations, particularly when we reflect that they are

the production of an accomplished writer, who was himself the representative and lineal descendant of ROGERICK O'CONNOR, the last of our Milesian monarchs; but though we entertain this respect not only for the writer, but also for his opinions, yet we deem it a duty of the first importance in every historian, to judge for himself on all controverted points of history, and examine minutely and deliberately, the cogency of that erudite antiquarian's opinion, before we subscribe to it, no matter how dazzling it may be with the glitter of sophistry, and the span-gled drapery of imposing argument. If we believe the authorities that inform us of Ireland's being first peopled by Partholanus and his posterity, after by Nemedius and his colony, next by the Fir-bolgs, and lastly by the Danans; why reject the very same authorities, when they tell us the countries whence these colonies emigrated into Ireland? If we reject the latter, why not reject the former account, as they have both exactly the same claim to our assent? With regard to the historic narrative of the first four colonies of our country, we shall observe, that if it is the fictitious story of an Irish Bard, the inventor has displayed a greater versatility of talent, exhibited a wider field of imagination, and a more enlarged acquaintance with the diversity of the human character, in the happy faculty of describing so many chieftains and generals, in assigning to each "a local habitation and a name," without betraying the least appearance of monotonous sameness or similitude, in the assemblage of personages, or the qualities which he has attributed to them, than the most fanciful and creative of our poets, from Shakspeare to the sublime Byron. All the historical characters are drawn from life; they are various and dissimilar in individuality, feature and aspect. They are all distinguished by those traits that belong to the soldier; but every soldier is himself, and no other; their respective characters are peculiarly their own, and no one can suspect them to be the common offspring of the same production. To produce such an infinite diversity of historic characters, is, perhaps, more than human genius could accomplish. It would, therefore, be absurd to suppose, that the fabricator of the Irish annals, could ever have sketched all the different characters that are introduced into the preceding part of our history.

As to the futile objections of the Inneses, the Macphersons, and the Ledwiches, they have been scattered into "thin air," and submerged in the surges of oblivion by Bishop Usher, M'Dermott Harold, and the most overwhelming of all, LADY MORGAN; so that it would be like warring with phantoms for us to notice them. To Mr. O'Connor, we would say, that the ancients had the Ark for a model, and even if they had not, the bare floating of timber would have pointed out the facility of removing by water from one place to another. The Indians of this country used canoes, rudely shaped, which they rowed with singular dexterity, before they were visited by Columbus, or became acquainted with European navigation.

Josephus, who had better opportunities of knowing how the world was peopled by the posterity of Noah, than we can pretend to, informs us, that they passed by sea to many places. Who that has read history, is not aware of the Phenician commerce, and the mighty fleets of Sesostrius, King of Egypt, who lived, according to Du Fresnoy's chronology, 626 years after the flood, and consequently only three centuries after the arrival of Partholanus in Ireland? Have we not the authority of creditable writers to assert, that he undertook and accomplished long and dangerous voyages? He doubled the cape of Good Hope, after sailing through the straits of Babelmandel, from the Arabian Gulf to India, returning through the strait and the Mediterranean sea. Why then are we to doubt that shorter excursions were made by water three centuries earlier?

Moses tells us, that by the posterity of Japhet "the Isles of the Gentiles were divided in their lands, every one after his tongue and nation." Now the isles of the Gentiles are universally admitted to be European isles; and if they received their inhabitants from Asia so early as the days of Phaleg, when the dispersion recorded by Moses took place, why might not Ireland receive her settlers from Greece, so much nearer home, 200 years later; for Phaleg was born 101 years

after the flood, in whose days the confusion of tongues, and the dispersion of mankind occurred at Babel?

These are the reasons which have induced us to cling so tenaciously to our old historical monuments, because were we to give them up, we would abandon that vantage ground, on which our writers have achieved such signal victories over Scotch pretenders, and English bigots. But we do not presume to direct the judgment of the reader; the historian's duty is to detail; not to dictate.

Our pages shall be open for such objections as may be brought, in decorous discussion, against any opinion we may advance in the course of this history. We are not of the nature of the sensitive plant, ready to shrink from the most delicate touch; like the Irish oak, we can brave the tempest when it assails us.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.

NO. I.

Translated from the ancient Irish of M'DAIRY, for the Irish Shield.

[The lamented and lovely Meva, only daughter of Moran, the Chief of Wicklow, in the fifth century, having been loved by two intimate friends, Dermot and Garno, to the first of whom she was as passionately attached, as she was averse to the latter; but her father favouring the pretensions of Garno, she, unknown to the object of her affections, had recourse to stratagem, in order to get rid of the man she could not love. In the disguise of a page, she brought Garno a challenge, as if from Connal, a gallant warrior, who, she alleged, was his rival, and whose heroic prowess she thought he would not dare to encounter. But in this scheme she was disappointed; for Garno accepted the challenge of his supposed rival, and appointed the place of combat. This greatly embarrassed the lady; but she resolved, at all hazards, to remove the only obstacle, as she thought, that closed the portals of the temple of Hymen against her and her lover. Only one alternative now remained by which she might reach the summit of her wishes: that was, to impose on Dermot as she had on Garno. Confident that her lover's superior valour would insure victory over his friend's, she looked upon success as certain. The two friends met in the night, and fought so desperately that they both fell by mutual wounds. The fatal catastrophe of her plot affected Meva so much that she killed herself with the sword of her lover. The Poem opens with some moral reflections suggested by the scene where they were all buried, and concludes with their funeral song.]

DUBLANA—A POEM.*

The soul of the bard is sad, like the Æolian harp hung in the forest of Leixlip; it pours out to the midnight wind its dearest though saddest notes; no sound of pleasure vibrates on its strings, no tone of gladness is heard in its mournful notes. Ah! the muse of the elegiac minstrel delights in sighs and tears, and his cypress-wreathed harp wakes no strains of joy. The tears of we have bedewed his cheeks, and many are his wailings on the graves of beauty and valour. The Liffey murmurs in sympathy with his sorrow, and the weeping wind echoes his lamentations in the valley of Lucan. Often has his fingers swept the wires to the captivating charms of the white-bosomed Meva, when gaiety sat on the smiles of the chiefs, as he raised the song to the fame of Dermot and Garno. But now dark and dismal is the cloud that hangs on Howth, and ominous of death are the moans of the storm in the gloomy halls of Kilmainham.

I heard the murmur of the Dargle as it falls in foaming cascades over the rocks. Lead me, son of youth, to that storm-braving oak, which spreads its shady branches

* The ancient name of Dublin, which appellation was bestowed upon it by its founder, Eogan, King of Munster, who flourished in 168 of the Christian era, in remembrance of his daughter *Dublana*, who was drowned in the Liffey. Ptolemy calls it *Dublinum*. In the Book of Cashel it is called *Oile eliaht lue*, which signifies the passage of the Ford of Hurdles. McCurtain, in his Biography of *Brian Borohane*, describes it by the nomenclature of *Bally-ath Cleath*, which in Irish imports the town of the bridge of hurdles. But in our description of Dublin, which we shall give under the head of *Irish Topography*, we will say more on the subject.

over Avouco's* winding stream. Pleasant is the sigh of the breeze in thy woods, O ! vale of gurgling brooks, and leafy bowers ! At the foot of that venerable oak, three moss-clad stones lift through withered grass, their grey heads, and meet the falling eaves as they are scattered by the breath of autumn.

Here are the lonely graves of the rival lovers, whose spears were like the dazzling meteors in the strife of shields ; in the narrow house, also sleeps the maid of their love, charming Meva, the blue-eyed daughter of beauty, whose lovely verdure of youth was as fresh and sweet, as the blooming rose on the banks of yonder rivulet, when it bends beneath the shower to kiss its image in the glassy waters. There the night breeze howls dismally—there the plaintive shrieks of ghosts are heard by the shepherds when silence hushes the chase, and stills the music of the bowery Glendalough.†

The musical modulation of the tumbling cataract they hear not, the fragrance of the primrose and violets that carpet their grassy grave, they smell not, when the breezes of the morning go forth to welcome the rising sun, as he comes smiling in the beams of his beauty. In the chamber of their rest, they heed not the humming of the bee amongst the flowers, nor the moan of the blast that sighs in the foliage of the towering oak that seems the solitary mourner over the dark cell of beauty and bravery. Often shall I, when the gale of the morning breathes on drooping flowers, and chases the torpor of night fallen dew from the crimson blossoms of the honey suckle, repair to this sacred spot, and lean with sorrow over my grief damped wires, and often shall the last sigh of evening die away on the plaintive chords of my harp as I sit lonely and mournful by their narrow house, pouring out my lamentations to the coming night. Many were the valiant on the hills of Wicklow, in the days of other times, when our warriors went forth in the majesty of their might to the strife of spears, and returned to the halls of Dublana; crowned with the chaplets of victory, to enjoy the festivities of the banquet with the white robed virgins of Erin. But the blast of war came and spoiled our groves of their green honours, and shattered our vernal bowers where heroes wooed the maidens of their love. It over turned our lofty pines, that stood so stately on our green-mantled mountains. It whistled with its wintry mouth through our desolate places and like fire on the hearth, marked its dreary path with devastation and destruction. Ah ! the season of our joy is a sun beam that is past ; and the strength of our *Finnian* heroes is a stream that is no more. The tempest of battles rages in our valleys, our mountains echo the war shout of invaders. The owl dwells in our fallen porticoes, the hemlock grows in the gorgeous chambers where kings beheld with joy the graceful steps of the lovely daughters of Cormac, and the "white rising" of their hands of snow on the tuneful harp, and the deer graze on the graves of the brave. The stranger comes from afar to beg the aid of Erin's monarch, to stop the incursions of his nation's foe. He sees his ruined halls, and wonders at the architectural magnificence of the mutilated colonnade, and crumbling pediments that denote the Gothic grandeur of the pillared pile of Tara. The shepherd, whistling carelessly, meets him on the dusky heath, and tells him the heroes are no more, that the lightnings of their flaming spears no longer illuminate the martial conflict of shield-bearing warriors. "Whither" he says "are the friends of the feeble and oppressed gone ! Does the shamrock flourish on the green turf that covers their breasts ? Does the last ray of the setting sun look on the new made graves of the mighty ? Where is Con of the hundred battles ? Where is Fingal, the shield of Erin ? In vain I look for his harp-emblazoned standard ; I cannot see that 'sun burst' of battles' waving over the brazen helmets of the Irish militia. But ah ! Fingal, Ossian, Gaul and Fergus are now in the land of spirits. Methinks I see their dim forms, sailing in their grey robes of mist across the sky-kissing summits of Arklow. The heroes have made their bed in dust, the shelving sides of the mountains are studded with the grey stones of their sepulture, and sadness and silence, like a mist brooding on the lake, darken the horizon of the Isle of harps. But the voice of Erin's

* This beautiful scene of rural beauty and sylvan magnificence, has been consecrated to immortality by the "Irish Anacreon," Moore, in his impassioned and soul-moving song, "The Meeting of the Waters."

† *Glendalough*, which literally signifies the "valley of the lakes," is twenty miles S. W. from Dublin. Before the incarnation, this was a sacred place, consecrated to Druidical worship and the caves of their mysteries are still to be seen, as well as the remains of one of their temples. In 498 the celebrated St. Kevin, of whom we shall speak more fully in the course of our *Topography*, erected a church in honour of St. Cronin, the patron Saint of Munster. The ivy covered ruins of seven churches are to be seen there, whence the place is now called "*The Seven Churches*." The editor of this work visited this scene of piety and ecclesiastical architecture in 1824. *Glendalough* was a Bishop's see, and a well inhabited city until about 1214, when by a Bull of Pope Lucius III. it was annexed to the diocese of Dublin, after which its noble edifices fell into decay. Many of the Kings of Ireland were interred in *Glendalough*, though there are no vestiges of their tombs to be seen. Like the walls of Ilium, they are mingled with the dust, and no one can tell where they once stood in their architectural pride.

harp, ye illustrious dead, shall be heard in your praise. Your fame shall live in song, and the historical muse will emblazon your deeds on the imperishable page of immortal renown.

We are come to the valley of graves; but where are the Crumlags that mark the consecrated spot that entombs the remains of my friends! Lift your heads, ye grey mossy stones; lift your heads of gloom and tell whose memory you preserve. Why shrink ye in your grassy hoods forgetful of the heroic brave below ye! But the Bard shall not forget the exploits of his friends; they shall shine in the light of song, when marble and bronze are no more, when tumuli and mural monuments are crumbled by time into dust. Listen to my sad and sorrowful tale, son of youth.

Dermot and Garno, were the terrors of the foes of Erin—their valour was like stars illuminating the darkness of the battle, their fame was blazoned by the voice of songs; for their deeds reached the achme of chivalry, and the strength of their arm was unmatched in bending the bow, or wielding the spear. Their hearts were the abode of courage, their souls were as impenetrable as steel, for fear never damped their spirits. They were the allies of Moran, the high minded chief of Wicklow, and they came to combat under his standard. They went to the stately castle of the chief, where it lifts its lofty turrets in the midst of majestic oaks, on the smiling summits of Dunrum. His lovely and accomplished daughter seized the harp, and her silvery voice of softest melody sang the feats of the heroic strangers. The spells of her love beaming glances, and the syren witchery of her song ensnared the affections of the warriors, and melted their hearts, like a wreath of snow before the eye of the noon-day sun. The chiefs felt their passions kindled by the flame of love, caught from the bright and bland eyes of the soul-enslaving Meva, of the golden tresses. But Dermot alone was the elected object of her young affection; on him she wistfully rolled her soul-speaking eyes. His image was present in the dreams of her rest, and mid-day thoughts, and the lucid streams of the Dargle heard, in secret, his name. The impress of first love was sunk deep in her heart, which was now intoxicated with those blissful sensations that are felt when the tender passion is fanned, in the bosom of the virgin, by the purple pinions of Cupid. The youthful maiden turned away her eye from the brow of Garno; for she often saw the fire of his wrath arise like the quick flashing meteor that encircles the skirts of the mists of the marshy lake in flame. Three days the heroes feasted in the hall, while the Bards "sent away the nights in song;" on the fourth they pursued the chase on the heath of Kildare. Meva loved too ardently to remain at home during the absence of her lover. She arrayed herself in the garb of a page, and followed the hunters, at a distance, like a noble youth from the land of strangers.

She longed, most ardently, for a favourable opportunity of telling the tale of her love to the young warrior of the gleaming shield, and to picture to him those illusive visions that arose before her in the sweet season of her dreams, when the soul was brightened with the rising joy of first love. She followed to tell the words of fear to Dermot, and concert plans for the banishment of Garno. The sun looked down on the field from his ruby throne of clouds, and the panting roes still lay in the shade of the rock. Garno, seated on Arklow's rugged top, was musing on the winning beauties of Meva, and listening to the tuneful voice of the groves; his quiver lay on a grassy tomb, on which the wailing blast sighed lonely, and his fleet-footed grey hound, *Luchas*, crouched at the feet of the hero. Beside him is the bow with the head of horn, unstrung. The lonely dweller of rocks looks round for the bounding deer: he sees a youth of noble mein tripping lightly over the beathy plain, like an aerial spirit dancing on the flitting clouds. The chief descends from his hill and accosts the graceful stranger. "Whence youth of luxuriant tresses, and blue rolling eyes, are thy steps," said the warrior, "and where is the hall of festivity to which thou art bound?" "Chief of the Valiant," replied the youth, "I am the page of the gallant Connal, the warlike prince of Green Ullin of blue rolling streams. He loves the white-bosomed Meva, the fair daughter of Moran, whose cheeks are fresher than the rose, whose arms of snow, when raised to her heaving breast, appear as white as the foam that beats on the rocks of Antrim. Her matchless charms have captivated many a hero's heart: for her peerless beauty is a stream of light that reflects the virtues of her soul, and her blue-glancing orbs dazzle every eye that gazes on them. In his stately hall, at the feast of shells, a minstrel told him that Garno wooed the maiden of his heart; the news kindled his rising soul; he rose from the banquet, and despatched me hither to bid thee yield the fair, or else contend for her in the strife of spears,—through me, Chief, he challenges you to the combat of sounding shields."

Tell that proud son of green Ullin of towering mountains, that the soul of Garno knows no fear; that it stand like a rock in the surge, and that my steel knows the road through the breast of heroes. To Dermot alone, of all the youths in the ranks of our

chivalry, I yield the right hand in battle, since he slew the boar that broke my spear in woody Wexford of sylvan bowers. Bid Connal fly to sea beaten Ulster; bid him lower his exalted hopes and retire from the youthful nymph of my joy."

"But thou hast not seen Connal," said the maiden. "His stature is like the majestic oak that raises its head above all the trees in the groves of Carlow, and outbraves the rage of the sweeping tempest; his strength as the thunder that shakes the dome of heaven, his shield the rising moon, and his sword the whirlwind, winged with lightning, that blasts the affrighted groves." Fly, page, fly! to the land of lakes and heathy plains, lest it leaves the withered branches low, and strew on the grassy turf thy blue arms. Fly thou and tell the haughty chief I am ready for the combat of the valiant.

Ferama, lead out my war horse, bring me my shield and spear; bring me my sword, that gleaming stream of light, for my soul rises in its might. He seizes his bossy shield, which he striking with his sword, and the hills and rocks echo the sound.

"What mean these two angry ghosts that fight in air? The thin blood runs down their robes of mist; and their half-formed swords, like faint meteors, fall on sky-blue shields: Now they embrace like friends. The sweeping blast passes through their airy limbs. But they vanish like the spirits that fleet on the clouds; I do not like the omen; but why should I fear it. I will not shrink from danger; the storm of spears is music to my breast; my soul, like the rocks of my land, when they meet the rude blast with pleasure, and stretch out their stately pines to its rage, cannot be prostrated by dread."

The maiden retires in disappointment. She is grieved that Garuo will not fly. But hope rises on her soul, like the moon glimmering over the dark clouds. She heard Garuo say, "that to Dermot he yielded in battle." To the hill of his chase she bends her light steps. The hero, fatigued with the chase, leans on his spear; a branchy deer lies by his side, and his dogs are panting around. His looks are towards the dear abode of Meva; the compass of his affection points to the bower where he told her his love: all his thoughts are of the divinity of his heart.

Fair is the darling of my heart as the bow of heaven, bright are her eyes as the morning star that gilds the summits of Dunleary, and her curling tresses are like the mist that hangs on the white cliffs of Wexford. Her breath is the exhalation of roses; her smiles the sun of a dimpled orb of fascinating beauty; Oh! she is the beam that warms my bosom and opens the blossoms of ripening hope. Mild and seducing is the rosy blushing of thy face, O Meva! as the moon when she throws off her veil of clouds and illuminates the wondering lover's pathway. O! that I saw the enchanting maiden! on the hill of Howth, when it softly waves its shrubby head in the sighing gale, and its green-glittering leaves grow gladly in the vivid sun shower. Then would my soul rejoice as the roe, when he bounds over the mossy plains of Allen in his speed; for lovely art thou, beauteous nymph! in the eye of Dermot, sweet daughter of Car-borne Moran!"

"And art thou Dermot?" said the approaching youth. "Thy Meva may be the fairest of Erin's daughters, son of stormy Mars; but dire and dreadful in the battle thou must fight to win her from thy powerful rival—Connal the beam of war, the fierce champion of wood-clad Ullin: On yonder hill, with sword and spear, he awaits thy coming. The fame of his valour has gone to the foot of the Alps—he is the thunder-bolt of battles, for no lance has yet perforated his golden shield. Yield then, Dermot, the maid of thy love to Connal, for it were madness in you to contend with the mighty champion of Ulster." "Rash, insolent boy! thinkest thou that I dread the arm of Connal? or that I am a man of such little soul as to relinquish my claims to the object of my heart's devotion. When did I tremble in the strife of spears? When did I shun the tempest of the martial conflict? Yield Meva to a rival! sooner would I yield my heart's

* "*Car-borne*" is always a title of noble and heroic distinction in the Poems of Ossian. In ancient times our monarchs and heroes uniformly fought in chariots. These cars, according to Dr. Warner, were ornamented with symbolical devices, and finished in the most exquisite manner. There is in Trinity College, Dublin, an illuminated manuscript of the sixth century, in which a minute description of the celebrated war car of Cucullin is given. Mr. Lynch and Mr. O'Flaherty assert that the monarch Rathbeacha, who reigned in 3244, was the first who introduced chariots in his wars. This Prince invaded Gaul, and it is supposed that the Gauls were indebted to him for the advantage they derived from the use of war cars in their wars with the Romans. The Irish chariots were generally armed with scythes and called *cobhais* from *cob-huian*, a sword, which signifies "to hew down on all sides. Our historians say that the renowned Irish monarch Con, "of the hundred battles," presented his general, Goll Mac Morni, (chief of the knights of Connaught) with a chariot of pure silver, as a token of his satisfaction for his brave conduct at the battle of *Maigh-Lena*, in the King's county, where he slew Eogan, King of Munster, in the year of our redemption 181. In 254 Cormac, monarch of Ireland, ordained a law prohibiting all but Milesians and warriors from riding in chariots.

pulse to the presumptuous Connal! But go and tell the chief of Ullin to come to the feast to night. To-morrow he shall carry away the gift of a friend, or feel the strength of a foe."

"Thou may'st spread the banquet, but thou must ingloriously eat it alone; for Connal comes only to lift the spear. I hear the sound of his trumpet, already I see his distant steps—he stalks like a ghost on the dusky heath. The gleaming of his spear supplies the departing light, and in its flashing radiance the clouds brighten their dark dim sides around him. Hark! he strikes his bossy shield! There is terror in the sound—it rings the death-knell of heroes!"

"That sound," said Dermot, "comes upon my ear like the sighs of harps, for if it were as loud and terrible as the bursting of a volcano it could not frighten me. The summons to the strife of steel, is as welcome to me, as an invitation to the mid-night bower of beauty. Then away! and tell him I am coming to the hill of combat." Then Dermot covered himself with his arms, like a spectre that clothes his dark limbs with meteors of light, when the mountain heads of Wicklow are shaking in thunder.

He moved to the hill from which he heard the sign of battle. As he went, he hummed a careless song. He thought of his Meva, and the heroic deeds of his former days.

"Here, son of youth, the warriors met. Each thought his foe was Connal; for the night was dark on the hills, and this oak concealed the sky. Dreadful was the wrath of the heroes; fearful was the echo of their swords, as they clashed on high like streams of lightning when they issue from the dark clouds of many folds. The hills reply to their shields. Arklow trembles with all its woods, and the waters of the Dargle seem to mourn in sympathy for the approaching catastrophe of the deluded friends. The heath shakes its head; the roes are afraid in their dreams; they think the chase is already up, and the thought of their sleep is of danger. Still louder grows the noise in their ear; they think the approach of the hounds and the twang of the bow are nearer.

From the midnight slumber they start—their face is towards the desert.

The storm of battle arose, like the wintry tempest that sweeps the black foaming surge against the cliffs of Howth, and tears the floral drapery from the waving groves of Glendalough.* The warriors eye each other with glances, in which the terrific lightning of indignation flashed like the meteors that are scattered by the pinions of the storm.

* In our first note on this city of mouldering monuments, we omitted to mention that the celebrated Cave of St. Kevin, which has been so much admired by travellers, is one of the greatest curiosities to be seen among the ecclesiastical ruins of Glendalough. The celebrated bed of this Saint was, it is said hewn out of a solid rock by his own hands in 533. This cave, in which St. Kevin resided many years, and wrote various learned and pious works, is exceedingly difficult of access, as it hangs perpendicular over a lake, at an alarming height above the surface of the water. Over the lake and valley the mountains cast a sombre and awful gloom, contracting every prospect, and rendering the whole scene so venerable and lonely, that it would appear nature intended it for the halcyon abode of a religious recluse, who "forgetting the world, and by the world forgot," would prefer ascetic solitude and silence, to the amusement and cheerfulness of social life. St. Kevin, who founded one of the abbeys here, A. D. 498 and after a long life of sanctity and usefulness, died in his cell, on the 3d of June, 618, at the venerable age of 120.

Extraordinary and singular are the legendary tales, which popular tradition tells of this saintly anchorite. The fame of his eloquence and piety spread far and wide, so that his sermons and prayers were heard by Kings, Princesses, and the most exalted personages in Ireland. The Lady Kathleen O'Moore, the beautiful daughter of a neighboring Chief, was so very fond of listening to the impressive discourses of the eloquent hermit, that she constantly attended his prayers and exhortations; but at length her admiration of genius carried her affections to the enthusiasm of ardent love. Blinded by the devotedness of her romantic attachment, she wrote a letter to St. Kevin, declaring the intensity of her love, and assuring him that unless he encouraged her tender passion, she was resolved to drown herself in the lake. This epistle had only the effect of exciting the anger and indignation of the holy man, which he expressed in an admonitory letter that he sent her. But her love was deaf to the language of remonstrance and expostulation. It was in vain that he gave orders not to admit her into the church, in which he generally preached; it was in vain that he commanded his servant to take no letters from her; she still found means of throwing herself in his way, and haunting him every where he went. If he retired to the thickest part of the wood to pray in silence, she was sure of finding him out, and upbraiding him with his want of gallantry and tenderness. This reprehensible conduct of the lady filled the mind of the Reverend Abbot with a mixture of pity and contempt. The power and respectability of her family preventing him from resorting to harsh measures of freeing him from her annoyances. The expedient next suggested itself of scooping out a secret cell, on a high impending rock, which he thought inaccessible even to adventurous love. After he had accomplished his task, he spread his mossy bed in his sky-canopied cavern, and laid himself down to pass the night, as he thought, without the possibility of being molested by the hated intrusion of woman. But in the morning, when he awoke, he was surprised and enraged on seeing her, like his evil genius, standing on the verge of the precipice, looking at him with the most languishing and imploring aspect, at which he was so irritated that he rushed forward and pushed her off the cliff. and she fell headlong into the lake below; but on beholding her struggles in the water, he felt the visitings of pity, and prayed that she might not be drowned, and soon after saw her floating on the waves, singing the sweetest music. The legend adds,

Their souls arose, and the hope of conquering for Meva brightened their respective thoughts. Then the heroes uplifted their bright spears, and with brows gathered into wrath, rushed on each other in the fury of their rage; louder than thunder was the clanking of their steel. Dreadful and desperate was the strife of battle; for valiant were the contending champions, and bright were their fame in the songs of the Bards. Their clashing swords emitted sparkling scintillations, like meteors flitting through the misty atmosphere. But the shield of Dermot was cleft in twain; and the flaming falchion of Garno flew in pieces. Its sound was like the whirlwind on woody Allen, when it tears the branches from the towering oak, and rustles furiously through the bending heath. Dermot stands like a whale, which the blue waves have left powerless, upon a rock. Garno, like the return of a raging billow, rushes on to grasp the chief. Around each other they grasp their sinewy arms, like two contending spirits in the clouds, when the dome of heaven is shaken by the tempest.

The rocking hills shrink with fear from the pealing thunder of the sons of the sky; and the groves are blasted with their lightning. Rocks with their earth, and moss, fly from their steel-sandalled feet. Blood, mixed with the large drops of perspiration, intermingled with the frothy foam of their mouths, descends in streams to the ground. It dyes the verdure in purple gore, and tinges the passing rill with red.

All night they continued to fight fiercely, and theirs were not the spears of the feeble; they were the arms of the mighty. With morning light the gallant Dermot falls on earth, weltering in his blood, and his wide wound exposed to day. The golden helmet drops from his head, and astonished Garno, instead of his Ultonian rival, Connal, beholds the dear friend of his heart. "Speechless and pale, he stands like the blasted oak, which the thunderbolt struck in the woods of Naas, in other years. The gushing wound on his own breast is forgotten—the red current flows unperceived: all his solitude is for Dermot. Amazement and grief take possession of his heart—he falls beside his friend. "Blessed," he exclaimed, "be the hand that gave the wound! My body, Oh Dermot! shall rest with thine, in the narrow house—the grey stones will be placed over our shammock-wreathed graves—our souls shall dwell in a hall of clouds together. Let us expire at the same moment: Our deeds are known—they are streams of light to the eyes of Bards; and when the blast sighs lonely on our grassy tombs, the virgins of Erin, in the sorrow of their souls, will lament our fate; and future warriors shall mark the place of our sepulture, and think of other years, and with eyes full of tears, look on these stones with reverence; for the remembrance of the brave is always pleasant to the heroes. Our fathers see us come; they open the wide portals of mist; they bend to hail their sons, and a thousand other spirits are in their course. We come, mighty ghosts; but ask not how your children fell. How should you know that we, sworn friends, have fought as if we had been foes? Oh! why did we not die in battle against the foes of ALGA! But, cloud-borne spirits! we were brave, and our exploits shall be preserved in song." Dermot heard the voice of his friend, which was wont to be so pleasant to his ear; he feebly endeavours to raise his head; but the shades of death are on his eyes—they see but dimly half the light. "Why did I fight with Garno, the dear friend of my youth," he faintly said; "Oh! why did I wound my brave companion in arms! O that the beauteous Meva was here to cheer my departing spirit with a languishing smile, and drop, from her grief-gushing eyes, a balmy tear on my burning breast. Oh! it would be rapture to my soul to gaze on the eyes of the sorrowing virgin, gleaming like two stars, through a rushing shower of anguish. But she will visit my tomb, and deck the grey stone that shall speak of me to other years, with garlands of flowers. She will raise her white hands on Erin's harp to my praise, and wake the sad tale of Garno and Dermot from every trembling string. But I die! bend down, my father! from your pavillion of clouds to meet me!" His words were heard no more. Cold and pale, in his blood he sunk. Meva, like a spectre, came to the scene of the tragic combat. Her soul was dark with the clouds of despair, and her voice was sadly musical, in pouring out the plaintive wailings of her heart-breaking sorrow, on the sighing gale. Wild she raised the song of lamentation. Dismay and distraction look-

that she shortly after died of a broken heart. On this tale, a very popular and interesting drama, which was performed in the theatres of Dublin and London, has been written by J. EDWARDS, Esq. of Old Court, in the county of Wicklow. A popular superstition prevails among the peasantry of the vicinity, that St. Kevin endued the cave with the miraculous power of preserving, in child-bed, the life of every woman who should have the courage to venture into it; and notwithstanding the opposition of the Catholic Clergy, many are the females who are hereby induced to make the dangerous experiment.

[On another occasion we shall say more of the venerable and magnificent ruins of Glendalough. Our incomparable Lyrist, Moore, has given immortal celebrity in some of his melodies to KATHLEEN O'MOORE.

ed through her tears like frightful phantoms, excluded from the elysium of happy spirits, wandering in misty clouds. Her long and luxuriant tresses float on the howling blast, like the raven's wing moving on the breeze. Graceful and stately is her carriage in grief; her tear-suffused countenance was the fresh blown rose of beauty, gemmed with the dew-drops of wo. "Oh! wretched Meva!" she exclaimed; "is this thy bridal bed? Dermot! the maiden of thy love, was thy murderess! Why fled not Garno? Why fell my Dermot? Some demon devised for me the fatal scheme of this catastrophe!" The bow dropped from her hands; the shield fell from her breast. Garno saw her, but turned away his eye. In silence her soul ascends to the airy halls of his fathers. She came to her lovely Dermot. She fell upon his clay-cold corse. There the fair, unhappy, mourner was found, by the shepherds; but they could not force her from the fatal spot, for dear to her, now, were scenes of wo. She felt a melancholy pleasure in hearing the breeze echoing her sighs, in the bending branches of the trees, and in looking on the green graves, capped with stones of mossy heads.

All day the sun, as he travelled through his pathway of gloomy clouds, beheld her humid rolling eyes shedding tears—her ringlets flying on the wind, and her white breast heaving like the snow of the heath, when scattered in air by the breath of the gale. All night the ghosts of the rocks faintly answered her wailings. Soft and mournful was the plaintive language of her sorrow. Early on the following morning, the hunters, going to the chase, saw poor Meva, weeping like a divinity of grief, encircled with a robe of the light of loveliness. She beholds them crossing the heath—then she suddenly kissed the cold lips of Dermot, and ejaculated—"Ha! they come; but it is not in the power of man to separate me from him I love!" Then rising, she seized a blood-stained sword, and plunged it in her snowy breast, exclaiming, "Thank thee, bright blue-blade! thou hast lit my nuptial and funeral torch at once; for to-night! to-night! I shall sleep in Dermot's clayey couch! Here shall be our lonely dwelling, in this grassy vale. From this our spirits shall mount the breeze, and look down from our clouds on the blue winding dargle. My empty shade shall pass away like the gale that shakes the flower; no one shall remember Meva; but Dermot, my lover, shall live in song, and his fame shall be a beam of light to other times!" Her eyes now closed in death, as she fell on the bosom of Dermot; death came over her like the calm cloud of sleep, when the hunter is tired upon the hill, and the silence of mist, without any wind around him. Two days the father of Meva looked towards the heath; two sleepless nights he listened to all the winds. "Give me," on this morning he said, "my staff; my steps will be towards the desert. A grey dog howls before him; a fair ghost hovers over the plain. The aged sire lifts his tearful eye, and mournful he beholds the work of death. But, son of youth, lead me away from a spot that encloses the valiant and the lovely; for when their memory rushes on my soul, as I hear the wind sighing through the grass, that grows between the mossy stones of the tomb, sadness and sorrow darken the brightness of my joy."

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH OUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—NO. VI.

THE REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Amongst the most eminent Irishmen whose genius has enriched the literature—whose fame has illuminated the renown, and whose eloquence has adorned the religion of their country, the name of *Arthur O'Leary* will be emblazoned, in letters of light, by the recording muse, on the unperishable page of History—and while virtue is estimated—while eloquence is esteemed, and while religion is revered, it shall be enshrined in the remembrance of his countrymen, in which gratitude will feed it with fuel that shall make its light enduring, while it casts forth an incense whose fragrance shall never die. The subject of this memoir, was the son of a wealthy Gentleman of Milesian descent, who possessed a hereditary manor at Kilworth in the county of Cork, where our author was born, in 1729.

At this intolerant period, the penal statutes were in full force against the Roman Catholics of Ireland, so that Arthur was obliged to abandon the home of his affection at the tender age of fifteen, and repair to France to obtain the benefits of that education, which the injustice of English tyranny denied him in the land of his birth. The College of St Maloe, in Brittany, had the honour of cultivating

that fertile mind and sowing in it those seeds of literature, and genius, which afterwards sprung up in such luxuriant maturity. No sooner had he finished the course of his academical study in that College, than he embraced the austerities of the monastic life, in the most mortified branch of the Franciscan order. Here it was, in the solitude and silence of the cloister, sequestered from the pleasures and allurements of the world, that he acquired an unbending sway over his passions, while enriching his mind with those treasures of sacred and profane science, which have procured him the highest place among the best benefactors, and brightest ornaments of his country.

After the interval of some years he was called from the gloom of a cloister into a sphere of more enlarged extent for the exercise of his piety, talents and benevolence, being entrusted by his ecclesiastical superiors with the spiritual conduct and consolation, of such of his country and communion, whom the fortune of war had then crowded into the prisons of France. When the happy termination of the seven years' war established a friendly intercourse between France and England, our author and many other exiles, gratified their wishes by returning to their native land. The fame of his pulpit eloquence, and of his religious devotion, preceded him, and served as a passport to respect and popularity. The first years which had elapsed after his return to Ireland, appear to have been principally devoted to the arduous duties of the ministry, in the city of Cork, where the charm of his eloquence changed many vices into virtues—where he mended the morals of the lower classes, and alleviated the miseries of their indigence by his active benevolence, and liberal philanthropy. The liberality of his sentiments and the tolerant spirit which were breathed in his impassioned sermons, gave him a preponderating influence with all those of his own communion, while they won the esteem and good opinion, of other sects. He was not long in Cork before he was able to raise a fine and extensive house of worship in that city, to the sovereign God, which is still known by the name of "*Father O'Leary's Chapel.*" His efforts were assiduously employed to level the barriers of religious distinction, that divided the Catholics and Protestants of Cork; who after a long night of gloomy discord, beheld with joy, the morning star of their concord dispelling the mists of prejudice, which so long obscured the horizon of harmony.

To his exertions the people of Cork are indebted for this salutary effect. His writings and his preachings produced the benign fruits of friendship and amity among Irishmen. He laboured incessantly to throw open the gates of civil and religious liberty to all mankind—to wrench from the hand of persecution, the poignard so often tinged with human blood—to sheath the sword, which misguided zeal had drawn in defence of a Gospel whose sacred injunctions inculcate peace and good will,—and to restore to man the indelible charter of his rights of which no earthly power has ever been commissioned by Heaven to deprive him, on account of his religious creed. He was a profound politician, whose views extended beyond the narrow horizon of bigotry. He saw his oppressed country in her past and present affliction; and wept that he had not the power of healing her wounds, or allaying the religious feuds, and distracting dissensions, which like the vultures of Prometheus prey perpetually on her vitals.

"Neither," says a popular writer, "his character of Catholic Priest, which the prepossession of ignorance had rendered so odious; nor the discountenance of the laws, which doomed him to transportation with the common malefactor, nor his creed exposed to the shafts of every religious persecutor," was able to exclude him from the honour of the society and esteem of that constellation of illustrious patriots and enlightened statesmen, that in 1790, illuminated the association, called "*The Monks of St. Patrick,*" of which Dr. O'Leary was admitted a member, with the Grattans, the Floods, the Currans, and Burghs, whom we may, alas, emphatically term "*The last of the Romans.*" The first occasion of his controversial essays, by which he gained such distinguished eminence, was the publication of a deistical work, entitled "*Thoughts on nature and religion.*" His answer to this book displayed all that force of theology, logical deductions, elevation of senti-

ment, and vigour of language, which impart such power and effect to all his writings. This inimitable production, wherein the zeal of an Athanasius seems to be united to the erudition of a Hillary, proved an effectual antidote against the virus that flowed from the envenomed pen of the modern Servetus, and recommended the author to the notice and intimacy of some of the highest characters in England and Ireland. The next Thersites whom our literary Hercules prostrated with his club, was the celebrated *John Wesley*, the founder of the sect of Methodists, whose polemic writings, evidently tended to kindle the torch of civil discord and religious fanaticism in Ireland; vile effusions, whose pernicious effects in 1798 were legible in broad characters of conflagration and blood. The sound argument, delicate irony, and acute point of animadversion, which pervaded the *Remarks* of our Irish *Ganganelli*, confounded Wesley, and disconcerted the projects of the intolerant faction who championed this burning enthusiasm to the unequal fight, which exhibited the battle of a goose with an Eagle. The other literary productions of the Irish Bourdaloue, which in the elegant language of the late Lord Avonmore, "flowed from the unbanity of the heart," were his *Loyalty asserted*; *The present claims of the Stuarts to the English throne*; His address to the *People of Ireland*; *Essay on Toleration*; *Remarks on the mode of giving absolution to Catholic criminals under sentence of death, and various other Treatises*.* It was his intention to have written the history of his native country, and for that purpose he was to have gone to Rome, where many of our valuable manuscripts are preserved in the vatican, and actually proceeded, on this patriotic mission, as far as London, where Death deprived Religion of an ornament, literature of a champion, and his mourning Country of a Historian, on the 8th of January 1802, in the 73d year of his age. We understand that his last prayer was uttered—his last sigh of earthly solicitude, was breathed for the happiness of the land of his fathers. In his last moments he was calm and cheerful; elated with the hope that soars beyond the grave, and promises another and a better world, his soul winged its flight to the realms of bliss. His death was lamented by all parties; for even party ceases its persecution and envy forgets her rancour, when the grim tyrant gives the last and indelible impression to the good man's character. The pious divine, who so eloquently enforced the injunctions of the Gospel of peace is no more! the critic, to whose piercing observation, judgment ever affixed her fiat, has dropped the pen for ever! the moralist, whose holy life was as spotless as the testaments of his ministry, has left us, and sunk in a foreign grave! but leaving us, bequeathed to the clergy of his country, his bright example—the *Christian Minister* with hopes "full of immortality," has evinced to a sceptical world by his fortitude, and resignation in quitting this transitory scene of mortality, that in him "Death was swallowed up in victory."

Whether the impartial Irish historian considers the greatness of Doctor O'Leary's mind, the extent and power of his talents, or the number and purity of his virtues, he cannot hesitate to pronounce him amongst the first characters of which the Irish nation can boast. That magnanimity which raised him above the reach of passion, gave to every action of his life impulse, decision, and intrepidity; and whilst he seemed slow in deciding, he was retarded, not by dulness of conception, but by the range of his sagacity and the comprehension of his views. Calm, deliberate, and reserved, his calmness was fortitude, his deliberation wisdom, his reserve modesty.

In addition to the works already mentioned, numerous papers on various subjects, all bearing the spirit of his wit, the impress of the clearest understanding, and the most perspicuous style, are to be found in the collection of his *Tracts*, lately published in Dublin. As an orator he might be classed rather in the Ci-

* A humorous anecdote is related of Doctor O'Leary, whose wit was always spontaneous and sparkling, and whose quickness of lively repartee, was only equalled by Curran.

A Protestant Bishop had once challenged him to prove the existence of Purgatory, when the weak Priest answered, "The question certainly is not capable of demonstrative proof; but I think you had better let the affair remain as it is, for your Lordship may go farth'r, and fare worse."

ceronian than the Demosthenian school of eloquence. He had the character of being an elegant, persuasive, and intelligent Preacher, who without possessing that fulminating power, which strikes every auditor with amazement, was yet master of the faculty of stealing imperceptibly into the heart, and exciting all its warmer emotions in the service of virtue, and the cause of benevolence ; so that it might be said he *pressed* the passions into the service of charity, before the avarice of judgment could prevent them. His ideas were commanding—they were grand, original, and his language florid and flowing, ever adorned and dignified them, like a rich Corinthian entablature crowning a massy and magnificent column. He, we are told by a highly respectable Roman Catholic Minister, who frequently heard him preach, united the two opposite qualities of an orator, qualities which seldom centre in the same person—he was at once a powerful declaimer and a close reasoner. His declamation was rich without heaviness—refined without affectation—and magnificent without bombast.

While the Irish have raised costly mausoleums to the scourges of their nation, the Clares, the Nelsons, and the Wellingtons, and other persecutors whose malignant influence dazzled, alarmed, and vanished, like the flashes that issue from the thunder cloud, terrifying and blasting all beneath them, IRISH GRATITUDE has not erected a pillar or a pile, to inform the inquisitive stranger, that JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN and ARTHUR O'LEARY were Irishmen. But though sculpture, nor architecture has raised no trophies over their *English graves*, their works, are monuments in the temple of Fame, which shall stand unimpaired, when the stately statues of human pride and worldly grandeur shall crumble into dust.

"When statesmen, heroes, Kings, in dust repose,
Their sons shall blush, their Fathers were their foes."—POPE.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY—NO. III,

LOCAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE ISLAND OF SCATTERRY.

This Island, which is situated in the river Shannon, in the county of Kerry, is much frequented by travellers, on account of its picturesque features, and ecclesiastical and feudal ruins. It is called in the Irish language, *Inis Catha*. A chief of the O'Connor sept, who had the sovereignty of this Island and the surrounding country, erected, at Carrick-ka-foil, in the ninth century, on the opposite bank of the river, a stately Castle, which was, for many ages, the mansion of the O'Connors of Kerry. St. Senanus O'Connor founded an episcopal see in the Island of Scatterry, before the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, and built a Cathedral and an Abbey, which existed until the reign of Elizabeth. In the days of Elizabeth it contained eleven churches, besides an anchorite tower, which is still standing, as if moralizing over the magnificent fragments of ruin and desolation that moulder around it. The Island is covered with trees and verdant shrubs, so that its rural scenery is beautiful. In the castle of Carrick-ka-foil, part of the followers of the Earl of Desmond held out nobly against the forces of Elizabeth, under Sir William Pelham, for several days, but after a brave resistance it was carried by storm, and the garrison put to the sword. The abbey of Scatterry was plundered and burned by Pelham's soldiers. The following record of the horrible tragedy which was acted by order of the "good Queen Bess," near this Island, surpasses in relentless cruelty the blackest crime that history imputes to the worst of the Roman tyrants. "In the year 1580," says the creditable author of the *Herbertia Dominicana*, "Elizabeth published an edict, by which she suppressed all the monasteries in Ireland, and confiscated the lands attached to them. The Monks of Sts. Benedict and Bernard, and all others throughout the kingdom, presented a petition praying her to grant them a safe passport to some part of the continent ; she willingly agreed to their request, and immediately issued orders that they should all assemble on the Island of Scatterry, in the county of

Kerry, a distance of fifty miles from Limerick. Thither, accordingly, repaired from all parts of the country, about 400 Monks, with two father's of the Irish church, and seven Friars from the convents of Limerick and Killaloe, to act as agents for them, with some of the Catholic Princes.

"A large ship of war was prepared for them, and they set sail, but no sooner had they gotten into the ocean, than by a private order from the Queen, they were all cast into the sea!!

"The Captain, soldiers and sailors belonging to the ship, were, on their return to Kinsale, immediately thrown into prison, that the world might imagine her innocent of the horrid and fiend-like deed; but not long after, they were released, and each recompensed for their secrecy, with a portion of the patrimonial lands of O'Connor, and the possessions of the abbey of Scattery, which belongs to their descendants at the present day." The popular legends of Kerry, relate that St. Senanus in his youth was passionately attached to the daughter of a neighboring chief, who for some time felt her bosom glow with a reciprocity of passion for him; but as love is seldom constant, the lady transferred her affections to another, whom she married.

This disappointment induced the heart-broken swain to embrace a monastic life, that he might seclude himself, for the remainder of his days, from the pleasures and cares of the world. For this purpose he made choice of the Island of Scattery for the place of his retreat, where he built an abbey, in which he subjected himself to the most rigid penance and austerities.

The fame of his preaching and sanctity attracted penitents from all parts of Europe to his cell; but one of the inviolable rules prescribed for the government of the Island by the Abbot, was "that no woman should be suffered to profane it with her footsteps." This prohibition was so rigorously observed, that even a sister saint (Cannera) who came far to visit the pious anchoret, was refused admission to the sequestered Isle.

Our incomparable lyrist, Moore, has made this traditionary tale the subject of one of his beautiful melodies, which we subjoin.

ST. SENANUS.

"Oh, haste and leave this sacred Isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile,
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see;
And I have sworn this sainted sod,
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

ST. CANNERA.

Oh, father, send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds, o'er billows dark,
I came with humble heart to share
Thy morn and ev'ning pray'r;
Nor mine the feet, oh! holy saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd,
The wind blew fresh, the bark return'd:—
But legends hint, that had the maid,
Till morning's light delay'd—
And giv'n the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely Isle.

ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES OF DUBLIN.—NO. III.**ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.**

This is a modern erection, built about fifty years ago, in the form of a Rotunda, on the scite of the nunnery of St. Mary, which was founded by Patrick Hoggess, A. D. 1146. This church can boast of no elegance of architecture; it is called familiarly, the "*round church*," and its cupola is surmounted by a statute of St. Andrew bearing his cross. Near this edifice, Henry II caused a pavilion of wicker work to be erected, where, with the Kings and Princes of Ireland, he solemnized the festival of Christmas, in 1172.

Steinhurst informs us, that Rowland Fitz Eustace, Baron of Portlester, founded a chapel adjoining St. Andrew's church, in which he and his lady were interred in 1455.

ST. WERBURGH'S CHURCH was originally built by the citizens of Chester, A. D. 1207. In 1301, when a great part of the city of Dublin was consumed by fire, this church, as well as many others, suffered in the conflagration; but it was rebuilt in 1303, in a grand style of gothic architecture.

It was again visited by fire in 1754, and repaired in its present beautiful form in 1759. In the symmetry and elegance of its architecture, it is decidedly superior to any of the old churches of Dublin.

This graceful pile presents a pilastered front, and a lofty portico supported by rows of chaste and elegant pillars of Portland stone. The order of architecture, that pervades the disposition of the building, is a well harmonized mixture of the Grecian and Gothic styles, without that excess of ornament which frequently mars the effect of the solemn simplicity which should characterise a Christian edifice. The spire is a fine gothic Octagon, supported by eight pillars, the top of which is crowned with a large gilt ball, at the elevation of 165 feet from the ground. In one of the vaults of this church, the celebrated antiquarian, Sir James Ware, from whom we will often have to quote in the course of this work, was buried, in 1666, but no "storied urn," or monumental inscription, points to his unhonoured grave. The architect, Mr. Cooley, (of whom, as an Irish artist, we will speak hereafter,) displayed good sense and good taste, by placing the organ upon a gallery over the grand entrance, by which the spectator has an uninterrupted view, and commands the whole length of the interior of the church. The large, gothic, stained windows that "cast a dim religious light" through the aisles, diffuse around an air of antique solemnity.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH is capacious, but presents no feature of architectural elegance. It was built in 1762, and is situated in Marlborough-street.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH. This is the most modern, as well as the finest specimen of Ionic architecture in Dublin; but we will treat of it in another number.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH was originally built by Donat, Bishop of Dublin, in 1176, and repaired and re-edified in 1768.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH is in Fishamble-street, and was originally built by Alured De Palmer in 1188. A Roman Catholic chapel has been lately built on part of its scite.

PRIORY OF ST. SEPULCHRE. This was a very extensive edifice in the "olden time," it was situated on the north side of Kevin-street; but neither the founder's name, nor the period in which it was first erected, is known. But Archdall and Harris say it is the same as that recorded by Jacelyn, in his life of St. Patrick, to have been founded for Knights Templars, in 583, at a place called Casgot, in that quarter of the then suburbs of the city. From Speed's plan of Dublin, taken in 1610, this priory appears to have been a large building, with a considerable extent of ground belonging to it, surrounded by a strong wall in which were two lofty portals on the north side, and two smaller gates on the south; nearly opposite to one of the south gates stood another edifice, distinguished in the plan, by the name of St. PAUL'S chapel.

The other churches in Dublin are Mary's, Michan's, Paul's, James', Luke's

Kevin's, Peter's, Bride's, Nicholas', within, St. Nicholas' without, Michael's, Mark's, Ann's, Andrew's, and John's, the latter built in 1773.

ESSAY ON THE ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE OF IRELAND.—NO. I.

The Grecian orders of architecture were probably those employed in the building of Palaces and Temples, by the first colonies that settled in Ireland. The Druidical temples were generally built in a masculine Doric style, to insure durability. The fragments of broken cornices and architraves, as well as the sculptured figures that enriched the friezes of these edifices, which are still to be seen in Ireland, afford an indubitable proof of the perfection to which the Pagan Irish carried the arts of sculpture and architecture. The palaces of TARA and EMANIA were immense Ionic piles, whose lofty vaulted domes "rested" to use the language of Dr. Harris, "on a forest of marble columns."

It is pretty generally supposed that the blocks from which these pillars were hewn, were brought from Greece. The florid Corinthian order was not introduced into Ireland until the middle of the fifth century, when some of our Princes, enamoured with its beauty, majesty, and lightness, used it in the erection of their mansions. The Christian Irish did not, for ages, build their ecclesiastical edifices in the Gothic style, as that order so calculated for augmenting the solemnity of divine worship was not prevalent in England or Ireland, until after the Norman conquest. Some writers have attributed the invention of this style to the Normans, while others contend that it was only borrowed by them, from the eastern Saracens. Indeed we know from history, that the Justinian edifices at Constantinople, particularly the church of St. Sophia, possess the characteristics of this "pointed style," as it is technically called; but it was in Spain, Germany, and England, that it was carried to perfection. The churches built by St. Patrick at Armagh, Slane, Trion, Finglas, Archad-Abla, (in the county of Wexford,) Ardagh, Down, Colerain, Clogher, Inis-More, and Druin-lias, in the county of Sligo, all exhibit the evident characteristics of the Grecian orders.

These churches, both in their general form and architectural decoration, were perfectly similar to those in Normandy, particularly in the structure of aisles and cloisters.

These edifices were generally rectangular, though some of them terminated on the east, in a semicircle; they had high stone pedimental roofs ornamented with a sculptured cornice. Beneath were vaulted crypts, where the monks retired to perform penance and suffer mortification. The facade was ornamented with rows of circular arches, some of the intersections of which were opened as windows. The marble sashes of these windows were beautiful specimens of Irish sculpture.* The steeples were sometimes square, but generally round and of the doric order. From the days of St. Patrick until the eleventh century, all the

* TOMAS EGIS, a writer who flourished in the fourth century, states that the marble statues of 200 Irish monarchs filled the niches of the grand gallery of Tara, in his time: and from the life of St. Bridget, written by Cogitosus, we learn that her body and that of St. Conlaith, were placed in monuments exquisitely sculptured, and adorned with precious stones. Cambrensis an avowed enemy of our country, says in his *Topography of Ireland*, that he saw in the very church of Kildare, described by Cogitosus, "a concordance of the four gospels: the writing, but particularly the capital letters so highly ornamented, that neither the pencil of an Apelles nor the chisel of a Lysippus ever formed the like: in a word, they seem to have been executed by something more than a mortal hand." Speaking of the weapons of the Irish, the same writer says, "they use spears, javelins, and great battle axes, which are exceedingly well tempered, and brilliantly polished." Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, bestows great praise on the taste of the Irish in sculpture. In 1692 a crown of gold was found in the county of Tipperary, of the most exquisite workmanship: this diadem was preserved in the castle of Anglerie, in France, until 1804, when a Parisian artist, admiring the sterling quality of its gold, wrought it in the imperial crown of Napoleon. In 1744, another crown, weighing ten ounces, was discovered in the Bog of Cullen, which was equal to the other in structure and decoration. The gorgets of gold, and gold-handled swords, curiosities, and massy goblets which are frequently dug up in Ireland, furnish an indisputable testimony of the luxury of the ancient Irish, in this precious metal.

ecclesiastical erections in Ireland were built according to the Grecian orders of architecture.

The celebrated chapel erected in Cashel, by King Cormac, in the beginning of the tenth century, surpassed in grandeur of design and beauty of architecture, any religious edifice in France or England. Indeed the numerous magnificent ruins, which must astonish the traveller who visits Ireland, proclaim the taste of our ancestors for architecture.

Gothic architecture was introduced into Ireland about the beginning of the eleventh century ; for Christ's church was rebuilt according to this order, A. D. 1038, as were the Cathedrals of Waterford, Limerick and Cork, in 1104. The Cathedrals of Cashel and Ardfert, as well as the Abbey of Holy cross, are lasting monuments of the ancient gothic grandeur that distinguished the superstructures of Ireland. The monastic ruins of Ardfert, in the county of Kerry, are among the noblest in Ireland. We are told by Colgan, that when St. Brandon taught in the famous university of Ardfert, in 935, it contained 900 students, among whom were six foreign princes. A feeling antiquarian cannot see the broken columns and ivy-clad ruins of the ancient capital of Kerry, without execrating the memories of an Elizabeth and a Cromwell, and exclaiming in the language of the Irish Poet, "the majestic Denham,"

" Who sees these dismal heaps but will demand,
What barbarous invader sacked the land ?"

Near the Cathedral was an anchorite tower, the loftiest and finest in the kingdom, being 128 feet high ; it fell suddenly, in 1771. In the ruined Abbey are the ancient tomb of Mr. O'Connell's ancestors, as well as that of a branch of the O'Connor family. The inscription on the altars of these monuments, are cut in bass-relief, in an elegant and masterly manner. In our next we will treat of the round Towers, and ancient Castles of Ireland.

GRECIAN FEMALES AND MANNERS.

A picture of Grecian Females and Manners, drawn by a French Traveller, in a series of Letters, which appeared in a recent Parisian periodical. (Translated for the IRISH SHIELD.)

No. III.

In contrast to the lively Greek, is the sedate and phlegmatic Turk ; though I have found some of this stately race in Athens, at once polite, sociable, and affable. But I must observe, that in that city they live more on equal terms with the Greeks, cultivate a more friendly intercourse, and partake more of their character, than they do in any other part of Greece or Albania through which I have travelled. I have frequently met the Musselmén at the Greek tables, where they have been gay and pleasant, and no enemy to a hearty bottle, notwithstanding the prohibition of their prophet. Their women are more confined than the Greek females. No Turk admits a stranger, nor his most intimate friend, into his harem. To approach the ladies when abroad, would give offence ; and in the street, if they cannot be avoided, it is good breeding, at Athens, to turn to the wall and stand still until they pass, while a Greek lady, if she meets a male acquaintance, will salute. The Turkish ladies are always accompanied in their walks by an old woman, who is generally the medium of correspondence between them and their gallants. They claim only one day in the week as an exemption from their confinement, when their jealous husbands allow them to visit their relations, frequent the baths, or repair to the sepulchres of their friends in the burying grounds, where they are seen sitting in groups under the shade of the spreading cypresses, which over-arch all the tombs of Athens, and give them the air of awe and solemnity. In the Turkish cemeteries lie a number of round pillars, formerly placed over the graves of the

Athenians; they generally bear concise inscriptions, containing only the name of the person interred, and the town or tribe to which he or she belonged. Some of these, however, which resemble our head stones, are adorned with sculpture, and have epitaphs in verse. There are also seen in different parts of the city, a number of *hermæ*, consisting of marble or brazen busts, on long quadrangular bases, a species of monuments invented by the Athenians, representing their friends and relations, and placed as guardian gods at their supulchres, houses, streets, and porticoes. Of the monuments of art, or such remains of them as have been left by Lord Elgin, whom Byron justly denominated the "modern Vandal," I shall say nothing, as M. Chateaubriand has given a glowing description of them.

While the Turkish women are thus bewailing their kindred or husbands, they so completely envelope themselves in their garments, as to render it impossible to discover whether they are young or old, deformed or beautiful.

The Albanian females have more liberty than either the Grecian or Turkish—indeed they have all the privileges and indulgences that are enjoyed by French women. But those of the lower orders are early inured to hard labour—to tending the cattle, carrying water on their backs, washing cloths by the sides of fountains, or in the Ilissus after rain; in these cases they sometimes appear quite naked. One day my Italian servant observing a group of Albanian girls in the river, naked, through a gallantry natural to his country, he stood looking at them, which they perceiving, made signs for him to go to them, which he instantly did, but no sooner was he arrived than they surrounded him, stripped him to the condition of themselves, and, after having given him a severe beating, obliged him to return home without his clothes, to our great diversion.

Though the Greek ladies have charms more seductive in the eyes of a Frenchman, who prizes expression of countenance and lightness of figure among the essentials of beauty, yet these graces are of no value in the opinion of the Turk, who sets his heart on a corpulent lump of voluptuousness. The most remarkable trait of beauty in the east, is large black eyes, and it is well known that nature has made this a characteristic sign of the women of Turkey. But not content with these gifts, they employ every effort of art to make their eyes appear larger and blacker. Next to the desire of having the skin soft and of the most beautiful polish, is the excessive anxiety to acquire as great a degree of plumpness as possible. In order to attain this perfection of beauty they make use of various drugs, as the nuts of the cocoa tree, the bulbs of the hermodactyl, rasped down, and intermixed with sugar. By this means, together with their frequent bathings, they acquire a freshness and fairness of skin, and a carnation tinge of countenance that render them very desirable *masses*, though swelled to excessive *en bon point*.

It is a fashion equally general, to dye the hands and nails of a red colour. The women could no more dispense with this daubing than with their clothes. And for whom are so many charms so improved and carefully preserved? For a cruel master, instead of an affectionate husband—for an unfeeling tyrant, who holds the fairest part of the creation in captivity. Farewell—I shall write my next from Venice.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON THE POVERTY AND PROSPERITY OF POETS.

Much has been written on the calamities and misfortunes of poets. Indeed, the experience of ages has proved that the profession of literature, by far the most laborious of any other, leads to no real benefit, and that the votaries of the muses have seldom found the mazy paths leading to Parnassus, strewn with the flowers of patronage, or shaded with the myrtles of emolument. The princes and nobles of England, to their shame be it told, have not equalled those of other

European kingdoms, in munificent liberality to the great and eminent poets of their country. It is true, that there are some eminent exceptions among the nobility. Shakspeare found in Lord Southampton, a bountiful and generous patron, and the romantic Spenser experienced kindness and generosity from the chivalric Sir Philip Sydney, that would do credit to the beneficent bounty of Mæcenas himself.* It is yet an incontestable fact, that not a single English poet appears to have been enriched by the English sovereigns. Though Spenser had every claim on the gratitude and patronage of the jealous and heartless Elizabeth, having sung her praises in a lofty strain of poetic panegyric, that should exalt her pride and excite her vanity, still the melody of his lyre had no music for her ear, nor the splendid gems of his genius no attractions for her eye. His sweet sylvan song was the tribute of his warm heart, as well as of his brilliant fancy, and the sex of the idol of his worship, may be said to have purified the incense of flattery from the dross that blackens the fire of servile adulation in the censer of encomium. But Queen Elizabeth was the slave of gross passions, which divested her of literary taste, and all her thoughts were constantly employed in devising means for their gratification. The indelicate addresses of a gallant had more charms for her than the elegant and refined language of a poet. The cruel and

* Every reader, who has a mind of sensibility, must have been interested and amused by the splendid and romantic legends of the "*Fairy Queen*," a production in which the brightest and rarest pearls of imagination and fancy glitter and sparkle with a refulgent lustre that shall never be extinguished. Spenser's *Fairy Queen* possesses the graces of a glowing poetical style, which is so vivified by the pure fire of genius, as to give it all those attracting charms that can engage the attention, and enlist the sympathies of the youthful aspirant of "the tuneful nine." The perusal of this work, in the autumn of age, recalls the delightful sensations of early study, and conjures up a thousand long remembered and familiar emotions that are associated in the memory of the past. This poet, in his "*Shepherd's Calendar*," delineated the character of Lord Burleigh, in rather an unfavourable point of view, which drew down upon him the inveterate resentment of that powerful nobleman; but his enmity only served to raise up hosts of influential friends for the bard, among whom were the celebrated Earl of Leicester, and Lord Grey. When Queen Elizabeth appointed the latter nobleman Lord Deputy of Ireland, he employed Spenser as his secretary, an office from which he derived immense emolument. During his stay in Ireland, his services were rewarded by the grant of 3000 acres of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, and its magnificent feudal castle (Kilcolman) in the county of Cork. This castle, and its beautiful domain of flowery meads and pastoral valleys, have been consecrated by the genius of Spenser, to immortality. In the romantic and enchanting scenery which surrounds the castle of Kilcolman, nature eminently and profusely displays all the luxuriance, richness and pomp belonging to the poetry of landscape, which, to describe in their sublime and beautiful features, would demand a Byron's pen, or a Salvator's pencil. In the midst of such bright and peaceful scenes of Arcadian loveliness, it is no wonder that a poet like Spenser, whose mind was alive to external impressions, should indulge his genius in painting so rare an assemblage of rural grandeur: for surely there never was a sequestered spot, better calculated for the indulgence of the poetic faculty than Kilcolman, where the gentle murmuring modulation of a limpid river, the broken, mysterious whisper of the waving woods, and the holy and solemn calm of secluded valleys, lull the mind in musing, and sooth the bosom to tranquillity.—The castle now stands as a monument in the midst of desolation. Its majestic ruins of mouldering porticoes and fallen columns, will proclaim to the traveller that it was once the noble residence of beauty and chivalry. It is situated on the river Mulla, (which Spenser introduces in his poem,) two miles northwest of the flourishing town of Doneraile, and the lofty mountains of Waterford and Kerry rise around its grounds, like the sides of an amphitheatre, draped in blooming verdure. From the summits the beholder can command a picturesque prospect of the romantic views, that open to the sight a Paradise of ornamented domains, and rural magnificence, from whence it is probable Spenser drew many parts of the enchanting scenery of his poem. In a glen at the foot of the *Mountain Mole*, the Poet has described himself "as keeping his flock amongst the cool shade of shrubs, and green alders, by the gay shore of Mulla; and charming his oaten pipe to his fellow-shepherd swains."

DONERAILE is a very flourishing town, and remarkable for the regularity of its buildings, and the rural beauty of its vicinity, to which the mansion and highly picturesque domain of Lord Doneraile impart the brightest tints of landscape charms.

It is situated on the river Aubeg, in the county of Cork at the distance of 160 miles from Dublin. It is surrounded with stately groves of fir, which flourishing at all seasons of the year, render the town extremely pleasant. Adjoining this town, there are several quarries of beautiful variegated marble, which is susceptible of the finest polish. At the distance of ten miles from Doneraile, on the road to Mallow, are seen the ruins of the famous Castle of Liscannol, which, like those of Palmyra, are grand in desolation. Early in 1643, it was occupied by the Parliamentary army; but in the month of July, in that year, it was besieged by the royalists, under Lord Mountgarret, and after a defence of thirteen days, compelled to surrender. The day following, the Earl of Inchiquin, with the regicides, coming to its relief, attacked the Irish army, and after a desperate conflict, routed them, leaving 1500 of their slain in the trenches. This Castle is an oblong square, 120 by 240 feet; it was flanked by nine great towers, and surrounded by a high rampart, and the entrance was defended by a strong fort. It was built by King John, A. D. 1210. There is a subterraneous passage leading to the castle, at the mouth of which there is a chasm called *Kate's Hole*, so deep, that if a stone is let fall from the top, fifteen seconds elapse, before the noise of its descent is heard reverberating from the bottom.

mortifying neglect which he experienced from this vain, despotic, and capricious princess, exhibits her character in the blackest colours of insensibility and ingratitude, when contrasted with the discriminating taste, munificence, and accomplishment, that reflect such lustre on the name of her beautiful but unfortunate rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. This amiable and persecuted queen signaled her superior generosity by giving a magnificent present of plate to the French poet *Ronsard*. That gifted, but neglected bard of love, was once the laureate of monarchs and the darling of France, and perhaps equalled the renowned *Lopez de Vega* in the triumphs and honours that were awarded to his genius. His sovereign, the sanguinary *Charles IX.* lauded his poetic talents in a complimentary ode, and the city of *Toulouse* presented him with a *Minerva*, cast from refined silver, and embellished with the most exquisite decorations of art. The prodigal monarch *Charles II.* to gratify the vitiated and tawdry taste of one of his courtizans, paid a foreign painter (*Rubens*) three thousand pounds for painting the ceiling of a state room in *Whitehall*; while *Milton*, the illustrious author of *Paradise Lost*, the most brilliant poem that ever illuminated, with epic glory, the horizon of English literature, was suffered to pine in the shade of poverty and obscurity.

Enough has been written on the misery and adversities of poets, and who but has bewailed the cruel fate of *Camoens*, *Tasso*, *Dante*, *Otway*, *Chatterton*, *Dermody*, and others, with tears of heartfelt anguish and sympathetic regret?

We think, notwithstanding the unkindness of fortune to the sons of song, that a very amusing and interesting book might be written on the opulence, honour, and triumph, which poets have acquired in different ages and nations of the world. *Nero* was sometimes divested of his petulant ferocity by the engaging and elegant conversation of *Lucan*, who lived in the most intimate familiarity with the imperial despot, through whose interest he was elevated to the office of *Quæstor*, and enrolled among the *Augurs*. *Horace* was the chosen favourite of *Augustus*, and the companion of his private hours. The independence of mind which distinguished this celebrated poet was only equalled by the magnanimity and pride of genius that formed such a brilliant trait in the character of the illustrious *Byron*. *Virgil* had the honour of reading the sixth book of the *Æneid* for the Emperor *Augustus* and his empress; the beauty and majesty of which so pleased the latter, that she presented the poet with ten sesterces of gold for every line, which amounted, in all, to 3000 pounds. The Roman Pontiff, in testimony of his high admiration of *Petrarch's* celebrated epic poem, entitled *Africa*, presented the poet with magnificent gifts, and placed a laurel crown upon his head. This poem, which is conceived with great luxuriance of imagination, and expressed with corresponding magnificence of language, has been honoured with the applause of *Tasso*. The Emperor *Henry VII.* of Germany, was greatly attached to the unfortunate *Dante*, who, during the short reign of that monarch, enjoyed his favour and protection. The great *Michael Angelo* was an enthusiastic admirer of the Florentine poet; and so great was his regard for the memory of the illustrious exile, that he very liberally offered to execute a gorgeous monument over his remains, at *Ravenna*.

Ariosto, the far-famed author of "*Orlando Furioso*," was crowned with the laurel by the hands of *Charles V.* who confided so much in the address and talents of the bard, as to employ him in several important embassies. *Trissino*, an eminent dramatic poet, derived such immense wealth by his writings, as to enable him to build a stately palace of marble, at *Vicenza*. He wrote an epic poem, consisting of twenty-seven books, the subject of which was, the expulsion of the *Goths* from Italy, by *Belisarius*. The performance does not rate high in the opinion of the critics. *Lopez de Vega*, to whose productions the patriotic Lord *Holland* has given such attractions, in an English dress, was termed the *Shakspeare* of Spain, and may be classed among the most fertile poets in the ranks of *Parnassus*. Except Lord *Byron*, no bard could be named who has been so universally idolized while living, by all ranks of people, and so magnificently rewarded by the liberality of the great, as this poet. He produced an astonishing variety of

poetical compositions, among which his "*Corona Tragica*," on the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, is eminent for its pathos and beauty. The splendour of his genius, and the purity of his virtues, procured for him the esteem and regard of contemporary monarchs, who loaded him with honours. His biographers assert, what must stagger credibility, that the stupendous aggregate of his verses amounted, by calculation, to 21,316,000. Like Byron, he seemed to have turned the stream of *Pactolus* through his rich manor, in the fields of Parnassus: for he obtained 100,000 pounds by his writings, if we can give credence to the declaration of his biographer, *Montalvan*.^{*} He left a great portion of his fortune to religious institutions, and to charitable asylums. He died on the 25th of August, 1635, in the seventy-third year of his age. The superb grandeur of his funeral was fully equal to the reverence and respect in which he was held while living; it was attended by the chief nobility of the kingdom. The gorgeous ceremonial was invested with all the imposing pomp of solemn magnificence; and three sermons, in honour of the deceased, were delivered by three of the most eloquent preachers in Spain.

^{*} To the investigation of the genius of Lopez de Vega, the erudite Lord Holland has carried the most impartial and enlightened judgment. The discrimination, truth, and refinement of his strictures are admirable. He says, "The merit of his poems, independent of those intended for representation, consists chiefly in smoothness of versification and purity of language, and in felicity rather than strength of imagination. His numbers are easy and flowing, but he seldom interests the feelings, and never warms the imagination of the reader."

Though Lopez realised such immense wealth by his productions, his elegant and pathetic contemporary—the sweet lyrist of love—the inspired songster of Lusitanian melodies, (Camoens) was actually starving, being often compelled by the cravings of hunger to beg from door to door, in the streets of Lisbon, for a morsel of bread to sustain his wretched existence.

The family of Camoens was illustrious, and originally Spanish; they were long settled at *Cadmon*, a Castle in Galicia, from which they probably derived their patronymic appellation. Some writers, however, maintain, that their name alluded to a certain wonderful Bird, the *Camao*, whose vigilant and mischievous sagacity betrayed the smallest deviation from conjugal fidelity in a female. Formerly, we are told by grave writers, every noble family in Spain retained one of these terrible attendants, as Argus, to watch the married women. This extraordinary Bird, it is said, would never die, while the mistress of the house preserved her conjugal honour, but the moment she indulged herself in a clandestine amour, the faithful sentinel of virtue and chastity, would repair to his master, flutter his wings, and die at his feet. The unfortunate lady was then branded with infamy and expelled from her home as an out-cast. It soon was difficult to find a *Camao* that lived in the same family during three generations; and at length this *Rara avis* became entirely extinct! The poet derived his name from this ordeal Bird. A lady of the house of Cadmon, whose conduct had been rather indiscreet, demanded to be tried by this extraordinary judge. Her innocence was proved; and in gratitude to the being that had restored him to matrimonial felicity, the proud and exulting husband adopted his name.

In the early period of his life, Camoens was totally insensible to the passion of love; and we are told by Mickle, that while the manly graces of his person inspired that glowing sentiment in the other sex, he treated his fair captives with disdain, or at least as the mere objects of temporary transport. Upon his procuring a situation, however, at the Court of Lisbon, he became enamoured of *Dona Caterina de Ataide*, one of the Queen's maids of honour, who surrendered her charms to his caresses. The scene of their assignation, was the Queen's bed chamber, where they were at length surprised, and the Bard, like another Ovid, was banished from court for having violated the sanctity of the royal chamber, by his illicit amours. The following sonnet, (translated by Lord Strangford) which he addressed to the Mondego, after his exile, is fraught with feeling and sensibility.

"MONDEGO! thou, whose waters cold and clear,
Gird those green banks, where fancy fain would stay,
Fondly to muse on that departed day,
When Hope was kind, and friendship seem'd sincere;
Ere I had purchas'd knowledge with a tear.
Mondego! though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores, where other fountains stray,
And other rivers roll their proud career,
Still—nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance e'er prevail in ought
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear;
And Memory oft, by old affection taught,
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought,
To bathe amongst thy waters cold and clear!"

Mr. Mickle, in his paraphrastical translation of the "*LUSIAN*," has given but shadowy honours to the epic powers of Camoens, as Lord Byron says that neither he nor Lord Strangford has preserved, in our language, the sublimity, graces, and pathetic sweetness of the elegant original.

Scenes from the new historical Irish Drama of KATHLEEN O'NEIL.

(Continued from page 26.)

1st ATTEN. I would not offend that hermit for all the territories of our Prince.

ALL THE ATTENDANTS. Nor I, nor I, nor I, &c.

O'CON. He is certainly an extraordinary man, who has consecrated his life to religion and works of charity; so that we should all speak well of him:—but, ha! who have we here?

Enter Prince of Thomond, disguised as a harper; he appears exhausted, as if from fatigue.

CORM. Why, son of song, you seem to have travelled far;—but know that the bards are welcome always to the hall of O'Neil; here hospitality is enlivened by the voice of song. But from what part of this fair Isle hast thou come, minstrel?

THO. My journey has been long and tedious, though cheered by the kind hospitality that distinguishes our country. From where the majestic Shannon mingles with the western ocean have I wandered. During my progress, I have sometimes fared sumptuously, in the castle of the chieftain, and pleasurably in the cot of the peasant; for the rites of hospitality are assiduously observed in the one, as well as in the other. A few miles hence I had the misfortune of losing my way, and have been straying amidst your glens and defiles, unable to get forward, until the sound of your hunting horns directed me hither to the castle of the chivalric O'Neil.

CORM. Oh Lord! Father, if this is not the same harper that diverted us all last Michaelmas, with his tales of Fingal and Ossian, and his beautiful songs of the triumphs of Nial the Great: yes, and it was he that saved the Lady Kathleen from being drowned in the boating match.

O'CON. I was then absent with our heroic Prince.

CORM. And the greater was your loss, for his mirth would chase away the tears from the cheek of a Niobe; he has a charm for turning the weeping into the laughing Philosopher; his jokes stretched my mouth two inches wider, I laughed so much.

THO. Report speaks loudly of the Prince's virtues.

CORM. It does him but justice, though I must own his brow is now and then a little contracted.

O'CON. 'Tis his brave and lofty spirit that "ever and anon" breaks forth; but where will you find his equal? In war a lion—in peace a lamb; his ample board ever spread for the succour of the hungry wanderer; his sword never drawn, but in the defence of the oppressed; his philanthropic bosom the shrine of truth, and his word sacred as the inviolable oath that angels have registered in the records of heaven.

CORM. Yes, father, we have all pretty good reason to be convinced of that; for if he should once, even by accident, happen to say, "*Cormack, you must remove this castle,*" as it would be rather cumbersome for one backload, he would make me carry it stone by stone, till I had lodged it in the bottom of the lake.

O'CON. For shame, Cormack! the magnanimous Phelim is firm, but his firmness is not the offspring of capricious obstinacy; the loss of his gallant son, who fell in the glorious battle of Dundalk, where the Saxons of the pale were routed, has thrown a veil of melancholy over his aspect: but where is perfection to be found, if not in Phelim?

CORM. In my mind, a great deal more likely to be found with the Lady Kathleen, that peerless paragon of beauty and benignity. She is the softened image of her sire; she is in alabaster what he is in marble, possessing his firmness without his inflexibility—his noble nature without his pride. He is the oak of the forest, fitted to resist the wintry tempest; she is the blossom of the peach, whose perfume breathes upon the vernal breeze. Her sister, the Lady Minona, is also a sweet charming creature; but then she is so melancholy since young M'Der-

mot's death, in the great battle in Scotland, she chokes my breath like the fog from the lake on a misty morning—Oh, Kathleen for me.

THO. You speak eloquently and warmly on this subject, young man. Down, my jealous heart. (*aside.*)

O'CON. Minstrel, my son's language is dictated by truth; she is like a beautiful temple, which the image of the Deity inhabits.

THO. She has then, doubtless, many suitors?

O'CON. She has, indeed, and among them potent princes.

THO. And one is favoured of course?

O'CON. It is said she prefers prince Edward Bruce, who was on a visit at the castle lately. But it becomes not me to speak of my chieftain's daughter.

CORM. I should be very sorry if it did not become me, for I am as eloquent on the subject as Friar O'Tool when he preached last lent against the abomination of golden bodkins and red petticoats; but the truth is, though Lady Kathleen's eyes have set fire to many a warrior's heart, and that the sweet blandishment of her smile has fascinated more captives than her father took in battle from the English of the pale, her own heart, like the shield of Achilles, is invulnerable, and no hero has yet been fortunate enough to return the compliment.

O'CON. Hark! the Prince is coming this way. Peace, Cormack—you chatter like a magpie.

CORM. But you never, father, heard so eloquent a magpie before.

(*From the Castle.*) *Enter Phelim, Kathleen, and Morna—all bow. Kathleen smiles benignly. Phelim returns the salute with gracious dignity. Music. Guards.*

PHELIM. So, good warder, how farest thou after the chase?

O'CON. Why well, please your Highness; the chase always cheers my spirits; the sound of the horn animates my old heart, and brings back the remembrance of the happy days of my youth—Ah! it is pleasant to think of the past. But here is a harper who is just arrived, and who seeks from your Highness the rights of hospitality.

KATH. (*Aside*) Ha! as I live it is the minstrel that saved my life. Be still, my throbbing heart.

PHÉ. They are granted—the hall of O'Neil was ever the refuge of genius. Conduct him to the castle; let him receive all the offices of social kindness; they are his by right, for he is a *stranger*.

KATH. Oh, sacred and revered title!

PHÉ. Yes, my dear child, it is the title which heaven has consecrated in the breasts of Irishmen—the wanderer's best assurance of safety and protection. But this minstrel has another claim—the hallowed torch of genius has shed its light around him; and never, oh, never! may the son of song be denied shelter under the banner that is emblazoned with the harp of Erin. (*Harper bows.*)

Enter Caryl.

CARYL. I seek your Highness:—this moment a messenger from the chief Lord of the English pale announces his speedy arrival; his courier says that he demands audience of you, and of the Lady Kathleen.

PHÉ. This visit of the English Lord Deputy is most strange; but let him come.

MORNA. For my part I am very glad he is coming, as it will spring up a breeze of cheerfulness, and make some stir in the castle. I always preferred high winds to a dead calm of moping melancholy. Surely variety is the life of pleasure. (*aside.*)

KATH. Oh, my father, I like not even the name of this minion of the tyrannic Edward; report speaks loudly of his despotism and confiscations in Louth and other parts of Leinster, where the oppressed tremble at the tyrant's nod. I must abhor, even as a guest, the man whose hands have been embued in human blood—in the blood of my countrymen.

THO. (*Aside.*) These are the sentiments of a noble and exalted heart; how lovely does woman look when she becomes the advocate of virtue!

MORNA. I'm sure that this great English Lord, who has so much power and riches, is a proper match for my Lady. Do, dear foster child, marry him. (*aside, to Kathleen.*)

PHE. My dear Kathleen, hospitality demands that we should receive this English chief. But come, Bermingham will soon be here; let us prepare to give him audience. Warder, to your care I commit the young Bard; let him be your guest, and when leisure permits, he shall gladden our souls with the melodious voice of the harp. [*Exeunt into the castle.*]

CORM. (*Aside.*) Now would I give my left hand off my body for permission to drub, in an *Irish* style, that oppressive Saxon with the right. He comes here on no good intent, I'll warrant. [*Exit into the castle.*]

(*To be continued.*)

GRAND CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY,

By the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty in this City.

Never was the anniversary of the Irish apostle celebrated with greater magnificence—never was this day, which is the hallowed passover of all the exiles of Erin, commemorated in foreign climes, by such “a feast of reason and a flow of soul,” as that which distinguished the memorable jubilee of the friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, at *Tammany Hall*, on the 17th of *March*, 1829. It was the array of American sympathy for Irish sufferings—a Confederation organized and marshalled by the spirit of FREEDOM and the genius of TOLERATION at the altar of festivity, where liberality and good feeling convinced us, that though far from the green Isle of our birth, we are still in the asylum of the oppressed, the refuge of the Exile, where we are never obliged to “sit down by the waters of Babylon to weep.” It is not the Euphrates of captivity we found in America, but the Hudson of liberty, whose sanative and oblivious waters serve to alleviate the pain of our exile, and lull to repose the regret which is associated with the remembrance of our native country.

The assembly was numerous and highly respectable, and near 300 gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous banquet.

DR. MACNEVEN, the patriotic and zealous President of the Association of the *Friends of Ireland*, took the chair, and was ably assisted by the Vice Presidents. Among the company we recognised his honour the Mayor, the Recorder, Chief Justice Jones, the very Rev. Dr. Power, the Rev. Doctors M'Leod and M'Clay, with other reverend gentlemen of all religious persuasions; Major General Morton, honourable G. C. Verplanck, Judge Swanton, Wm. Sampson, T. A. Emmet, and Denis M'Carthy, Esqrs. as well as Aldermen Lozier, Bryson, Strong, &c.

The very Rev. JOHN POWER, Roman Catholic Dean of New-York, pronounced grace, and the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, of the Presbyterian church, the prayer of thanksgiving. After the singing of *Non Nobis Domine*, the President rose and addressed the guests in nearly the following language:—

GENTLEMEN—We have assembled to honour the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, and not without the hope of giving them greater currency by this example of our attachment and celebration. The cause which convenes us is essentially the same as that which, a few years ago, assembled good men of all nations and creeds, even at public dinners, for the purpose of giving their voice against the enslavement of the Africans.

And after the same manner that the general opinion of civilized nations was successfully pronounced in favour of the persecuted Greeks, so we invoke this universal power in behalf of our kindred across the Atlantic, who suffer persecution for conscience' sake.

Who shall say that the public opinion of this free, and just, and enlightened country, upon a subject too, on which, of all people, we have the most experience, will not inform the understanding and change the hearts of those rulers who still walk in the mists of prejudice and error?

Happily man is so constituted that he must hearken to his conscience, act upon his convictions, and respect the opinions of those with whom he holds intercourse. Whence else the controlling force of education? whence else the utility of moral and religious instruction? whence else the mighty dominion of the press? We invoke public opinion then, the regulator of civilized communities; we appeal to public opinion for breaking the bonds of the noble people of Ireland. Our Association, and all others of the same kind, through this widely extended continent, have no other object than this in view. We cast politics far from us; but we wish to make known to all mankind, and especially to that nation whose language we speak and whose usages are in a great measure ours, that we have rejected the intolerant part of its laws, and find ourselves the happier for having done so—that the States of America, which of all modern nations have longest enjoyed liberty of conscience in its greatest latitude, ascribe to this boundless freedom their internal concord, their social happiness, and their immense prosperity.

The toasts from the chair, which we are sorry our space will not allow us to publish, were characteristic of the glowing and luminous mind whence they emanated.

When the cheering and acclamation, which the announcement of the toast respecting the President of the United States had called forth, subsided, ROBERT EMMET, Esq. favoured the company with a comic song; a Mr. Plumer also gave, with vocal felicity, a sentimental and characteristic song, composed for the patriotic occasion, by J. B. Sheys, Esq. The President then read letters from the Secretary of State, Bishops Hobart and Duboise, as well as from Judge Irvine, expressive of their regret that imperious circumstances alone compelled them to decline the invitation to the dinner.

The MAYOR rose and gave the following toast, which is as complimentary to his own liberality, as it is to the valour of the Irish.

"The gallant sons of Hibernia, whose prompt, dauntless, and faithful services in the war of independence have immortalized their names in the annals of our country."

The Chief Justice prefaced his toast, "The memory of THOMAS ADDIS EMMET," with a speech, in which he pronounced an eloquent eulogium on the virtues and genius of a patriot and a jurist, whose fame has kindled another star in the constellation of his country, and whose talents have exalted and dignified that honourable profession of which he was the pride and ornament.

Upon the health of the truly charitable and philanthropic Bishop of Norwich, who never "gave up to party what was meant for mankind," being drank, the very REV. DR. POWER rose and gave expression to the following liberal and enlightened sentiments:—

Mr. President—I am glad to see that the name of the Bishop of Norwich is hailed with rapture by this Association. He, Sir, is a true friend of Civil and Religious Liberty, and I am persuaded that the brilliant example of that great and venerable Prelate has gone far to dissipate English prejudices towards Ireland. I myself, Sir, have often perused with delight some of his confidential letters to distinguished personages of my acquaintance, and never did a purer spirit of benevolence breathe than his, in those communications. I recollect his sentiments well. They go to this: That liberty is good for every one, and that he would be mean and sordid who would confine the great blessing to a limited circle. A Protestant himself from conviction, he was satisfied that others had a similar conviction of their respective creeds, and that therefore it was desirable to have the great questions of Religion settled by reason and persuasion, not by force and temporal disabilities. This, Sir, is the doctrine of the Bishop of Norwich, and that on which our Society is based. There are other societies formed on different principles. The Orange Lodges and Brunswick Clubs; with these we hold no communion. We reprobate their principles, and, Gentlemen, I feel that I cannot better repay the courtesy you have shown me, than by proposing a toast, which will give full expression to our own principles and feelings. I beg leave to give, Sir,

The abolition of ORANGE LODGES, BRUNSWICK CLUBS, and the INQUISITION.

This toast was hailed with enthusiastic plaudits.

The following energetic and spirited speech of so distinguished a character as the RECORDER of this city, a gentleman whose virtues as a citizen illuminate the sphere of private life, and whose forensic talents and impartiality as a judge give eminence and dignity to the station which he fills so creditably, is an unanswerable and a triumphant refutation of the calumnies that American prejudice, under the orders of two literary "Colonels," of Gotham, would wish to stamp on the Irish character.

His Honour the Recorder being called for, he said,

Mr. Chairman—It has happened to me, perhaps more than to most other gentlemen of this good company, to have become intimately acquainted with the character of my Irish fellow-citizens of all classes, and I am happy in the occasion that presents itself this evening of publicly expressing the thanks of an American for their services to my country.

Sir—In the war of the Revolution they united with us in resisting the despotism of England. They rallied around our Eagles, and gallantly fought under our stars and our stripes. In that great, arduous, protracted, and trying struggle, they put forth all the energies of a brave, generous, and persevering people. We triumphed, and they were satisfied that the United States had won their freedom and independence.

In the war of 1812, a war rendered as necessary as it was just, by the atrocities of Great Britain, we find the Irish again filling our ranks. The same gallantry, the same bravery, the same devotion to our Republic animated them as in our first contest. They freely offered up their lives in defence of the rights, honour and liberty of their adopted country.

In peace they have distinguished themselves in our Legislative Assemblies and in our halls of Congress. They have shone with lustre in the walks of science and literature. And you all remember how the talents, the genius, and the eloquence of an illustrious man, now no more, lately swayed the bench and the bar of the State of New-York.

With regard to the Irish in humble life, who have fled from oppression to our shores, and who have been less favoured by education and fortune, I wish to attest to their usefulness. I have witnessed their honest and laborious industry. They have assisted us to build our cities, to dig our canals, to fell our forests, and they crowd the ranks of our gallant militia.

Allow me, Mr. Chairman, to avail myself of the present opportunity to do justice to the Irish in another particular. Their enemies have said that they are opposed to law and government. This accusation is false. All my experience convinces me, that after the Irish have found that our laws are just, and impartially administered—that every man's religion is protected, and no man's religion is preferred—that the government is parental, and confers equal benefits on all—there are nowhere to be found better citizens than the Irish. If, when they first arrive amongst us, they should distrust both law and government, is not that suspicion the strongest evidence of the pernicious effects of the partial government and oppressive law under which they grew up? A government which affixes disqualifications to a subject, merely because he worships God according to the dictates of his conscience, and laws which abridge his *civil rights* on account of his *religious faith*.

Sir, I beg leave to give you the following sentiment :

The Irish—Always welcome to our shores, but thrice welcome while they are deprived of liberty at home.

Mr. VERPLANCE, in a speech, distinguished for brilliancy of language, and elevation of sentiment, passed a glowing encomium on the virtues of the venerable Charles Carroll, Esq. and then exhibited a luminous view of the freedom and toleration, that actuated the liberal and philanthropic policy of Lord Baltimore and the Roman Catholic colony, by whom the state of Maryland was founded. We are extremely sorry that we cannot give this speech to our readers. He was followed by Mr. JAMES SHEA, who spoke with a felicity and force that often soared to the pinnacle of emphatic eloquence ; he concluded an able and animating speech, by giving the following toast. " DR. MACNEVEN—the man who has for the last thirty-five years, been the undeviating and uncompromising friend of

Ireland, and of civil and religious liberty." *This toast was received with thunders of applause.* As soon as the cheering was calmed to silence, the President poured out his feelings in a pellucid effusion of eloquence, of which the following is but a faint and spiritless picture.

GENTLEMEN—I return you my best thanks for this mark of your favour. Your sympathies have been awakened by the eloquent commendation of Mr. Shea, and a feeling heart is not niggard of its requital. But though you have overpaid my good intentions, you have, at least, not mistaken their sincerity. Were I born in any other country than Ireland, I would be the same strenuous advocate for its rights and liberties, with the knowledge I have of its people. In my affection for that country, it can be scarcely said there is either national prejudice or partiality, for a very small portion of my active life was spent in my native land. I first left it a boy, and returned to it a man, when the prepossessions of birth, if any existed, were balanced by connexions formed elsewhere, and by associations that, to this moment, are most dear to my heart. Mine is then the impartial testimony of a citizen of the world, and I must say, that at the period of my return, the state of society in Ireland was delightful. The animating and ennobling assemblies of the volunteers had just intermingled with the people, and produced good will, and confidence, and intimacy among all. The gaiety, wit, and good fellowship of their national character overspread the whole surface of the community, and, with all those lighter qualities that embellish life, you found a solidity of understanding, and a glow of heart which showed nature had formed the Irish for a people who should unite in their composition, whatever is amiable and estimable in man.

Without being of that country, who would not sicken to see the foul fiend creep in to such a garden of sweets to infuse his poison into every bosom, to alienate brothers and friends, to sow distrust and hatred, and all for the sake of prostrating the Irishman's country to the avarice and despotism of the English government. The plan was most wicked, and the execution not easy. It has cost the English government forty years of Machiavelian policy to make the Irish mutual enemies. It would not take forty days for a government such as ours to make them true countrymen and friends. I am interested for Ireland, not merely because of the adventitious connexion of birth, but as a man and a philanthropist. I indulge this feeling as I condemn injustice, and abhor tyranny, and as it fits me for being a good citizen of America, which after all, Gentlemen, is our only country. For me, I thank heaven, it is the country of my children. Behold those native Americans around you, among the first for worth and station, and lead in our city. They enrol themselves as friends of Ireland, for the spirit of liberty within them rises indignant against oppression, and a community of sentiment will ever produce unity of action among congenial minds, all the world over. Gentlemen! we may reasonably flatter ourselves that the proceedings of this assembly will prove favourable to a strong and general assertion of the principles of civil and religious liberty throughout this great country, and that they will have a beneficial influence on the same cause in the British isles, where the voice of America reverberates like the echo, doubled in its course by many a palpitating heart and responding mind. Those proceedings will promote co-operation here among the Irish themselves, elevate and purify their affections, as based on lofty purposes, and render them subjects of greater respect and consideration with the American community.

THOMAS W. CLERKE, Esq. spoke with his usual vigour of language, and warmth of patriotic feeling. We hope to compensate our readers for the want of his admirable speech, by giving them, shortly, an Essay from his classic pen.

The President announced the next toast in succession :

The Press.

Upon this subject, Mr. SAMPSON, having been called upon by the President, observed, that so great a theme would well deserve a better orator. The Press was perhaps, when all its great effects were contemplated, the most important of human inventions. To trace the progress of language from the first elements of oral speech to its present improved state, owing to this beneficent agent, would here be out of time and place. Enough to say that the Press, when free and uncorrupted, is the faithful guardian of man's dearest rights, the shield of the oppressed, the scourge of the oppressor, the hope of the patriot, and the stay and strengthener of virtue and true honour. It is the lamp of knowledge, and "knowledge is the wing on which we mount to heaven." Where the Press is free, there will man be free; and never is it more glorious, nor those who wield its force more worthy of their office, than when they lend their powerful

aid to that sacred cause which brings us here together—the cause of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Leaving then, for the present the more lofty views of this great subject as things well known and appreciated, let me present to notice a virtue lately discovered in this prime organ of improvement, which, like the process of the humane society, can resuscitate and recall subjects from apparent death by suffocation, strangulation, or drowning. And this brings me to relate the story of what fell out of late between a civil man of Ireland and certain wild men in Kent. Kent, in the commentaries, Cæsar writes, was termed “the civillest place of all the isle.” and might, but for those followers of Jack Cade, have still remained so; for as the poet says—

“Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
The people valiant, liberal, active, wealthy,
Which makes us hope they are not void of pity.”

He then traced the history of the Brunswickers through their several degrees of peep-o'-day boys, Orangemen, and Brunswickers; and described their triumphant appearance on Penenden Heath, and introduced Mr. Shiel into the midst of them, with a Pilgrim's staff and wreath of olive, and told how he besought them not to denounce new wars upon his country, already “sick of many griefs;” how, by every art of eloquent persuasion he tried to deprecate their fury, and entreated them not to bruise the broken reed. How he conjured them by the common faith of their ancestors, by their own Saxon Alfred, by gavel kind and human kind, and whatever they held dearest; but all in vain. The more they raised the banner cry of “*Kent invicta*,” and “*no Popery*,” and the voice of the modest pilgrim was drowned in the loud uproar; and their day was closed and their night wasted in the vain delight of false glory and strong beer.

But the next morning saw another light. The ruddy goddess of the morn in saffron robe unbarred with rosy fingers the golden portals of the day, and shed her early light upon the world. The *Chronicle* inscribed upon his faithful records the advent of a coming day. The *Herald* proclaimed it to the *Globe*, and it was already seen amongst the signs of the *Times*. And last of all came forth the *glorious Sun*; that Sun that shines alike on the Merway and the Thames, on Dover's cliffs and castles, as on London's Tower, upon the just and on the *Brunswickers*.

And what was their amazement to behold on his broad disk, in characters as plain as the hand writing on the wall—the *drowned speech*! Mr. S. then passed to the dinner given to the injured and insulted Son of that land of hospitality, “where the wanderer is welcomed with *eushla ma chree*,” by certain wise and worthy citizens of London, jealous of the honour of old England: how they made a feast, and how in the midst of them they seated the Son of Erin; and how they regaled and refreshed him with wit and wine, and warmed him with the sunshine of benevolence and humanity: So that St. Patrick looked down upon them, smiled to see how the wise men of London drank in the words of his favourite child. And once more was his speech, all radiant riding on the sun-beams, conveyed to the astonished Brunswickers.

At length returned to the green isle, the gem of the ocean, he relates the adventures of his pilgrimage, and tells of the strange race he had encountered on the heath of Penenden; of their mode of warfare, and their clubs, and of these their tenets:

1. To do unto others what they would not have done to themselves.
2. To hate their neighbours as much as they loved themselves.
3. To have two measures in their dealings, a small one to give, and a large one to take.

And now the Press again catches the living sounds. The Dublin Evening Post blows from his horn the wicked words back to the shores of Kent, and the Brunswickers cry—here is this Mr. Thompson come again. These speeches have long ago reached us, and are now on their way to the east and west, and have doubled Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. They have gone abroad by sea and land, by steamer, rail road, canal, and all the channels of loco-motion and intelligence of this inventive age, and not till they return again from the remotest part, will the Brunswickers cease to hear again and again of what they vainly hoped would prove the last dying speech of Richard Shiel, who suffered for the crime of Popery on Penenden Heath, but was restored through this virtue in the press, and whose health I now propose Sir, in a bumper.

Richard Shiel, a free Press, and Saint Patrick forever.

There never was an evening, consecrated to festivity and social pleasure, went off with more cheerfulness and harmony, which were kept up with unabated hilarity, until the rosy breath of Aurora blew out the bright torches of conviviality and enlivening wit.

IRISH AFFAIRS

To make room for the following interesting speeches, we are necessitated to exclude and several poetic pieces which we had in type for this publication.

CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23.—There was a very full attendance at the Association yesterday. Mr. Lawless was present for the first time since his return from the North.

The SECRETARY read a long and very able statistical document from the Rev. Mr. Prior, P. P. of the Union of Westcull and Kilmore, county of Cork, which contained the following Census Return of those Parishes :

Catholics	9,618	Protestants,	1,195.
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Mr. LAWLESS detailed at some length his reception in the North, during his recent visit.

LORD CLONCURRY—THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND—BRUNSWICKISM IN THE NORTH.

Mr. O'CONNELL—I rise to hand in 10*l*. the subscription of Lord Cloncurry for the year 1829. (*Cheers.*) His Lordship has been a constant member of the Association, almost since its formation ; and he has paid his annual subscription regularly. All who know him are convinced that there does not exist a more sincere lover of liberty ; or a more true friend of Ireland. (*Cheers.*) In this assembly it is unnecessary to pronounce his eulogium ; and the enthusiastic cheer which followed the announcement of his name, demonstrates how sensibly we are alive to the undeviating and unchangeable constancy of Lord Cloncurry, in uniting with every man who struggles for the regeneration of Ireland. (*Loud applause.*) What he was in 1797, when a boy, he is now in 1829, when many years of manhood have passed over. (*Cheers.*) I wish to take this opportunity of correcting a statement regarding Lord Cloncurry, as connected with the causes of the Marquis of Anglesey's removal. I stated from report, that one of the assigned causes of Lord Anglesey's recall was, his intimacy with Lord Cloncurry ; but I had no other foundation for the assertion than a long prevalent report. (*Hear.*) In a letter to me Lord Cloncurry totally discountenances the idea ; he considers it totally impossible that such could have been the fact, and he desires me so to state in the Association. We cannot, however, be long astray, as a fortnight may not elapse before the entire correspondence (which is in the possession of Lord Anglesey) shall be laid before Parliament, and the paltry and contemptible motives which led to his removal shall be exposed to the world. (*Hear, hear.*) I think that the selection of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland as Chief Governor of Ireland, was most unwise and impolitic. (*Hear.*) I do not stand forth to accuse the Duke of Northumberland of any thing unworthy in his private character ; such is not my object, and I make that remark, because we have lately heard much from timid friends, about intemperate invective. It was a maxim of Rochefoucault, " that there were not two friends, no matter how warmly attached, who could not bear each other's misfortunes with Christian fortitude." (*Hear, hear.*) It is foreign from my disposition to imitate the slanderers of private reputation ; but I tell those who accuse us of intemperance, to look at the conduct of our enemies ; and I ask, has Lord Cloncurry escaped ? How often have the hired slanderers torn open the festering remains of old family misfortunes, in order to deter that upright and unflinching patriot ; that ornament of his order, from joining in the advocacy of our cause ? (*Hear, hear.*) Again I recur to the Duke of Northumberland, and I say, that if he were a sincere Christian, he would not deny to others the right which he exercises himself ; if he entertained a sincere conviction of the truth of the doctrines which he professes, he would be satisfied with those arguments which had convinced himself, and he would not coerce other men's conscience. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) No man can be sincere who would persecute others for their religious convictions ; and he cannot be a Christian who refuses to us what we are ready to grant to others, and what every Catholic country in the world gives to its native Protestant inhabitants. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) The Duke of Northumberland will not grant us freedom of conscience, and I therefore arraign him as not being a sincere Christian. My next charge against him is a want of intellect : for, if he possessed a clear understanding, and an honest heart, he could not be the advocate of intolerance. (*Hear, hear.*) I do not mean to say, that he has not enough of what is termed churchwardening piety, to go regularly to church on Sundays ; but

were a true Christian, and an enlightened man, he would not oppose the passing of that measure which the Duke of Wellington said would benefit the State, by benefiting every individual belonging to it. (*Hear, hear.*) But it is given out that the Duke of Northumberland is possessed of great wealth, and it is expected that by laying out a little money, he will purchase the mean applause of the mob. They must indeed be a low and degraded mob whose applause could be purchased by a few pence; they must be a base mob who would sell their country for a mess of pottage; who would give up their only inheritance, their attachment to the land of their nativity, for so contemptible a return. I have too high an opinion of the very humblest of my countrymen, to suppose for a moment, that this can possibly be the case; and I am convinced that the cold calculation in Peel's office, will utterly fail. (*Hear.*) The Duke of Northumberland comes here because he is irreclaimable; because he is not enlightened, and cannot be converted; and I will ask if his mind were open to conviction, what was the meaning of removing Lord Anglesey? That high-minded man was neutral between the parties—he put down faction; but he did not mistake for a faction those who were struggling for the blessings of liberty. The Duke of Northumberland will become the tool of the baneful faction; and he will display his impartiality, as the *Mail* has it, by favouring one side, and by endeavouring to put us down. I say endeavouring, for we cannot be put down. (*Cheers.*) They may pass another Algerine Act; they may prevent us from meeting in this room; but are not our chapels open; and is there any law to prevent a layman from preaching for an hour and a half after the last mass? (*Laughter.*) Is there any law to prevent ten or fifteen persons from dining together? 500 may also dine at the same time and place. (*Cheers.*) Fifty persons may join over tea and cakes, so may fifteen hundred. (*Hear.*) Tea and Tract Societies are the favourite meeting places of the Biblicals; we, too, can have ours. (*Hear.*) They may extinguish the Habeas Corpus, but they cannot put us down whilst there is a remnant of the Constitution remaining. As long as they leave a single shred of the constitution nailed to the mast, so long shall the little crew of old Erin stand by her, and fearlessly bide the pelting of the storm of persecution. (*Loud cheers.*) Already have the Brunswickers given unequivocal indications of the state of things which we are about to endure. (*Hear, hear.*) Have they not had two mighty meetings in Monaghan, which were followed by the most horrible outrages on the unoffending Catholics? Was not the King's Mail stopped on the highway, and a Barrister threatened with murder, for merely performing his professional duty; and if that duty had been performed when the coach passed by, Mr. Randal Kernan would have been murdered by the Orangemen of Fermanagh. (*Hear.*) There were guards and passengers in the coach, yet we have not heard of any step taken by the authorities to investigate the atrocity, and bring the guilty parties to justice. During the administration of Lord Wellesley, it was the habit to send down King's Counsel on such occasions; but it does not appear that Lord Leveson Gower has deemed it necessary to pursue such a course relative to the outrages in Monaghan and Fermanagh. (*Cries of hear, hear, hear.*) If in a Catholic country, Protestants were treated in the manner that Catholics were treated in the North, how would the Catholics who sanctioned such proceedings be exclaimed against by Protestants. (*Hear, hear.*) Deservedly would they be exclaimed against, and no Protestant would be more ready than I should be to call out for punishment upon the miscreants, who could be guilty of such atrocities. (*Haar, hear.*) But there is another case; it has been stated in the newspapers; a gentleman named Taylor, a Magistrate, an Orangeman, and a Brunswicker; to the house of this gentleman, Catholics had to fly for protection from the Orangemen; the house was surrounded by them. Mr. Taylor went out to expostulate; was he respected? No, he was knocked down by the Orangemen; they surrounded the house, and insisted upon admission; luckily, the tumult attracted the attention of the police to the spot, and but for that circumstance, there would have been an indiscriminate massacre of every one in the house; one Catholic who was found outside, was nearly cut in pieces by the Orangemen. These facts I state upon the authority of young Mr. Taylor, who has published them in the newspapers, and I mean on Thursday to bring forward a motion for a particular petition on the Monaghan outrages. (*Hear, hear.*) I have said that the system of Brunswickerism cannot last, unless, indeed, Mr. Peel be determined on an extermination, to which Horner may have been supposed to have said grace, and the people are to be given up to the infernal furies that at present infest the country. (*Hear, hear.*) We should say to Parliament that the Catholics are unarmed, (it is proper that they should be so,) but you should protect them from massacre, or you should at least suffer them to defend themselves. (*Cheers.*) I have thus thrown out my thoughts in the shape of a notice. (*Hear.*) It is my wish to disabuse the public mind of a delusion attempted to be practised upon it with respect to the Duke of Northumber-

land. He cannot be coming here for good ; for if good were to be done, who was so able to accomplish it as the Marquis of Anglesey ? (*Hear, and cheers.*)

Mr. STEELE, after disproving and reprobating certain rumours, which had circulated in reference to the Clare election, said—I am one of those who consider it a matter of extreme importance that the Representative of Ireland should be accompanied by as numerous and respectable a body as possible, of the clergy and gentry of Ireland, when he goes to take his seat in the Imperial Parliament. (*Cheering.*) I now beg to state, that without consultation with any one except O'Gorman Mahon, I this morning did myself the honour of waiting upon his Grace, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, and he was pleased to give me permission to state here this evening, that if any of the Clergy under his jurisdiction shall wish to accompany Mr. O'Connell, that they have his fullest sanction. (*Loud cheering.*) In addition to the names which I have already mentioned on the last day of meeting, I beg to mention the names of Mr. Scully, of Cashel, and Mr O'Connell and Mr. O'Sullivan, of Limerick. (*Cheering.*) Sir, since I have risen, I cannot repress an impulsion to say something about the letter of the Duke of Wellington to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, and the consequences which that letter must inevitably generate. With respect to the letter itself, I can only describe it truly by saying, that it is most impertinent. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) But there are cases in which men can contrive to be exceedingly impertinent without subjecting themselves to personal responsibility, by steering their course in writing and speaking within certain limits, in which they are borne out by official situation. Such is the case of the Duke of Wellington. He has written the Duke of Leinster a most pertinent letter, of which his Grace the Duke of Leinster cannot, however, take any personal hold. (*Hear, hear.*) Well, be it so ; it will do us service. I, Sir, am one of those who do not at all deplore many things which have befallen our body which at the time they happened, inflicted a great deal of exasperation. Why ? I will tell you ; because the Catholic body of Ireland was, in former times, so torpid that it only required the mighty working of the mighty mind of him who formed this Association, to rouse them to action ; the working of that man who has in him mighty elements for effecting mighty purposes ; but it was also most useful that there should have been some collateral causes in operation to produce in our body politic that kind of salutary inflammation which has been attended with results so stupendous, that they are not limited in their operation to our own country, nor to the empire, nor even to Europe, but, thank God Almighty, they are now, as you have heard this evening, in the New World, as well as the Old, and the people of America sympathise in spirit with the oppressed Irish Catholics, though the billows of the mighty Atlantic roll between the two countries. (*Cheers.*)

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Mr. SHEIL—I give notice that I shall, on Tuesday next, move a vote of thanks to the Americans, who have sent us a further remittance of 1000 dollars from New-York. This contribution offers a wide field for observation. It is one of the trans-Atlantic results of the Catholic Association. My object is not barely to express our thankfulness to our auxiliaries in America, but to point to the wide ramifications into which the effects of this strange institution have branched. Let the government look to it. (*Cheers.*) We have attracted the attention not only of the empire, but of the chief nation of another hemisphere. This statement might at first appear to be tinged with exaggeration. My answer to the charge is the letter of Dr. Macnevin. What ! will the government of these countries allow a system of wrong to go which produces such results ? The Catholic rent is levied in New-York. Is it wise to permit Irish grievances thus to occupy American contemplation ? But it is not to the United States that this sympathy for Ireland is confined. The colonies of England Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Canada are all concurring in a zealous participation in this great question. Associations formed upon this great pattern of discontent are rising up in the American dependencies of Great Britain. (*Cheers.*) A newspaper has been sent to Montreal, containing dissertations, in the French language, upon the wrongs of Ireland. (*Loud cheers.*) Does it never occur to the government that they are creating the ultimate means of organised disaffection abroad, while they are thus nurturing this confederacy of discord at home ? (*Cheers.*) The Catholic Association is a model which the Colonies of England are already beginning to copy. (*Loud cheers.*) The Canadians are meeting to redress our grievances—will they not at last meet for the relief of their own ? (*Long, continued cheering.*) Thus the government is encouraging bad political habits in the empire. Why are not these views pressed upon them ? It is said that the Catholic question is worn out—no such thing. It is an inexhaustible fountain of wrong, and

they are but imperfect advocates who cannot find newness in events. True it is that the old abstract arguments are worn out; but incidents are coming in as their substitutes. Does America furnish no new materials for the advocate of Catholic freedom? (*Cheers.*) Does the gathering of the Catholic rent in New-York afford no fresh topic of adjuration? Are the colonial results of the question of so little value that they cannot be pressed upon the mind of England? I intend to take up the question in this new fashion, and, with that intent, I give notice that I shall, on Tuesday next, move a vote of thanks to the subscribers to the Catholic rent in the United States. (*Cheers.*)

JOHN LAWLESS, Esq. was then called to the Chair, and thanks having been returned to the Rev. Mr. L'Estrange, the meeting adjourned.

POSTSCRIPT.

IRISH SHIELD OFFICE, 30th March, 1829.

By the Ship *HERALD*, which arrived at Baltimore on Friday last, English papers have been brought down to the 9th ultimo, furnishing the speech of the King and an account of the opening of the British Parliament. The whole of the King's speech, or rather the speech of Wellington and Peel, is so singularly enveloped in the clouds of ambiguity and obscureness, that it is difficult to discern its meaning through their rhetorical mists. But it is easy to fathom their hostile policy towards Ireland, as that is shrouded in no sophistry, nor masked in Machiavelian disguise; It is not the Dove of Conciliation it sends forth to persecuted Ireland, but deliberately flings the firebrand of insult on the wounded feelings and combustible indignation of seven millions of enslaved people. If the pile is kindled, it will only be extinguished by an ocean of blood. Let Wellington pause ere he proceeds farther in his crusade against Catholic Ireland, whose sufferings and wrongs cry to heaven for vengeance! The blood of the martyred Ney is already on his head; it remains to be seen whether he will imbrue the hands which he stained at the instance of the heaven-accursed Bourbons, with the gore of the "bravest of the brave," in a parricidal attempt on the life of his country's freedom. Neither he, nor Peel can put down the CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION; that body is IRELAND PERSONIFIED; it is the rock on which FREEDOM shall erect her temple. Attempt to attack it, my Lord Duke, and your army will be annihilated like the swollen surge that bursts its rage on the flinty precipices of Kerry. The Catholic Association has planted in Ireland the serpent's teeth, which at their nod and bidding will spring up in millions of armed hosts, to resist oppression.

A conditional and restricted emancipation will not allay the discontents of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Their religion, for which they have suffered through ages of persecution, shall be as free, and unfettered, and chainless as the breeze. Heaven and the dictates of conscience have pronounced its laws immutable and eternal, and by those laws alone shall it be governed; no English king shall ever be its head—no British Cabinet shall ever appoint its ministers.

For refusing to sanction a royal supremacy, a Bishop Fisher, a Sir Thomas Moore, and a Primate of Ireland, suffered martyrdom. Can Wellington and Peel suppose that the Catholics of the nineteenth century are not animated with the same spirit of devotion to their creed, which swayed the heaven-touched souls of these victims of tyranny?

It will be seen by the following extract from the *Delphian* speech of the British Ministers, that every effort will be tried to suppress the great nucleus, around which the hopes and sympathies of seven millions cling so tenaciously—the CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

"The state of Ireland has been the object of his Majesty's continued solicitude. His Majesty laments that in that part of the United Kingdom, an Association should still exist *which* is dangerous to the public peace, and incompatible with the spirit of the constitution; *which* keeps alive discord and ill will amongst his Majesty's subjects; and *which* must, if permitted to continue, effectually obstruct every effort permanently to improve the condition of Ireland. His Majesty confidently relies on the wisdom and on the support of his Parliament, and his Majesty feels assured that you will commit to him such powers as may enable him to maintain his just authority. His Majesty recommends, that when this essential object shall have been accomplished, you should take into your deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland; and that you should review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. You will consider whether the removal of those disabilities can be effected consistently with the full and permanent security of our establishments in

church and state; with the maintenance of the Reformed Religion, established by law, and the rights and privileges of the Bishops and of the Clergy of this realm, and of the church committed to their charge. These are institutions which must ever be held sacred in this Protestant kingdom, and *which it is the duty and the determination of his Majesty to preserve inviolate.*"

Who can see a gleam of hope beaming for Ireland in the preceding extract?

ORIGINAL PATCH WORK.

EPITAPH ON AN ACTOR. An eccentric Gentleman in Dublin, who was a great admirer of an actor of the name of Thomas Jackson, caused, after his death, an event that occurred in 1802, a marble monument to be erected to his memory, in the church yard of Drumcondra, inscribed with the following epitaph.—

"Sacred to the memory of THOMAS JACKSON, Comedian, who was engaged December 21 1748, to play a Comic cast of characters in this great Theatre, the World, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his *Benefit* over, the charges all paid, and his accounts closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of *Death*, on the 17 of March 1802, in full assurance of being no more called to *Rehearsal*; where he hopes to find his *forfeits* all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by him who paid the great stock debt for the love he bore to performers in general.

THE RULING PASSION. A Lady's beauty is dear to her in every situation: in sickness and even in death. A lady in Dublin a few years ago who was celebrated for the loveliness of her personal charms being in the last stage of consumption, and when on the point of death her attendants were rubbing her temple with hungary water to rouse her from a swoon, she, as soon as she recovered her senses, entreated them to desist for *that application would wither her complexion, and make her hair grey!*"

THE DRAMA.

MADAME FERON, AND THE MESDAMES KNIGHT AND AUSTIN.

These three ladies have been elevated by popular opinion, to the loftiest eminence of operatic celebrity in this country. Indeed it cannot be denied, but that they respectively possess a high assemblage of those vocal powers, that tend to give effect to the voice of song, and spirit and force to the characters of the English opera. We confess we are not among the admirers of Madame Feron, because her "sounds are not an echo of the sense;" her Italian *imitations*, her prolonged shakes, and strained quivers can never convey feeling, or passion, for instead of agitating the soul, and thrilling the sensibility, her unaffected harmony—

"Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart."

But we do not deny her claims to negative merit, as a singer; her vocal science and management are of high order and accuracy, still her voice wants that compass, which is requisite to display its power in elevated tones of liquid and mellow modulation. As to her personations, they are never marked by force of character, or striking individuality; nor is there beauty or expression in her singing, it fails in conveying feeling, or touching pathos to the heart; nor can it delineate love, deep, and inextinguishable—hopeless despair, or tumultuous and overwhelming joy.

Mrs. KNIGHT, we think, in soft modulation of voice, and luxuriant richness of tone, is unrivalled in America.

It is not a matter of wonder, therefore, that we hear with so much delight and interest the siren songstress whose voice has been rendered by cultivation, at once the vehicle of thought, feeling, and diversified melody.

Mrs. Austin, as a vocal performer, has merited and received applause. She possesses a good figure an expressive countenance, and a clear and powerful voice. Her songs are often impassioned, and affecting.

As these three ladies, have, as singers, received the tribute of applause, from the unanimous voice of criticism, we will endeavour to ascertain the degree of commendation to which each is entitled, by estimating their comparative merits. The task is not, we are aware, an easy one, and it is with diffidence that we submit the following remarks to the judgment of our readers. To begin then with something like a criterion.

If it were asked what are the essential qualities of a good singer, common to all the different departments, in which the human voice can serve as the medium of giving expression to sentiment, the following four requisites would suggest themselves. A full, clear and flexible voice, capable of wide compass, and perfect in the modulation of its tones, a facility and nicety of articulation, a variety of ornament suited to the character of the music, and a characteristic and touching pathos. These four qualifications are indispensably necessary to lift a vocal performer to professional eminence. Madame Feron is no doubt deficient in many of the attributes of song. In pathetic music she seldom shows sensibility, and consequently, when she evinces no passion, it is impossible to communicate a spark of spirit from the collision of her apathy and supineness. When we are not, says Horace, affected ourselves, we cannot affect others.

Though possessed of considerable facility of modulation, she scarcely ever varies her *cadenzas* upon a repetition. The lower notes of her voice are not so firm as those of Mrs. Knight, who yet must be classed inferior to her, in the strength and sweetness of the higher.

It is perhaps the bad taste of the day, which induces Madame Feron, to dwell so long and so frequently upon a *shake*, to the utter disgust of every admirer of chaste and appropriate ornament. The light of expression too, that faintly plays on her countenance, is always dimmed by that grimace, which is so peculiar to the performers of her country. On the whole, we must say that she is as inferior to Madame Malibran, as the lowest species of Lyric poetry is to the lofty epic.

Mrs. Knight has the art of placing her powers in a proper light, and her melodious strains touch the finest feelings of the heart. In fine she may be characterised as a brilliant singer, who can adapt her powers to the emphatic expression of the sublime, and the pathetic.

Mrs. Austin, in depth of voice and rapidity of execution, is only excelled in this country by the Mesdames Feron, and Knight; and in the dramatic music of the opera, she is often impressive and effective. Indeed her graceful gesture, blooming countenance, and elegant person, will always *gild* her defects with the rays of beauty, which never fail to dazzle the optics of CRITICISM.

Poetry.

AN OSSIANIC GARLAND,

FOR THE GRAVE OF THE LAMENTED MRS. M'GOWAN, the lady of Mr. B. M'Gowan of this city, whose premature dissolution on the 8th of March, has plunged the hearts of her inconsolable husband and bereaved parents into that deep affliction, which cannot be soothed by sympathy. She was, indeed, a bright example of filial piety and conjugal affection, who concentrated in the sphere of domestic life, all those amiable qualities and affable manners, that exalt the female character, and win the affection of friends and the esteem of acquaintance. Her soul was ever warm with the rays of benevolence, and alive to the vibrations of sensibility, which awoke her pity and solicitude for the distressed and woes of others.

"Short was her life—but ah, the thread how fine!
How pure the texture of each finish'd line!"

Oh! relentless and inexorable DEATH! why hast thou blighted with thy chilling breath, the verdure of happiness that had only bloomed in the first spring of adolescence, in a fond husband's heart? Why hast thou thrown thy dark clouds over the nuptial horizon in which the sun of contentment so lately beamed in its roontide radiance?

Thou hast extinguished the torch of felicity in the husband's bosom, and withered and faded every green plant and fragrant blossom that decorated the pleasure-lit landscape of a FATHER's hope! Thou hast drawn the dark curtain of desolation over the earthly joys of two families, whom thou hast benighted in a moonless gloom of misery. Fell destroyer! what ravages dost thou make among the children of men! neither youth, beauty, genius, nor virtue is exempt from thy potent power! Could a union of the finest affections of the heart; could spotless innocence; could religious piety; could the most endearing manners, and the most exemplary conduct, in the most interesting relations of private life, excite thy pity or stay thy hand, MARIA M'GOWAN, instead of being as she, alas! now is, "a clod of the valley," would be the grace and ornament of the social circle, and the delight and hope of her husband and parents?

But silent she sleeps in her "narrow cell," the howling breeze moans in the cypresses that shade her grave with their solemn foliage, and rustles the grassy drapery that covers her bosom! Blow lightly on her grave, oh! ye winds! nor break the repose of her slumbers; touch not the green verdure that sorrows on her tomb, for she was as gentle as the dew-dropping rose that reclines from the beams of the sun; and the purity of her virtues was as white and unspotted as the Elysian lily.

Her pure benevolent spirit has past away like the dream of the dawn; it has dropped as the dew-gems from the petal of the rose; but her memory is embalmed in the shrine of connubial and parental affection; it is preserved in the recollection of friendship, whose sympathy will often shed the tear of regret, when it presents her image in the mirror of retrospection.

April 1st. 1829.

FINGAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN.

SIR—I beg leave to congratulate you on the excellence of your last number. Continue to give such an interesting journal as that to the public, and you may confidently expect success.

Your "*Grecian Fables, Biography, and History of Ireland*," &c. possess considerable variety and entertainment for every literary reader, no matter of what country.

I often wondered, sir, that the amatory poems of the author of *Paradise Lost*, have been doomed to strange and unmerited neglect. The clouds of oblivion that shroud them, should be scattered by the rays of genius. Although they were trifles too minute for the daring sublimity of Milton's powers, yet some of them will be found to possess, in an extraordinary degree, the touches and tints of the brilliant colouring of that great master. The study of Italian literature has never been cultivated with so much zeal, ardour and success as at present, when the compositions of a Byron, a Lady Morgan, a Mathias and a Roscoe awaken so much interest and curiosity to learn every thing of the country of Petrarch, Tasso, and Dante. I trust, sir, that a translation of a Sonnet of Milton's, a poet, who, except Byron, soared higher in the regions of sublimity than any other British Bard, will not prove unacceptable to your readers, however deficient it may be in the colouring and spirit of the original.

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Qual in colle a pro, &c.

On some bleak hill, imbrown'd in evening's shades,
The lovely shepherdess with cares bedews
Th' exotic flower whose blushing hues—
In a strange sun grows pale, then droops and fades;—
Pluck'd from its native shade, and genial spring.—
So love awakes to foreign notes my lyre,
And strikes the Ausonian springs of soft desire,
While in these strains of him I sweetly sing,
From the green shades and bowers of Thames I rove—
Where Briton's brave disdain the am'rous lay,
To seek thy banks of Arno and of love.
Love leads! Alas! that always led astray!
Ah! might my ling'ring soul quit this dull air
For those sweet plains devoid of earth-born care.

The sonnet, though so ill adapted to the English language, has been attempted by almost every English Poet. Shakspeare's sonnets are pretty, but they want the point and affecting simplicity of Petrarch; nor have Byron, Moore, or Campbell been able to imbue this species of composition with the passion, spirit, and sensibility which sparkle in the effusions of the Lover of Laura. Except Milton's, CHARLOTTE SMITH's sonnets are, in my humble opinion, the best models in the English language. Milton has, indeed, transplanted into English literature the fairest and most fragrant flowers of the Italian soil; his classic mind saw and seized its beauties, and blooms; but to compose in our language, a good sonnet, requires the genius of the author of *Paradise Lost*, while every Italian rhymers is equal to the task.

The language of Italy, so rich, luxuriant, and fertile in similar terminations, affords a choice which our's denies: the English sonnet, therefore, embraces all the difficulty of the Italian, without any of its facilities, while the necessary recurrence of the same rhyme compels a stiffness of style, an harshness of expression, and a quaintness of sentiment. Hence has the sonnet become an object of parody; but the manner of parody has been sadly mistaken by Cowper, Shenstone, and the Lake Poets. Byron disdained to light on this molehill of poetic composition; his daring genius, like the Bird of Jove, would never descend, but on the cloud-canopied crag of the mountain of sublimity. Moore, Campbell, or Sir Walter Scott, have gathered no laurels in the field of sonnets.

In the perusal of a sonnet, the reader should be led along, as if the parody were serious; the deception should be delicately managed, and not until the last line, nay, if possible, the last word, should the ridicule be discovered. The reader should be surprised into the laugh; but if the writer plunges even with his first line, into the broad burlesque, the effect of the parody is utterly lost. That I may not, however, be accused of laying down rules which cannot or should not be observed, I beg to subjoin the following attempt, as a specimen of the paradoxical sonnet:

A SENTIMENTAL SONNET.

Ah! I am very sad, indeed I am!
Come melancholy Muse, my wanderings meet;
We for each other fittest are I weat:
And as along the willowy banks of CAM,
Or Iss' sedgy side, my pensive feet
Forth stray—Oh lead me thou! The innocent LAMS,
The matron Ewe—and horn'd paternal Ram,
Shall aid our converse with congenial bleat.—
Lonely as they who left the land of HAM—
Nor love—nor hope—nor pleasure's dear deceit,
Shall woo me;—in his wild and waste retreat
I envy the poor Indian youth his yam.
But ah!—why 'plains my song so sadly sweet?
In truth—'tis all—a sonnetizing sham.

JUVERNA.

Broadway;

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"What's'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN!—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE!"

NO. 4.

FOR APRIL, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

The origin of the Milesians or Scots traced to Phœnius. An account of his successors; and their migrations, until they invaded Ireland, A. M. 2736.

We come now to treat of an epoch of Irish history which has been, more than any other in our annals, illustrated and attested by a combination of genius and historical testimony that establishes its basis on a rock of irrefragable accuracy, which can no more be shaken by the cavils of doubt and scepticism, than the pyramids of Egypt by the idle blast of the Sirocco. In this era the horizon of our history was overcast by no fictitious clouds; letters and light were introduced into Ireland by our Milesian ancestors, and TRUTH was the deity they worshipped.

Our Scythian origin has not been even questioned by INNES or Macpherson, in all their visionary essays to despoil Erin of the unfading garlands which her Fingals, (*Fion Mac Cumhal*), Ossians, and Columbas entwined round her brows. For Buchannon himself says, "the Scythians becoming too numerous in Spain, many of them forsook that country and settled in Ireland, which they called *Seeta*, in honour of the wife of Milesius, their chief."

Phœnius, who, next to Cadmus of Phœnicia, is most eminent for the invention of letters, was the great progenitor of the Milesian line. He was the descendant of Magog the son of Japhet, the son of Noah. We have scriptural authority for saying that Japhet had seven sons, whose posterity peopled not only Europe, but part of Asia. The descendants of Gomer inhabited Gaul and Germany; those of Magog occupied Scythia, which they rendered so renowned for martial glory. Madai and Juvan settled in the different provinces of Greece. Thubal, who was the inventor of the Jewish harp, possessed Spain and Portugal. Messech, Italy. And Thyras obtained the sovereignty of Thrace. Of the children of Magog, the great progenitor of the Scythian nation, the inspired pensman has given us no account; but all our chronicles, particularly those that are deemed most authentic, as the Book of Invasions, the White Book, called *Leabhar-Dhroma-Sneachta*, and the Book of Conquests, concur in the assertion that he had three sons, *Baath*, *Jobath*, and *Fathochta*; from Baath descended Feniusa Farsa, king of Scythia, who was the founder of the Gadelians. Jobath was the ancestor of the Bactrians, Parthians, and Amazons. Fathochta was the progenitor of Partholanus, and consequently of the Nemedians, Firbolgs, and Tuatha de Danans, as well as of the Goths and Huns.

VOL. I.—15

Our Ethiric historians commence their annals of our Scythian origin with Phœnius, the son of Baath, the great source whence flows the Milesian stream. Our antiquarians say that Phœnius got the name of Farsa, or the sage, from his knowledge of philosophy, and his intimate acquaintance with the different languages that originated from the confusion of tongues at Babel. He also gained immortality by inventing eight letters of the alphabet, in addition to the sixteen signs of Cadmus. Possessing sovereign authority in Phœnicia, he selected seventy-two learned men whom he dispersed to the different countries that were then inhabited, to learn the language that prevailed in each, commanding them to return at the expiration of seven years. When that period was elapsed, these literary missionaries came back to the court of Phœnius, with minds enriched and elevated with foreign lore. Schools were founded by the Prince, for these linguists to impart a portion of their acquired knowledge to their countrymen.

But no sooner were these schools opened than Phœnius discovered that the memory of the teachers was not sufficiently tenacious of the principles they had studied in their respective peregrinations, so that the necessity of fixing on some arbitrary characters to impress the recollection, and represent the original elementary sounds of the human voice, forcibly suggested itself. To attain so desirable an end, his first object was to ascertain the number of these primary sounds that enter into the composition of words; and to effect this he judged it expedient to add eight letters or signs to the alphabet of Cadmus. He is said to have been assisted in this invention by Gadel and Gar, two Hebrew philosophers of erudition. The Irish appellation for our mother tongue was "*Bearla Pheni*," or the language of Phœnius. This alphabet served to record the transactions of history, philosophy, and science; but the sacred mysteries of religion were registered in a character which was only understood by the Druids or high priests. Raymond, in a long dissertation, satisfactorily proves that the occult letters or signs used by the Phœnician priesthood, were in formation and identity the same characters, in which the Irish Brehons preserved their records. Before paper or parchment was invented, the ancient Irish Druids caused the sacred signs to be cut on tablets of marble, and sometimes inscribed with a red hot iron on smoothed boards of the beech tree. Several of these Druidical records are still to be seen in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. Ware, Camden, and the Welsh antiquarian, *Lhuyd*, have adduced insurmountable arguments and logical deductions to support the fact alleged by our historians, that the use of the Phœnician alphabet was coeval with the landing of the Milesians in Ireland.

"The Phœnician and Irish languages," says *Lhuyd*, "are similar in meaning, and generally in orthography; so much so, indeed, that they agree as much together as any one of the Greek dialects doth with another, and more exactly, in fact, than the languages of two remote parts of the same kingdom." But it is time to turn to Phœnius.

This Prince thirsting after new knowledge, committed the care of the kingdom to his eldest son, NEANIUL, and setting out on his travels, he visited several seminaries, in order to increase the acquisition of his accomplishments. After a long peregrination, he took up his residence in the vicinity of Babylon, where he opened a school and gave instructions to several Egyptians, for according to Herodotus, the youth of Egypt in those days derived all their knowledge of letters, geometry and architecture from the Babylonians. Leaving this seminary under the superintendence of competent preceptors, he returned to his kingdom with the view of promoting a general system of education throughout all his dominions; but shortly after his return he was arrested in his laudable career by the hand of death.

NEANIUL took the reigns of government, and his brother NIUL (the remote progenitor of the royal dynasty of O'Neil,) was appointed to the office of high priest. His legislative wisdom and literary attainments spread his fame over Europe and Asia. Pharaoh Cingress, king of Egypt, hearing of the celebrity of this paragon of learning, became so extremely anxious to see him that he sent ambassadors to invite the erudite Prince to his court. Flattered by the invitation, he repaired to

Egypt, attended by a gorgeous retinue. At the court of Pharaoh the graces of his person and the insinuation of his manners captivated the heart of the Egyptian princess, *Scota*, while the display of his talents prepossessed the king and courtiers in his favour. A matrimonial alliance was soon solemnized, and Niul received possession of the territory of *Capacirunt*, on the borders of the Red Sea, as the dowry of his wife. The issue of this union was a son, whom Niul named *Gadel*, in honour of his father's preceptor, who had borne the same name.

Keating and O'Flaherty entertain us with a historical detail of the intimacy of Moses and Niul, which, from the silence of other creditable writers, we think we may more properly call it a *tale* of Romance. *Coarmoc*, the royal historian, nor *St. Fiech*, the Biographer of *St. Patrick*, makes no mention of the connexion of Moses and Niul, though each of these authors states that Ireland was anciently called *Tuatha Phæni*, or the Island of Phænius.

Indeed King *Cormoc* in his *Psalter*, instead of synchronizing the Jewish Prophet and the Phœnician Prince, informs us, that between the period of the *Gadeli*ans quitting Egypt, and that of the deluge, 470 years had elapsed, whereas the era of Moses' departure from captivity, is fixed by the most accurate chronologists 160 years later than that of the birth of *Gadel-glas*. But as the story has been interwoven in our early annals, we have no right to tear the threads of interpolation out of the historic web. Sir Isaac Newton mentions, somewhere, "that if the alloy of fiction could be separated from the pure ore of fact, many ponderous folio volumes, assuming the name of history, might be committed to the flames, without any loss to the republic of letters." But let us give our version of the story, and embody its substance in our own language.

It was during the residence of Niul, at *Capacirunt*, adjoining the Red sea, that the Israelites, under the command of Moses and Aaron, attempted to free themselves from their Egyptian bondage, and in the course of their march they encamped near the house of the Prince, who surprised at their number and hostile appearance, went in person to know who they were, and whether they came in peace or war. On his approaching the camp he met Aaron, who gave him a brief detail of the Hebrew nation, and the bondage to which they had been so long subjected in the land of plagues. He then related the wonders and miracles that God had wrought for their deliverance, and the punishments which he inflicted on their unrelenting oppressor. Niul moved and affected by the relation of the holy man, proffered him his assistance, and offered to supply him with corn, and such other necessaries as his country produced. Aaron, after giving a feeling expression to his gratitude, returned, to his Brother, and joyfully informed him of his interview with a neighbouring Prince, and the kind offers of assistance that he so generously made. Moses elated at the intelligence, communicated it to the assembled hosts, to whose bosoms it imparted the vivid beams of hope. It happened on the same night, that the young Prince *Gadel*, was bit in the neck by a serpent, while bathing in the river. The virulent venom quickly diffused itself through his veins, and poisoned the currents of life, so that he was soon reduced to the last extremity. Niul, alarmed at this fatal accident, and aware of the miraculous powers with which Moses was gifted, carried the expiring Prince to his camp, and entreated that he would extend to his son the healing effects of those attributes with which the supreme Being had invested him. Moses touched with pity for the tortures of the child, instantly complied with the request of the afflicted parent, and laying his wand on the wound, the young Prince immediately recovered. As soon as the cure was performed, Moses locked a chain, which he held in his hand, round the neck of *Gadel*, whence he received the name of *Glas*, or of the lock. Moses then predicted, that wherever any of the posterity of *Gadel-glas* should reign, no venomous reptiles should ever infest the country, or be able to live on the soil on which they would once imprint their footsteps. Niul overjoyed at the recovery of his son, and the promise of the prophesy, cheerfully furnished Moses with such provisions as were necessary to his journey, not however, without apprehensions that his civility to the Israelites might arouse the jealousy, and

draw down the vengeance of his father-in-law upon his devoted head. As soon as he imparted these fears to Moses, he solicited Niul either to remove with him into the land of promise, where he should enjoy a part of the possessions destined for the Hebrews, or if this did not seem a pleasing alternative, he promised to deliver up the Egyptian shipping into his hands, by which means he and his people could keep aloof until he saw how God should settle affairs between him and Pharaoh, who was making preparations to pursue the children of Israel, in order to bring them back to bondage. The latter proposition having been accepted by Niul, Moses instantly despatched a thousand men to secure the Egyptian fleet, who succeeded in their design of putting Niul in the possession of it. He lost no time in embarking with all his followers, and standing out to sea to await the event of Moses' flight from the tyranny of Pharaoh. Next day, according to holy writ, the waters of the red sea were divided, and the Egyptian Monarch, in attempting to follow Moses, perished with all his hosts, by which memorable event, the fears of Niul being dissipated, he returned to his former possessions, and reigned in peace for many years. When our intelligent readers peruse the foregoing ingenious fictions, they will allow, that like the episode narrating the meeting of Dido and Æneas, they serve to decorate with the flowers of romance, a story, which the weight of its glaring anacronism must sink in the quagmire of utter discredit.

What credulity can be persuaded that Moses could send a thousand men to seize on the Egyptian fleet, while Pharaoh with all his forces, was in actual pursuit of him? Dr. Keating endeavours to account for the imaginary alliance of Moses and Niul, by supposing that the latter, like many of the characters in scripture, lived some hundred of years; but a hypothesis is a bad ground-work on which to raise a fabric of historical fact.

Those who reject the preceding story, which has indeed no claim to historical credence, derive the word *Glas*, the surname of Gadel, from the brightness and brilliant polish of his arms, which reflected a green lustre. From this *Gadel-Glas* the Milesians received the appellation of *Gadelians*, and from his Mother, *Scota*, that of *Scots*. The etymology of these names, and also of the name Phœnicians, given to our Milesian ancestors, is confirmed by the following ancient verse,

"*Phaem o' Phaemus adbearta : brigh gan dochta*
Gaoidheal O'Gaoidhal-Glas-garta : scyt'o Scota."

That is, we are unquestionably called Phœnicians from our renowned progenitor, Phanius; Gadelians from Gadel-Glas, and Scots from Scota.

Gadel succeeded his father Niul, A. M. 1996, and seems to have enjoyed a peaceable reign. It was, indeed, too short to witness many revolutions. His son *Easru* assumed regal authority; but his reign, which it is said lasted thirty years, is not distinguished in history. He died in 2036 of the world, and left a son named *Sru*, who succeeded to the throne. At this era, the sovereignty of Egypt was swayed by *Pharaoh an Tuir*, whom our historians represent as a brave and accomplished Prince. He recruited the forces of his kingdom, and exerted himself to repair the ravages with which the divine wrath devastated the country during the reign of his wicked predecessor, Pharaoh Cingcris.

This Monarch, either not knowing the descendants of Niul, or according to some authorities, incensed at the assistance which the Gadelians afforded Moses in his flight from the Egyptians, entered the country of Capacirunt with fire and sword.

Sru, unable to cope with so formidable an opponent, found no other resource of safety from the danger by which he was menaced, but in flying into the country of his ancestors. This flight took place, according to O'Halloran, A. M. 2046. The irruption of Pharaoh was, however, so rapid and unexpected, that *Sru* could only collect four ships, in which he embarked, with the principal nobility, their wives, and such valuable effects as they could carry with them in so pre-

captives an embarkation. This event occurred in the tenth year of Sru's reign. Sir Francis Walsingham, in a latin work published in 1663, called *Hypodigma*, alludes to the flight of Sru out of Egypt in the following passage, which we translate—"After Pharaoh Cingcris and all his bands perished in the Red sea, his successor, *Pharaoh an Tuir*, burning with resentment against a noble Scythian who resided in Egypt, and who was a blood relation of the former reigning family, whom Pharaoh dreaded as a rival in the monarchy. He therefore resolved to drive this competitor out of Egypt, lest he might attempt to seize the government. The Scythian Prince not having the means of asserting his right to the crown of Egypt, fled to Spain, and thence to Ireland." This account, however, is only true in part, as they did not come direct from Egypt into Spain; for Dagha, who led the Gadelians into Spain, was the fifteenth in descent from Sru, under whose command they departed from Egypt, to elude the vengeance of Pharaoh an Tuir. From Egypt the Gadelians directed their course to the Island of Crete, in the Mediterranean sea, where they obtained a peaceable settlement, and civilized the rude manners of the inhabitants, by introducing the study of literature and the arts. They instructed them in the knowledge of the Divine Being, the reverence and obedience due to him, and the duties which he has thought proper to impose upon man.

Sru ruled over his followers in Crete 25 years, and by his death the government devolved upon Heber Scot, his son. After a period of twenty years administration, in the Island of Crete, he for some cause, unexplained by our annalists, abandoned the Island, A. M. 2096, and set sail for Phœnicia, the country of his ancestors, where he was kindly received by his relatives, and after obtaining the regal authority, he died full of years and virtue. His son *Bomhain* ascended the throne in spite of the opposition of *Naoine*, the legitimate descendant of *Neaniul*, and the rightful heir of the crown of Phœnicia. The contention of these competitors filled the kingdom with all the horrors of civil war. Fortune seemed long undecided, and the contending rivals alternately experienced the rewards of victory, and the vicissitudes of defeat. *Bomhain*, however, after a disturbed reign of 35 years, fell by the sword, and made way for his son, *Oghamhain*, who took command of the shattered forces of his father, and by fortune and perseverance, retrieved, in some degree, the losses which had been sustained during the former reign. He met, however, with that fate to which a scene of continued hostilities must have necessarily exposed him, and died in battle, A. M. 2176. His son, *Tait*, of whom nothing memorable is recorded, became his successor. After his death, which is supposed to have happened in 2211, the command devolved on *Aghnoin*, who defeated and slew his rival *Riffleoir*, the son of *Riffil*, the lineal descendant of *Neaniul*, the son of *Phœnius*. This victory, however, was productive of consequences which proved worse than a defeat; for the followers of *Riffleoir*, collecting all their strength, vowed vengeance on the house of *Niul*. To evade the storm that foreboded such terrible results, *Aghnoin* and his adherents resolved to abandon a country where peace and happiness could not be enjoyed any longer by them. They accordingly embarked on board of their fleet, and committed themselves to the guidance of winds and waves, without having shaped their course for any particular port of destination. On this voyage of chance, *Aghnoin*, was accompanied by his brother *Heber*, who presided as High Priest; by his three sons, *Ealloid*, *Laimh-Fionn*, and *Laimh-Glas*, as well as by *Caicer*, and *Cing*, the two sons of *Heber*.

His fleet was wafted about for two years, by the caprice of tempests and billows, during which perilous period, *Aghnoin* died, A. M. 2241, and was succeeded in the command by his eldest son, *Laimh-Fionn*. Shortly after, he and his marine wanderers were driven by a storm into the Island of *Cherine*, (*Cyprus*.) where they stopped to refit their fleet and recruit themselves, for a space of fifteen months. Here death deprived them of the high priest, *Heber*, and his nephew *Laimh-Glas*, who were interred with all the pomp and honours due to their rank. *Heber* was succeeded in the pontificate by his son *Caicer*, whom the Gadelians consulted rela-

tive to their future destinies. Having sacrificed to the gods, and particularly to Neptune, he foretold, that the settlement reserved for their posterity, was the most western Island in Europe, and one which Princes of their race would rule over for many centuries; but that some generations should intervene before they could get possession of the "Green Isle of the Ocean." Having made the necessary preparation for a long voyage, they set sail, and directed their course to Gothland, where Laimh-Fionn had a son, who was reputed a Prince of wisdom and valour.

In this voyage they encountered every species of danger, as their course lay through perilous seas full of rocks, peopled by seducing sirens. To steer clear through these difficulties, we are gravely told by the Psalter of Cashel, that, as soon as the fleet reached the straits of Messina, the high priest, Caicer, caused the mariners to stuff their ears with wax, by which contrivance they escaped the rocks and quicksands, to which the magic influence of siren fascination drew so many hapless barks. We think that some poet, and not a historian, foisted this fable of the sirens, which originated with the Phœnicians, into the Psalter of Cashel, unknown to king Cormoc. The Gadelians succeeding according to their wishes in avoiding the dangers to which their voyage exposed them, they at length effected a landing at Getulia, on the African coast.

As soon as they went on shore they proceeded to return solemn thanks to the gods for their safety. Having explored the country, and ascertained the character of its inhabitants, they came to a determination of making a permanent settlement in a land which appeared to be fertile and verdant.

Shortly after their arrival their chief, Laimh-Fionn, died, A. M. 2281, and was succeeded by his eldest son, HEBER, called *Glun-fionn*, or, the white-knee. Our annalists characterise him as a prince that united the prudence of the sage to the intrepidity of the warrior; but we are not told when or where he displayed these accomplishments; nor indeed is there any particular notice taken of the transactions of the Gadelians for a period of 315 years, which they are supposed to have remained in Getulia. By an ancient poem, written by *Giolla Caomhan*, we are informed that the Gadelians remained only thirty years in Gothland. But though Keating agrees with the author as to the country, he rejects the period of time which he assigns for their continuance, and asserts that there are Irish records of great authority which relate that the Gadelians remained 150 years in the country, where eight generations passed away during their rule. This is indeed a period of history which is involved in a dusky mantle of obscurity through which the eye of inquiry will never be able to penetrate. Heber's throne was successively filled by his son Adhnoin-Fionn, his grand-son Feabhar-Glas, his great-grand-son Neannail, and by the descendants of the latter, Nuaghadh, Allad, Earachda, and Deaghfatha, the father of the renowned BRATHA. The latter prince, in early life betrayed a capacity for governing, and a spirit of ambition that spurned the narrow limits of his father's territories, and bid fair to shine with lustre in a suitable sphere of action.

No sooner had he assumed the sovereign authority than he formed the determination of gaining by conquest a country that would afford a sufficient scope for the display of his genius. He quickly fitted out a fleet, and having sailed through the Mediterranean Sea, and passed the pillars of Hercules, with some difficulty he succeeded in landing on the coast of Galacia, where he gallantly repulsed the natives, who flocked to the shores to oppose him.

BRATHA, after repelling the hostile attacks of a warlike and ferocious people, caused breast-works and entrenchments to be raised to secure his army from further molestation from the natives. According to the Psalter of Cashel, Bratha and his son Breogan had to fight fifty-four pitched battles before they were able finally to establish their dominion in Spain. Death terminated the glorious reign of Bratha, A. M. 2597, when his valiant son, BREOGAN, mounted the throne of Spain by the consent of the nation.

He built a city for the residence of his people, which he surrounded with a wall and deep fosse. From him the city was called Breogan Sciath, or the shield of

Breogan. He also erected a light-house for the direction of shipping from England and Ireland, with which countries his subjects carried on an extensive trade. This Pharos was furnished with reflecting and refracting glasses, globes, and other nautical instruments. This heroic prince, from whom the dynasty of the house of Braganza is descended, was the father of ten legitimate sons, namely, Cuailgne, Cuala, Blath, Aibhle, Nar, Bregha, Fuadh, Muirtheimhne, Ith, and Bille. The latter was the father of GOLLAMH, who was designated, by way of distinction and dignity, "*Mile-Espaine*," or the hero of Spain, who, under the name of Miliesius, cuts such a distinguished figure in the annals of Erin.

Breogan and his sons gained many victories in Spain, and finally succeeded in reducing that country and Portugal to his subjection. His son GOLLAMH covered himself with glory in every battle, and his skill and heroism generally secured the victory.

Having finally established their settlement in Spain, Gollamh (Miliesius) became desirous of an opportunity of entwining new laurels in his wreath of fame. By his father's consent he fitted out an expedition with which he sailed from the port of Corunna, in order to assist his friends in Phœnicia, who were at this time greatly distressed by foreign wars. He was accompanied by twelve literary and scientific men, who were to take observations in astronomy and the arts, and keep a regular journal of the discoveries they might make, or the improvements they might meet.

The chivalric prince was received with warm demonstrations of respect and regard by his cousin Reffleoir, at the Scythian court. His acknowledged military talents and undaunted courage pointed him out to the king as a person every way qualified to command his armies. In order to knit the bonds of relationship still closer, and add "a tower of strength" to his power, the king gave Miliesius his daughter, the beautiful Seang, in marriage. At the head of the army he soon expelled the invaders from the dominions of his father-in-law, suppressed revolts, and humbled all the enemies of the Scythian nation.

He had two sons by the Phœnician Princess, Don and Aireach, in giving birth to the latter of whom she died. The father was assiduous in instructing his sons in military talents, and in all the accomplishments that can adorn and polish intellect. His victories and his generosity raised him so high in the estimation of the people that his popularity filled the mind of the king with alarm and jealousy, who apprehensive that the Spanish prince might attempt to usurp the sovereign power and wrest it from his family, after the example of his ancestors, took measures to have him assassinated. But some friend intimated privately to Gollamh the fate that was intended for him, who on hearing the treachery of his father-in-law, resolved to have vengeance. In order to deceive the king he feigned indisposition, whilst his adherents were making the necessary preparations to accomplish his intention. All being ready for the execution of his plan, he at the head of a chosen band of his countrymen forced the gates of the palace, and despatched the ungenerous REFPLEOR. Miliesius not thinking it prudent to entrust himself any longer to the faith of the Phœnicians, set sail for Egypt, where he proffered his services to Pharaoh Nectonebus, the king, who was then engaged in war with the Ethiopians. Pharaoh wishing to avail himself of the assistance of a prince whose exploits were the theme of universal applause, immediately appointed him generalissimo of his armies.

He engaged the Ethiopians in several conflicts, with incredible success, and proved himself worthy of the dignity conferred upon him by the Egyptian Monarch, who, in consideration of the important services which he experienced at his hands, gave him his daughter *Scota* in marriage. By *Scota* he had two sons, born in Egypt, Heber-Fionn, and Amherghin. During the absence of Miliesius, his father Bille died in Spain, and in consequence, the Spaniards began to revolt from the Gadelian government. The moment Miliesius heard of the disaffection of the Spaniards, he took a final leave of his father-in-law, and hastened back to chastise the rebels of his country. No sooner was he landed than his very name, like that of him who threw Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar into the shade, NA-

FOLSON, communicated fear and consternation to the hearts of the insurgents. Tranquillity was soon restored, and Milesius, before his death, had the happiness of reigning over a well affected and united people. He died, A. M. 2706, advanced in years, and was succeeded by his son *Heber-Fionn*, who, after a short time, shared the royal power with his younger brother, *Heremon*. Dr. Keating alledges, but we know not on what authority, that Milesius's voyage from Egypt to Spain, was perilous and protracted, occupying, according to his unauthenticated account, a period of two years, during which he visited Thrace, where his wife *Scota* was delivered of a son, called *Ir*; that after refitting his fleet in the Hellespont, he again put to sea, and passing through a series of circumnavigations, in the course of which he touched the north of Britain, (where another son was born to him, whom he named *Colpa*, or the swordsman,) he at length made the coast of Spain. "There is certainly no question" says the profound and erudite CHARLES O'CONNOR, "but that the account of the feats and exploits of the Gadelian chiefs, taken in a great measure from our Bards and Filleas, rather than from our authentic annals, is mixed with much fable and coloured with the die of invention; and we need not doubt of the corruption of the stream, as it is mixed with the current of succeeding ages: it is enough that the chiefest heroes mentioned by our old Bards, were equally celebrated in the traditions of other learned nations.

Our annalists tell us that Milesius had eight sons born in wedlock, and twenty-four who were the fruits of illicit love.

HEBER-FIONN, his eldest son by *Seang*, his first wife, in conjunction with his younger brother *Heremon*, assumed the reins of sovereignty, and *Amhergin* was elevated to the pontificate. By the assistance of the twelve Philosophers, who accompanied *Gollamh*, alias, *Milesius* to Phœnicia and Egypt, these Princes were able to give ample encouragement to the arts and sciences. While they were employed in the salutary endeavour of ameliorating the condition of their people, by diffusing knowledge and morals among them, the country was visited with the dreadful calamities of pestilence and famine, by which they were so weakened, that the neighbouring states were once more encouraged to attack them.

In this fallen state of their fortunes, they were unable to surmount the difficulties and dangers that environed them; nor could they devise any means to resist the hostile attacks with which they were threatened. While bewildered in the mazes of this emergency, without a ray of hope to warm their despair-chilled hearts, *Amhergin*, as if suddenly seized with prophetic inspiration, reminded them of the ancient prediction of his predecessor, *Caicer*. His words raised their spirits from the deepest despondency to the summit of expectation. He informed them that the *Western Island* of the Atlantic, which was unknown to their ancestors in the days of *Caicer*, was that destined for the posterity of *Milesius*. The people, on hearing the speech of the high Priest, called on their chiefs to conduct them to that Isle, where the gods promised them prosperity and happiness. After deliberating in council, they resolved on sending *Ir*, the son of *Breogan*, on whose prudence and sagacity they could rely, to visit the Island, and ascertain the strength and character of its inhabitants.

Ir, accordingly, set sail from the port of *Corunna*, in Spain, A. M. 2735, in a strong ship, attended by his son *Lughaidh*, and a select body of 150 armed men, besides the crew.

His voyage having proved prosperous, he reached the northern coast of Ireland, in a few days after his departure, and landed with all his followers at *Daire Calgach*, now *Londonderry*, where he immediately offered sacrifices to Neptune, the favourite marine god of the Phœnicians and Gadelians. The omens did not prove as propitious as he expected, but relying on the fulfilment of the ancient prophesy, he did not suffer his mind to brood in sadness on the discouraging divination. As soon as the Gadelians pitched their tents, numbers of the inhabitants approached their camp to know who they were, and what the strange adventurers wanted in the country of *Innis-fail*. *Ir* was astonished to find himself

addressed by the people of a foreign clime, in his vernacular language,* and gave the inquirers to understand, in the same idiom, that the identity of their language convinced him that he and they must have sprung from one common source of Japhethian ancestry; that he was driven on their coasts by stress of weather, and that he intended to return as soon as possible to his friends in Spain. The people sympathising in his distresses, informed him that the Danaan Princes, who then ruled the nation, were holding a Congress at *Oilcach Nead*, in the peninsula of *Innis-Shone*, not far distant from his camp, whither they advised him to repair. This congress assembled here, (where in days of yore the Kings of Ulster held their Courts,) for the purpose of making an equitable partition of the crown Jewels between three brothers, who had disputed about them. He accordingly presented himself before this assembly, and by his courtly bearing and eloquent address, impressed the Belgian chiefs with so high an idea of his character, that they unanimously agreed to make him their umpire in deciding an unfortunate difference, which, if not averted, was likely to kindle the flames of civil war in the country. The contending brothers unanimously declared that they would cheerfully submit to his decision.

ITH, unwilling to incur the displeasure of either of the Princes, adjudged, that the Jewels should be equally divided among the three brothers. He expatiated at the same time, on the advantages resulting from peace and concord, and observed that a country so fruitful, indented as it was with rivers that watered green meadows, and verdant valleys of flowery pasturage, which were never visited with the devastation of the hurricane, seemed designed by bountiful nature, as the abode of contentment and prosperity.

Having reconciled the brothers to each other, he took his leave, and departed with the presents that they presented him, for his ship. No sooner was he gone, than the congress began to reflect on the warm eulogium which he had pronounced on the beauty and fertility of the Island, and many of the chiefs expressed their fears, that so clever and sagacious a leader, would, on his return to his own country, induce the Gadelians to make an attempt to possess the kingdom by conquest. This apprehension, the moment it was expressed, possessed the opinions of the whole assembly. Accordingly a resolution was instantly adopted to cut off the foreigner before he had time to embark. *MAC CUIL*, one of their military Chiefs, with a force of 150 soldiers, immediately pursued *ITH*, and soon overtook him, as he marched through a circuitous route, in order to have a better view of the country. *ITH* perceiving his pursuers armed, soon concluded what their object was, began to retreat precipitately to his ship, with his little band, and succeeded notwithstanding the celerity of the enemy's march, in gaining the shore. Here, within a cable's length of his vessel, resigning himself to the impulse of that military ardour which he inherited from his ancestors, and which neither the sagacity of age, nor the presence of fatal danger could restrain, he bravely turned on his assailants. The conflict, which soon became sanguinary, was supported with accustomed valour on the one side, and with that confidence which is usually inspired by superior numbers, on the other. After a long and doubtful struggle, the gallant *ITH* was mortally wounded, and his brave companions in arms,

* The great antiquity of the Irish language, which is the same as the ancient Scythian, affords another proof of the Phœnician origin of the Irish nation, and that the elements of their idiom were brought to Ireland when the use of letters was in its infancy. Indeed, the old Irish bears so great an affinity to the ancient Hebrew, that to those who are masters of both, they appear plainly to be only dialects of the same tongue. This surely lays a fair foundation for an ancient history to be built upon; "for a nation and language are both of age, and if a language be ancient, the people must be as old."—WALKER.

"In order to discover the original of the Irish nation, I was at the pains to compare all European languages with that of Ireland, and I found it had little agreement with any of them. I then had recourse to the Celtic, the original language of the ancient Celts, or Scythians, and I found the affinity so great that there was scarcely a shade of difference. There being such an exact agreement between them, and the Irish having no affinity with any known language in the world, excepting the Hebrew and the Phœnician, this is sufficient, I think, to procure that credit to Irish history which it may justly challenge."—RAYMOND.

more desirous to preserve the body of their beloved commander from insult than to contend for the honour of an uncertain victory—a victory from which they could derive no immediate advantage—made good their retreat to the ship. The place where this battle was fought is called to this day *Mugha Ith*, or, the scene of Ith's defeat, on the banks of Lough Foyle.

The Gadelians had not proceeded far to sea before their heroic leader died of his wounds. His son LUGHAIÐH assumed the command, and conducted them safely to Brigantium. He was careful however to preserve the body of his father till he arrived on the Spanish coast, where it was brought on shore and exposed to the view of the Gadelians, to inspire them with a just resentment of the treachery which they experienced from the inhabitants of Ireland.

Lughaidh then took occasion to inform his countrymen of the salubrity of the climate and luxuriance of the soil of Erin, and that as discord and division prevailed amongst its rulers, that it might be easily conquered. The effect of this speech was to kindle the ambition and resentment of the Gadelians, and the hope of conquest and the desire of revenge gave an impetuous incentive to their resolution of invading Ireland; with what success shall be seen in the next chapter.

Having now given a brief history of the the origin and wanderings of the Gadelians, it is necessary to notice some objections which may be urged against the account we have given of their voyages and travels.

The grounds on which this account is founded have been furnished by our most creditable historians. It may be said that from the imperfect knowledge of navigation in those remote times, it is not probable that the Gadelians could accomplish so many voyages from Egypt to Crete—from Crete to Scythia—thence to Africa—thence to Spain, and thence to Ireland. To remove this objection we must refer to what we have already said with regard to the early knowledge of navigation, in vindicating the history of the four Ante-Milesian Colonies.

"Voyages and transigrations," says M'Geohegan, "were the humour of these ancient times. Men had not yet taken root; and territorial possessions were not established by law, nor defended by justice. The Tyrians, after coasting Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Gaul, and all the countries which surround the Mediterranean Sea, without stopping at any, entered the ocean by the straits of Gibraltar, and established themselves on the western coast of Spain, where they built the city of Cadiz, a long time before Utica and Carthage were founded, and while naval knowledge was yet in its infancy." In addition to the remarks of the Abbe M'Geohegan, we might observe that the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Carthaginians sent colonies into different countries, at a very early age. We are told by the historians that even Carthage, in the age of her glory, after founding 300 cities on the coast of Africa, finding herself still surcharged with inhabitants, sent General Hannon with a fleet of 30,000 volunteers, to survey the countries lying beyond the pillars of Hercules, and to establish colonies, as Strabo terms it, "on these remote confines."

The Scythians, from whom the Gadelians descended, and who were masters of the vast regions which extend from the Boristhenes to the country of the Massagetes, and from the Saces to the east of the Caspian Sea, had neither cities nor houses. They were always itinerant, and dwelt in tents, now in one country, and again in another.

The ships of king Solomon traded to Arabia, Persia, India, and even to the western coasts of Africa, so that it is more than probable that from the earliest times, and immediately after the flood, men had discovered the secret of constructing vessels after the model of the ark, which had preserved their ancestors from the waters of the deluge.

"Whatever truth," says Dr. Warner, "there may be in the Gadelian voyages, it appears incontestible that the people derive their origin from the Scythians. Their name, *Kinea-Scuil*, (i. e. the clan of Scythia,) or Scots, denote their eastern lineage. The agreement of foreign writers with their Fileas and Bards confirms it. Newton, after Appian and others, says that Greece and all Europe have been

peopled by the Cimmerians, or Scythians, from the borders of the Pontus Euxinus, who led a wandering life, like the Tartars of the north of Asia."

It is true indeed that our Senachies have made some mistakes in their manner of conducting the Gadelians from Scythia to Spain, which, instead of sailing through the Mediterranean, they would fain make us believe that they bent their nautical course through ways that were utterly impassable. But though they have mistaken the line which the Gadelian emigrants pursued, yet they have carefully preserved the names of the different places where they had landed, in their passage from Phœnicia to Spain. This proves satisfactorily that the names related in our annals have been scrupulously preserved without alteration or correction. The testimony adduced from foreign writers by Mr. O'Connor, (which we shall insert in a future note,) in support of the emigration of the *Scoto Milesians* from Egypt to Spain, adds strength and solidity to our historical monuments.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—NO. II.

Translated from the Irish of TORNE ELGIS, the chief Bard of the O'Neils, in the thirteenth century.

THE CASTLE OF DUNLUCE.—(A Historical Tale.)

[In 1182, DE COURCEY, at the head of the English army, made an incursion into Ulster, with a view of compelling the O'Neils and O'Donnells to submit to the government of Henry II. He visited several of the subordinate chiefs, especially Magennis of Iveagh, Dunlevy of Down, and M'Quillan of Dunluce*, in order to

* The ruins of Dunluce Castle, are among the most magnificent relics of feudal architecture in Ireland. The Castle was the noble residence of the Chieftain mentioned in the above fragment, and who is so celebrated in Irish history. In viewing the architectural remains of Erin's Milesian nobility, how are we struck with the instability of sublunary things. Here in this ruined Castle, in the days of chivalry, ere the sceptre of Henry II. prostrated our glory, beauty gave inspiration to the Bard, and the exploits of heroism swelled the voice of minstrelsy; in its silk-draped halls and vaulted chambers, which formerly resounded to the harp, the Owl and the Raven have taken up their abode; and those floors on which Lords and Ladies had mingled in the sprightly dance, are now covered with hemlock and nettles. It is now a memento of the "days of other times."

This Castle is about three miles north of Coleraine; from the road thence, which leads along the sea, through highly cultivated fields, that in summer, present all the vivid tints of the rainbow, the prospect is picturesque and beautiful. The village of Bush Milla, raising the white spire of its church above the "garmenture of its groves;" the rural port of Ballintre, overlooking the wide expanse of the ocean, in the distant perspective of which the vessels are seen, like sea Gulls, hovering "where the round ether mixes with the wave;" the whole forming a landscape worthy of the Poet's pen, or Painter's pencil. Sea-port Castle stands on the west side of Ballintre. It is a small, modern, and elegant building of polished freestone; its doors and windows are adorned with the enrichment of Ionic architecture; round the roof is a terrace, embattled with a fine balustrade. Dunluce Castle is built on an isolated rock, which is 400 feet long, 60 broad, and 200 feet high; it was formerly connected to the hill opposite, by a bridge 18 feet long, which was extended over the intervening chasm; a rugged wall, about 2 feet broad, is all that now remains of it, and is the only means of approaching the Castle. The dilapidated walls of this once proud edifice, rise perpendicularly on all sides of the rock, and are, a great part of them, entire. From the bridge a range of barracks, 270 feet in length, were enclosed by high walls, forming two spacious courts, whence the soldiers rushed out to meet the enemy.

The Castle-rock is perforated by the waves, which have formed under it an extensive cavern, 400 feet in length and 60 in height, through which the raging waves dash with tremendous noise. In 1574, when Essex treacherously murdered the great SHANE O'NEIL, of Claneboy, he made a grant to Alexander M'Donnell, a Chieftain of the western Isles of Scotland, (who had come over as the ally of the brave O'Neil,) of a large portion of O'Neil's and M'Quillan's estates, as the price of his treason. M'Donnell kept a large army on foot in Ulster, and though he was the hired mercenary of Elizabeth, he, in 1576, assaulted the garrison of Carricfergus, slew Captain Baker, and plundered the town; but Sir Henry Sidney arriving shortly after this transaction, compelled the predatory Chieftain to come to terms of agreement. M'Quillan had still possession of the estates in the neighbourhood of the Castle of Dunluce, and M'Donnell employed every art to ingratiate himself in his favour. The Irish chief, deceived by his professions of sincerity and friendship, conceived so high an opinion of his candour and disinterestedness, that he invited the Scottish chief to become his guest, whilst he cantoned his followers amongst his vassals and retainers during the winter. How did the wily Scotchman requite the kindness and generosity of his host? Just as might have been expected from the man that betrayed and deserted the magnanimous O'Neil. He seduced the daughter of his friend, whom he afterwards privately married, and by force and fraud obtained possession of the Castle and lands of M'Quillan. In 1584, M'Donnell, wishing to enlarge his possessions, entered into an alliance with Brian O'Neil and

seducer them from the *Dalmanian* confederacy. While at the Castle of Dunluce, Agnes, the daughter of the chieftain, conceived an affection for him, though she was betrothed to Con, the young Lord of Down. Failing in his plan of weakening the forces of O'Neil by the disaffection of the vassal chieftains, he determined to try the fortune of a battle. This conflict, in which the Ultonian chiefs were defeated, took place at Dunbo, in the county of Antrim, in September, A. D. 1182.]

"Let the deeds of the chivalric *Dalriada* be consecrated in song, for their fame swells the voice of a thousand harps, and the martial fields of Europe are the scenes of the radiant glory of O'Neil and O'Donnell, the car-borne victors of Erin.* But sad is the task! mournful to my soul are the melancholy notes that breathe from my strings, when I sing of the fatal beauty of Agnes, the blue-glancing daughter of M'Quillan, she that was the sweetest rose of loveliness among the graceful daughters of green Ullin.

"Blue-eyed nymphs of winning smiles and snowy bosoms, listen to my song of sorrow, and let the tear of sympathy bedew your roseate cheeks, as you swell the soft sound with your mournful notes, whilst I gently awake the living strings that resound with the death-dirge of heroes! Weep, ye waters of the Bann! Sigh, ye stately oaks of Strangford! Lament, ye breezes that moan through the ruins of Dunluce Castle, for the Saxons have triumphed on the bloody field of Dunbo! and the flower of Erin's chivalry blooms no more in the valleys of Ulster. The light of the moon shines on the graves of our heroes; the grassy sod, draped with the green verdure of the Shamrock, covers the lonely dwelling of the fallen brave! But let me tell the tale of other years—the deeds of days that are gone.

"De Courcey, the ruthless Saxon chief, carried the terrors of war into the pastoral meadows of wood-shaded Ulster, and used all his cunning guile to estrange the vassal lords of Dunluce, Down, and Iveagh from their sovereign chiefs—from the heirs of the renowned hero of the nine hostages. But true to their honour and allegiance, the noble warriors were deaf to the siren voice of the Saxon; they spurned his offers contemptuously. The fame of these gallant spirits shall be preserved in Erin's annals—the names of M'Quillan, Dunlevey, and Magennis will shine in the light of song.

"De Courcey feasted at the banquet which the chief of Dunluce spread in his hall for the Saxon stranger. The dome rung with the music of harps and the sounds of festive revelry. Cheerfulness and pleasure brightened every bosom except the Saxon's; hypocrisy and deceit were the demons that engrossed his mind, and treachery like a dim spectre might be seen, in spite of his forced smiles, through the gloom that brooded on his brow. But his looks were pleasing to the eyes of Agnes, as they beamed upon him like stars of light reflecting lustre on the skirts of a cloud, and her glances gave expression to the feelings of her heart. She loved the Saxon, and soon found an opportunity of pouring into his ear the whispered words of her passion. Every feeling for Con was absorbed in her attachment for the Saxon chief—every vow was forgotten; the youth was no longer present in the dreams of her rest—his voice was no longer music in her ear.

O'Cahan, and at the head of their followers, and 1000 Highlanders, he took Coleraine by assault. But Sir John Perrot, soon obliged him to retreat to the Castle of Dunluce, which was quickly invested by Sir John, and captured after a siege of twenty days. By the inquisition taken of M'Donnell's property, it appears, among other items of enumeration, that he was possessed of 50,000 cows! Having supplicated the Queen for the means of support, she yielded to his petition, and restored to him the Castle of Dunluce, and four estates belonging to it, which his descendant, the Earl of Antrim, enjoys at the present day.

* *DALRIADA*. This name was given to a colony from Ulster, headed by *Carbre Dal Riada*, or the long armed, an Irish Prince, that settled in Scotland A. D. 221. From this leader, according to O'Flaherty, the Knights of Ulster were distinguished by the appellation of *Dalriada*. For their colonies in Albania (Scotland) they were obliged to pay tribute to the Monarch of Ireland, and do him homage for the fiefs which they held in Ulster. The Albanian Kings continued to pay the Dalmanian tribute to the Kings of Ulster, until St. Columba, who was at once heir to the throne of Ireland and Scotland, released them from it, in A. D. 565. This Princely saint renounced the sceptre for the crozier, converted the Caledonians to Christianity, and founded the celebrated Abbey of Iona, which Dr. Johnson has so graphically described, in the most beautiful passage that can be found in the English language.

"Forgetful of her plighted faith, she felt no pity for a man who adored her, and whom she sacrificed to a rival who was the enemy of her country, and the destroyer of her family. She had stolen assignations with the Saxon, whose heart her beauty had captivated; but scarce had night's sable curtain seven times shrouded the bower where the lovers indulged in caresses and endearments, and the moon, like the shield of æther, dimly floated in the grey mists that skirt Lough Neagh, when O'Donnell, on the hill of Clyfin, sounded the martial horn; soon was the signal obeyed—up starts the Dalnarian hosts, and stand like tall pines on the shady side of Coleraine, ready for action and array. The banner of the Red Branch, emblazoned with the yellow lion and the bloody arm, is seen waving on the tower of Bush Mills, and O'Neil himself, cased in a burnished coat of mail, mounted on his gorgeously caparisoned war horse, presented a noble spectacle that served to recall to recollection the image of Nial the great. The dalliance of love did not, however, lull the vigilance of De Courcey, for no sooner had the dawn tinged the mountains' tops with the beams of Phœbus than he was at the head of his troops. The morning lowered; dark mists rest on the rising hills of Glenarm; the clouds drop blood; the Dalnarians with their chiefs, the O'Neils, O'Donnells, O'Cahans, M'Laughlins, M'Quillans, and Dunleveys, thronged in martial order, ready for battle and revenge on the English invaders. Both armies gazed on each other for a moment, when O'Donnell, striking his bossy shield, gave the signal for the strife of spears, and then the combatants fall upon each other with such destructive fury as spread the ravages of death through all their ranks, while the surrounding mountains reverberated the thunder of shields, and the flashing sparks that flew from the terrible collision of their javelins and battle axes, presented a scene that resembled a city in flames. Ranks fall like the leaves of Scarva's forest, when swept by the brumal tempest. The prodigies of valour performed by the Ultonians could not secure victory; five hundred men of the noble host of Erin rested in the narrow house, among whom were Donald M'Laughlin, prince of Bally Castle, M'Quillan, Magennis, and other brave chiefs.

"The fatal spear of De Courcey, as if directed by jealousy, pierced the breast of the gallant Con. * * * * In her secret bower, within Dunluce's walls, pensive and anxious for her lover's fate, sat Agnes, ruminating on the morning's events. The shades of night began to mantle the mountains, as the sun sunk behind the hills; darkness veiled the light; ghosts of former times howled in the blast; the cry of the *Banshee* was dismal and mournful. Pale lightnings flashed from pine to pine, that shaded the sloping sides of Port-Rush; the hoarse raven croaked in anticipation of the feast of slaughter; and thrice the unstrung harp had sounded the notes of death, when with hasty steps and gore-stained spear Roderick, her father's armourer, announced the defeat of Erin's armies, and the downfall of her illustrious house, and that her father, brother, and constant lover all slept in the narrow tomb.

"She shrieked dismally. 'Alas,' she cried, 'can I accept the hand of him that killed my father? Can my ill-fated passion chill filial and patriotic feelings in my breast? No! never shall I wed him that comes to enslave my country, and dethrone her Milesian princes.' With trembling steps and distracted mind she sought the forest shade, and on the lonely banks of Larne she sat like a weeping Naiad, where in dark-bosomed mists, on fleeting gales she heard and saw the ghosts of warriors slain. Con, her once fond lover, demanded oft in plaintive accents his plighted faith; her father lamented the downfall of his house, and her brother reproached her for fixing her affections on the enemy of her native land.

"'Cease, cease!' she said, 'ye revered shades! soon shall I be with you in the narrow house; that shall soon be the nuptial bed of the hapless Agnes. No virgin of Erin shall shed a tear on my lonely grave—no bard shall raise my fame in song, because I loved the Saxon chief, De Courcey. I come, dear shade of my father! open the portals of your hall of clouds, and let my spirit bask once more in your smiles.' She threw herself in the lake, and was no more." * * *

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—NO. VII.

LEONARD M'NALLY, ESQ.

We are sorry that we have not materials to enable us to give more than a biographical sketch of a man who was not less eminent for the scope of his genius, and the profundity of his learning, than for the warmth of his patriotism and the amiable qualities of his heart. Who that knew the celebrated subject of this memoir did not esteem him, not only for his personal worth as a gentleman, but for his high professional talents as an advocate who had reached the loftiest station at the Irish bar?

Mr. M'Nally was born in Strand-street, Dublin, in 1752. His father, who was a respectable merchant, died when Leonard was not more than six years of age. Within two years after, his mother married Thomas Fetherston, Esq. of the county of West Meath, in whose house he resided until he had attained his twentieth year.* The family of Mr. M'Nally, on the paternal and maternal side, was highly respectable, and of the ancient Milesian race. His father's ancestors were proprietors of the castle and lands of Raheboth, in the county of Dublin, of which they were despoiled by the sanguinary Cromwell, as appears by a tombstone over their graves, within the railing of the communion table in the church of Donnybrook. His grandfather was an extensive wine merchant of considerable opulence, and expended very large sums in building in Strand-street, Mary-street, and Britain-street, in the city of Dublin. The father of Leonard was also engaged largely in the wine trade, and in pursuit of gain made several voyages in his youth to France, Spain and Italy. He was a man of a classical education, who besides the Greek and Latin, could speak most of the European languages fluently, and write essays with taste and perspicuity. His mother was also a scion of the Milesian oak; her name was Murphy, of the sept of Oulach-Leagh, in the county of Wexford, who claim their descent from Dermot Macmurrough, the last king of Leinster, and they still retain, as a remnant of their former greatness, an estate which had been a portion of the possessions of a monarch whose lascivious passion for the wife of O'Rourke has doomed his country to the oppression of six centuries.

The mother of his father had in her veins the "blood of all the Howards;" she was the niece of the Duke of Norfolk; and his maternal grandmother, named Charters, a Scotch lady, was the first cousin of the Earl of Nithsdale, who escaped out of the Tower of London. Mr. M'Nally's family lost a great deal of their property by the injustice of those penal laws which tyranny enacted in barbarous times, with the view of extinguishing the lights of the Catholic religion in Ireland. The possessions which the grandfather of our author acquired by inheritance and industry were sacrificed to that intolerant policy that punishes man for obeying the sacred dictates of his own conscience. It is a fact as remarkable as it is true, that the subject of this memoir never inherited any of his grandfather's property, though he did not profess the religion of the proscribed class.

During his rustication in the county of West Meath, he neglected his studies, and the cry of the fox hounds had more charms for his ear than the notes of the *Aonian* swans; but he soon began to store his mind with ancient and modern lore, and to drink deeply from the balmy fountain of philosophy. His mother's death, which occurred in 1771, oppressed his mind with the acutest affliction. To dissipate the anguish with which that event darkened his heart he visited London, where there was a brother of his mother's in good circumstances. His uncle's

* "Mrs. M'Nally was one of the finest women I ever saw; tall, full, and majestic. Leonard himself was much under size, but had a handsome, expressive countenance, and fine, sparkling, dark eyes: He was a sprightly boy, and such his passion for private plays, that he was indulged in having a little theatre fitted up in his mother's house in Strand-street; all the boys of his turn frequented it—one of them."—*O'Keefe's Recollections.*

reception of the young adventurer was kind and affectionate, and by his advice he entered the Middle Temple, in 1773, and as appears by the registry, was called to the Irish bar in Trinity term, 1776.

For two years he continued at the Irish bar without being able to command a remunerating practice, or of seizing on an opportunity to display those talents which in a few years afterwards shone so brilliantly in a focus of fame and emolument. Mortified perhaps by disappointment, and conscious, no doubt, of the powers of his own genius, he again repaired to London, big with hope, and through some interest was admitted as a barrister, and until 1790 practised in the courts of England.

In 1780, when the wild enthusiast, Lord George Gordon, and his band of fanatics, attacked the House of Lords, Mr. M'Nally succeeded in preserving the life of the Bishop of Lincoln, brother to Lord Thurlow, against whom the mob seemed to be infuriated. The moment he saw them breaking down the Bishop's carriage he flew to his assistance, led away by that impetuosity of feeling which makes an Irishman reckless of his fate when distress claims his succour, and rushing through the bludgeons with which they were beating the prelate, threw himself, at the risk of his life, like a shield over the breast of the prostrate dignitary, and raising him up, hurried him into a house, which with the assistance of two more of his countrymen he guarded, and kept the assailants at bay until the Bishop, disguised in the dress of a woman, made his escape over the roof. The Reverend father in God required and received the address of his spirited and generous protector, but never after made any return of gratitude to M'Nally for the obligation; as if the waters of oblivion had obliterated the recollection of the danger which he averted from his memory.

After this event, he was employed as one of the Editors of the *PUBLIC LEDGER*, and his essays, more than any other of the contributions that filled the columns of that paper, were remarkable for the elegance of their taste, felicity and strength of expression, as well as striking originality of conception. He also exercised his nervous pen, much to his honour, often in the service of his country. In 1782 he published a pamphlet entitled the *Claims of Ireland*, vindicated on the principles of the English Whigs. This work was written with such force of argument, and conceived in such a warm glow of spirit as to attract great attention, and to operate in a powerful degree, in influencing the opinions and prejudices of the nation in favour of the land of his birth. The work was bought up with avidity, and a second edition was immediately called for. The fame of this performance increased his practice at the Bar materially, and gained for him the friendship of the immortal Fox, who at the memorable election of Westminster, in 1783, employed Mr. M'Nally as his leading counsel, on which occasion his eloquence and legal research contributed essentially to the triumph of his illustrious friend.

On the indisposition of George III. at this crisis, he warmly espoused the cause of the party who were endeavouring to raise the Prince of Wales, the present King of England, to the regency, and so cogent and apposite were his arguments in the assertion of the Prince's right, that they were quoted and eulogised, in both houses of Parliament. His professional business became, in consequence, so extensive, that he was obliged to withdraw from the editorial department of the *Ledger*, which he had raised to the highest pinnacle of success, in order to devote his entire attention to the duties of his profession. We should not omit to mention, that the liberal Proprietor of the *Ledger*, on his secession from the editorial chair, made him a present of £600. In 1789 and 90 he produced several dramatic pieces at Covent Garden Theatre, which were eminently successful.—Among these, the following still hold their places on the stage, viz. *Retaliation* and *Tristram Shandy*, Farces; *Robin Hood** and *Richard Cœur de Lion*, Ope-

* "The Opera of *Robin Hood* had great success; his uncle Mr. Murphy, coming to London, M'Nally brought him to Covent Garden Theatre to see it; when to the surprise of the author, and the vexation of both, the opera was that night performed as an after-piece, having been, without his knowledge, cut down into two acts: such is the mortification of even a successful dramatic poet."—*O'Keefe's Recollections*.

ras, that are admired for their diversified incident and fine sentiment. His comedy of *Fashionable Levities*, has been extolled by the critics of the day, for the vivacity of its dialogue, and the striking individuality of its characters, which are hit off with the force and felicity which he could so happily combine in his dramatic delineations. He possessed a vein of pungent, but delicate irony, almost peculiar to himself, so that the keenness of his ridicule was so tempered by gentleness of manner and flowing language, which concealed its point, that while he wounded, he seemed only solicitous to heal. About this period he became enamoured with a Miss Janson, a lady who had mental and personal charms, that enslaved many hearts as well as his, on whom he wrote the celebrated song, the "*Lass of Richmond Hill*," which enchained the lady's affections, and the author was preferred before a host of rival suitors. But as "true love is ever crossed," her father, who was a very rich attorney of London, refused to sanction the union of the lovers; but their romantic passion was so fanned by the warm breath of Cupid and Apollo, (Miss Janson wrote poetry in the *Ladies Magazine*,) that in spite of parental opposition, they made their way to the altar of Hymen. In relation to this marriage, Sir *Jonah Barrington*, in his interesting "personal sketches," gives the following anecdote. "When the father refused his consent, Mr. M'Nally took advantage of his dramatic knowledge, by adopting the precedent of *Barnaby Rattle*, and bribed a Barber to lather old Janson's eyes as well as his chin, and with something rather sharper too, than windsor soap. Slipping out of the room while her father was getting rid of the lather and the smart, this Sappho with her limping Phaon escaped, and were united in the holy bands of matrimony the same evening. They continued extremely attached to each other after their union; old Janson partly forgave them, and made a settlement on their children." By this lady he had two daughters. Mrs. M'Nally died in the space of two years after her husband came back to his native city, in 1796.

Shortly after the death of this lady, he married Louisa, the third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Edgeworth, of the county of Longford, and aunt of the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, whose writings are known and appreciated by all the readers of Europe and America. Like his first wife, this lady too, united in her mind and form, the charms of all the muses, and all the graces. By her he had three sons and two daughters, who, with their amiable mother, have been left by the lamented death of the most affectionate of parents, and the most devoted of husbands, in a state of comparative indigence. Mr. M'Nally died at his house in Dublin, in the beginning of 1822. It is unnecessary for us to enter particularly into a detail of this gentleman's professional career in Dublin and London, because the history of the Bar will show that its course was a solar orbit that was ever illuminated by independence of spirit, fertility of genius, and profundity of legal research.

His works are the monuments that will record his merits, and perpetuate his fame to future ages. His "*Rules of evidence on pleas of the crown illustrated*," are legal authorities in the Courts of Westminster and Dublin.

They have been commended by the London and Edinburgh Reviewers, and Lord Erskine, while Lord Chancellor of England, took occasion to bestow upon them an encomiastic notice; and his "*Justice of the Peace for Ireland*," has drawn forth a panegyric from Dugald Stewart, as well as from Mr. Kirwin, in his work on logics, and its utility acknowledged in critiques, written by the ablest Lawyers in the British Empire.

The "*Rules of Evidence*" are dedicated to him, who was indeed the Demosthenes of Ireland, the illustrious CURRAN, in the following elegant language:—

"To John Philpot Curran, Esq. one of his Majesty's counsel, this work is inscribed from an affectionate attachment, and from a proud wish to make known to posterity that a reciprocal and uninterrupted amity subsisted between the author and the man whose transcendent genius and philosophic mind soars above all competition; whose honest and intrepid heart was never influenced in the senate nor intimidated at the bar from exerting with zeal, independence, and spirit his love to his country, and his duty to his client."

This would be an appropriate and just epitaph for the foreign tomb of the most incorruptible man Ireland ever produced ; but alas ! when will his country honour his memory with a monument worthy of his virtues ?

On the occasion of the trial of Patrick Finney for high treason, in January, 1798, Messrs. Curran and M'Nally were counsel for the prisoner. The case was stated by the latter, though junior counsel, and Mr. Curran replied to the Attorney General. In the introductory part of his argument, looking on his friend with benevolence and affection, as he had just concluded his speech, he said, " I wish to state with all possible succinctness and clearness the nature of the charge against the prisoner ; and I am glad that my learned colleague has done so much before me—so much that when I repeat any thing which he has said, I run a risk of weakening it much. I am not in the habit of paying compliments where they are not deserved ; neither am I in the habit of receiving them myself. But I trust the honesty of his heart must have gained from you that respect and credit which a statement flowing from a clear judgment and an animated heart deserves." The prisoner was acquitted, and the perjury of the crown witnesses stripped of the deception in which they had coiled themselves, by the ingenious cross-examination of M'Nally, who in that keen and sarcastic wit that abashes and confounds a false swearing deponent, excelled all his contemporaries. By the employment of this effective, legal weapon, he rescued many a victim from being immolated on the altar of PERJURY.

When the verdict of *not guilty* was announced by the jury, Judge Chamberlain, after complimenting Mr. M'Nally on the power and eloquence of his speech, observed—" Brother Mac, your conduct to-day reflects honour on your talents ; no defence could be more ably conducted." And Baron Smith observed—" Mr. M'Nally, there never was a nobler display of forensic talent than you have made in Mr. Finney's defence."

As Sir Jonah Barrington has given the history of the duel fought between him and Mr. M'Nally, in his valuable publication, it is only necessary for us to say here, that both gentlemen evinced in that contest, in which both parties were wounded, a chivalric spirit, worthy of the national character, and that since the period of the rencounter they have, until Mr. M'Nally's death, conducted themselves towards each other with cordiality and friendship.

No man could be more amiable in private life than Mr. M'Nally ; he was the centre of attraction in every social circle in which he mingled, for his colloquial powers, which were ever animated with the flame of wit and vivacity, kept cheerfulness alive, and the sun of gaiety still standing high in the convivial horizon. He liked to associate with men of kindred spirit ; with a mind more disposed to be led than to lead ; rising and descending with ease to any level ; with the learned, the witty, the careless, or the ignorant, he was always the equal and unassuming companion. He confined himself much to the enjoyment of his domestic circle, and passed those hours which his professional avocations did not urge into activity, either in composition, or in company with a few select friends. The muses and the graces presided at his hospitable board, which was always spread with plenty, and a hearty welcome and elegant politeness, beckoned the guests to enjoy its festivities. The writer of this sketch had the honour of enjoying his hospitality and elegant conversation two or three times, and he can, with confidence, assert that the heart of Mr. M'Nally was as warm and benevolent, as his talents and genius were great and extensive. Early in life he unfortunately broke the pan of his right knee, and he was ever after lame ; and when about sixteen, his left thumb was shot off by the bursting of a gun.

These personal imperfections, the consequences of casualty, were never thought of by himself, and from the good-nature of his disposition, and the continued flow of his spirits, accompanied by wit and humour, they soon familiarized and were forgotten by those who were his intimates ; the clouds of personal imperfection were lost in the blaze which a splendid intellect kindled around him. This is but a feeble tribute of gratitude to the memory of a man whose attributes

and patriotism, we hope a Lady Morgan, or a Thomas Moore will encircle in a BIOGRAPHICAL light, that will endure as long as the unextinguishable torches which they lit in the fame of SALVATOR ROSA and LORD BYRON.

PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.—NO. II.

That the present state of Ireland should attract the attention of all Europe, is evident, and that the friends of civil and religious liberty, throughout the world, should feel a deep interest in the proceedings of the Catholic Association, is equally obvious : that the Philanthropist should reflect seriously on the 'passing events,' and shudder at the thoughts of the sanguinary conflict that ill-fated ERIN is very likely to witness, is also very natural, and that *Irishmen in particular, and the descendants of Irishmen, should expect the emancipation of the IRISH CATHOLICS, and probably the deliverance of "OLD IRELAND" from the oppressive "SASSANACH YOKE,"* from religious dissensions by which she has been so long afflicted, and from domestic tyranny by which she has been oppressed,* will no doubt be readily admitted, as being equally manifest.

Let the present state of Ireland be taken into consideration and attentively examined, and it shall be readily perceived that 6 or 7 millions of inhabitants irritated by a partial administration of the laws ; excited by religious prejudices ; divided by a Machiavelian ministerial intrigue ; oppressed by foreign inexorable tyrants and governed by arbitrary despots, cannot, and will not remain long stationary. They must advance ; they know their strength ; they have lately experienced an accession of power formerly unknown to them. The rapid progressive advancement made by the IRISH towards independence for the last 20 years, bears ample testimony. What they solicited in 1808 as a boon, they demanded as a right in 1828.

Lord Donoughmore presented a petition from the Roman Catholics of Ireland, not many years ago, praying the Imperial Parliament to take their grievances into consideration, and repeal some of the *Penal Laws*. This was the theme of his prayer : and strange as it may appear, he could scarcely find a nobleman in the House of Lords to second the motion of having the petition even read or laid on the table for future discussion. Some years elapsed before GRATTAN obtained leave, in the House of Commons, to have the Catholic Question discussed the next session, but at the same time the meetings of the Roman Catholics of Ireland to petition Parliament according to the British Constitution, was prohibited, and a number of gentlemen were arrested in the city of Dublin, for having the audacity to meet publicly and discuss the subject. The CATHOLIC BOARD then existing, was dissolved by an act of Parliament, and the British ministry had recourse to every stratagem which might enable them to suppress any meeting whose object would be *Emancipation*. Subsequent to this period, the *Catholic Association* was formed under the auspices of DANIEL O'CONNELL, and by prudence and perseverance overcame all resistance : like the morning sun which dispels the mists and clouds that envelopes and overshadows the horizon, enlivens and invigorates the earth as it ascends towards the meridian, so has the Catholic Association dispelled the mists and clouds of ignorance and prejudice which overclouded and dimmed the minds of the infatuated Irish, illustrated their true interest to them as clearly as the meridian sun ; enlightened the peasantry by their instructions ; guided them by sage counsels, and by prudence and perseverance united them as a consolidated body, great, powerful, and irresistible.

THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, is to all intents and purposes, an Irish Parliament : they levy money, and the people pay it cheerfully ; they call on the inhabitants throughout the kingdom to meet at a certain hour, on an appointed day, in

* The Irish term for Saxon.

their different parishes, and 6 or 7 millions obey : they tell the peasantry to abstain from all petty quarrelling, illegal meetings, and forget all former animosities ; and those who were turbulent and discordant become mild and peaceable ; former contentions are forgotten ; inveterate foes become steadfast friends : they request the freeholders to vote for some favourite at the election ; and the 40 shilling voters set both landlord and government influence at defiance, vote as they are told, return a friend to Parliament, even at the risk of being "turned out of house and home." They order a body of disaffected men, 40 or 50 thousand, armed and seemingly determined to be revenged on their oppressors, to disperse, return to their respective homes, deliver up their arms, and the order is cheerfully obeyed. What 40 thousand bayonets could not effect for the British government, 40 lines published in a common newspaper by Daniel O'Connell fully accomplished. Such is the astonishing unanimity prevailing amongst the inhabitants, such is the powerful influence of the Legislative Body of Catholic Ireland, such are the mighty advances made by the gigantic strides of their eloquence, in twenty years, towards emancipation !

Ireland has the means ; she has the power, and no doubt is ready and willing to undertake the noble and glorious enterprize ; the memorable epoch is arrived ; the grand undertaking is already commenced, and the "Heavenly expression, *ERIN IS FREE*," is already whispered from cabin to cottage, from mansion to castle, throughout the kingdom : every Irish heart throbs ; each nerve and sinew strengthens, and every Irish patriot is prepared to proclaim to the world, that Ireland is and shall be free, and the "glad tidings" are reverberated from Cork to Derry ;

By contrasting the present state of Ireland with those of other countries previous to their becoming independent nations, we shall find that most of them were nearly circumstanced as Ireland has been. Switzerland, when governed by the house of Hapsburgh, was cruelly oppressed. Portugal, at the accession of the house of Braganza, was treated as a conquered province. Holland, under the Spanish yoke, suffered severely, and the British provinces, (now the U. States,) when governed by the house of Brunswick, tasted the loathsome cup of bitterness. These countries driven to desperation by despotism, which, as Bacon says "makes wise men mad," compelled their tyrants to renounce forever, all claim, authority and jurisdiction in their respective territories, and finally proclaimed to the world, that they were "free and independent."

As "similar causes produce similar effects," we may naturally expect that the effect produced by the 'Irish Cause,' will be ultimately similar to those of other countries. Ireland is as fully competent to assert her rights, constitutionally or otherwise, as either Switzerland, Portugal or Holland, so that it necessarily follows, that Erin must and shall become a great and independent nation.

By contrasting the formidable powers of Great Britain with the seemingly impotent resistance the Irish can possibly make (by their moral and physical capabilities,) we might reasonably conclude, that an "Irish Rebellion" would be crushed in its infancy—that the estates of the Roman Catholic gentlemen would "as formerly," be transferred to English, Scotch, and Dutch adventurers—that the Catholic Association would be forever suppressed ; emancipation, as Wellington would have it, "buried in oblivion"—that the chains which bind Ireland would be more firmly rivetted, and that the Irish spirit of liberty and independence would be totally annihilated. This conclusion might be drawn from the surface of appearances, but in our next essay we will, we hope, show that the volcano concealed in the political bowels of Ireland, if ignited by the expulsion of O'CONNELL from the House of Commons, will explode in an eruption which shall annihilate oppression.

B.

[It will be perceived by our readers, that the above essay was written before the late arrivals apprised us of the dissolution of the CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION. But though that assembly has changed its nomenclature, its spirit lives, and the genius of O'Connell shall transmigrate it into another body of renovated power.

The rose of Sharon is still fresh and blooming in a new soil, and by "any other name it will smell as sweet," in the nostrils of Irishmen.—EDITOR.]

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY—NO. IV.

THE PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.

This park, which is at once extensive and beautiful, has been long the country residence of the Lords Lieutenant of Ireland. The vice-regal palace cannot boast of much architectural elegance; but the grounds that surround it present sylvan charms highly embellished by the graces of art. The landscape is variegated by shady groves, swelling hills, and grassy lawns, which are enamelled with every fragrant flower that spreads its brilliant hues to the sun, and every odoriferous shrub that embalms the breath of zephyr with sweetness. The park is the favourite resort of the citizens of Dublin on Sundays, where they enjoy the refreshing breeze in blooming bowers and winding walks, canopied with the arching foliage of umbrageous trees.

The road from Dublin to the park runs through continued domains of highly improved and ornamented pleasure grounds, beautified by the country villas of gentlemen, which form a sublime combination of rural and picturesque scenery, that excited the admiration of George IV. who, during his stay in Dublin, made the Phoenix park the royal residence.

Dr. Milner and Sir John Carr have spoken of this floral domain in warm terms of eulogy. Indeed in salubrity of situation, in the felicitous groupings of its wood-wreathed hills, verdant valleys, whose margins are watered by the canal; and in fine vistas, opening extensive prospects into a beautiful country, diversified with mountain, dale, and meandering rivulets, it is far superior to Hyde Park and St. James's Park, put together. The fine walks that run for several miles along the green banks of the canal, are shaded with the spreading foliage of Majestic elm trees, which render them, in summer, delightful promenades, that are much frequented by the citizens of Dublin. The Park is seven miles in circuit. Here the illustrious, late Lord Charlemont reviewed, in 1793, the *IRISH VOLUNTEERS*, an army of 60,000 freemen, who exhibited on that occasion, as splendid a martial array of the nobility, valour, and patriotism of Ireland, as ever was seen ranked under the banner of Erin, even in the proud and triumphant days of "*BRIAN THE BRAVE*." Island Bridge, which has been immortalised by the Pencil of *Hugh Hamilton*,* extends its wide-spanned arch over the Liffey, at the western end of the city, near the park. This beautiful specimen of aquatic architecture, was erected during the administration of Lord Westmoreland, in 1795. It has but one elliptic arch, whose span measures one hundred and four feet, which is 12 feet wider than the Rialto of Venice: the key-stone is 22 feet above high water mark; the breadth within its balustraded parapets, which rise from a plinth of Portland stone, is thirty-eight feet.

The Park originally belonged to the monks of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, or the Knights of Rhodes; but on the refusal of the grand prior of Kilmainham to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII. that arbitrary monarch suppressed the order and seized all their possessions.

Queen Mary made a grant by letters patent to Sir Oswald Massingberde of the lands of the Park, of which he continued in possession until the second year of Elizabeth's reign, when he was deprived of them, in consequence of his not conforming to the Protestant religion. The recusant obstinacy of Sir Oswald afforded grounds for Elizabeth to vest the fee simple of his estates in the crown, by act of Parliament. Since that period the Park has been government property.

* Vide Biographical notice, page 59.

King Charles II. granted sixty-four acres in *Francaimoign*, on which to build a hospital for invalids, or disabled soldiers. This hospital is a very extensive edifice, where several hundred "worn out" soldiers find a comfortable asylum. Another lot of land of considerable extent, adjoining the hospital, was bestowed by his majesty to Sir John Temple, the then solicitor general, who was the great ancestor of the present Viscount Palmerston, from a branch of whose family our late revered and distinguished fellow-citizen, T. A. Emmet, Esq. was maternally descended. The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who, notwithstanding his pretended liberality, was the most despotic and intolerant chief governor that ever bore down hapless Erin under the wheels of persecution, erected a stately Corinthian column, rising to the elevation of fifty feet, surmounted by a sculptured representation of a Phoenix burning in its nest, from which the Park derives its name.

The Hibernian Military School, a pile of building of great Magnitude, stands also in the Park. This School was opened in 1765, for the education of the orphans and children of Irish soldiers; it obtained a royal charter of incorporation in 1769. A lofty Doric obelisk called the "*Wellington testimonial*," was reared in the park, in 1820, to commemorate the chance victory, which the duke achieved, more by the treason of a base French general, than by his own valour or genius, at the sanguinary conflict of Waterloo; a conflict which strengthened the sceptre of the despotic HOLY ALLIANCE, and chained the liberties of Europe in the ponderous fetters of gigantic tyranny—for

"Freedom shrieked when NAPOLEON fell."

There are several elegant villas in the Park, belonging to the officers of the Viceroy's household. There are, also here, a powder magazine, and a battery commanding the city, of 22 iron cannon. The castellated gateway, by which the Park is approached from the city, opens on two roads, one fringed with clumps of trees, at equal distances, leads through the centre of this spacious lawn to its extremity, adjoining the little village of Chapel-Izod; the other winding round the extensive area of grassy turf, so as to form a circumambient border of fine gravel, which, by the stretch of imagination, a poet might compare to a jewel of emerald set in a ring of pearls.

CHAPEL IZOD is a village at once beautiful and romantic. It is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Liffey, about three miles west of Dublin. The houses and woodbine decorated cottages are neat and tasteful. The parish church is a pretty Gothic structure, and the artillery barracks can boast of some architectival graces. The gardens of this town produce fine fruits.

After leaving this village, you pass through Palmerstown, when you find yourself in the midst of the fairy landscape of Luttrellstown, where the scenery becomes beautiful beyond imagination. The Demesne of the late Lord Carhampton, surrounding the noble mansion, contains within the walls four hundred acres of picturesque and highly improved pleasure-grounds. In front of the house is a fine lawn, bounded by rich woods, through which there are devious gravel walks, leading to sequestered grottos and lonely glens, where the Naiades water the flowery lawns with gurgling rills.

LUCAN, which was, until the surrender of Limerick, the estate of the heroic Sarsfield, who fought so bravely in the cause of James II. has all that air of solemn grandeur which imparts an antique aspect to the venerable scenes of a town consecrated in the annals of history and the strains of poetry. Here the lover of solitude might spend his days in contemplating the ruins of the stately halls of Lord Lucan's once majestic residence. The tall oaks clad in ivy, "the grey hair of antiquity," cast a gloomy shade on the scene. Distant views are every where shut out, and the objects are all in keeping and harmony with the dismal impression and sad association of memory that they produce in the musing mind. The river running through the woodland solitude is of a character suited to the rest of the scenery, in some places breaking over rocks, in others silent under the brown shade of waving groves.

At a little distance from Lucan is the rural village of *LEIXLIP*, famous for its strawberry beds, and beautiful gardens hanging over the Liffey. Adjoining its castle there is a fine cascade, called the *Salmon Leap*. The castle is in fine order, and has large and well finished apartments, which we know were elegantly furnished in 1824.

At the distance of a mile to the westward, the romantic domain and magnificent house of *CASTLETOWN*, the princely residence of the late Lady *Louisa Connolly*, burst in all their fascinating beauty and picturesque grandeur on the view. The mansion, embosomed in a large forest, which is universally allowed to be the finest in Leinster, is built entirely of hewn stone, and contains a range of thirteen windows in each of the three stories; a colonnade supported, by nine Ionic columns on each side, connects the two wings. The chambers are richly draped and ornamented with fine historical paintings from the pencils of Barry and Hamilton. The grand staircase is highly creditable to the taste of the artist; the steps are of Italian marble, and are ornamented with brass balustrades.

O'ROURKE AND MORNA O'DONNEL.

A TRUE AND TRAGICAL STORY.—(*Translated from the Irish.*)

When James II. landed at Kinsale, in 1689, the Earl of *TYRCONNEL*, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, repaired with the Irish court to meet the Monarch at Cork, where the Viceroy gave a sumptuous entertainment to him and his suit. After dinner the Earl's poet laureate, *BRIAN NEVEN*, at the special request of the King, sang to his harp an extemporaneous poem, descriptive of the feats of *O'Donnel* in his wars with Elizabeth, and of the heroic valour of the gallant prince of Breffeny, as well as the parting interview of the latter chieftain with the beautiful *Morna O'Donnel*, the night before he set sail for England to make his submission to Elizabeth. In the first duan canto the Bard gives a glowing description of the battle of Sligo, in which the forces of the Queen under Sir *Cynfers Clifford*, (who fell in the engagement,) were totally defeated by the brave *O'Donnel* and his valiant companion in arms, *O'Rourke*, prince of Breffeny. He then pronounces a terrible execration on the memory of *O'Connor Don*, and *O'Connor Sligo*, who, to the eternal disgrace and reproach of their sept and name, betrayed their country, and joined the standard of that execrable woman, who deluged Ireland with blood and devastation. *O'Donnel* and his army, enraged at the treachery of the *O'Connors*, pursued them in their flight to the Castle of *Colooney*, where their own followers, despising them for their apostacy, had forsook them. *O'Connor Sligo* shut himself up in the Castle, which the army of *O'Rourke* closely invested, while *O'Donnel* himself followed *O'Connor Don* to *Ballin* together, where the fugitive soon surrendered at discretion. The heroic victor conveyed him in chains to *Colooney*. As soon as he arrived before the gates, he sent an officer bearing *Clifford's* head on a spear, with a message to *O'Connor*, asserting that if the Castle was not instantly surrendered, *O'Connor Don's* head should be sent in likewise. *O'Connor* having neither the courage nor the means to hold out, opened the gates, and threw himself on the mercy of the conqueror, who spared his life, and generously restored the two their properties, on condition that they should never emblazon their ensign with the royal arms of Ireland, nor fight against an *O'Neil* or an *O'Donnel*.*

The second duan relates to the causes that estranged *O'Donnel* and *O'Rourke* from each other, and rendered the gulf of their unhappy quarrel too wide and deep to be passed by reconciliation. *O'Rourke* loved and was beloved by *Morna O'Donnel*, the sister of his former friend. In consequence of the misunderstanding that divided the chieftains the lovers were obliged to have recourse to clandestine assig-

* *Nicholson*, Book of the Four Masters, Taffe, and Lady Morgan.

nations to interchange vows and reciprocate assurances of eternal constancy. The scene of these assignments was in a grove of yew trees, near the Abbey of Kilmacrennan, in the county of Donegal, and within a few paces of the "*royal rock of inauguration*," where the O'Donnells had for ages been invested with the insignia of sovereignty.

The night before O'Rourke embarked for England, though cold and stormy, he, like a devoted pilgrim of love, repaired to the hallowed spot consecrated to mutual affection, in order to bid farewell to the darling of his heart. While waiting for her approach he sang to his harp an ode addressed to the storm that chilled him, of which the following is an attempted translation.

"Ah! chain thy thunder-rolling pinions, O raging wind of the firmament! for thy hoarse breath disturbs the sleep of the blue waves of the ocean: thy course is terrible through the grassy vales of Kilmacrennan, O chief of the howling blasts! The oaks of the forest bow down their heads before thee, O being of mighty voice, O cloud-shielded storm! The dying flowers thou scatterest in the dust; the weeping rose, like my blushing love, though beautiful in tears, cannot awaken thy compassion, O tempest-darting blusterer! The concussion of elements is like music to thy soul, as thou sittest on thy throne of spectre-borne gales; havoc and ruin are thy delights, and the crash of tumbling rocks while sweeping down the sky-canopied cliffs, on which eagles slumber, into the yawning chasm that opens a sepulchre for them at the foot of the tottering mountain, is as sweet to thy ear as the melody of the harps of Selma! The tear of pity, nor the soul-expressing sigh of mourning love cannot melt thy bosom to compassion, king of warring clouds! Thou atmospheric tyrant, that hast neither foot nor wing! whence thy potent power, O impalpable spirit that guidest the fiery war-car of the thunder? Can nothing stop thy devastating career, thou vociferous roarer! thou scatterer of stately forests! thou dilapidator of towers, and mural battlements! The arrayed legion of the Irish militia, commanded by Fingal and encouraged by the soul-touching strains of Ossian, could not conquer thee on this dismal night of thy triumph, O ruler of foamy tempest! Behold, dread despot! how the waves climb up the rocks, coming to offer thee homage, while the Atlantic surge, dreading thy terror-darting glance, hides itself in the cavern of Sheep Haven.* The blast is thy war-horse, and he is fleetlier than Bran in the chase, and can distance the eagle in the race, where the sun is the glorious goal of competition!

"Why art thou so awful and terrible, O storm of the tumultuous voice? Tell me, shapeless spirit, why art thou indestructible? why thou art so indiscernible that nothing can sever your form? fire will not burn thee; all the waters in the Atlantic cannot drown thee; nor can the sharpest sword cut thee. But perhaps the language of flattery may appease thee; as adulation is an incense pleasing to beings of might and power, like thee, O storm of squalling gales!

"Then gentle storm of vernal breathing, let me soothe thee to serenity; let me invoke thy pity—let me inhale thy odorous breezes, while they waft to me the balmy sighs of the soft blushing Morna. Hear my prayer, O kind divinity!

"Bid, O benevolent storm! the waves retire to repose on their billowy couch; smooth the ripples of the perturbed Lough-Foyle; lull the gales to sleep in the forest of Donegal, and chase away the clouds that veil the weeping moon, as she mourns like a widow in her weeds, in the shade of the mountain. Ah retire, dear storm! on the pinions of thy winds, to the airy halls of thy rest, where the music of the stars will be sweet in thine ear when thou liest down in the valley of the sun! Farewell! I think I hear the rustling of the shrubs; ha! the music of Morna's footsteps enravishes my ear; she comes radiant in the light of her ten

* *Sheep Haven*, or, as the country people call it, "*M'Swine's gun*," is among the most admired natural curiosities in Ireland. This awful phenomenon is to be seen on the coast of Donegal, within two miles of Dunfanaghy. By dilapidation or decomposition of the rocks, time and the washing of the waves have perforated a cave extending many yards into the rock and main land. The waves swell in this circular cavity, and ascend through an aperture on the top of the rock, with a terrific explosion, to the height of forty or fifty feet, in a column of water. The roaring of this water-spout is often heard ten miles off in calm weather.

thousand charms, and joy and beauty beam in the eyes of the graceful daughter of loveliness.

"MORNA. O Fergus! hope of my heart! why hast thou come, youth of the generous soul! so far on such a night as this to take a last farewell of thy Morna? she that loves thee better than any created being on earth. But, O Fergus! my dreams to-night boded something disastrous to our loves; they have wrapped my spirits in the dusky mantle of sadness, and extinguished the lights of hope in my breast. I fear, O elected object of my first love! that your journey to the court of Britain's subtle Queen will end in a fatal catastrophe. O, for my sake, your love, your plighted wife, beware of the siren smile and seductive dissimulation of Elizabeth, the cruel murderess of your princely father.

"FERGUS. Give, lonely daughter of grief, your fears to the winds; let no dim mist of sorrow brood over that bosom, where only the flowers of joy should bloom under the sunshine of hope. Believe not, sweet Morna, in the omens of dreams; let no visionary phantom invade that heart which heaven created for the sanctuary of love. Look not on the dark-robed moon of evil prescience, my Morna, but raise your bright blue eyes to that auspicious star which already rises to light our nuptial bower. Necessity obliges me to wait on England's Queen, and believe me, my love, that every moment which the settlement of my affairs with the English Minister detains me I shall consider an age of absence from the idol of my mid-day thoughts, and the angel of my nightly dreams. In the presence of Elizabeth I shall use caution and vigilance, for I know how well she can practise duplicity and deceit. But perhaps kind heaven may yet afford me an opportunity of revenging my father's death; more victims than the sanguinary Clifford must be yet offered on the altar of expiation. Then Morna, during this indispensable absence, let not anxiety disturb thy gentle breast; let thy slumbers be as calm as the bosom of the summer lake, and let the sun of gladness never set in thy smiles.

"MORNA. I shall, my Fergus, endeavour to keep my spirits afloat on the waters of hope, though my poor heart, while you are absent in London, will languish like a lonely flower in the desert, without the cheering influence of sun or shower; for your presence could change our cottage, even in a dreary wilderness, into a bower of Amaranth, which I would fancy your smiles could light with Elysian suns, and shade with perennial groves. But may not a Queen become my rival?

"FERGUS. Oh Morna! joy-beam of my soul! wouldst thou for a moment doubt my constancy? couldst thou fear that an attachment which is linked by the purest love to my very heart could be changed or broken, even if a Queen invested with all the alluring graces and fascinating loveliness of the fabled Helen, were to offer me her hand.

"MORNA. Then go, noble youth, to the land of strangers, and may angels guard thee in the halls of Eliza; and oft shall I pray the tutelary saint of our race, *Columb-Kille*, to guide thy footsteps and prompt thy tongue, dear lord of my affections.

"The lovers, as soon as the grey mists of the morning were dissipated by the sunbeams, bade each other a tender and affecting adieu. Fergus embarked on board of the dark brown ship, and the weeping Morna ascended the summit of the mountain to watch the progress of the bark that treasured all that was dear to her heart, as she bounded, like a stately courser, over the 'blue tumbling of the waves.' Day after day did the anxious Morna repair to this eminence, attended by her white-breasted maidens, among whom in grace and loveliness she looked like a bright moon in the midst of retiring and abashed stars, to watch the return of her lover; but she saw not his white ensign waving over the sails of his ship like the sea-gull hovering in the mists that brood on the lake. Ah, no! Fergus, the sunbeam of battle, never again returned to Erin of rolling streams; the heart-broken Morna never more felt the throbbing of that heroic breast in which her image was enshrined, for the strange breeze howls dismally in the grass that clothes his foreign grave. * * * * * Set is the sun of Erin's chivalry!"*

* "The Queen invited the Prince of Breffany to her court. He was a brave and powerful person, of fine stature and comely countenance. Her majesty made him warm professions of honour and service,

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

(Translated from the French, for the IRISH SHIELD.)

At Alexandria we were present at a banquet given by a Mameluke, in honour of the anniversary of Mohammed, which is, among those people, the most solemn festival of the hegiran year.

On this occasion gaiety seems to banish reserve, and feasting is carried on to excess. The room into which we were shown, was furnished according to the custom of the country, with mats, carpets, and cushions. A large carpet was our table, which was soon covered with immense dishes of rice, dressed with fresh beef, large joints of veal, spiced ragouts, vegetables, jellies, confectionaries, and honey from the hive. Here were no chairs, no plates, no spoons, or forks, neither were there goblets nor napkins; squatted on their heels, with their knees bent toward their breasts, the company helped themselves to rice with their fingers, and divided the meat with their nails. They dipped the bread in the ragouts, and they were so grossly indelicate as to use it to wipe their hands and mouths. After the repast was over, napkins and water were presented to us *infidels*, and then rose-water was sprinkled on every person present. The whole concluded with pipes and coffee. Our feast being over we repaired to a kind of bowery alcove, in a large garden, which was brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps and large torches.

As soon as we were seated, warlike music commenced. The little melody we heard was lost amid superfluous ornament; every note ran into a mere delirium of expression, destitute of principle and measure; but by this very means the performers on the Hautboys, Tambourines, and Violins ravished their auditory, and at every return wound up their ecstasy to a higher pitch.

The dance which followed, was of the same nature with the songs; it represented neither joy nor gaiety, but a voluptuousness that soon became lascivious and disgusting, expressing scenes which love itself allows only beneath the shades of mystery.

The Almehs, or dancing girls, except their faces, were almost naked, for the females of Egypt, if their eyes and lips are concealed, are quite regardless how much the other parts of their persons are exposed. They were negligently vested in coloured gauzes and ill-fastened girdles, which every now and then they carelessly tightened with a playfulness that had something in it so agreeable, as to remind us of our own vivacious countrywomen. They were seven in number. Two began to dance, while the others sung, accompanying themselves with castagnets in the form of little cymbols, of the size of a crown piece; the motion in which they were rattled against each other, displayed the fingers and wrists of the Almehs to great advantage. Their dance was first expressive of indelicate images, but it soon verged into immodest representations. Some of these dancing girls are remarkably beautiful. They have surprising harmony of features, cheeks of roseate hue, and the blandishment of their smiles, lit with large black eyes suffused in the soft languishment of the blue, the whole presenting a face of such grace and enchantment as obliterated every impression which the loveliest women of France had made upon my mind. The Egyptian women, owing to the softness of their climate, never have a flat or aquiline nose, two great drawbacks from the merits of a pretty face. Neither are they disfigured by the small

intending by this offer to lead him into a kind of exile, in order to secure his obedience. He often feasted with her Majesty in her private apartments, for his elegant symmetry of person and his noble aspect ranked him amongst her choicest favourites.

"One night a person tapped at the Irish Prince's door, and was admitted; it was a woman. The visit continued to be repeated, and the visitant to retire before daylight. The chief's curiosity became urgent; he pressed the mysterious lady to reveal herself, but she refused. A straggling moonbeam, however, discovered to him a ring that glittered on her finger; he examined it unobserved by the wearer. The next day he saw it upon the Queen's finger, and had the imprudence to hint his suspicion to her Majesty. His fatal curiosity was punished with secret death—he was assassinated that night."—*Vide Walker's Irish Bards.*

pox. Indeed, Egypt seems to be now (1827) what Ionia was in the days of Pe-ricles, the country where beauty has established her empire. All the Egyptian women, like the ancient Greeks, have heads of a most elegant oval form.

In Egypt their skins have a velvet softness, which the contracting coldness of our atmosphere denies us. Here the effect of climate is conspicuous; relaxed by its warmth, every motion of the body and eyes has a soft voluptuous languor and effeminate delicacy.

But though we must concede the Egyptian women the superiority in the white softness of a satin skin, and voluptuous languishment of eyes, yet we can never put their unmeaning faces in competition with complexions that are tintured with lilies and roses, and illuminated with blue eyes full of intellect, and an aspect beaming with the expression of sensibility and passion. An artist would prefer a French woman for the elegant symmetry of her limbs, and a happy assortment of features—a sensual Asiatic, whose soul is wrapped in gross voluptuousness, would make choice of the Egyptian female. The Almehs drink brandy in large glasses, like lemonade, which has the effect, even ere they arrive at the maturity of beauty, of withering the carmine of their cheeks.

It may be said, indeed, that women are nowhere more beautiful, nowhere better skilled or more practised in the art and mystery of repairing the ravages of time, than in Egypt. The dancing girls, notwithstanding their immodesty and dissoluteness, are received into the harems of the most respectable part of the community, as the tutoresses of young ladies in every agreeable accomplishment, so that we need not wonder at the stream of their education being coloured with the dross of the worst passions of the female heart, when its source is so immoral and corrupt. They give lessons in dancing, singing, the graces, and embellishing every art that can give charms to the person, without cultivating the mind; for that is a soil where the seeds of virtue and moral precepts are never sown. We are not, therefore, to be surprised that where women are the slaves of passion and the creatures of voluptuousness, those of the sex who are the daughters of Venus and the professors of gallantry should be the instructors of the rest. They are introduced at the entertainments given on all occasions of rejoicing and festivity; and when a husband would spread pleasure and joy through his harem the almehs are called upon as the priestesses who can alone officiate in the sacrifices at the altars of their kind divinities.

Nowhere is jealousy carried to such horrid excess—nowhere is it more ferocious than in Egypt. An inevitable death awaits the stranger who shall attempt to introduce himself into the apartments allotted for the females, or address a few words to them on meeting them out of doors. Not that these beautiful captives have no disposition to burst asunder their chains.

The absolute want of education and of principle render the Egyptian wives dead to every sense of delicacy and bashfulness; they are unacquainted with modesty, either of sentiment or conduct, which is the natural consequence of the constraint in which they are so closely and unremittingly kept, and the glowing climate which communicates its fires to hearts so fruitlessly disposed to love. Every thing rouses their sensations, every thing contributes to direct their vivid imaginations to joys that are forbidden. The men are well aware of the dispositions that sway their hearts, and they take every precaution of jealousy to prevent intrigue; for these brutal men know not what it is to repose confidence in the fidelity or discretion of a wife. Unfaithful to nature, they perceive not that the suspicion they entertain and the infidelity of which they are jealous, are the well-merited recompense of their own ungallant and contemptuous behaviour—of their cruel rigour, and of their criminal and disgusting caprices.

The poorer classes of the Egyptian women are far from having the charms of the higher dames, as the latter are generally the descendants of Greeks or Circassians, whose beauty plunges them into splendid misery in the prisons of their gloomy lords and masters. These captives, like exotic flowers, whose lustre is to be preserved only by attention and management, employ themselves in their "durance

vile," in improving the gifts derived from nature, and heightening them by the embellishments of art. The women of the lower order, instead of the whiteness of that delicate colouring with which the complexion of the first is animated, have a tawny skin, and wear the impress and the tatters of frightful poverty. They seldom have any clothing except a species of large tunic, with sleeves extremely wide; it is open on both sides from the armpit to the knee, so that the movements of the body are easily seen. But women in Egypt would feel no sensation of shame or modesty if you were to see them in that state in which our first mother was, ere she knew sin, in paradise, providing their faces were covered and concealed from the gaze of the eye.

PUBLIC EDIFICES OF DUBLIN.

THE CASTLE.

This edifice is more remarkable for magnitude than for any pretension to architectural beauty; but as it has been, since the reign of King Henry II. the residence of the English Governors of Ireland, we think that a local and historical description of a structure which must ever make a figure in our annals, will be perused with a good deal of interest by our readers. According to Holinshed's Chronicle, the Castle of Dublin was built by Henry of London, Arch Bishop of Dublin, in 1213, on the site of a castle of pleasure which Eogan, King of Munster, raised there for his daughter *Dublana*, A. D. 181.* On the arrival of the English in 1170, a tower of the Irish erection was still standing, and Harris mentions, that it was surrounded by a high rampart of earth. It must indeed be a strong fortress, for Miles De Cogan and Raymond le Gross, were obliged to bring a force of 6000 men to its reduction, as the Irish and Danish garrison defended it bravely, against the assaults of the invaders.

This Miles De Cogan slaughtered many of the garrison, and plundered the city. Dermont, King of Leinster, and Earl Strongbow, made their triumphal entry into Dublin on the day following the capture, and appointed Cogan governor of the city.

But the arch Bishop had this circular entrenchment taken away, and its place supplied by a deep fosse, encompassing the castle, which he moated and flanked with towers. We are not informed whether the prelate took up his residence in the Castle; but Wright, in his history of Dublin, states that King John had his treasures deposited in it, as a place of security. John, in a letter from Trim, desires his Deputy to "make that castle strong with durable walls, so that it might curb the Irish." Nothing occurs in history respecting this Castle, after John's departure from Ireland, until the reign of Edward II. when Sir Edward Bermingham built, in 1315, the tower, which is yet in high preservation, called after him, the "*Bermingham tower*." But the defeat and death of Prince Edward Bruce

* In days of Paganism there was a Druidical temple on the spot where the Dublin Castle now stands. Eogan the great had a favourite daughter, called *Dublana*, who accompanied him, A. D. 167, from his court at Ferns to "Bally-lean-chiall," or, *the town on the ford of Hurdles*, the ancient Dublin, in his expedition against the monarch Con. While he was encamped here, his daughter was drowned in the Liffey, which catastrophe filled his heart with affliction. To commemorate her memory he built the city and gave it the name of *Dublana*, in honour of his daughter. Thus it will be seen that cities, like great states, owe their origin to small beginnings.

When Eogan came to Dublin he found it a town of fishermen's huts, composed of clay and hurdles; but Carthage was not more respectable when it was visited by Dido, neither was the origin of Athens or Rome in any degree superior, when the Cecrops fixed on the Acropolis, and Evander built a citadel on the Palatine hill. This city was called by Ptolemy *Eblana*, or, the passage of the Black Ford. Bede, in his ecclesiastical history, denominated it *Dubhlina*; and Holinshed, in his Chronicle, characterises it "a citie that is not in antiquitie inferior to anye citie except Lupton, so in pleasant situation, in gorgeous buildings, in the multitude of people, in martial chivalrie, in the abundance of wealth, in largeness of hospitalitie, in manners and civilitie, it is superior to all other cities and towns in that realme: and therefore it is commonly called the Irish, or young Lupton."

at the battle of Dundalk, dissipated the alarm of the English, so that they neglected the fortresses, and A. D. 1318, the castle was, like others, suffered to dwindle to decay, and remained in ruins until the reign of Richard II. in 1387, when we find an order issued in Council for the repairs of the Castle, in the following words—“That the hall in the castle of Dublin, and the windows of it, were ruinous, and that as there was in the Treasury an ancient golden seal, cancelled, it should be broken and sold, and the money arising from it laid out on the repairs of the said hall and windows.” During the reign of Henry VI. A. D. 1429, the Lord Deputy and Council held their Court at St. Thomas's Abbey. So late as the reign of Henry VIII. an arm of the Liffey ran through Crampton Court, the lower castle yard, and beat, at full tide, against the rising ground at Ship-street.

In the reign of Queen Mary, while the Earl of Sussex was Lord Deputy, a wing of building was added to the Castle. But it is to Sir Philip Sidney, who was Deputy under Elizabeth, that this structure is principally indebted for enlargement and architectural improvement.

Lord Stafford, during his administration, added a tower to the Castle, which is now called the *Store tower*. The Parliament assembled in the Castle until the accession of William and Mary.

The Earl of Wharton, during his Viceroyalty, beautified the Castle with a range of offices. The celebrated Addison was Secretary to that Nobleman, through whose interest his salary was raised as keeper of the archives of the Bermingham Tower, from ten, (the original stipend of the office,) to five hundred pounds. The Castle is surrounded by a strong wall, and a great part of the area is covered with buildings ranged in two courts, the principal of which is an oblong square, formed by two wings of apartments and offices. The space within the interior of the walls is called the upper and lower castle yard. In the upper yard are situated the viceregal chambers, whose external appearance seem to partake of the sombre gloom which casts such a melancholy air over the palace of St. James's in London. In the centre of this range of buildings, is a neat edifice called the Bedford Tower, which may be estimated as the Portico of that portion of the Castle occupied by the Lord Lieutenant. It is embellished in front with a handsome arcade of three arches, adorned with an Ionic entablature, over which is a colonnade supporting a pediment, from whence rises an octagon cupola, the apex of which is crowned with a large gilt ball. The front entrance into the upper castle yard, from Dame-street, is through two noble arched portals, which are enriched with massy architectural ornaments. Over the portal, on the right hand, is a statue of justice. In the lower court are the Treasury, and other offices, with military stores, an arsenal, and armory for 50,000 men. There is also a barrack for the Castle-guard. Between this Barrack and the arsenal is the Castle garden; opposite to which, at the rear of the Viceroy's dwelling, is a range of buildings called the garden front, which was erected in the year 1740, of mountain stone, adorned with pilasters, architraves, and cornices of the Ionic order. The Bermingham Tower was rebuilt in 1777, for a repository of the ancient records of Ireland. It was used as a State Prison in 1798, and the noble minded TONZ, to evade the ignominy of dying like a criminal on a public scaffold, emulated a Cato, by terminating, with his own hands, his existence in the Bermingham Tower.

The COUNCIL CHAMBER has nothing to recommend it except its spaciousness. The throne is a plain seat, draped in crimson, which was put on new for George IV. when he visited Dublin.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL is a commodious, extensive, and airy apartment, superbly furnished and tastefully decorated. The ceiling is highly embellished with allegorical paintings, in which the artist has displayed spirit and execution that reflects great credit on his talents.

The most elegant specimen of architecture within the Castle walls is the Grecian Chapel, which was remodelled, and, we may say, rebuilt by the Duke of Richmond. It is quite unique in design, and exquisite in execution.

The fixed salary of the Lord Lieutenant is £30,000, besides fees. He can therefore live in a most magnificent style of pomp and state; but the court of some of the Viceroy's in Dublin has presented scenes of niggardly avarice and narrow penury of which an Irish squire of £500 per annum would be ashamed. It was said that the Dutchess of Richmond had an agent for selling milk, butter, and fruit, at the Phoenix Park.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

This edifice, in magnitude and architectural beauty, is superior to any other Exchange in Europe. It stands on Cork Hill, opposite Parliament-street and Essex's Bridge, and commands, even from the steps of the portico, a fine view of that beautiful bridge, and Capel-street. The cost attending the erection of the ROYAL EXCHANGE, in 1769, amounted to £50,000, which sum was raised by lotteries, under the active and spirited auspices of the merchants and bankers of Dublin. They commenced to carry into execution their design of erecting an edifice that would be an ornament to the city and a credit to the arts, by offering premiums for an appropriate plan of an Exchange which in its building and details should combine elegance with magnitude. This offer kindled the emulation of the artists of England and Ireland, and sixty-one competitors contended for the prize of superiority. The plan submitted by THOMAS COOLEY, a native of Dublin, was approved of by the committee; and the second premium was adjudged to James Gandon, of London. The plan was carried into effect in ten years, and the spacious building opened for business in 1779.

It is nearly square, having three fronts of Portland stone, in the Corinthian order, finished with all its florid decorations. The principal front presents a pillared portico, supporting with intermediate pilasters and entablature, a richly decorated pediment and frieze embellished with emblematic devices in basso-relievo, tastefully sculptured. The vestibules are ascended by a flight of twelve marble steps; in these portals are three iron gates of exquisite workmanship, fastened to Ionic pilasters. The lofty dome, which overlooks the city, is elevated by twelve composite pillars, rising from Roman plinths on the floor, and forming a circular walk in the centre of the great hall, "where the merchants, who are good on 'Change, congregate." Immediately over the gates are three large windows, which serve to light the Coffee-Room. The concave of the dome, illuminated with twelve windows, and beautified by elegant stucco-work in the Mosaic taste, has quite an atmospheric appearance that produces a fine effect. The different chambers are spacious, and finished in a style of beauty and grandeur corresponding with that of the magnificent exterior.

Opposite the north entrance, between the columns in the circular walk, is a bronze statue of George III. in a Roman military habit. It was executed by Van Nost, and cost seven hundred guineas. It wants spirit; but it must be allowed that its size and situation conspire to detract from, rather than add to, its merits.

In a niche on the staircase leading to the Coffee-Room, is a well-executed marble bust, by Smith, of the celebrated DR. CHARLES LUCAS, whose writings in favour of the independence and freedom of his country, are known and appreciated by every intelligent Irishman. We shall soon give a biographical notice of that eminent patriot.

MAY-DAY IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

In the days of Druidism, the calends of May were devoted at once to religious exercises and voluptuous pleasures, in Ireland. May-day was appropriated to the worship of the sun or the god *Bel*, when at Tara and the palace of Uisneach, in Connaught, the sacred fires were kindled by the Druids, the inhabitants of other

houses, on pain of death, were prohibited from lighting fire for any culinary purpose during the continuance of the festival. It was on May-eve that St. Patrick and his disciples approached Tara, just as the holy fires were blazing. The Apostle hearing that it was deemed impiety of an inexpiable character for any one except the priests of *Bel* to light a fire on May-day, he, to convince the Heathen Druids that he was the servant of the living God, collected a large pile of dry wood, which he ignited by a miraculous flame, and the blaze soon illuminated the surrounding hills. No sooner had the Druids seen the flames ascend, than they called upon the King, whom they intimidated with superstitious fears, to send out a guard to arrest the sacriligious Patrick and his followers, alledging at the same time, that if the fire was not instantly extinguished the vengeance of *Bel* would destroy the royal family of Ireland. But as we will relate the entire of the circumstances connected with the arrest of St. Patrick on this occasion in our history, we will not detail them here.

At Tara, and almost in every village, during the solemn festival, it was customary to offer sacrifice to *Bel*, the chief deity of the Island; after the hour of devotion the inhabitants brought their children who were marriageable to a high hill, on which a long pole, decorated with flowers and garlands, was planted. Around this May-pole seats were placed, and, to prevent confusion, the young men ranged themselves on one side, and the girls on the other, and when the preliminary terms of contract were adjusted between the parents of those who expressed an attachment for each other, the Druidical priest made them walk into the centre of the ring, and the nuptial ceremony was then performed. Indeed the custom of dancing round a May-pole is prevalent to this day in many parts of Ireland. Early of a May morning a green hawthorn bush is placed opposite the door, which the young maidens decorate with May-flowers, primroses, and all the floral gifts of Spring. At noon the youth of both sexes assemble at what is called a May Fair, where they spend the day in dancing and merriment.

This is also the custom in England, for Stow tells us that "in the month of May, early on the first day of this month, every man, not sick, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of fragrant flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind."

"The Mayings," says a late writer, "are still kept up with great spirit in the city of Dublin, by the milk-maids, who go about the streets with their garlands and music, dancing and singing, in Irish, '*we bring home the summer.*'" In the highlands of Scotland the herdsmen of every village hold their *Beltein*, or rural sacrifice, after the manner of the Irish, on the first of May.

They cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle, on which they kindle a fire of wood, and over this fire they cook a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk, and bring, besides the ingredients of this mess, beer and whiskey. All these things are levied by contribution, for the May-feast. The superstitious rites begin with pouring some of the beer and whiskey on the ground, by way of libation.

Baker, in his chronicles, tells us that in the reign of Henry VI. "the Aldermen and Sheriffs of London being on May-day at the Bishop of London's wood, and having there a *worshipful dinner* for themselves and other comers, the Rev. Mr. Lydgate, the monk of Bury, sent them by a pursuivant, a joyful commendation of the Season, beginning thus:—

"Mighty Flora, Goddess of fresh flowers,
Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green,
Made buds to spring with her sweet showers,
By influence of the sun sheene,
To do pleasure of intent full cleane,
Unto the states that now sit here
Hath Vn sent down her own daughter dear."

Mr Borlase, in his curious account of the manners of Yorkshire, tells us, that "an ancient custom still retained by the men of York, is that of decking their

doors and porches, on the first of May, with green sycamore and hawthorn boughs, after which they made an excursion into the country, and having cut down a tall elm, brought it into town, fitted a straight and taper pole to the end of it, and painting the same, erect it in the most public places, and on holidays and festivals adorn it with flowers, garlands, and streamers."

Even after the introduction of Christianity in Ireland, May-day was always appropriated to the inauguration of the provincial Kings. Dr. Burke, who was a Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory in 1776, gives us to understand, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, that on May-day the Prior of the Black Abbey, at Kilkenny, caused his cellars and refectory to be opened "for the entertainment of the poor and the stranger, and that all the *May Maids* who applied with regular licenses, were married gratuitously in the season of May." We have in "*Flemming's genealogy of the O'Donnell*," an account of the inauguration of Rory O'Donnell, at Kilmacrenan, on May-day 1147. This solemnity, according to our historians, was marked with all the pomp and circumstances that could give *eclat* to the assumption of royal authority. Early on May morning, the *Column of the May* was wreathed by twenty-four virgins, with garlands of flowers, shamrocks and holly: near the stone altar on the summit of the rock, the ensign of O'Donnell was raised on a long staff, the crown and sceptre were placed on the altar, the Abbot of Kilmacrenan, in rich pontificals, seated himself at the foot of the altar, and the cotemporary Princes and vassal chiefs, occupied a row of benches opposite to him. The young Prince supported by his Knights ascended the steps and took his seat on the right hand side of the Abbot. The assembly of the states being then full, O'NEIL, King of Ulster, rose up, holding in his hand a white wand, and addressed his cousin as follows: "Receive, as the descendant of Nial the great, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your life and government, the whiteness, straitness, and unknottiness of this rod; to the end that no evil tongue may asperse the candour of your actions with blackness; no corruption pervert your justice, nor any ties of friendship make it partial. Take therefore, upon you in a lucky hour, the government of your people, and exercise your power according to the dictates of freedom and the injunctions of the holy Roman Catholic faith." As soon as his exhortation was concluded, the Abbot placed the crown upon his head, presented the sceptre, and then pronounced the benediction which ended the ceremony.

Dr. Moræsin says, "that the English Mayors received their name from *May*, in sense of lawful power. The *crown*, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the *mace* and sceptre, was also taken from the *May*, being representative of the *garland* or *crown*, which, when hung on the top of the *Mayor-pole*, was the great signal for convening the people, in days of yore, in England. The arches of it, which spring from the circlet, and meet together at the *mound* or round ball, being necessarily so formed to suspend it on the top of the pole."

Nothing can be more delightful than the appearance of meadows, hills, valleys and groves, in May, the balmy season of poetry, health and love. How pleasing, how delightful to the poetic and philosophic mind, is the dawning of the season of flowers, when the meadows are green and the streams pellucid, the orchards redolent of odorous blossoms, and the wooing birds melodious in their concert of love. Behold! how busy, blithsome May strews our path with spangled Anemones, the speckled primroses, the mild blue violets, and the purple orchis, while she decks the shrubby canopy over our heads with her blossom-wreathed garlands! See! how Flora, her hand-maid, adorns the gardens and fields; with what lustral hues attach, with what painted beauty enchant the sight; and observe what a variety of odours, and a richness of perfume she scatters around to embalm the sweet gale. Who can walk forth of a May morning into the country and see the ruby Cowslips and golden Crocus, shining with dew, unfolding with coy, reserve their velvet caps, and again retiring with modest blandishment from the kiss of Zephyr, without feeling his heart throb with the sensation of pleasure, and his mind elated with the glow of poetry? For surely such a morning is calculated to refresh and revive not only the vegetable, but the animal system.

On such a morning, when the zephyr but gently breathes, as if afraid to disturb the hushed, mild tranquillity of nature ; when the gratified eye is charmed by the emerald plain, the richly parterred hillock, bending its grassy verdure under the visitation of the breeze ; and when the luminous rainbow throws its softened arch across the babbling brook, illuminates the mossy shades, or paints the shepherd's cottage with prismatic dyes ; is there a bosom so callous and congealed as not to melt into joyous emotion, under the genial influence of the charming scene ?

QUESTIONS ARISING FROM THE DRAMA.—NO. II.

SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO, AND DR. YOUNG'S REVENGE.

HORACE in his epistle to his friend PISO, decries the abuse of language, irregularity of disposition, and disregard of striking peculiarity of characters, as well as faintness of colouring, which marred and mutilated the Roman Drama, in his days.

"If in a picture, PISO, you should see,
A handsome woman with a fish's tail ;—
Or Ethiop's head on a Moresco neck." &c.

But to come to our inquiries. Ought *Othello* and *Zanga* to be represented on the stage, as *Black Moors* ?—Did historical evidence warrant Shakspeare to represent *Othello* a Moor holding a chief command in the army of Venice, in preference to her proud and chivalric Nobles ; and moreover, entrusted with an important government, in Cyprus, at a time that the republic was in the Zenith of her power and glory, and when her arms gained the most splendid triumphs ?—Perhaps *Mr Hackett*, who has like a literary *Don Quixote*, sallied forth with his mace of reeds, to demolish the monuments, and his farthing rush-light of emendation, to illuminate the Catacombs of Shakspeare, can inform us !

How *Othello* acquired, as a *Black*, under the line, consummate knowledge of the tactics of Europe ; and by what means he satisfied the jealous policy of the senate and obviated their distrust of and repugnance to aliens, are questions worthy of *Mr. Hackett's* solution.

We believe the term "*Moor*" did not exist in our language until after the Saracens had spread their conquests from the Euphrates to the Loire, and under the appellation of *Moors* or *Morescoes*, established themselves in Spain. The word in its origin, served as contradistinctive of *Moor* from Negro—of *white Moor* from *black Moor*. In the interesting and lively scene of "the Chalks," in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, *MORO-CÆUS* is denominated as "*Tawny Moor*." If the subordinate circumstances of dress, attitude, and a local or personal adaption be requisite to the cunning and illusion of the scene, how much more essential, in our judgment, is the strict avoidance of even a seeming incongruity or non-accordance in sentiment, in language, and especially in countenance.

"Where dawns the high expression of the mind ?"

History may be pronounced a species of DRAMA, for indeed the exquisite histories of *Salust*, *Gibbon*, and *Robertson* are Dramas full of incident interest, and character. *Ben Johnson*, in his "*Cataline*," has given one of the Roman historians' works, in blank verse and dialogue almost verbatim. The laws of the Stagyrite may sometimes be dispensed with, as it is indeed a privilege of genius to burst the fetters of criticism, wander from the common track of mediocrity, and rise on pinions of daring originality to that bright atmosphere where the Bird of Jove gazes on the sun in its glory ; as when our immortal Bard represents, in the first act of his "*Winter Tale*" the infancy, and in his last, the manhood of its hero : but this indulgence would be carried too far, in any case where sentiment and language adapted to a SUPERIOR class of beings, are given to another class, designated as an inferior genus of the human species, as in the case in respect of *Othello* and *Zanga*, in which the essentials of character, country, climate, and colour, are confounded. Hence our sympathy and interest are diminished, the emotions of the soul and the feeling of the heart are abated, and repressed nature has not play. *Hume* and *Buffon* concur in the opinion, that the blaze of intellect was never kindled in the mind of a Negro, for say they "no black ever yet was capable of investigating a problem of EUCLID," sensation and not reflection, gives an impulse to their mental powers.

A Negro and a Greek differ not more in the shape and colour of their bodies, than they do in the complexion, characteristics, and peculiarity of their minds. But if Othello be considered as a Moor or a Moresco, and not a Black, it is consonant to probability that a Moresco officer of reputation might obtain a command at Venice; and especially from his knowledge of the Turkish mode of warfare, might be deemed a proper opponent to those conquerors of the eastern Empire.

So conscious was Garrick of the insuperable difficulties that oppose the natural and vivid representation of the characters of Othello and Zanga, that he never could be prevailed upon to assume these parts.

Barry and Mossop, personated the black heroes, we are told, with all the force and vitality that fine acting could impart to render the illusion perfect, and encircle their representations with the shades and features of life; yet the powers of these great and gifted actors, aided by the genius of Shakspeare and Young, fell short of their ordinary effect; the impressive and picturesque acting of Barry, accustomed to penetrate the heart and charm the soul of sensibility, in the performance of Othello,

"Play'd round the head but came not to the heart."

And the transcendent powers of the Irish Roscius Mossop, who, in attitude and expression of the majestic and strong eloquence of the British Æschylus, at once recalled the combined ideas of Homer's Jove, thundering from the heights of Ida; or Phidias's statue of the Olympian Deity; and with all these attributes and matchless conception, he could, in *Zanga*, only surprise the audience, and elevate the personification as high as representation could possibly raise it. There is, indeed, no affecting scene in the *REVUE* where the character of Zanga can unlock the main-spring of tragedy—*pity*.

In the personations of Othello and Zanga, no inferior, or even second-rate actor, could ever yet be endured; in *OTHELLO* especially, *visibility* has oftener been excited than *sensibility*. KEAN's Othello deserved the eulogium of Lord Byron, for it certainly is "the noblest effort of human genius." And yet in Richard he carries the perfection of his art to a still higher point of excellence: when Kean performs Richard III. the audience forget the actor, resign their consciousness to their imagination, and actually "in the mind's eye,"

"Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time,"

become spectators of the battle of Bosworth field, and hear the tyrant Plantagenet raving amid the din of the conflict. All ideas of the *present* are suspended—the mind of the auditor beholding Kean retraces, not by recollection, but by the magic powers of personification the mighty *past*, and traverses around the globe his enraptured attendant.

The London critics have agreed that the late John Kemble was unrivalled in the part of Zanga. All the critiques that we have read on his performance bear testimony to his conception and admirable execution in that character. His delivery of the declamatory speech at the end of the third act, beginning,

"What think 'twas set up the Greek and Roman name," &c.
and ending,

"Do this and tread upon the Greek and Roman glory,"
produced magic effects in the minds of the audience.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

Thank God! the reign of bigotry is drawing to a close in Ireland, and that accursed demon, who, while clad in vestments stolen from the altars of Heaven, and brandishing a torch lit in the fires of hell, has scattered a moral pestilence and a physical degradation, for centuries, among the Irish people, is vanishing like an evil spirit before the rays of the morning star of emancipation. Would to heaven that the remembrance of the evils with which prejudice and policy afflicted poor Erin, could be expunged from the page of history, and that the cruel persecutions to which they subjected millions of Irishmen, for no other cause than that of adhering tenaciously to the faith of the Saint, the hero, and the philosopher, may be forgotten and consigned to the chaos of oblivion. It is truly horrific to look back through the vista of years elapsed, at the miseries and privations of our country, while clinging like an unconquerable martyr to her ancient faith, regardless of the terrors of death or the agonies of torture, and elevating the standard of her religious conscience under the axe of the executioner,

and the threats of the oppressor. Humanity, on beholding the spectacle, heaves a sigh, Religion drops a tear, and even vile Prejudice is confounded at the exaltation of the victim to the glory of the martyr. If the Bill for the relief of the Catholics, now in progress through the British Parliament, pass into law, it may be regarded as the concession of fear rather than the boon of English justice; for we have the authority of history to say that Ireland never received any act of kindness or affection from her cruel and ill-natured step-sister, in the moment of her prosperity. England was always a bloated promiser, but a lank performer to Ireland; and her flagrant and dishonourable violation of the treaty of Limerick, is a historical proof of her perfidy and injustice. Let no shallow politician give credit to the liberality of Wellington, or the wisdom of Peel for the "*Catholic relief Bill*," because it was the *CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION*, wrung it from the bristled fangs of the bayed Lion. The English ministers were alarmed by the array of spirit and unanimity which the Association marshalled under its banner, and opening their eyes to the danger that menaced them, they, as a dernier resort, to avert its impending evils, were driven by absolute necessity, to the expedient which they have adopted. The draft of this Bill, which is far, indeed, from presenting a full measure of equitable justice to Ireland, will still have the effect of quenching the thirst of her discontent; for she is, and has ever been grateful to England for even a partial favour; the gratitude of the Irish heart can be revived even by a gleam of English sunshine.

The fifteenth clause of the proposed bill demands, it will be perceived, a sacrifice of the elective privileges of the Forty Shilling Freeholders, a body of men that fought and conquered in the van of freedom and independence, during the late elections in Ireland. For this sacrifice, Ireland can receive no adequate concession, as it demolishes the strongest citadel in which she could hold out against her oppressors. It remains to be seen whether the elective franchise of the forty shilling freeholders shall be surrendered.

The following are the heads of the Bill:

1. Its basis is the removal from the Roman Catholics of civil disabilities, and the equalization of political rights.

2. Roman Catholics are to be admitted into both houses of Parliament.

There are to be no restrictions as to numbers.

Catholics becoming members of either house are to take an oath to support and defend the succession of the Crown—abjuring the sentiment that Princes excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed and murdered by their subjects—denying the right of the Pope to any civil jurisdiction in the British Kingdom—disclaiming, disavowing and solemnly abjuring any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment as settled by law, &c.

3. Roman Catholics are to be incapable of holding the office of Lord Chancellor, or of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

4. They may hold all Corporate offices—may be sheriffs and judges.

5. But they are not to hold places belonging to the Established Church; the Ecclesiastical Courts, or Ecclesiastical foundations, nor any office in the Universities, the Colleges of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster; nor any School of Ecclesiastical foundation. The laws relative to Roman Catholic right to presentations are to be retained. In cases where any Roman Catholic shall hold an office with which Church patronage is connected, the Crown is to have the power of transferring the patronage. No Roman Catholic to hold any office to advise the Crown in the appointment of Offices connected with the Established Church of England and Ireland.

6. The existing Penal Laws affecting Roman Catholics are to be repealed.

7. Roman Catholics are to be put, with respect to property, on a footing with Dissenters.

8. Catholic Members of Parliament are not to be obliged to quit the House upon any particular question. (Mr. Wilmot Horton's suggestion upon this subject is held to be objectionable.)

9. There is to be no Declaration required against Transubstantiation.

10. Upon the subject of Ecclesiastical Securities, the Roman Catholics are to be placed on the footing of all other Dissenters.

11. There is not to be any Veto, nor is there to be any interference with the intercourse, in Spiritual matters, between the Roman Catholic Church and the See of Rome.

12. The Episcopal titles and names, now in use in the Church of England, are not to be assumed by the members of the Roman Catholic Church.

13. When Roman Catholics are admitted to corporate and other offices, the insignia of such offices are in no one case to be taken to any other place of worship of the Es-

established Church. No robes of office are to be worn in any other than the Established Church.

14. The Jesuits and Monastic Communities—the names and numbers of the individuals belonging to the existing Communities are to be registered—Communities bound by religious or monastic vows, are not to be extended, and provision is to be made against the future entrance into this country of the order of Jesuits. The Jesuits now are to be registered.

15. *Elective franchise—Forty Shilling Freeholders.* The Elective franchise is proposed to be raised from Forty Shillings to Ten Pounds.

Freeholders are to be registered, and the registry is to be taken before the Assistant Barrister of the Irish counties, with power of an appeal in certain cases, from his decision to a higher tribunal.

POSTSCRIPT.

IRISH SHIELD OFFICE, 21st April, 1829.

To the politeness of the Editor of the *ALBION*, we are indebted for the Cork *South-east Reporter* of the 12th of March, from which we extract Mr. O'CONNELL's highly important letter to the people of Ireland, expressing his opinion of the principles of the CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL. At a large meeting of Irish gentlemen, hostile to the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders, held at the Thatched House, St. James's Street, on the 8th of March, Mr. O'Connell, in a long and eloquent speech, for which we are sorry we have not room, used the following emphatic expressions:—"It was," said the honourable gentleman, "the bounden duty of the meeting to offer the strongest objections, the strongest opposition against the disfranchisement of a spirited body of electors. It would be base in us to return to Ireland and tell the people that we had silently sat by whilst their rights were wrested from them." "We," continued he, "were pledged by past resolutions—by duty—by consistency—by gratitude—by every human tie—by our love of civil liberty—to defeat, by every constitutional means, this accompaniment of the Bill."

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"The nations are fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And though slavery's gloom o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom SHALL beam round thee yet."

London, 7th March, 1829.

BELoved FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—It is unnecessary to bespeak your attention—every human being in Ireland is alive to the importance of the present crisis.

For twenty-five years we have struggled for that equalization of civil rights called Catholic Emancipation. This is not the time to inquire into the causes which retarded, or the men, or the means, that accelerated that great measure. It is sufficient to know that by our energy, virtue, consistency and perseverance, we have arrived at the threshold of emancipation. The Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, who were believed to be unreclaimable advocates of exclusion, have yielded to the constitutional necessity of "settling the Catholic Question." Whoever created that necessity, or however it was created, it is admitted that Catholic emancipation is now about to be conceded.

The plan of that emancipation will be found in what is called a report of a speech delivered in Parliament by Mr. Peel, on Thursday, the 5th of the present month of March. That plan consists of two bills—the one to emancipate the Catholics; the other to disfranchise the forty shilling freeholders of Ireland. The first an act of almost unmixed good—the other an act of, I must say, altogether unmixed injustice. Whilst we anxiously hope that the first will pass into a law, let us as anxiously exert ourselves to prevent the other from being carried into effect.

The Emancipation Bill is one of almost unmixed good—Indeed it contains in it matter the most consoling, brought forward with a plain directness of manner, which gives double value to its beneficent provisions.

Its principal and most useful features are these:—First, It is founded on the principle of equalization of civil rights to all classes and creeds; it therefore strikes “ascendancy” at the very root. It does all we require—it puts us on an equality with our Protestant countrymen. We never asked, neither would we accept of “ascendancy” for ourselves. We could not bear that ascendancy in others without manfully struggling to be rid of it. It is, thank God, at an end. We shall hear no more of “Protestant ascendancy;” but in its place genuine conciliation and harmony will be cultivated mutually by Protestants and Catholics, now that the stimulating idol of faction is to be removed for ever. Such is the first great feature of the Emancipation Bill.

Secondly, The Bill removes, by expressly repealing, all the old penal statutes respecting the property of Catholics. This is a most wise and benevolent provision. Perhaps I ought not to praise it so much, because it may be recollected that this was the course I suggested in 1825. Nay, the draft of the Emancipation Bill I drew at that time was precisely in this form. Mr. Peel then started with horror at the report that it was confided to me to draw that draft. Our friends therefore abandoned my draft at that period. Mr. Peel *now* adopts my plan precisely. It will, I trust, be deemed only the more satisfactory to my countrymen on that account. I have the vanity to think that the people of Ireland will like the Bill the better for knowing that it is just such a bill, in respect to property, as I would myself introduce, had I the power to turn it into a law.

Thirdly, Catholics can now, that is by this bill, hold all offices in Ireland, save that of Lord Lieutenant. A Catholic can be Lord Chancellor in Ireland; Catholics can be Chief Judges and Prime Judges, Masters of the Rolls, and, to the horror of Master Ellis, he may have a Catholic colleague as Master in Chancery. They can be Mayors, aye, and Aldermen and Sheriffs of cities and towns, and Common Councilmen, and masters and wardens of guilds, and sheriffs of counties; in short, they are put on a footing of perfect equality with their Protestant, Presbyterian, and Dissecting fellow-subjects of all persuasions.

Fourthly, Catholic Peers are equally entitled with Protestant Peers to sit and vote in the House of Lords.

Fifthly, Catholics are equally entitled with Protestants to be members of the House of Commons. This is the most important concession of all, namely, the removing all doubt as to the right of Catholics, equally with Protestants, to sit and vote in Parliament.

Sixthly, The horrible declaration that the holy sacrifice of the mass, and the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and other saints, are impious and idolatrous, is abolished for ever. Our Protestant neighbours are no longer compelled to strain their own consciences and to insult us by such a tremendous denunciation.

There does not live one Catholic in Ireland whose heart will not bound with joy and gratitude when he hears of these most conciliatory and consolatory alterations in the laws.

This is all we desired and contended for. This is perfect satisfaction. This is that equality we always required. This is the full measure of our contentment as Catholics. But these most propitious, wise, and salutary measures, have this great and most delightful addition. It is this,—

Seventhly, There is to be no veto; no control over or interference with the nomination or appointment of our Bishops; no absurd or vexatious inquiries as to the spiritual communications which may be necessary between our Prelates and the reverend Chief Pastor. No payment or salary of our Clergy. Nothing to sever or encumber the tie between them and their people. In short, the Catholic Church in Ireland is left free and unstained by worldly hands, to perform her awful and life-giving functions in the pure and genuine spirit of faith and charity.

Such are the principal provisions of the Emancipation Bill. They do away for ever that insulting superiority which was so often ostentatiously displayed by some of our Protestant countrymen. They take away that sense of inferiority under which the Catholic was compelled to labour in his native land; and by producing equality they make it the interest, as I trust it will be the inclination, of all parties, Protestants as well as Catholics, to calculate mutual good will and affection, and to establish domestic as well as national peace, tranquillity, and harmony.

It is a pity that there should be any thing in this excellent Bill to detract from its utility as a healing measure for Ireland. But it has two defects.

The first is a studied and most unnecessary insult to our revered Prelates—a clause prohibiting them from assuming the style and title of the Bishops of the Protestant Church as by law established. One is, indeed, sorry that any of the paltry jealousy of

little minds should find its way into a legislative enactment of a character of such utility and magnitude.

But this clause is quite unnecessary. Our Prelates never assumed the legal titles of the Protestant Bishops. The latter are Lord Bishops, having by law the privilege and station of Peers; ours are Roman Catholic Bishops, claiming no privilege of, or right or title to the Peerage. Their own style and title in the Catholic Church is all they ever claimed or assumed. The law did not create that title; the law never can take it away. It is not the creation nor the object of legislation at all.

The Bill, however, does not in anywise interfere with the exercise of the spiritual functions of our Prelates, nor with their jurisdiction over the Catholics. Let the law therefore call them what it pleases, we will preserve for them—not the style or title of the Protestant Bishops, derived as it is from the law of the land—but their own proper and distinctive rank; not in the State, but in the Catholic Church, unconnected from the State as it is and will remain: and we will hold them in the same respect and veneration which we have ever entertained for persons who uniformly exhibit, as they have always exhibited, so much of pious and practical virtue. Never was there yet any church on the face of the earth blessed with a prelacy who exceeded in fervour, zeal, meekness, purity, talent, knowledge, and utility, the present Catholic Prelates of Ireland. There is not one single dispassionate Protestant in that country that would not admit the necessity of this description.

The second and only remaining objection to the Bill, is the clause respecting monastic orders. These orders in Ireland require nothing from the state, and should not be singled out by the state for the infliction of any punishment. However, the bill is not to meddle with the existing establishments; they all remain, and the present generation will not be deprived of their most valuable services.

I trust, too, that after the Emancipation Bill has gone into practical effect, and that Protestants and Catholics live together in that spirit of mutual kindness which prevails between Protestants and Catholics in those countries where the law does not raise a wall of separation between them, I trust that when our Protestant brethren have leisure and inclination to investigate the facts, and to see the solid and substantial advantages which the poor, the uninstructed, the sick and the wretched receive from our monastic orders, these very Protestants will be themselves the first to prevent, by new and wiser enactments, the operation of any law which could deprive the people of their services.

It is said that this clause is in an especial manner directed against the Jesuits. Heaven help us! what a sagacious motive of legislation! Since the world began there never was a body of men who were at one and the same time so calumniated and so useful as the Jesuits. They have done more than any other society whatsoever, in the cultivation of literature, in the extension of useful knowledge, in the advancement of the sciences, in the propagation of Christianity amongst Pagans and Infidels.

In the education of youth they have been pre-eminent. Who are the best judges on this point? Certainly parents are the most interested in judging rightly, and I will say, it would be exceedingly cruel as well as unjust to deprive Irish Catholics of the choice of the Jesuits to instruct their children. The youth who are educated by them acquire an independence in mind and even in person, which is, perhaps, the most useful portion of education. They are attached through life to their instructors with an affection which is fortified by lasting reflection.

Let us hope, then, that when the excitation of bad passions is at an end, justice may be done to the characters of this much injured class of men. Prejudice and pre-occupation will exclaim at these sentiments—but let me add this fact within my own knowledge, that no class of instructors ever left so deep, and permanent, and religious an impression on the minds of youth as the Jesuits; an impression which, though of course liable to be obscured by the incitements of passion, avarice, and ambition, is scarcely ever wholly obliterated; and whilst it remains in many, nay in most, altogether undiminished, it in almost all recurs again in the course of life, and produces ample fruit of religious and moral observance. I submit this fact to the consideration of all serious and sincere Christians of all sects and persuasions.

Let no alarm be created, lest this measure should reach to the Convents of those exemplary and pious ladies who edify and instruct the female youth of Ireland. No species of emancipation could be accepted if those ladies were to be interfered with or disturbed by the law. In the sacred silence of those retreats in which they have secluded themselves from the world to dedicate themselves to God and his poor, they shall be preserved undisturbed, were it to cost us our fortunes, our civil rights, and even our lives. It is not indeed intended by the Emancipation Bill to interfere with them at all.

You have now the Emancipation Bill before you—you perceive that it has great, permanent, and most salutary provisions. That, above all, it destroys that odious and once execrable ascendancy which has been so long virulently exercised. You perceive that it gives us perfect political equality. It destroys the vile slavery of inferiority in our native land, and brings us up to the exact level of our Protestant countrymen.

Let us, my beloved friends, act generously and nobly. Our religion commands us to forgive injuries, and to forget insults; our hearts beat responsive to the sacred dictates of that divine religion: let us show ourselves worthy of it. Let us forgive the errors, and even pardon the offences of the Orangemen and Brunswickers. Let us invite them to a community of good feeling, and to reciprocity of affection. Let our darling motto be "happy homes and altars free." Our altars—our holy and unstained altars are free. Let us cultivate those generous, kind, and Christian charities which will give us *happy, happy homes*.

Oh, Ireland!—Oh, my beloved country! how my heart throbs and my soul expands at the prospects that open before you!

But alas! alas! there is one dark and murky cloud coming to obscure that bright and brilliant prospect. There is another Bill, my countrymen—there is, alas! another Bill also proposed—a Bill to disfranchise the forty shilling freeholders!!!

Let not our exultation at the first bill prevent our decided, determined, energetic, but constitutional opposition to this Bill. My own heart is too full of joy at the one measure to allow me this day to discuss the pernicious principle of the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders. I will to-morrow address you upon this all-important subject.

In the mean time let us prepare our firm and constitutional opposition. Let it not be the less active for being accompanied by the concession of Emancipation. I conjure the Protestants to assist us. This is their cause as well as ours. Their rights are taken away without cause or pretext. Can they love liberty and refuse to join us in the protection of the valuable right of election.

But I shall not this day dwell longer on this painful subject. I will for to-morrow's address concentrate all the powers of my mind, such as they are, (would they were effective, in order to point out all the legal and constitutional means of resistance to the cruel injustice of disfranchising Protestants, who are not accused of any crime; and of disfranchising Catholics, who can be accused of no other crime than this—that they have acted honourably, disinterestedly, and nobly, for liberty and their native land.

I remain, my beloved countrymen, your faithful and devoted servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

ORIGINAL PATCH WORK.

SELF-LOVE.—When Apelles was about to execute a picture of Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, his object was to concentrate in his ideal delineation every elegance of symmetry, every winning grace of expression, and every enchantment of contour that could render the human form a model of female loveliness. But whom on earth should he find possessed of all the perfections with which poetry endowed the consort of Vulcan? This was a dilemma that bent down his genius under the pressure of a leaden weight. He had called a thousand beauteous females, each a Venus in her turn; but what was the *language* of love? Now he must examine the peach-blossom softness of their cheeks, the blue-fire of their eyes, the whiteness of their bosoms, the fulness of their forms, and the proportions of their limbs, with the rigour of a critic and the microscopic eye of an artist. In each he was vexed to discover some partial imperfection; but at last, from the aggregate of all their beauties, he completed his matchless Venus. The damsels, to whom the painter had been indebted for the exhibition of their charms, flocked with overflowing impatience to behold themselves in the enchanting picture, which had spread the renown of Apelles through every city of Greece. "Yes," said Galatea, casting a careless glance at the living canvass, "he has really hit off my complexion very happily," and went away satisfied that she was Venus. Sapphira came and blushed, and smiled, while her vanity filled her heart with exultation, as she exclaimed, "was there any thing could equal the accuracy of the likeness; it really surpasses the reflection of my mirror!"—"Poor creatures," said Aspasia, "they will burst with envy, for he has copied me to the very shape of my fingers." Apelles had indeed copied the fingers of Aspasia, but that was all.

This anecdote furnishes, we think, a very striking moral; for there are many persons who, possessing a single feature of beauty, or a peculiar trait of talent, imagine themselves, in consequence, paragons of loveliness and miracles of genius.

How to CUT DOWN THE MERIT OF AN ACTOR.—The critic to keep his opera glass constantly to his eye, and closely examines the movement of every muscle of the countenance, and the motion of every action of the performer. The ears to be set with such auricular acuteness as to detect every inaccuracy of orthoepy and prosody in the delivery of the dialogue. If the actor is tall, the critic may discover that his person is too unwieldy and ungraceful, and that he wants the *picturesque*, dapper size of *Kean*.

If of a diminutive stature, his Lilliputian size is quite inadequate to give heroic dignity to Roman characters, for a *Cæsar*, a *Coriolanus*, or a *Virginius*, who should always graduate on the dramatic scale as high as five feet ten inches. Thus the fastidious critic says that *Macready* looks the Roman admirably. When the actor is chaste and picturesque in his gestures, you may say that he is inanimate, and cannot imbue the part with dramatic spirit and energy; and on the contrary if he has bustle of action and speaks with sonorous intonation you may fairly aver that there is too much redundancy in his attitudes—too much awkwardness in the sawing of a “pair of arms immeasurably spread”—and that his voice is so coarse and harsh as to be utterly incompetent to give emphasis and solemn pomp to tragic sentiment. If the features of the actor are small you can in a moment discover that they want expression; if large you may tell your reader that his face is too vulgar to look the part with effect, or convey the meaning of the author!! If his face should, however, be unexceptionable, you may find out that it wants the masculine air of manliness, which the author intended to be represented by a more *suitable* cast of countenance. If he is a scholar and a critic, and gives a new reading to some passages, pour out the burning lava of criticism upon his presumption and vanity for daring to take liberties with *Shakspeare*, *Otway*, and *Rowe*. If his deportment is graceful and his carriage easy, you may assert that he is better qualified for a *Dancer*, than a *declaimer*.

If he has the art of rapid elocution, charge him with being a bellowing ranter.

If you can discover no fault, and find that your *Brothers* of “the grey goose quill,” are commending the performance, you must, in that case, prove how much superior *Garlick*, *Cooke*, and *Kean* were in this personation. Above all be sure to impress upon your readers, that the part was too tame and much studied; and that you missed those electric flashes of originality which “so often astonished us in the daring efforts of *Kean*.”

Perhaps it might often happen, that on your way to the Theatre, you may meet a friend, who may invite you to sup, in that case, on the following day, when you are writing your dramatic critique on a performance which you never witnessed, be sure to attribute a good many faults to the whole cast, which will make your readers look upon you as an acute, discriminating critic, whose microscopic eye can discern the “ninth part of a hair’s breadth” of error in the representation. By this means, a Critic will succeed in “shearing off the beams” of our performers, and lopping off “cubits from their statures.”

A CLEAR POINT.—A methodistical Preacher, in a sermon on repentance, in which he endeavoured to enforce, by every argument he could adduce, that actions, and not pharisaical tears or pious exclamations, were the only signs of a sincere repentance, concluded with this illustrative apologue:—a Bird-catcher having caught his prey, used to kill them by strangling, and in the action hurt one of his fingers, and the pain of the wound caused him to wince and drop tears: where upon a young bird observed, “see! he at length takes pity of us, he weeps.” “Do not mind his eyes,” replied an old Bird,—look at his bleeding fingers.”

THE MERIT OF A BOOK.—*ARISTOTLE* was asked, by what criterion we should judge of the merit of a Book!—“When the author,” replied the Critic, “has said every thing that he ought; nothing but what he ought, and says what he does say, as he ought.”

IRISH BULLS.—An Englishman once asked an humble Hibernian the reason why his countrymen are in the habit of making so many Bulls? “I’ll tell you what your honour,” replied the Irishman, “we never make Bulls in our own language; it is when we speak in your blundering tongue, that we do it, so they are *English Bulls*, and not Irish.”

Party.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD.

SIR—I have written the following lines on the bend of champions, who, without pay or reward, so nobly espoused the cause of poor Erin, in the hope that you will favour us with a Biographical sketch of the illustrious CHARLEMONT.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

In days of yore, when sires arose,
United with intrepid zeal,
To stem the rage of hostile foes,
Opponent to their weal;
Sure victory did then ensue,
And laurel crown'd each hero's head,
Who to their country's banner flew,
Undaunted to repel all who durst horror spread.
How could the muse, thrice happy days,
With extasy dwell on the prime;
Did not the present moment raise,
An ardour still benign,
But lo! our Irish Volunteers,
In bright array, with heroic fire
Now freely wave their martial spears,
And with the gleam resolve, that freedom shan't
expire.

Hail, happy kingdom! freemen hail!
Who in a downward sliding age,
Dare vindicate with honest zeal
And patriotic rage,
Those great inestimable laws,
Left to posterity entail'd
By ancestors, who for the cause,
Of glorious liberty, thro' fields of blood assail'd.
Prompt by such motive, social train!
May still an emulating fire,
Increase in bright resplendent flame,
And ev'ry breast inspire
With manly zeal, to cultivate,
The freedom of Ierna's shore
That so, your sons may imitate
The great example set, and native rights explore.

JUVERNA.

[We shall very soon endeavour to gratify our valuable correspondent by giving a biographical notice of the magnanimous and patriotic Charlemont. Can he oblige us with some materials?]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD.

SIR—I am happy to have it in my power to send you a Poem written by our unrivalled countrywoman, LADY MOREAN, when she was a school Girl. As it was never published, I am sure it will be read with pleasure by your readers,
I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JUVERNA.

AN OATH.

"Tuche seguita amor tourna al riposo."

GUARINI.

By the first sigh that o'er thy lips did heave,
And sweeter breath'd a secret sweeter still—
By thy reproachful glance (thou mock reprover!)
Th' insidious languor, and vaunted thrill.
By thy well feigned despair and fancied sorrow,
The sudden transport, and the boasted glow,
By all those acts thou know'st from love to borrow.

That love ne'er given thy wily heart to know.
By the soft murmurs of thy guileful tongue,
By all thy looks e'er spoke, or smiles express'd,
By all yod fondly wrote, or said, or sung,
By all the mischiefs brooding in thy breast,
By passion's melting tear, (deceptive trembler!)
Thou know'st, to conjure to thy dang'rous eye,
And by that dang'rous eye (the arch dissembler!)
I still am free, and love and thee defy.
For still amidst thy tears, words, looks and sighs,
Lurking, I view thy self-wrapt pride's desire—

The fame of conquest! while thy heart desires,
The thrilling warmth of love's delicious fire;
Nor can thy faultless form, or polish'd grace,
(Thus reckless of the vital beam divine,)
Unmark'd by one soft sentimental trace,
E'er touch a soul, or win a heart like mine.

IDYL ON SPRING.

Translated from Meleager, for the Irish Shield.

Now purple spring, with blooming garlands crown'd
Cheers the dull winter, and unbinds the groond,
Now genial breezes, from the western sky,
Skim o'er the meads, and smiling flow'rs supply;
Keplete with balmy juices, every spray
Waves its bright foliage in the eye of day;
Through verdant vales, by fount'ring dews caress'd,
The blushing rose unfolds its fragrant breast;
Above, the Shepherd pipes his am'rous wo,
Responsive to the Herdsman's notes below;
Now o'er the bosom of the tranquil main,
The Trader spreads his sail in quest of gain,
Now youth, their locks in clust'ring tresses twine,
And dancing celebrate the god of wine;
Th' industrious Bee her fragrant labour plies
Within her hive, and steeps her honied thighs,
In her redundant comb's intricacies.
The feather'd choir, inspir'd with genial love,
Four mingled melody in every grove,
The halcyon charms the wave; the haunts of men
Re-echo to the swallow's twitt'ring strain;
Expiring swans to list'ning rivers sing;
With Philomel's sad notes the vallies ring;
When all the plants revive, and earth is gay;
When Shepherds pipe amidst their flocks that play;
When Traders cross the deep; along the meads
The mazy dance when graceful Bacchus leads;
When Birds and teeming Bees salute the spring;
Amidst this gen'ral joy, shall Bards refuse to sing?

JUVERNA.

Broadway, April 1829.

SONNET.

Written on the Pier of Kingstown, Dunleary, near
Dublin, in May, 1827.

On these rude rocks, whose heads uprear
The bosom of the restless tide;
That foams about in wild career,
And gains this high cliff's rugged side.
I sit me down whilst billows war,
To view each wave rise on the main;
See how they roll 'long to the shore,
And end their short and troubled reign.
Thus man, who is by fortune cross'd,
Whose heart is wrung by worldly woes,
Will find, though in despair he's lost,
In death's cold shade, a calm repose.
Then all our sorrows will depart,
And every pang that rends a human heart.

JUVERNA.

Extemporary lines addressed to a young Lady in
William-street, who asked the author what dream
he had on a piece of Bride's cake, which she had
given him the evening before.

TO MARY.

The boon which you gave on my pillow I plac'd,
And pray'd that omnipotent Jove
Would order Morpheus to bind me in sleep,
But you bound me in fetters of love;
In love could I sleep—without sleep could I dream?
Ah! believe me the passion I love,
Engag'd me till morning repeating a name
'Twas Mary—will I, dare I say more?

M. D. F.

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE."

NO. 5.

FOR APRIL, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

The landing of the Milesians in Ireland. The names of the principal Commanders who conducted the expedition from Spain. They repulse the Danaans, who attacked them on their landing on the coast of Kerry:—a decisive battle, in which the Tuatha-da Danaans are overthrown, and the victory gives the Milesians possession of the whole Island. Objections answered.

The desire of revenge and the hope of conquest gave a strong impulse to the warlike spirit that actuated the Milesians. Their armament was prepared with incredible despatch, in the port of Brigantium,* and nothing that zeal or assiduity could supply was wanting in its completion. It consisted of 150 ships, well manned and appointed, which sailed under the orders of forty commanders, from the port of Brigantium, or Corunna, with a favourable wind. In the foremost place among the leaders, we must class the sons of Milesius;—these were Don and Aireach, born in Phœnicia—Heber—Fionn, and Amhergin, born in Egypt;—Ir, and Colpa, born, as will appear in the last chapter, during the voyage of Milesius from Egypt to Spain;—and Aranann and Here-

* This city was, as we have already stated, built by BAGOAN, the grandfather of Milesius, who, according to our historians and some French writers, was the first prince that raised revenues and built castles in Spain. Our old annalists often distinguish the Milesians by the name of *Clans-Breogan*, or the followers of Breogan. Whitaker says that these Brigantes made frequent voyages to South Britain, before they had invaded Ireland.

INNIS, the Scotch writer, who has cavilled so morosely at every relation in our history, exultingly quotes Nennius, a British historian, who wrote in the ninth century, to impugn the allegation of our annals. But what does that quotation amount to? Why it strengthens the bulwarks that defend the historic records of Ireland. Nennius mentions the celebrated light tower of Brigantium, and its reflecting glasses. Innis conjectures that the use of glass was not known in the age of Breogan; but Innis and Macpherson were such extensive dealers in conjecture and hypothesis, that the light of truth was as offensive to their eyes as the rays of the sun are to those of the moping owls. That the ancients were acquainted with the use of such glasses as we are told Breogan fixed on his Pharos, is a fact well authenticated.

The ships which sailed to Syria and Egypt were easily desecrated and reflected by means of a mirror placed on the Colossus of Rhodes.—Who has not read of the destruction of the Roman fleet by the burning-glasses of Archimedes?

Leo, in his description of Africa, also informs us, that one of the Ptolemies erected a tower of burning glasses, at Alexandria, by the intervention of which ships could be set on fire at a great distance.

mon, born in Spain. Next to these in the station of honour were the sons of Breogan, named BREAGHA, from whom Mag-Breagha, his settlement in Meath, derives its name: Cuala, who has given name to *Sliabh Cuala*:—Cualgne, whose name is commemorated by *Sliabh Cualgne*, in the county of Down, and *Bladh*, after whom the mountain of *Blama*, in Leinster, was called *Sliabh-Blamaht*;—Fuadh also honoured a mountain with his cognomen; and the celebrated scene of the death and defeat of the Ulster champion, Cucullain *Mártheimhne* (now Mullacrew, in the county of Louth) owes its appellation to one of the sons of Breogan. Besides these were Nare and Eibble, as well as their nephews, Lughaidh and Er, Dorba, Fearon Feargna, the sons of Heber, and Muimhne Luighne, Laighne and Palp. The other leaders were Buas, Breas, Buarghne, Fulman, Mantan, Caicer, Suerge, En, Un, Eatan, Sobhairce, Seadna, Goistean, Bille and Lui. They were also attended by Scota, the widow of Milesius, and several other ladies of distinction, besides many Spanish women, the wives of these marine Brigantiums, as the Milesians were called from their city of Brigantium.

The adventurers, after coasting a part of Spain and France, arrived, at length, on the southern coasts of Ireland, and landed at Inbher Sceine, now Bantry Bay.* It received the name of Sceine from Sceine, the wife of Amhergen, who, in her impatience to go ashore, fell overboard, and was drowned in this Bay.

Dr. Keating informs us that, prior to the landing of the Milesians in Bantry, they had attempted to land in Inbher-Slainge, now the harbour of Wexford; but the Danaans, by their magical enchantments, wrapped the Island in a cloud, so that it appeared to the Milesians under the form of a hog, from which it got the appellation of *Muicinis*, or the Hog's Isle.

As soon as all their forces were disembarked, the chiefs marshalled them in order of battle, and marched to *Sliabh-mis*, a strong position, where they encamped. Here, in a council of war, they resolved on sending an embassy to the court of the Danaan Princes, to demand their resignation of the sovereignty of the island, and reparation for the death of their gallant relative ITH, whom the Danaans, in violation of the laws of nations, had slain in a treacherous manner. Amhergin, who was delegated to deliver this embassy, attended by some of the Milesian chiefs, appeared before the sons of Cearmada, and announced, in haughty terms, the purport of his arrival; laying at the same time great stress on the formidable forces which the invaders had ready to wrest the sceptre of authority from them, in case that hostilities should supersede pacific overtures. This threat, as the crafty Druid intended, intimidated the Danaans, who, after some consultation, informed him that they were not then prepared for an engagement, having no previous notice of their arrival: that it was not honourable for so martial a people as the Milesians, to take an enemy by surprise; and that, if they gave them time to embody their army, they would then try the fortune of war in a general engagement. After an animated debate that gave rise to a warm discussion, it was finally agreed on that the Milesians should re-embark with all their forces; that they should clear the coast, or, as some say, sail nine waves from the shore; and that if they made good their landing a second time, the Danaans would consider it a just invasion, and

* Bantry Bay, in the county of Cork, distant 217 miles from Dublin, is capable of containing all the shipping in Europe. The shores that fringe this fine bay are bold and picturesque, presenting sloping hills, crowned with monastic ruins, and verdure-clad rocks which are fantastically grouped in the fore-ground of the landscape. The town of Bantry looks as if it emerged out of the sea; it is a pleasant and cheerful village, that is much frequented by strangers during the summer-months. Colonel Ireton, whose progress through Ireland was marked with fire and blood, caused Bantry to feel the effects of Cromwellian mercy, by putting such of the inhabitants, as were well disposed to the royal cause, to the sword. Formerly immense shoals of pilchards were caught in the Bay, which made the town a great fish mart, and afforded employment and emolument to many of the inhabitants. But of late years not a single pilchard has appeared on the coast.

either submit as a tributary people, or oppose them as a hostile nation, as they might think proper.

This compact was ratified by both parties, and, according to its conditions, the Milesians returned on board, with all their forces and equipments, and sailed once more the prescribed distance into the ocean; but when tacking about in order to make good their second landing, a violent storm arose, which our annalists ascribe to the enchantment of the *Damnonii*. Be this, however, as it may, the Milesians suffered severely. The rage of the tempest and the want of sea-room, conspired to produce the disaster, that was near annihilating the Milesian fleet. The ship commanded by Don was driven into the Shannon, and dashed to pieces on a ledge of rocks near Cashel, where every soul on board perished. The same fate overtook Ir's galley, which was wrecked on the coast of Desmond. The remainder of the fleet, though dismally shattered, stood out to sea to wait the cessation of the storm. While the gale raged in its fury, Arranan, who with valiant courage ascended one of the masts of his ship, to secure some sails, which no other person on board durst attempt, was dashed upon the deck by the violence of the squall, and killed. Knock-Arranan, in the county of Kerry, still commemorates the place of his sepulture. The squadron under the orders of Heremon, though dreadfully dismantled and crippled, were fortunate enough to weather the destructive tempest, and make land at Inbher-Colpa (so called from Colpa, the swordsman who perished here together with Aireach) where the river Boyne disembogues itself into the sea, two miles S. W. of Drogheda. Heber and Amhergin were equally successful in making their landing good on the coast of Kerry. While the Milesians were thus buffeting the warfare of the elements, the *Damnonii* were making the most active preparations for the warfare of the sword. The crisis of their fate was at hand, and life and empire were the forfeits of the great game which they had to play. They raised their entire people *en masse*, and marched to meet the invaders with a resolute spirit, animated by hope and a well-founded confidence in their own valour and fortitude.—The Milesians under Heber and Amhergin, far from being disheartened by their marine disasters, assumed a bold attitude, and presented a formidable front to their assailants, who fiercely attacked them in their entrenched camp at *Sliab-mis*, in the vicinity of Tralee.* After a desperate conflict, where sanguinary carnage reared its colossal throne with human bodies, victory, dearly purchased, declared herself the favouring goddess of the Milesians. The Danaans left 1000 of their slain on the bloody field. The Milesians lost 300 of their bravest troops, among whom were two venerable Druids, who, during the action, encouraged them with their prayers, while they fought like heroes. We must not omit also to record the glorious death of *Scota*, the widow of Milesius, and *Fais*, the wife of Un, who, like intrepid Amazons, joined in the strife of the battle. The ladies were buried next day, with all the pomp of funeral solemnities. *Scota*, in a valley called to this day "*Glan-Scota*," near Tralee; and *Fais*, in another valley, which in honour of her memory is still denominated "*Glan-Fais*."

The Milesians, now flushed with conquest, and their leader, Heber, anticipating future victories from the success that attended his arms at the battle of Tralee, boldly marched with his triumphant army into the interior of the country; cheered by the hope of meeting some of his brothers or kindred, who had been separated from him by the late storm. After a long and tedious

* Tralee is the capital of the county of Kerry, a flourishing town situated on a fine bay. Tralee was granted, in 1173, by Denis McCarthy, Prince of Cork, to Maurice Fitz-Maurice, the ancestor of the Earl of Kerry, for military services rendered that Prince. Richard II. of England, created Thomas Fitz-Maurice Viscount Kerry, A. D. 1396. The ruins of a monastery founded here in 1261, for Dominican friars, by one of this family, proclaim the ancient grandeur of Tralee. McCarthy's castle, which Elizabeth gave to one of her marauders of the name of Deany, is still in good preservation.

march, he arrived at Drogheda, directed thither, in all probability, by some communications which he had received, that his brother Heremon had landed in that port.

But whether fortune, or a knowledge of the event, had guided his course, he had the satisfaction of finding his friends here before him, who informed him of the melancholy fate of his five brothers. The forces of Heber and Heremon having thus happily formed a junction, they made the necessary preparations for opening the ensuing campaign under brilliant auspices. They now considered the Island their own by right of conquest, and they resolved to spurn all overtures that the Tuatha de Danaans might make, which should not have for their basis an unconditional surrender of the government into their hands as Lords paramount. Having learned from their spies, that the Danaans were strongly encamped on the plains of Taylton, in Meath, not far distant, they quickly determined to march immediately and force them to an engagement, which they doubted not would finally decide their fate. It is not improbable that the Fir-Bolgs, or Belgæ, ill brooking the yoke to which they had, as will be seen by our preceding chapters, been subjected by the ascendancy of the Damnonii, joined the standard of the Milesians on the present occasion. It would be unwise policy to stand aloof, knowing, as they must, that their neutrality would be punished by those on whom fortune would confer the sovereignty of the island. And to this course they were not devoted by the dictates of policy alone;—the desire of revenge, which generally possesses, in spite of religion and philosophy, great sway over human feelings, must have, undoubtedly, cooperated with the suggestions of prudence.

HEBER and HEREMON having reached the plains of Taylton, where the Danaan princes were prepared to receive them, sent a second embassy, ordering them to resign their dominion, or appoint a day to decide who were the most worthy of imperial power. This message of defiance and insult ignited the coldest of Danaan hearts with the flame of patriotism and courage. The Damnonii, undismayed by the disasters that had hitherto attended their arms, boldly replied, that they would die possessed of that regal dignity with which they were then invested—a dignity which they had not only acquired, but maintained during a period of nearly two centuries, by their bravery and valour. A battle now became inevitable.

Both armies entered the field on the appointed day, with the resolution to either conquer or die. The Milesians were led by the three brothers, Heber, Heremon, and Amhergin; and the Damnonii by three brethren Princes, MAC GREIN, MAC CEATH, and MAC CUIL, the latter of whom, it will be remembered, was he that slew ITH.—The cheerful lark had scarcely carolled to the morning breeze her peace-inspiring lay, when the banners of destruction waved their sable influence in the dusky air, and called forth the hostile troops, who advanced with awful determination to the carnage of ambition. The Damnonii imagined that they fought under the protection of heaven, because they fought, indeed, in defence of their country and of its liberties and deities; they fought under the sanction of justice, to defend from the insult of hostile invaders, their wives and their children, those fondest pledges of humanity, that cling to us with ten-fold endearment amid the horrors of death, and the menaces of danger. The Milesians, on the other hand, full of the idea that Ireland was the country destined for them by the appointment of the Fates—the promised land of prediction, derived that confidence from belief, which the Tuatha de Danaans did from the justice of their cause; and those feelings of revenge which the death of Ith aroused formerly in their bosoms, were now in a vehement blaze of inveterate rancour. Animated with these incentives, and nearly equal in point of numbers, they rushed furiously to the charge. The contest, though terrible, was supported on both sides with equal courage and resolution. The scene of horror, which commenced before the morning sun had reached

the eastern horizon, still waved the purple ensign of slaughter when he terminated his solar course in the western main.

It is, indeed, to be lamented that ancient histories, attentive only to the general issue of engagements, neglect detailing the particular rencontres and evolutions, which have led to victory or defeat. This omission is partly accounted for by one circumstance which generally decided the issue of all battles in those early times. Military science, in comparison to what it is now, was scarcely known; and victory, instead of emanating from the skill and dispositions of an able general, was always the result of personal bravery and physical strength. The historian had, therefore, little more to relate than the mere issue of an engagement; but though this was generally the case, particular circumstances sometimes occurred that gave interest to the circumstantial details of military operations. In the present instance we are told that the opposing chiefs, wearied with mutual carnage, sought for each other, to decide by personal combat the destiny of their people. They soon met, and both armies, as if by mutual consent, suspended the work of havoc and death, to witness the gigantic struggle between these *Horatii* and *Curatii*, on whose swords the fate of Ireland, like that of Rome, now vacillated. Fortune awarded the triumph to the Milesians. Mac Cuil fell by the arm of Heber. Mac Ceath met the same fate from the hand of Heremon; and Mac Griene yielded to the conquering arm of Amhergin.

The Danaans, dispirited and dismayed by the fall of their royal chiefs, submitted to the over-ruling power of the fates, and retreated precipitately from the field; but the Milesians, determined to follow up their victory, pursued them in their flight to *Sleagh-Cualgne*, where they made a stand, and fought with such desperation, that the Milesian advanced guard was cut to pieces, and its leaders, *CUALGNE* and *FUADH*, the sons of Breogan, slain at its head; but Heremon and Heber coming up with their reserves, broke the line of the Danaans, and spread annihilation and death through their ranks. This defeat sealed their overthrow, and left them without even a hope of being ever again able to recover the dominion of Ireland, which had been swayed by nine of their Princes, during a period of one hundred and ninety-five years. Such of the Danaans as were too proud to wear the chains of Milesian subjection, retired to Britain, and settled in Devonshire and Cornwall. In allusion to the victories of the Milesians, Dr. Warner says:—"From some of the poetical fragments translated in the English version of Keating's history, it appears that there is still extant a beautiful description of the battles between the Milesians and the Damnonians, in which are celebrated the funeral rites that were performed for two of the Spanish Druids, as well as for the three Princesses. These fragments not only give us a great idea of their poetry, but also show in what manner all their public transactions were delivered down and registered by their Bards."

In the foregoing narrative we have essayed to make ancient and modern history the basis of our detail respecting the Milesians. We certainly disclaim the idea which some critics have of an impartial historian—that his duty should be to state facts, *without note or comment*, as the observations of the historian, however just, must necessarily excite feelings in some quarter that are better hushed in the tranquil calm of mutual conciliation and eternal oblivion. This view of impartiality might have some claim to our consideration, if human actions could be contemplated independent of that inseparable link which connects them with the motives that first produced them, or that still perpetuates their existence;—but as human actions have no value in themselves, except what they derive from these motives, as even the worst action cannot be criminal, if there be no intention of crime in the mind of the perpetrator; and as the best action cannot be pronounced virtuous, without volition, or a consciousness of its moral value on the part of him who performs it;—nay, as it may become the most detestable of crimes, if perpetrated with the most vile intention: this view, we think,

of impartiality should be rejected with dignified disdain. Nor can any historian with a heart throbbing with feeling obey the restraint which this stoic principle inculcates, unless he is utterly divested of human passion, and that he can arm his mind with that specious philosophic indifference, which abstracting itself from all the interests of humanity, considers virtue and vice independent of their association with the propensities of man; and views them as mere instruments of utility, not as impressed with the characters of good or evil. Indeed, the frigid, abstract philosopher may look down with a smile of profound indifference on every thing which man esteems great and exalted;—he may deem virtue founded on a visionary basis, that exists only in the fantastic imagery of an ideal creation, and vice to be only its reverse;—he may accordingly deem a virtuous course of action to be the mark of consequential and necessary error, not the expression of motives in the mind of man, that are either virtuous or meritorious *a priori*; and which assume that character only from a combination of erroneous principles, premises, or *data*, on which the genius of superior reason, in its redeeming excellence, frowns with an expression of sovereign contempt. Be it so; it is not for us to investigate the claims of modern philosophy, or to derogate from its high pretensions in this boasted age, when literature and science have poured upon intellect the milder influence of their auspicious irradiation—when the muses woo it to the academic shade—and when the arts make it the shrine of their trophies;—but as a historian we feel we cannot avail ourselves of this sublime privilege, or endure the restraints which it would impose upon our passions and national prejudices. Who can point out the historic stream that is not discoloured by national sympathy or partial propensities? To say that the historian should not seem to take part one way or other, in the opposite interests that become the subject of his page, nor betray that warmth of temper in his observations, which in the opinion of those who make the assertion, is a certain indication of weakness or of partiality—is, in other words, to maintain that there is no reason to support truth in preference to error—to join with the innocent against the guilty—to vindicate the oppressed from the wrongs of the oppressor, the slave from the inflictions of the tyrant; and that there is nothing in the advocacy of suffering virtue, of devoted patriotism, that can excite our generous feelings or national sympathy—that can provoke our anger, or kindle our indignation. This doctrine is surely the gloomy heterodoxy of cold-hearted misanthropes, who never felt a pang of pity for the wrongs and sorrows of their native land, and who, instead of having hearts sensitively “alive to each fine impulse,” exult at the adversity that breaks the spirit of the struggling patriot—wanton in the political debasement, and revel in the civil privations of their fellow-creatures. The bronzed cheeks of such torpid stoics were never furrowed by the genial tear of compassion, their hearts never glowed with affection for country or kindred. Yes, say these shallow philosophers, those matters should not be exhibited in the range of history; they are out of the province of the historian, and solicit no investigation; for they make no appeal to the tribunal of history. To this historical heresy we shall never conform: we indignantly abjure its canons, and sincerely renounce its hypocritical and sophisticated dogmas.

A strict adherence to truth should guide the pen of the historian in his investigation; he should “weigh the moral characters,” which he introduces on the historic theatre, “in the balance of the sanctuary,” before he gives them a form and impress on the adamant sculpture of history.—He should have a mind too inflexible to be bent by the hands of prejudice, and too impenetrable to be impressed by political or religious prepossessions. The task in which he is engaged, is one of the most invidious nature; he sits as judge to determine the opinion that posterity should entertain of departed characters, and this opinion can only be just so far as it quadrates with the irrevocable sentence that has been passed upon them, at the awful tribunal of eternity—a sentence not founded on the external conduct, but on the internal organization of the moral

system. The impartial historian should, indeed, divest himself of all those arbitrary passions and propensities, that are not founded in the original constitution of justice and the immutable laws of humanity. He must "*consider right and wrong in their invariable state, content himself with the slow progress of his name, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity*;" but in flinging off the incubus of bigotry and intolerance, let him still tenaciously retain the ægis of truth, and when he combats with this invulnerable panoply, the shafts of objection and disputation shall fall blunted at his feet; he may therefore speak with confidence and spirit;—" *Verité sans peur*."

In resuming the defence of our ancient annals, we shall commence by observing, that all the arguments advanced against them are of a negative character. They have not been rejected on the authority of contemporary writers; they have not been found refuted by the historical monuments of other nations; on the contrary, the more accurately they have been compared and contrasted with them, the more their claims to authenticity have been established on the basis of demonstration. We have already stated that we candidly admit that there is an admixture of fable running through the veins of the early history of Ireland; but where is the history to be found that is not tinged with the colouring of poetic fiction? The late Mr. CHARLES O'CONNOR, of Ballinagar, to whose learned inquiries into the antiquities of his country, our history is so much indebted, has taken much pains in comparing and collating our ancient chronicles with the contemporary and parallel accounts of other nations, the result of which stamps the seal of authenticity on our Milesian origin. We are happy to avail ourselves of his profound researches, as they will cast a blaze of illustration on the historic narrative, which we have given in the preceding chapters, of the early colonization of Ireland. "After a diligent examination," says this erudite historian, "of our fabulous and mythological history, I sought whether any parts of it could be supported by *parallel accounts* from other ancient and learned nations, who lived on the continent. I thought such a scrutiny the more necessary, as the original reports of so remote a people as those of Ireland must, upon the first review, be equally suspected with those of the *northern* countries. The satisfaction which I have received in this inquiry has, indeed, greatly exceeded my expectation. I own with great pleasure, that my lights in these parallel researches were chiefly owing to the system of antiquities and chronology left us by Sir Isaac Newton:—it is he, and, I think, he *only*, who gives the most authentic and rational account of the introduction of arts, letters, and agriculture into Europe; and it is to his chiefly that the *Scottish* account of those matters can be reconciled. See then an additional and an unexpected degree of credit brought home to our accounts; and that without the least knowledge or design of the great author who gave it! The learned of Europe stood aghast, amazed at the novelty of Sir Isaac's system:—and who can, without equal admiration, behold the *remotest* nation in the *west* transmitting such relations as prove a comment and support to that system?" As it is impossible that such an agreement should happen from concert, or start from chance, the consideration of it will be important. We will previously exhibit, in opposite columns, a short view of this connexion.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS OF FOREIGN AND IRISH HISTORIANS RESPECTING THE
MILESIAH COLONY.

I.

Foreign Testimonies.

* An Emigrant Colony of Iberians, from

* A colony of Iberians went to Europe, gave the name of Iberus (Ebro) to a river in Spain, and occupied Spain itself.—*Ruons ex Appian in Æneid*.

I.

The Native Fileas. (1)

* The Iberian Scots, bordering origi-

* Leabar—Gabala—*Lib. I. Keating's MSS. Ogygia*, page 66.

(1) The FILEAS were the highest orders of the Bards; they were the royal historiographers,

the borders of the Euxine and Caspian seas, settled in Spain.

II.

* A colony of Spaniards, by the name of Scots, or Scythians, settled in Ireland, in the fourth age of the world.

III.

† The Phœnicians, who first introduced letters and arts into Europe, had an early commerce with the Iberian Spaniards.

IV.

‡ Nil, Belus, Sihor, Osihor, Thoth, Ogmios, &c. were Egyptian warriors, who filled the world with the fame of their exploits.

V.

§ The Egyptian conqueror of Spain got the emphatic name of the hero, or Hercules.

VI.

|| Nil, Sichor, Osichor, &c. succeeded to the Phœnicians, in cultivating and instructing several nations.

VII.

¶ In the days of the first Hercules, or Egyptian conqueror of Spain, a great drought parched up several countries.

nally on the Euxine sea, were expelled their country; and, after various adventures, settled ultimately in Spain.

II.

* Kinea Scuit (the Scots) and the posterity of Eber Scot (Iberian Scythians) were a colony of Spaniards who settled in Ireland, about a thousand years before Christ.

III.

† The ancient Iberian Scots learned the use of letters from a celebrated Phenius, from whom they took the name of *Phenii*, or Phenicians.

IV.

‡ Niul, Bileus, Sru, Asru, Tat, and Ogamman, were mighty in Egypt and several other countries.

V.

§ A great hero, famous in Egypt, obtained the name of Golamh and *Mileca-Espaine*. i. e. the hero of Spain.

VI.

|| Niul, Sru, Asru, &c. succeeded to Phenius, in teaching the use of arts and letters.

VII.

¶ The conquest of Spain, together with a great drought, forced the Iberian Scuits, or Scots, to fly into Ireland.

These striking coincidences must give additional strength of probability to our historic structure, for surely the most incredulous will allow, that they could never be traced in the fairy ground of fable; because even if it were argued that those ancient writers on the continent, whose historic details have been found to coincide with those of our *Fileas*, were themselves only fabulists and compilers of fiction, yet still, it will not also be asserted, that those imaginary events which they recorded should, from mere chance, happen to be the same with those said to be invented by our ancient bards. Macpherson, and the Irish apostate, LEDWICH, charge our annalists with the invention of historical falsehoods, in order to impose them on posterity as historical truths; while their own spurious statements, like blasted oaks, are rotting and decaying by the corroding

and ranked at the great convocation of learned professors that assembled at Tara annually, next to the Druidical order. In all wars and dissensions their persons and properties were sacred and inviolable. They were endowed by the government; and the donations given them by military chiefs, ambitious of having their fame consecrated in their songs, were immense. Their privileges were often detrimental to the state. If they libelled innocence, or even vilified the monarch himself, they were exempt from the visitation of justice. They pleaded in no tribunal, except where their own order were the judges. Besides occasional benefactions, they derived a great revenue from their odes, elegies, and eulogiums. In early times, the laws, the history, and the sciences were conveyed through the medium of verse; and the Bard was at once a poet, a legislator, a historian, and an artist. They always accompanied their chiefs to battle, to animate them with song in the height of the engagement, and bear witness to their deeds, in order that they might be recorded.

* Vide *Newton Chronol.* Dublin ed. p. 10.
Buchan. *Rer. Scotic.*

† *Strabo, Lib. 3. Universal History.*

‡ *Newton Chron.*

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Id. passim.*

¶ *Id. pp. 98, 231.*

* *Leb. Gab. Ogygia. O'Flynn.*

† *Leabar Gab. Keating. Lynch. Psalter of Cashel. Ogygia.*

‡ *Leabar Gab.*

§ *Ibid. et omnes nostri.*

|| *Leb. Gab. Keat. O'Flaherty. Psalter of Cash.*

¶ *Ogygia. Regan. Book of Tara.*

fingers and cankering excrescence of their dreamy, fictitious, and puerile romance. What have they advanced for history but unauthenticated fables, a tangled tissue of improbability, in which no intelligent or acute reader can discover the warp and woof of truth? But their fabrications have been dissolved; for every dispassionate man will admit, that they and the arch hypocrite, Hume, under the guise of pretended liberality and assumed candour, have sacrificed historical truth and justice to court the favour of English patronage and promote the despotic views of English policy. Happily, the ignorance of these historians has been as easily detected and exposed, as the baseness of their motives has been made manifest; for though our annals are impressed with the strongest characters of fiction, yet it is undeniable that there are also the strongest evidences of their high antiquity. To relate an event simply as it happened is the part of the philosophic historian;—to detract from the virtue, the generosity, the magnanimity of mind, that produced it, is reserved for the interested historifying politician, who, in almost all his reasonings, abstracts himself from the impulses and sympathies that enter into the noblest elements of human nature:—but exaggeration is the lofty, though faulty privilege, not only of the patriotic historian and genealogical *Senachie*,* but more particularly of the enraptured Bard, who identifies himself with all the interests of humanity,—who feels those very emotions and passions which he so ardently describes,—whose fervid bosom glows with that refined generosity, that tender sensibility, that heroic notion of an exalted spirit, which characterise his heroes; and who, in a word, can find nothing so sublimated in the nature of man, nor conceive any thing so romantic in the ardour of his affections, of which he did not believe himself capable. In describing, therefore, the exploits of his ancestors, the Irish bard could not easily resist those mingled emotions of patriotic enthusiasm and military renown, that led him to attribute the actions of others to the same greatness of soul, and soaring of ambition that would have produced them in himself. He knew, nay, he *felt* that he was not writing the history of a cold, calculating, and mercenary people, who are never prompted to those achievements that dignify the historic page; and who are alone actuated by the probable consequences that result from action; not by that noble daring—those high and sublime sentiments of heroism and of virtue, which contemplate only the motives that should induce to, and not the dangers that may await on chivalric actions. Neither are we to be surprised if many exploits, that appear incredible to the pyrrhonism of the laggard philosophy that prevails at the present era, should in those days of chivalric bravery, not only be attempted with confidence, but executed with success.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—NO. III.

Translated from the Irish of McDairry, for the IRISH SHIELD.

THE CASTLE OF ENNISKILLEN.†—(*A Legendary Tale.*)

BLEAK and cold blew the brumal winds in the disrobed forests of Callahill, and deep were the snows that spread a downy drapery over the once blooming valleys of Mac Guire's bridge. Ah! summer is gone with its flowers, and the fairest landscape of Erin is lovely no more! Frozen is Lough Erne, of pellucid

* *The Antiquarian Storyteller.*

† ENNISKILLEN, the capital of the county Fermanagh, the former patrimony of the McGuires, is an opulent and well-built town, beautifully situated between three arms of Lough Erne, 102 miles N. W. from Dublin. The church, horse-barracks, and court-house are creditable specimens of modern architecture. Except Kenmare, at the lakes of Killarney, we do not think there is a town in Ireland whose environs present such a diversified assemblage of the beauties of wood and water, as Enniskillen. The immense expanse of lake, studded with romantic islands, clad in a verdant drapery, that wash the walls of the town on three sides, gives a fine and imposing

streams, and locked in icy caverns are its golden fishes, which so lately sparkled like gems of ruby and amethyst, in its rolling waves of sapphire. The concert of birds no longer fills the groves of Ross Castle with melody—the pipe of the shepherd is mute on the hills, and the meadows and vales echo not the cheerful songs of the haymakers. But hark! what notes of sadness are those that meet my ear? Ah me! how dismally plaintive is that strain of wo that dies on the night breeze! My bosom responds to the song of sorrow. Mayhap 'tis the *Banshi*,* singing a plaintive requiem to the soul of some departed hero, —to the shade of some brave knight, whom honour forced from the arms of love to the battles of our brave monarch, Malachy, the thunderbolt of war? Peace to the manes of the valiant! Let their memory be embalmed in the tears of beauty, and consecrated in the songs of bards. Ha! what maiden is she that bends over yonder monument like a weeping seraph of loveliness!—Yes, it is MACHA MCGUIRE, of the golden tresses and star-lit eyes, the beauteous daughter of the war-glorious chief of Firmanagh. She mourns the gallant Edmond McMahon, the youthful son of the chivalric chief of wood-wreathed Monaghan, her fond adoring lover, to whom she was plighted in vows ratified by a reciprocity of passion and a cemented union of hearts. But since the assassination of the young and generous McMahon, in yonder gloomy wood, his lance hangs inverted on his tomb, no knight as yet has avenged his death, and his honours lie buried with the dust of his fathers. The wailing Macha repairs every evening to his tomb—the melancholy shrine of her inconsolable sorrow, where with tears of anguish she deplores his tragic untimely fate. Frantic and wild she often calls for Edmond. But sacred be her grief!—let me listen to the words of her lamentation, while this ample yew-tree will screen me from her sight:

“Silent is the voice which once fell upon my ear like the strains of softest music, cold are those hands whose touch made my bosom vibrate with rapture, and sealed in icy death are those eyes which were lately radiant with the expression of love and joy. Ah, Edmond! hearest thou not the entreaties of thy Macha? Come, joy of my life! and fulfil your vows: the nuptial torches already blaze in the abbey, and young love, like a faithful herald, calls my knight to the altar. Haste, then, my soul's delight, to your Macha. Once more glad my eyes with thy manly form. But, ah! he hears me not; I think I hear his spirit calling upon me to share his narrow house,—the grave must be our nuptial couch. O! would to heaven that my sufferings were ended, and that kind death would lull me to repose in the tomb of my Edmond.” Nothing could be now heard but her sobs; the whole scene seemed sacred to grief and silence. The silver-orbed moon had gained the summit of her azure throne, and smiled in lucid majesty over the surrounding groves and the white expanse of the lake,—all nature aided the halcyon solemnity of the prevailing stillness. A vista of aged oaks led to the cemetery of the Abbey of Enniskillen, discovering a

appearance to the landscape. Then the picturesque and extensive domains of the Earl of Enniskillen, of Lord Ross, (whose castle (Bellisle) stands in the midst of an island of 200 acres, where the charms of nature are embellished by the taste of art) and the enchanting scenery of Dunbar and Hume castle; all these, with the circumambient mountains that terminate the verge of the horizon, form a *tout-ensemble* of those sylvan and aquatic attributes that poetry and painting combine in the picturesque features of a beautiful landscape. When we bring our history down to the age of Elizabeth, we will relate how the McGuires of Fermanagh, the O'Riellys of Cavan, and the McMahons of Monaghan, were despoiled of those possessions which now enrich the Cootes, the Coles, the Balfours, the Maxwells, and the Dawsons.

* The *BANSHI*, according to popular superstition in Ireland, is a fairy spirit, in the form of an old woman, who attends, as a kind of good genius, every Milesian family; and her office is to predict the calamity of death to its members. She generally takes her station near the house of the devoted family, and there, for three nights before the decease occurs, she pours out the most dismal wailings of plaintive wo in the most melancholy strains, half musical and half moaning, to summon the sick person to his, or her, fate. Her song of sorrow is peculiar to Irish modulation, so soft and pathetic, as to combine plaintive melody with the wildest tones of grief and passion.

marble sepulchre, adorned with military trophies, at which the beautiful Macha was kneeling in a posture of adoration and prayer; her ringlets floated on the breeze, and her sable garments drooped in careless melancholy festoons, while the tear of affliction stood in her blue languid eyes, and the cypress groves, as if sympathizing in her wo, reiterated the sighs of a broken heart.

In the midst of her orisons, O'CONNOR-ROE, of Sligo (by whose command the assassination of Edmond was perpetrated,) appeared before the weeping maiden; rage dried up the current of tears—indignation kindled on her grief-waned cheeks, and reproaches burst from her burning lips. "Darest thou, perfidious and profane wretch, approach this hallowed spot? Art thou not afraid of the vengeance of heaven!—for if there is justice there, you must atone for thy bloody deeds!"

"Daughter of grief," replied the repentant O'Connor, "it was enthusiastic love for thee that led me on to madness! Jealousy entwined my heart with fiends, and turned the milk of human sympathy into the poison of the furies.—I beheld a favoured rival in the happy Edmond, who blasted my hopes, and pushed my fond heart from the throne of felicity. I considered life without thee as an ocean opposed to incessant tempest; but with thee I would enjoy all that heaven could bestow, or all that my imagination could wish.

I saw myself excluded from this paradise of bliss, but by one barrier, and to attain my fancied joys, in a rash moment I employed the cursed Callan to execute my fell design—he obeyed, took his reward, and fled; since which time peace has been banished from the perturbed breast of O'Connor, and soon must the cold hand of death bring him to an expiation of his crimes, if you, like an angel of mercy, do not pity—and love him."

"And dost thou talk of love to me—and at the tomb of Edmond too, abhorred assassin? Thou who hast laid low, by treachery, the noblest knight that ever graced Tara's tournaments, my chivalrous Edmond, the image of perfection, to solicit my pity? Audacious insolence! thou arrant coward—begone! nor dare insult my Edmond's peaceful shade—away, and remember that the daughter of McGuire is not to be insulted with impunity!"

Macha again prostrated herself before the shrine, and O'Connor, desponding and dejected, went away.

MALACHY was at this epoch monarch of Ireland, a prince renowned for his valour as for his justice; who, hearing of the wicked conduct of O'Connor and the sorrows of Macha, resolved to undertake the cause of injured innocence, and, in pursuit of this intention, he offered a considerable reward to the champion who would meet O'Connor at Tara, in single combat.

The first knight that struck the shield, which was suspended under the "arch of chivalry," in the Tournament court of Tara, was O'Niel, chief of the *Craobh-ruadh*, or *Red branch*; after him came O'Donohoe, of Killarney, the champion of the "*Clana-Deagha*," or knights of Munster, who, like

* THE ARCH OF CHIVALRY. Knighthood was introduced into Ireland by the Milesians, and special laws were passed to regulate the order, rank, dress, and insignia of the knights of Tara. There were five equestrian orders of knighthood in Ireland:—the first was the "*Niagh-Nase*, or Golden collar, which was peculiar to the blood royal, as without it no Prince could presume to ascend the throne:—the second was the *Craobh-ruadh*, or Red-branch, of Ulster:—the third, *Clana-Botagha*, or the knights of Fingal, of Leinster:—the fourth, *Clana-Morna*, of Connaught, and the fifth, *Clana-Deagha*, of Munster. The mode of chivalry which they observed was this: before the great court of Tournament, at the palace of Tara; a coat of mail and a shield were suspended under a Doric arch, to signify that they were always prepared to accept the challenge of battle. When a foreign knight wished to enter the lists with any of the knights of Tara, he produced proofs of his name, quality, and knighthood, to the herald at arms, and then cutting down the banner of the knight whom he wished to engage, he struck the shield three times with his lance, crying out—"Sgredaim sgíath, and earán comhach," i. e. I strike the shield, and demand the combat.

During the crusades, according to Bede and Whitaker, the Irish knights gained such glory and honour in the battles against the infidels, that the renowned Godfrey of Bulogne styled them "*the heroes of the western isle*."

O'Niel, appeared "ready for the fight," and eager for the strife of shields; the champions of the *Clana-Boisne*, of Leinster, and of the *Clana-Morna*, of Connaught were also candidates for the conflict. O'Connor longing for the day of battle, took up their gauntlets, and hoisted the proud ensign of his sept above the banners of his antagonists.

The day, so renowned in the annals of Erin's chivalry, at length arrived. At an early hour the beauty and chivalry of Ireland were assembled in the great court of Tournament. The king, dressed in his robes of state, the queen, princesses, and the maids of honour, radiant with diamonds and beauty, were seated beneath a canopy of spangled tissue, emblazoned with the arms of Ireland; the whole presenting a scene of magnificence at once brilliant and imposing.—Every eye of the congregated multitude was centred on the charming Macha, every heart was enlisted in her cause. At the first sound of the herald's trumpet, O'Connor, in a burnished coat of mail, mounted on a snow-white courser, gorgeously caparisoned, entered the lists, and looked like a Hercules going to combat the giants. Every eye was turned to the tent of O'Niel, all looked for the champion of Ulster; but as the trumpet was thrice sounded, a strange knight abruptly rushed into the lists, cut down the banner of O'Connor, and with the point of his spear took up the gauntlet. His helmet, of massy gold, covered his face, it was studded with diamonds, and the nodding milk-white plumes shook defiance to his foe!—his armour, of exquisite workmanship, darted a splendid radiance throughout the court, and the order of the Red-branch, which he wore in his breast, proclaimed his ultonian rank:—the dignity and grace of his appearance charmed every beholder. O'Connor, with undaunted courage and unshaken spirit, put himself in an attitude of defence.

The martial trumpets were again flourished, and the champions engaged; the onset was fierce and terrible, and the struggle was sustained with romantic heroism, and, for some time, the victory was doubtful; but at length the spear of the stranger laid the lofty-souled O'Connor in the dust, and the court echoed with repeated bursts of acclamations.

When his squires unbound his armour, his wound was found to be mortal: the crowd gathered round him, and even the injured Macha, yielding to the sensitive feelings of her bosom, sympathized in the tears shed by the dying penitent.

While all were busied in attentions to the departing O'Connor, a man, muffled in a Brehon's habit, pressed forward, and throwing open his vesture, thus audibly addressed the vanquished champion. "O'Connor, thou man of sorrows! hear me, while I unfold a tale that must amaze thee. Behold in this disguise, the person of Callan, once thy obsequious vassal, who, in obedience to your order, undertook the murder of the gallant McMahon: if thou hast enough of life to hear the event, attend, I implore thee, and learn."—The eyes of O'Connor were nearly set in night; but his soul, agitated by fearful emotions, indicated, through their expression, a strong desire to hear the narrative of Callan, who thus proceeded:—"Urged by your entreaties and the hope of reward, I approached the wood on the borders of the lake, where Edmond was musing on the beautiful moon-lit scene which the landscape of Erne, and *Tris-ternagh*, in all its sylvan charms, spread before him. There was something in his appearance, and the meditative abstraction in which he was lulled, that disarmed my purpose, and awakened the admonition of conscience; virtue and religion united with conscience in dissuading me from the horrid deed; so, flinging your bribe and dagger at once into the lake, I spoke to the noble youth, and made him acquainted with the diabolical commission with which you entrusted me. He seemed thunder-struck, exclaiming, "Good God! is it possible that O'Connor, my kinsman, my companion in arms, could be so base as to meditate such atrocity!" At my urgent entreaties, he departed that night for England, where I have since heard that he rendered himself famous in the wars of Ethelred against Sweno, the cruel Danish invader. You insisted on my

burying privately his remains in the abbey of *Devenish*. This I told you I had performed, which seemed to fill your mind with joy. I shortly after disguised myself in a Brehon's habit, and followed Edmond to England, but my search was in vain, and the only tidings I could learn respecting him were, that he fell, like a '*brave western knight*,' at the battle of Sandwich, fighting valiantly against the Danes." No sooner had Callan come to the sequel of his narrative, than the circus rung with loud execrations against the fallen O'Connor.

Hope, horror, and despair alternately reigned in the bosom of Macha during the recital of Callan's tale, at the conclusion of which she fell, apparently lifeless, near the feet of the victor, who, at that instant throwing off his helmet, caught the swooning fair one in his arms, and thus addressed her—"Sweet Macha! sun-beam of my heart! look at me, dear paragon of excellence! 'Tis Edmond calls thee back to life and love—to future felicity." At the well-known voice she started from her swoon, exclaiming, "ha! the scenes of mortality have receded from my sight, I am surely in the land of happy spirits, for I surely heard the soft modulated accents of his voice, and my heart responded to the sounds." Then gazing with wild intensity on his animating countenance, she twined her snowy arms around him, repeating with a kind of delirious rapture—"It is! it is, indeed, my Edmond! and even in death we shall never be separated more!" The king came forward, and after congratulating the happy lovers, conferred the highest order of knighthood on Edmond. O'Connor lived but a few moments after receiving the pardon of Edmond and Macha, on whom he poured out blessings with his dying breath. Edmond turned to the astonished Callan, and embraced him as a friend; every eye now sparkled with joy, and every heart participated in the felicity of Edmond and Macha.

After paying the funeral rites to the remains of the unfortunate O'Connor, the nuptials, which were honoured by the presence of the monarch, were solemnized in the castle of Enniskillen, with the utmost pomp and pageantry. Macha, by degrees, recovered her native bloom and joy-lit smiles, and the lily and the rose again clothed her cheeks with the dimpled hues of grace and beauty. Edmond again assumed the hero, and hung his trophies in the halls of Tara * * * * *

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—NO. VIII.

GEORGE FARQUHAR

As a comic writer gained, in his day, the highest eminence of popular celebrity, and his dramatic productions are among the most brilliant offerings which IRISH GENIUS has laid on the altar of Thalia. Like his immortal countryman, THOMAS DERMODY, his sun of fame was frequently clouded in the noxious mists of grim, malignant indigence, and misery and adversity persecuted him until the grave, the last asylum of the unhappy sons of genius, afforded him a sanctuary from their cruel inflictions. His biography offers to us a view, over which pity will pay the tribute of sighs and tears, and the lovers of genius will weep with sincere commiseration:—a view of splendid talents, of the first order, and gentlemanly manners, of courtly elegance, struggling with calamities and frightful distress through life; though, happily for his own sufferings, not struggling long—for an accumulation of intolerable sorrows hastened his death before he had completed the thirtieth year of his age.

Since comedy, from the productions of the present day, may be called an expiring art in England, it affords us a mournful kind of pleasure to cast our eyes back to the period when it had yet lost little of its vivacious humour, and exhilarating wit; when it was an image of life and a picture of manners.

Moralists, when they inform us how few and fleeting are the years allotted to man, think that they exhibit human vanity in a point of view sufficiently humiliating. But how much is our pride lessened and our mortification increased by observing, that those works which man builds in the fond hope of conferring immortality on his name, when his body shall be mouldering in the grave, too frequently, from the degeneracy or false taste of his successors, sinking in estimation and falling into decay, ere seven springs had spread a verdant pall on the grave of their author.

These observations may be justly applied to English comedy, which neither the gigantic genius of Shakspeare, the humour of Ben Jonson, the intricate dexterity of Beaumont and Fletcher, the vivid colouring of Dryden, the voluptuous vigour of Wycherley, the pointed wit of Congreve, the brilliant conceptions of Farquhar, or the poetic sentiments and polished sparklings of Sheridan, have been able to keep afloat on the current of perennial popularity. As the genius of Farquhar is at once an honour to the drama and to his country, and as his writings will lose nothing by comparison with the brightest luminaries of English comedy, we have reason to think that the few particulars of his life, which we have collected, will not only prove interesting to his countrymen, but to those Americans who have read, and listened to the effusions of his genius.

GEORGE FARQUHAR was the son of a Protestant clergyman, who was curate of Londonderry, in which city our author was born, in 1678. His father, like Dr. Primrose, in the Vear of Wakefield, had a large family, and his circumstances were too narrow to afford George more than a liberal education. To have bestowed this was, at that period, no common effort of parental regard, and should, therefore, not be passed over in this biographical sketch, without our awarding it the praise which so laudable an act of parental indulgence so eminently merits.

The flowers of genius often spring up in early precocity in some minds, while in others their vegetation is slow, and only opening into bloom when the spirit of ambition, or the intervention of chance, like a hot-bed, force them into maturity. The latent powers of our author were soon touched by a spring that developed the passion which afterwards animated them with life, and graced them with form. While at school in Londonderry, he produced the following stanzas, which found a place in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Derry Journal*.

"The pliant soul of erring youth
Is like soft wax or moistened clay;
Apt to receive all heavenly truth,
Or yield to tyrant ill the sway.

Slight folly in our early years
At manhood may to virtue rise;—
But he who in his youth appears
A fool, in age will ne'er be wise."

The reader, it is true, finds nothing extraordinary—nothing save the faint glimmering of an approaching dawn, in these crude lines, and suspends his admiration till he can discover, to a certainty, at what age they were written; but that discovery cannot now be made by critical investigation. We know that Dermody's beautiful lines to a "*Pile of Ruins*," which were written, if we can credit Raymond, at ten years of age, are far superior to them in harmony of numbers and glow of poetical spirit. At all events he did right to preserve them, since, indifferent as they appear, none of his lyrical productions ever after equalled them. Farquhar, like his countryman, Congreve,* was a feeble writer

* Doubts have been expressed as to the birth-place of this eminent writer; that he was born

every where but on the stage; this was the great theatre where his powers expanded their resources and displayed their brilliant qualities. The pen of the

at WATERFORD, in Ireland, is asserted with confidence; that he was educated at KILKENNY is a fact for which we have the authority of Dr. Johnson. The records of the Irish Parliament will prove that several of the ancient and respectable family of Congreve have been members of Parliament for the county of Waterford. Until the place of his birth is better established, he must and shall be our countryman. We must here observe that William Congreve affected, like Swift, an equivocality on this point: SWIFT often denied his birth-place, though notoriety, and the house in which he was born, (which was standing until 1814, in Hoey's Court, in the city of Dublin,) evidenced against him.

When Voltaire visited Congreve, the latter observed that "it was his wish to be visited not as an author, but as a private gentleman;" to this disgusting piece of affectation the French philosopher properly replied, "that had Mr. Congreve no other claim on his respectful attention than that of being a private gentleman, he would not have been troubled with the visit;" and immediately made his bow and went off. CONGREVE, however, seems not only to have been out of humour with the critics, who so roughly handled him, but unnaturally incensed at his literary offspring.

He left the stage at the age of twenty-three, and "COMEDY left it with him;" the severe animadversions, or rather the scurrilous invectives of JEREMY COLLYER, a bigoted and fanatic puritan, drove the author from the stage.

But if we look into the plays of all his cotemporaries, we shall find Congreve justified, if examples can be admitted as a justification; besides, he only represented the manners of the time, "its form and pressure;" his delineations were therefore pictures, in which living characters were exhibited "as they were, not as they ought to be." He appears in his last drama, "*The Way of the World*," to have considerably chastened his muse; and had he continued to write for the theatre, the imputation on his earlier pieces might have been entirely inapplicable to later ones. It has been said of the person of ROWE, the dramatic author, that "he was as handsome as his Muse."—Something similar might be said of the resemblance between the wit of Congreve, in a companionable and in a dramatic way. For his conversation was fascinating; this felicity of colloquial display, alike in the closet and social circle, is, to the last degree, rare amongst authors, whose modesty, awkwardness, or abstraction, is too often a drawback from the respect and admiration excited by their writings. In this rare union of pleasing, the modern Congreve (the late R. B. Sheridan) equalled his predecessor, as he rivalled a Demosthenes or a Tully in eloquence.

Congreve was a man of gallantry, who became often "the secret wish of many a female heart." It was whispered that something more than platonic friendship subsisted betwixt him and the *Dutchess of Marlborough*, for she cherished the remembrance of his amiability and attentions, so far as to have his portrait constantly in view, whether on her tea, toilet, or dining table. In this homage to the memory of LOVE, or to departed genius and friendship, her Grace might have said, with the Countess of Rousillon,—

"But he is gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques ———"

One more observation we omitted in speaking of his dramas; there are solemn and affecting passages in his "*Mourning Bride*," of moral and poetical beauty so transcendent, that if they are placed in the opposite scale of his levities, they will triumphantly outweigh them.

Let us adduce a few instances from this excellent tragedy:—*Alphonso*, in the dungeon, says—

"I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
The care of Heaven! not so my father bore
More heavy griefs."

"If I were," says Dr. Johnson, "required to select from the whole mass of English poetry, the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to the exclamation of *Almeria*, in the '*Mourning Bride*,' while she is in the Cathedral:—

"No—all is hush'd and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable;
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice:—
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes."

Who, with a spark of sensibility glowing in his mind, can read these lines in which beauty and majesty combine all their attributes, without being impressed with the powers of the graphic description of the poet? Here is a familiar image, beautified and decorated with the most glowing tints of a luxuriant imagination, and arrayed in all the solemn grandeur that can fill the mind with awe and admiration.

Lyric or epic poet was as graceless and impotent in his hands, as the distaff of Omphale, was in those of Hercules. Being arrived at the proper age, he entered himself a student at the university of Dublin, where he acquired considerable reputation by the rapid progress he made in his studies. The remittances of his father were liberal, and his love of conviviality soon began to keep pace with his love of the classics, and, unluckily for him, the first passion supplanted the other in his devotions and affections.

He became leader of a class of students who professed themselves the champions of deistical principles; and the consequence was, that our author, like Swift, was expelled the university for impiety. His resource upon this occasion was to seek the receptacle of the greater part of our indiscreet youth; and he was so powerfully stage-struck, that he attempted the profession of an actor, conceiving that his vigorous fancy and lively curiosity would enable him to shine in a pursuit to which the compass of predilection pointed as the fixed star of his destiny. In the ardour of his fondness for theatrical performance, he imagined that a passion for the stage and a genius for it, were synonymous terms, and that taste would not fail to produce execution. But on making his *debut* on the Dublin boards, he soon learned, to his sorrow, that the audience were of a different opinion, for they received him coldly. When he came on the stage his confidence forsook him, and timidity, like a leaden mantle, seemed to fetter his personal and mental faculties, and to render him utterly incapable of attaining that excellence that can raise an actor even to the level of mediocrity. Shakespeare, Otway, Lee, and Savage have acquired an imperishable celebrity as writers, and but little fame as performers. Farquhar could not repine very much at sharing a similar fate. He however continued some time on the London stage, but we cannot say what cast of characters he personated; but an accident soon happened, which, combined with the growing dislike of his profession, brought him to the determination of quitting the sock and buskin. As he was personating *Guyomar*, in Dryden's "Indian Emperor," he had to kill *Vasques*, one of the Spanish generals, an act which he had very nearly performed; for taking, by mistake, a sword up instead of a foil, he wounded his brother tragedian very dangerously. This occurrence operated so strongly on his mind, that he never after bowed as an actor before an audience. His countryman, the Earl of Orrery, then in London, who had long esteemed our author, resolved, upon this occasion, to make him an offer of a situation, where he might wound his antagonists with greater credit, and bestowed upon him a lieutenancy in his own regiment, at that time stationed in Ireland. Although this rank was no enviable promotion, either in point of honour or emolument, the situation and indigent circumstances of Farquhar constrained him to accept the offer of the noble lord, whom he had long found a steady friend, and to whose suggestion the world are indebted for those excellent comedies, that must ever hold a high place on the theatrical boards.

But though he has no claim to our applause as an actor, his excellence as a writer must be "placed in the first rank of praise."

The depth and pleasing intricacy of his plots, the vivacious spirit of his dialogue, and the masterly manner in which his *denouement* is generally brought about, are rare qualifications that very few English dramatists possessed. If to this commendation of the merits of his productions, we add the rapidity with which their composition was finished, owing to his scanty finances, our astonishment at his success will be considerably increased. His last comedy, the *BEAUX STRATAGEM*, was written in six weeks, amid the inconveniences of grinding poverty, and under the inflictions of a disease which brought its author to the grave before it was played; and, notwithstanding these difficulties, that would freeze the energies of any other mind, this play presents a pleasing and various assemblage of well-drawn characters, truly comic, and situations irresistibly diverting; exhibiting in every scene a constellation of wit, humour, and interest. Indeed, the critic must allow that this comedy is, every way but

morally perfect; still as an extenuation of the indelicacy that mars its other excellencies, we should remember that broad humour, and a dash of obscenity, instilled from the sentimental flowers of *double entendre*, were the besetting sins of all his dramatic cotemporaries. They, however, who possess sufficient discrimination to separate what is sublimated by wit and purity of sentiment, from the licentious impress of Farquhar's seal, may see his plays with advantage and gratification.* If we turn from the account of his writings, and look behind the curtain of private life, we shall see him suffering on the rack of discontent, instead of reposing on a couch of connubial roses. His wife, with the most arrant deception, tricked him into the noose of matrimony, under an idea of her possessing a large fortune, which proved to be entirely fallacious. This act of treachery she afterwards endeavoured to excuse and palliate, by asserting that her ardent love for him was so devoted and violent, that she overcame every scruple to gratify it. Though it is not likely that our author was much pleased with this extraordinary proof of her fondness, he behaved to her with polite decorum, and apparent affection, which few men, smarting under similar deceptions, would have had the virtue to do. She brought him two daughters, but died some years before her husband. She was always amiable and gentle in her manners; nor did her temper ever betray the irritable disposition of a *Xantippe*.

Farquhar, from the very nature of his profession, could not be an economist: accustomed to exhibit in his plays the airy elegance of fashion, and the prodigal expenditure of dissipation, caressed by the witty and the gay, and living in habitual intercourse with a race of men who always endeavour to enjoy the pleasures of the passing hour, we are not to wonder that he caught the contagion of extravagance. Thus his expenses increased, while his income remained the same; consequently he was involved in debt, and experienced the bitter and brutal insults of his creditors, and all the wretchedness and anxiety attendant on such a dismal situation. In his moments of merriment he could jest with this idea; "I have," said he, "very little estate but what lies under the circumference of my hat, and should I, by mischance, come to lose my head, I should not be worth a groat." But, alas! these were but moments of gayety, that were succeeded by hours of corroding reflection. The idea of leaving two beloved and amiable daughters unprovided for, and exposed to an unfeeling world, preyed upon the vital principles of life, and depressed his constitution in the deepest dejection. When his dissolution was approaching, his friend WILKES, of Drury-lane theatre, called upon him, and after administering every consolation that friendship could dispense, he assured him, with that warmth of benevolence which marked his character, that "the ladies should never want a home or a protector while he had life;" a promise which his high sense of honour no doubt led him to perform faithfully; and our author, impressed with a firm conviction of his friend's veracity, shortly after expired (on the 20th of April, 1707) with all the satisfaction that his situation enabled him to possess in that awful moment.

Thus died, in the vigour of his age, and the zenith of his intellect, a man whose luxuriant compositions displayed the very soul of comedy, and whose polished and colloquial wit was the delight of every one who came within its radiant sphere. The world, as usual, heard of his departure at first with sorrow, afterwards with slight regret, and finally with frigid indifference; and no friend

* Farquhar produced seven plays, which were all performed in London, viz.

Love in a Bottle, performed in	1699.
Constant Couple	1700.
Sir Henry Wildair	1701.
Inconstant	1702.
Stage Coach	1705.
Twin Rivals	1706.
Beaux Stratagem	1707.

nor admirer has yet raised a monumental memorial to direct the stranger to the unhonoured grave of GEORGE FARQUHAR.

As a dramatic writer, our author undoubtedly stands in the first and foremost rank of those who have effectually contributed to the perfection of English comedy. He has not the strength of Dryden, but his dialogue is more free and flowing in language. Some critics have compared his style of composition with Congreve; but we think without a sufficient attention to the wide difference and distant dissimilarity of their respective attributes. The comedies of Congreve appear to have been written with the sole view of making an ostentatious exhibition of a flashing combination of his wit and learning, which hurried him into several gross improbabilities. "He formed," says the great "colossus of literature," "a peculiar excellence, which he supposed to consist of gay remarks and unexpected answers; but that which he endeavoured, he seldom failed of performing, though his scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or passion." His personages are "intellectual gladiators," who appear to have been educated at the same college, and to have made equal proficiency in classic attainments. Jeremy, in the vanity of pedantry, talks of the head of the Nile and of the learning of Epictetus, and the earthen lamp of the celebrated Phrygian, in terms that his master, Valentine, might have properly used; and Angelica displays her acquaintance with the sciences in a manner that alike outrages nature, decorum, and probability. This debasing fault, Pope, in spite of all his regard for Congreve, could not overlook, but was obliged to ask, "if Congreve's fools were fools indeed?" Farquhar, on the contrary, paints his portraits from nature, so that we instantly admire them for being the true representations of originals that we all have seen:—he does not make a slave express the exalted sentiments of Cato; but reserves his brilliant language for his principal characters; and though he deals forth humour with a liberal hand in all the splendour of nature and the freshness of wit, among his inferior personages, he very rarely puts into their mouths a word unsuitable to their capacities.

His Wildair, Standard, Clincher, and Errand, are distinct and individual characters, in speaking in the very words and peculiarity of manner that nature would have spoken, through the organs of genius. Congreve penetrated deeper into human nature; but the intellect of Farquhar embraced a more extensive range on a diversified surface; the one explored the caverns of Parnassus for pearls of wit and gems of fancy; the other wove his dramatic garland from the beautiful flowers which he gathered on its summit.

The gifts of fortune were bestowed upon Congreve. His first play threw open the portals of fame, and introduced him to wealth and honour. Poor Farquhar, on the contrary, could only cast a wistful eye at the distant turrets of the goddess's temple, while he found his approach to it prevented by the flaming swords of penury and envy. Both these dramatists inherited from nature great talents, which they cultivated with equal success; both were original writers, and both, by their death, deprived their native country of more comic wit and splendid genius than they have left, if we except RICHARD B. SHERIDAN's, in the possession of their numerous successors.

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE OF IRELAND.—NO. II.

THE cathedrals of Armagh and Downpatrick, for elegance of Roman architecture and magnitude of size, surpassed all the other ecclesiastical edifices built by St. Patrick, in Ireland. In the cathedral of Armagh, the Grecian and Roman orders were happily combined, in their most imposing features, to suit the genius of the structure. St. Patrick built this church on the model of St. Peter's in Rome, in the original form of that edifice, as it stood in the days of the

Emperor Constantine, who first reared that noble pile, to commemorate the celestial cross which he had witnessed before his victory over Maxentius. The disposition, according to the drawings of Ware and Bishop Usher, of St. Peter's, was closely followed by St. Patrick, in Armagh. The interior was divided into five aisles, running from east to west, terminated at the end by another aisle or transept, from north to south; in the centre or transept of which there was a semicircular niche for the altar, vaulted and elegantly enriched with elaborate mosaics and inlaid marbles. The vaulting of the ceiling was decorated also with mosaic and lacunary enrichments; and the sculptural embellishments of the columns and arches were in a corresponding style of taste and elegant workmanship. Over the intersection of the aisles and the transept, the steeple was raised to the elevation of fifty feet, in the form of a square tower, and above this height the spire resembled a Roman temple. It was adorned with three porticos, to each of which there was attached a colonnade of Ionic pillars, whose capitals and entablature sculpture made eloquent with scriptural and martyrological history; and its pediment typical at once of the cardinal virtues and religious attributes. The arches were semicircular, and ornamented with a mitred head, in bas-relief, and enriched with Roman mouldings elegantly carved in lime-stone; in fine, the prominent features of Roman architecture were visible in the columns, entablatures, architraves, frieze, and cornice, and equally diffused over the whole mass and details of the building. The successors of St. Patrick, in the Metropolitan prelacy, made great improvements in the cathedral, and founded many abbeys in Armagh; but in 858, Turgesius, the cruel Dane, plundered their shrines, and burned the cathedral and a great part of the city. The cathedral was rebuilt by Archbishop Catasaeli, in 884, in more than its pristine grandeur of architecture; but this devoted edifice was again despoiled and burned by the Danes, A. D. 1004; but shortly after, like a Phoenix, rose once more in its original splendour, under the auspicious liberality of Brian Boroihme, the monarch of Ireland, and the zeal of Archbishop *Amalgaid*. Patrick Scanlan, who was primate in 1262, enlarged and beautified the cathedral, and it remained in the form in which he had left it, until the celebrated Lord Rokeby filled the archiepiscopal throne of Armagh, in 1778, when he enlarged the aisles, improved the roof, and adorned one of the fronts with a beautiful gothic portico. This prelate was as eminent for his architectural taste as he was for his tolerant principles and munificent liberality. It might be said of him, that he found Armagh a city of miserable houses, constructed of stone and wicker work, and that "he left it a city of marble." He not only expended the entire of his episcopal revenues, but a great part of his hereditary income, in raising public edifices and making ornamental improvements in Armagh, which he has transformed from a swampy desert to a paradise of architecteive grandeur, and sylvan beauty; for it is conceded by all travellers, that Armagh is the handsomest inland city in Ireland.*

* The archiepiscopal palace, adorned with all the grace and grandeur which sculpture and architecture could stamp upon marble, will long remain a monument of the taste and munificence of Lord Rokeby.

This elegant structure, which is situated on an eminence, in the midst of an enchanting domain, is ninety by sixty, and forty-eight feet high: and exhibits in its design and details, the effect, magnificence, and lightness of Ionic architecture; and its imposing appearance is not marred by the addition of wings, which generally detract so much from the beauty and grandeur of other edifices in Ireland. Large and ample offices are conveniently placed behind a plantation at a small distance.

The immense lawns, decorated with clumps of flowery shrubs, and diversified with cascades, grottoes, rustic bridges, and serpentine promenades, arched with arborescent foliage, extend to a distant perspective, which is terminated on every side by waving groves and floral bowers.

The principal front of the palace is adorned with a splendid portico of Galway marble, which is ascended by a flight of steps. The hall is enriched with all the attributes of painting and sculpture. On the stair-case, at the landing, are Ionic pilasters, between which are large cornices, with groupes of figures, representing Religion, Virtue, Charity, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. At the entrance into the grand dining-room, there are Corinthian columns, sup-

In the sixth century, according to Colgan and Bishop Usher, there were eleven hundred stone churches in Ireland, built in a massive style of architecture. We are free to admit, that many of the Druidical temples were converted into edifices for Christian worship, as all our antiquarians assert that the country abounded with Druidical structures when St. Patrick arrived in Ireland. We believe it is a fact that cannot be contested, that there was no stone building erected in England until the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons, who first dedicated temples to their deities, in that country. Tacitus, in the life of his father-in-law, Agricola, states that the Britons had no brick houses, temples, or *fora*, as the people lived in dwellings composed of "wattles and clay," covered with straw. Indeed, Bishop Warburton, in his essays on architecture, admits the accuracy of the Roman historian. The Saxons worshipped *Odin*, and the remains of the temples, in which they adored him, exhibit every characteristic trait of the Roman style of architecture; so that the Saxons, like the Goths, have unjustly obtained the credit of being the founders of a new order of architecture; as it is certain that what are called the Saxon ornaments and the Saxon style have not the most distant relation to that people as inventors, but as they were used in ages in which they were distinguished for their conquest and power.

Indeed, the obscurity in which the origin of Gothic architecture is involved, has elicited a great spirit of inquiry, given birth to various conjectures, and called into action the most ingenious researches of learned men, but without removing the thick veil of uncertainty that conceals it from the inquisitive eye of investigation. Some writers suppose that when the Goths had conquered Spain, and the genial warmth of the climate, and the religion of the old inhabitants, had kindled their genius and inflamed their mistaken piety, they struck out a new species of architecture, unknown to Greece and Rome, upon original principles, and ideas much nobler than what had given birth even to classical elegance; while others contend that this species of architecture is but a corrupt mixture of the Grecian and Roman orders; introduced first into Normandy by the knights templars and the crusaders of Palestine.* "The Anglo-Saxons were partly," says Bede, "converted to christianity by Irish missionaries antecedent to the coming of St. Augustine, in 597." The first christian edifice for divine worship, was built by Irish architects, at Withern, in 603; and after it was finished they were also employed, in 610, to build St. Paul's, on the foundation of the old temple of Diana. We have the authority of English historians to say, that St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York, who built the church of Hexham in 674, sent to Ireland for architects to construct it. We adduce these facts to show that we were then the instructors and civilizers of the English nation. It is to us she is indebted for the rudiments of ecclesiastical architecture, and for those antique sculptures which so profusely adorn her pediments and arches. The castles or

porting groupes of children, bearing baskets of flowers, the beautiful *coup d'essai* of Hickey, the celebrated Irish sculptor, whose genius was first elicited by the good primate. There are also in this palace some of the best products of the Irish pencil, among the most noble of which is Barry's picture of Brutus condemning his sons to death. The view from the terraced walk on the roof of the palace, commanding the city, woodlands, obelisk, barracks, and the sky-clad mountains in the perspective, combines in its *coup d'œil* a range of scenic landscape which would impart a glow of new inspiration to poetry and painting.

* "It would be hard," says Dr. Milner, "to determine why the pointed style of architecture is called Gothic, as it does not certainly owe its origin to the Goths. Vide *Essay on Gothic Architecture*."

"All the barbarian nations were called Goths. I think that what is called Gothic architecture originated with the Moors, in Spain, who took their ideas of columns, pilasters, or ramifications of the vaultings, from their grove-temples; for could the arches be otherwise than pointed, when the workmanship was to imitate the curve which branches make by their intersection with one another? Is not the long vista, or aisle, in a Gothic cathedral, like an avenue of well-grown trees?" Vide *Bishop Warburton's account of Gothic Architecture*. "To induce us to acquiesce in this extraordinary notion, he ought to have proved that the Goths practised grove-worship."—*Chambers*.

fortifications of the Irish chiefs were raised in the area of what they called a *Dun*; it was surrounded by a deep trench, the banks or ramparts of which were impaled with wooden stakes. The Norman tower and drawbridge were borrowed from the English invaders.

It is time we should now speak of the round towers, which are, in a manner, peculiar to Ireland, and which have occupied the ingenuity of so many learned antiquarians to explain their original use. Some have attributed their erection to the Danes, who are supposed to have used them as telegraphs, by placing a light in the aperture on their convex roof; others say, among whom is the learned Vallencey, that they were built by the Milesian druids, as fire-altars; but Dr. Milner very justly rejects this opinion, by observing, "that there was no occasion of carrying them up to so great a height as 130 feet." A third system is, that they were watch-towers, raised in times of intestine warfare, to prevent an enemy from taking the *Dun* of the chief by *coup de main*; another hypothesis is that of Molyneux and Dr. Ledwich, who maintain with a great force of reason, and an air of strong probability, that they were belfries to the churches, near which they are situated. To this well-founded conjecture we subscribe; because there is not one of these towers in Ireland which is not quite contiguous to a religious edifice: a fact that sustains the probability that the round towers were belfries, and built simultaneously with their adjoining churches. Smith brings another proof to the support of this opinion, in his history of Waterford, published in 1746, when he tells us, "that there was no doubt but the round tower of Ardmore was used originally for a belfry, there being towards the top not only four opposite windows, to let out the sound, but also three pieces of oak still remaining, on which the bell was hung; there were also two channels cut in the sill of the door, where the rope came out, the ringer standing below the door, on the outside." It is also to be observed, that the doors of these towers are uniformly elevated fifteen feet above their base, which has led to the conclusion that the Christian pastor was in the habit of addressing the people from these high vestibules. It is the opinion of antiquarians, that these round towers were built in the sixth century, which has given birth to an argument that, in that case, they could not be originally intended for belfries, because bells were not introduced into the Christian churches until the seventh century; but this argument will vanish before the historical fact, that during the pontificate of Pope Stephen, the congregations were called to church by the sound of trumpets; so that the Irish round towers might be trumpet-stands before the invention of bells. Dr. Milner, it is true, works hard to subvert this theory; he says "that none of these towers are large enough for a single bell of a moderate size to swing round in it." Now with all due respect for a man who, in antiquarian lore and philosophical ingenuity, was equal to any writer of his age, we would deferentially observe, that the diameter of our towers within, at the base, is generally nine feet; suppose they diminish at the top to four, it will be found that a bell of considerable size, but of rounder shape than that now used, might very well be suspended and rung, so as to emit a loud sound. The idea that they were built by the Danes is now universally scouted and abandoned; because if they had been erected by them, we would find structures of the same model in England, Scotland, or Denmark. Indeed, if we except the round steeple of the church of Aix la Chapelle, there is no other erection in Europe that bears an architectural resemblance to the round towers of Ireland.

Harris and Dean Richardson concur in the supposition, that they were originally the residence of anchorite monks; and Harris, to strengthen the supports of this opinion, tells us, "that Donchad O'Brien, abbot of Clonmacnois, shut himself up in one of these exalted cells, in the seventh century." Dr. Milner advances very specious and ingenious arguments to sustain the conjecture of Richardson and Harris. It would be hard to define their order of architecture: they are, as their name imports, perfectly round, both on the outside

and in the inside, and carried up in this form to the height of from 50 to 130 feet; they are generally built of chiselled limestone, and their masonry displays taste and elegance of workmanship which are not to be met with in the buildings of modern times.

All the round towers exhibit the same mode and plan of building, as if the one was a *fac-simile* of the other. They are all divided into stories of different heights: the floors supported in some by projecting stones, in others by joists put in the wall at building, and in many they were placed upon rests. There is a door into them, at the height of from 10 to 16 feet; and in the intermediate space of the stories there are a few loop-holes, which served, perhaps, for the admission of light and air. Near the top of each tower, there are usually four of these loop-holes, corresponding, in general, with the four cardinal points of the compass. The round tower of ROSCREA, in the county of Tipperary, is admitted to be the finest specimen of this singular species of architecture in Ireland; the limestone blocks of which it is built are cut with mathematical exactness, and laid with such nicety in the wall, as to render the joints scarcely perceptible. *Giraldus Cambriensis*, in his *Topography of Ireland*, written in 1185, calls our round towers "*Ecclesiastical edifices*, which were built shortly after the mission of St. Patrick."—"They are," he adds, "built in a style or fashion peculiar to Ireland; being narrow, high, and round." It would require a greater space, and more time than we can afford the subject, to advert to the different opinions that writers have expressed relative to the round towers of Ireland; but we think that their very name in the Irish language (*Clog-teagh*) which signifies in English, the *Bell-house*, should silence all objections and doubts as to the use of their origin. "The reasons," says the learned Dr. Milner, "assigned for attributing these works to foreigners, namely, the supposed rudeness of the ancient Irish, is evidently ill-founded. For can we suppose that the tutors of the English, French, and Germans, in the learned languages, the sciences, and music, as the Irish are known to have been during four centuries, were incapable of learning how to build plain round towers of stone, when they saw their scholars all around them, erecting stately churches and monasteries of stone; most of which, we are assured, were ornamented with towers." The Doctor might have added, that the carved architraves and sculptured entablatures of our churches, in the beginning of the sixth century, when the unlettered English and Picts were benighted in the gloom of barbarous idolatry, show that literature and the arts kept pace with the progress of a mind-elevating religion and a sublime morality, in Ireland.

We subjoin a catalogue of the principal round towers in Ireland, which will, we think, impart a certain degree of local interest to our essay—to relieve, in some measure, the unavoidable monotony of its details.

Aghadoc,	in the county of Kerry,	is	95 feet high.
Aghagower	"	Mayo	" 110
Antrim,	"	Antrim	" 85
Ardfert,	"	Kerry	" 90
Ardmore,	"	Waterford	110
Ballygaddy,	"	Galway	" 90
Ball,	"	Sligo	" 110
Boyle	"	Roscommon	110
Cashel	"	Tipperary	80
Castledermot	"	Kildare	" 90
Clondalkin	"	Dublin	" 90
Clones	"	Monaghan	110
Cloyne	"	Cork	" 110
Devenish	"	Fermanagh	90
Downpatrick	"	Down	" 110
Drumcliff	"	Sligo	" 90
Drumiskin	"	Louth	" 130
Drumlahan	"	Cavan	" 90

Dysart,	in the county of	Queen's,	is	90 feet high.
Ferbane (two)	"	King's	"	110
Glendaloch*	"	Wicklow	"	110
Kildare	"	Kildare	"	110
Kilkenny	"	Kilkenny	"	110
Kilfala	"	Mayo	"	110
Kilree	"	Kilkenny	"	90
Kells	"	Meath	"	160
Limerick	"	Limerick	"	110
Lusk	"	Dublin	"	110
Melic	"	Galway	"	92
Moat	"	Sligo	"	95
Monasterboice	"	Louth	"	110
Oran	"	Roscommon	"	92
Rathmichael	"	Dublin	"	95
Roscrea	"	Tipperary	"	80
Scattery	"	Clare	"	95
Sligo (two)	"	Sligo	"	110
Swords	"	Dublin	"	92
Timahoe	"	Queen's	"	92
Tulloherin	"	Kilkenny	"	92
Turlough	"	Mayo	"	110
West-Carbury	"	Cork	"	92

DISCURSIVE REMARKS ON PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.—NO. I.

THE Greeks, who were vain enough to claim to themselves the merit of inventing every art and science, have not scrupled to assign the precise origin of painting and sculpture, and to name their fortunate inventors; though the Egyptians pretend that painting was in use amongst them many ages before it was known to the Greeks.

We read, indeed, in history, that the famous Semiramis having re-established Babylon, built round the city a wall of two leagues and a half in circumference; the bricks of which were painted before they were burned, and represented various kinds of animals. But as it was the Greeks that carried these arts to the highest perfection of genius, and clothed them with lustre and beauty, let us receive, cordially, their fabulous accounts of such glorious inventions. It was love, they say, that discovered the beautiful art of painting. A fond female watching by her lover, observed that his shadow, projected on the wall, exhibited the contour of his person and the exact lineaments of his countenance. Desirous of retaining the pleasing resemblance when the adored original was gone, she instantly traced upon the wall the faithful outline, and thus gave rise to an art which is so dearly prized by lovers.

From this rude beginning has sprung this fine art, that adorns and exalts life, and which the Greeks carried to a pitch of grandeur beyond the reach even of the sublimest Attempt of the Italian school.

The end and object of painting, viewed in its higher sphere, as a branch of the fine arts, is to convey delight by means of the power of imitation. It embodies whatever ideas of imagination or beauty, which the mind is capable of conceiving. Though it cannot, like music, rouse the slumbering sensibilities of the soul, or exert the persuasive power of eloquence, or the seductive charms of poetry, yet it can inculcate lessons of history and morality in the most pleasing and impressive manner. It may be called the mirror of the mind, as

* This tower approaches the Ivy church so near, that it communicates with St. Kevin's kitchen, at the western portal, which convinces us in a more satisfactory manner than fine-spun hypotheses or ingenious conjectures, of the original purpose to which round towers were devoted.

nothing, except theatrical representation, can present ideal presence more forcibly; for Lord Kaimes observes, "that a good historical picture makes a deeper impression than words can." The essence, or ground-work of poetry and painting is the same; for the painter must in mind be a poet, and join to that heavenly gift one not less rare—the gift of a *painter's eye*, because it is necessary to combine the charms of both in a picture of excellence. It is difficult to point out the chronology of the progress of painting, from the first faint essay to the highest achievements of the art. The Egyptians, at a very early age, painted some grotesque figures on their potter's ware; and the Jews must have had some knowledge of the art in the days of Ezekiel, who, we are told, "caused a tile to be brought to him, on which, in the grief of his heart, he portrayed the city, even Jerusalem." Homer represents Helen as embroidering on tapestry the pictures of all the misfortunes and battles which her fatal beauty had brought upon the Greeks and Trojans. The Romans, it is said, derived their first knowledge of painting from the Etruscan vases. The Greeks did not make rapid strides of improvement in the first ages of the art: it remained for the glorious days of Pericles, to see PAINTING ascend the summit of excellence, radiant in the gems of her attributes, and in the diadem of perfection! Then her pictures were the brilliant emanations of genius, boldly designed, splendidly coloured, with a warmth imparted by the glowing pencil of inspiration! Then the lively and animated sensibility of Zeuxis, Timanthes, and Apelles, set fire to the imagination, transported their admirers sometimes to the splendid abodes of the Gods, above "the visible diurnal sphere," where the youthful Hebe, poured forth her nectar,—and sometimes led them through blooming meadows and delightful landscapes, clothed in the flowery verdure of Spring, where happy shepherds wooed their lovers, on mossy couches, shaded with thick vines and fig-trees, laden with the mellow ripeness of autumn! The ancient Greeks, and their Italian colonies, were so convinced that expression is the soul of painting, that they adopted it long before they had attained that exactitude of design in which they soon after excelled. According to Pliny, the most celebrated painters of Greece lived about six or seven hundred years before the Christian era. PANÆUS's picture of the battle of Marathon was so much admired for its magnificence and sublimity, that the prize was awarded to it at Delphos. Bularchus obtained his own weight in gold from the king of Lydia for his picture of a battle. Zeuxis formed a new epoch in the art of painting, by the elegant refinements of his composition. His most celebrated performances were, his Jupiter, sitting on a throne surrounded by the Gods, and his beautiful Helen and modest Penelope, which were placed in the temple of Juno, at Agrigentum. He had several rivals, of whom Parrhasius, of Ephesus, was the most formidable, for he entered the public lists against him. In the piece produced by Zeuxis, the grapes were so naturally painted, that the birds came to pick them, which drew forth a burst of applause from the judges; upon which, in a transport of exultation, he called upon Parrhasius to exhibit what he had to offer in competition with that work, who immediately showed a painting seemingly covered with a fine piece of stuff, in the form of a curtain. "Remove your curtain," said Zeuxis, "and let us see this master-piece."—"That curtain," replied the triumphant Parrhasius, "is the picture itself." Zeuxis acknowledged himself conquered, by exclaiming, "I have only deceived birds, but Parrhasius has deceived me, who am a painter." After this victory Parrhasius grew so vain of his genius, that he clothed himself in purple, and wore a crown of gold, calling himself the "king of painters." Zeuxis confessed, after the contest was over, that his painting was defective in execution, as the figure of the man carrying the grapes had not sufficient strength of expression to terrify the birds. But the fame of his vanquisher was transient; the laurel wreath of Parrhasius's victory over Zeuxis was torn from his brows by the superior pre-eminence of Timanthes. The subject proposed for the competition of these artists was "Iphigenia going to be immolated;" which

was handled so felicitously by Timanthes as to obtain from the judges the palm of superiority. The story of that great *chef d'œuvre* of antiquity is briefly this. Agamemnon, who commanded in the Trojan war, was desired by Calchas to sacrifice his daughter, Iphigenia, in order to appease the anger of Diana, who detained his fleet at Aulis by contrary winds. The subject was peculiarly adapted for the display of a painter's powers; it was fine, grand, tender and affecting, and it seems to have given an ardour and an impulse to the genius of the victor.

This celebrated picture represented Iphigenia, standing before the altar, as a young, beautiful, and innocent princess, upon the point of being sacrificed for the preservation of her country. She was surrounded by her lovely maidens, and a group of several other persons, all of whom appeared as if impressed with awe and horror. The countenance of the priest, Calchas, was expressive of a mixture of devotion and affliction; Ulysses appeared sad; and Menelaus, the victim's uncle, betrayed, in his looks and attitude, the strongest expression of profound sorrow. Agamemnon, the princess's father, looked like the statue of resignation, standing before the altar; all the resources of grief were exhausted, the fountains of anguish were dried up—Nature was called in to the assistance of art. It is not natural for a father to see the sacrificial knife plunged into the bosom of a beloved, interesting daughter; it sufficed for him to obey the gods, that required the immolation, and he was at liberty to feast his feelings in the luxury of wo, and to drown his heart in the deluge of sorrow. The painter, not being able to express the agony of parental affliction, chose to throw a veil over his face, leaving the spectators to judge of what passed within his mind. This idea evinced a nobleness of conception that was only equalled by the splendour and magnificence of the execution.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RUBENS.

(Translated from a late Parisian periodical, for the IRISH SHIELD.)

It is unnecessary to tell the reader, that Rubens, whose very name when sounded, vibrates on the chords of taste, and calls forth the finest association which the arts can awaken in gifted minds, was the prince of Flemish painters, whose magic of colouring and beautiful play of light rendered his pictures, in these superior attributes of the art, inimitable. It was in the school of Titian he perfected his knowledge of these branches of his art; he also assiduously studied the works of Romano, as well as the unrivalled productions of Raphael.

The exalted virtues which he acquired, and the many fine qualities that nature so profusely bestowed on him, had rendered him amiable in the eyes of all mankind. The simplicity of his manners, and the delicate modesty that always marked his conduct in company, uniformly threw a veil over the pretensions of the painter, and repressed the arrogance which we find too often allied with genius. He was tall and majestic; his features, regularly formed, presented health-suffused cheeks, chesnut hair, and fine eyes, brilliant, but not fierce; with an air dignified, kind, and engaging. His address was so winning, that it would take sympathy by surprise; and his conversation was so easy, and so intellectual, as to enlist the attention and fix the regards of his auditory. While he was painting, he could talk with fluency and spirit, and without quitting his work; always bringing a flow of interest and intelligence to the current of the conversation.

His address, prudence, and versatility of talent won such universal esteem for him, that the Infanta Isabella, of Spain, sent him as her ambassador into England, to negotiate a peace with Charles I., in which diplomatic character he was; as history attests, eminently successful. While the Spanish embassy detained him in London, he painted the Banqueting-house for the king; a performance that so pleased the monarch, that he conferred on the artist the honour of knight-

hood. The Queen Mary de Medicis took so much delight in his gay and brilliant conversation, that during the whole time he was employed on the two paintings, which he executed at Paris, to adorn the Luxemburg gallery, her majesty was always at his elbow, being as much charmed with the eloquence of his discourse as with the graphic tints of his pencil. She one day introduced him to court, in order that he might see the assembled beauties of France.—After regarding all the lovely dames of the circle, like another Paris, he adjudged the apple to her whom he considered the Venus of the group, the princess *De Guemene*, who was then in the sixteenth year of her age, and as pretty as an angel, if we can judge from the representation of the painter. The Emperor Napoleon, who, in spite of all his faults, was as enthusiastic a patron of the arts as ever sat upon a throne, caused this picture to be placed in his bed-chamber, after his return from Elba, as he said “it was quite like his dear Louise.” Had the painter lived, what intoxication of joy would swell his heart, to find his picture so honoured by a conqueror, whose exploits and matchless glory threw a shade over the fame of the Alexanders and the Cæsars.

Although Rubens was much attached to his art, he was so great a husband of his time, that he always could give some portion to the study of the *belle lettres*, particularly history and the Latin poets, of the latter of whom he was perfect master; and with their language, and the modern Italian, he was quite familiar, as we may judge from the manuscript observations he has left on painting, in which he has quoted some passages from Virgil, and other poets, that had a connexion with his subject; so that we are not to wonder that he displayed such brilliant variety in his thoughts—such richness of invention, so much classical erudition and creations of fancy in his allegorical paintings; or that he developed his subjects in such a luminous light of nature and illustration. From these combined sources of intellect it arose, that having a perfect knowledge of the actions and characters he designed to represent, his animated canvass embodied them with life and individuality.

He was a man of gallantry, but he had a great aversion to excess in wine, in eating, or in gaming. His greatest pleasure was to show some fine Spanish horses, which he kept as models to paint from; to read some interesting book; to view and study his medals, agates, cornelians, and other engraved minerals, of which he had a very fine collection, which the late King of Spain presented to Napoleon, who deposited them in the imperial museum, whence they were carried off by the modern Vandals, after the surrender of Paris.

He seldom visited his friends; but gave those who came to see him so cordial a reception, that of all the curious persons and men of letters, there was not any foreigner who passed through the city of Antwerp, of whatever quality, who did not go to pay homage at the shrine of genius.

He always gave advice with great candour, and the kindness of a father, to such artists as submitted their performances to his judgment, many of which he took the trouble of retouching. He never found fault with any work, for in his mind genius absorbed envy, but took pleasure in pointing out the beauties of the picture to the spectators. Although he had designed and copied many things in Italy, France, and elsewhere, he constantly employed some young artists at Rome and in Lombardy, to design for him whatever was worthy of notice, and of which he afterwards made use, to awaken the recollection of the scenes they had sketched, and to give a new impulse to his genius.

There are many features in this character, as drawn by the French editor, that remind us of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, of all the painters of the last age, most resembled the illustrious Rubens, in his manners, knowledge, and vividness of colouring. Sir Joshua, we are told by his biographer, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Flemish artist, and an imitator of his style. He used, publicly enough, to compare a splendidly coloured picture of Rubens to a well-made bouquet of flowers, in which though the colours are extremely shining and vivid, they do not affect the eye with glare and want of harmony.

The painting of Rubens that Sir Joshua esteemed the most, for its mellow colouring, was the picture over the altar, in his family chapel, at Antwerp; and he supposed that the grandest composition that the whole art of painting had ever produced, was the "*Fall of the Damned*," in the Dusseldorf gallery. Rubens always failed in hitting off the grace and grandeur of the antique; in this department of his art he, indeed, wound no magic wand. His painting of the *Apollo Belvidere*, instead of having the lofty attributes of the matchless statue, appears like a Flemish porter. He thought himself, that his last picture, *The Crucifixion of St. Peter*, was the happiest effort of his pencil.

There is no doubt but Rubens surpassed Rembrandt, his countryman, and rival, in elegance of composition, dexterity of grouping, correct design, and dignity of expression; but still the pictures of the Leydenian artist exhibit a greater mastery of light and shade, a charm of aspect and an engaging air of modesty in the female countenances, than are to be found in the performances of Rubens.

PUBLIC EDIFICES OF DUBLIN.—NO. II.

THE FOUR COURTS.

"The Four Courts," as this superb temple of the law, in Dublin, is called, is the most magnificent structure which architecture has reared for the administration of justice, in Europe; whether regarded for the extent of its dimensions, or the elegance of its finish and decorations.

It contains the courts of King's Bench, Chancery, Exchequer, and Common Pleas. The entire range of front, to which a noble portico gives a most majestic appearance; extends four hundred and thirty feet in a parallel line with the Inn's quay, running along the margin of the river, and the extreme depth, from the steps of the principal vestibule to the rear portal, in Strand-street, is one hundred and fifty-five feet. This building, which combines simplicity and grandeur of design with beauty and elegance of execution, stands on the site of the priory of St. Saviour, founded about the year 1202, by William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, for Cistercian friars. When Elizabeth, the chaste vestal, suppressed the Irish abbeys, she made a grant to the Duke of Ormond, of the priory of St. Saviour, and all its tenements. In the reign of James I. it was sold by the Ormond family to Government, and shortly after appropriated to the use of the lawyers, and called the King's Inns. Sir Arthur Chichester, the ancestor of the present Marquis of Donegal, when Lord Deputy, in 1607, presided in a council of the Society of King's Inns, consisting of the lords justices, legal officers of the crown, and the most eminent Irish lawyers; at which, as Dugdale, in his "*Origin of Irish Jurisprudence*," informs us, the following order was issued:—"Forasmuch as the present restoration of the Society of the King's Inns doth require an admission of the practisers, officers, attorneys, and others of the several courts, whose *ancienty* is not yet sufficiently known; it is therefore this day ordered, that the admittances shall be received and entered in the book of admittances as they shall appear, and desire the same; yet notwithstanding that every the said practisers of law, officers, attorneys, and other, shall enjoy the benefit and precedence of their antiquity, as shall be thought fit by the governors of this Society, their several admittances in said book notwithstanding." The judges then admitted several members, who proved themselves gentlemen by descent.

Since that period the Bench or Council of the King's Inns, is composed of the Lord Chancellor, judges, great law officers, King's Counsel and the Recorder of Dublin, who by virtue of his office, has a right to wear a silk gown, and have precedence and pre-audience of the entire bar. The Brehon laws governed Ireland until the reign of Henry III., A. D. 1260, when they were

superseded by the introduction of the statutes and code of England, as will appear to those who may consult Harris, and Sir James Ware.*

But we have wandered into a digression from our descriptive sketch of the Four Courts. The foundation of this grand edifice was laid under the auspices of the Duke of Rutland, in 1786, the then Lord Lieutenant, and planned and executed by Mr. Gandon, an eminent architect, of whose skill and fine taste it will, for ages, remain a monument.

The Four Courts is a specimen of Grecian and Roman architecture that would do honour to Palladio himself; for, in composition and detail, it unites grace to beauty, and rigidly excludes that load of flaunting ornament which destroys the effect and majesty of some modern erections. The four spacious courts are adorned with every architectonic beauty that can add to their imposing appearance.

After entering the grand Corinthian portico, you find yourself in an immense circular hall, somewhat in the form of one of the baths of Vespasian, in Rome, which is sixty-four feet in diameter, and seventy-six feet high, to the inner dome. The area of this hall is tastefully paved with white Portland stone, and the vaulted ceiling, lofty as the concave of a horizon, displays the highest finish of stucco work, and emblematical painting. The courts communicate, at four points, with this superb saloon, by vestibules formed by massy Ionic columns. Here an American would be surprised to see four or five hundred lawyers, promenading round its ample circus, arrayed in black gowns and flowing wigs, some of them linked, and conversing with their clients while waiting for their suits to come on. The first question a stranger asks on mixing in this *sable corps* of law, is, "which is O'Connell, Sir?"—"Behold yonder gentleman in the tattered gown, with the immense green bag, stuffed as full as a bale of rice with briefs,—that is the Member for Clare, Sir: he is just after making a speech of four hours in the court of Common Pleas. If you wish to hear him speak, go into the Court of Chancery, where it is expected he will consume four hours more in replying to the arguments of the Attorney General: the cause is called."

There are private doors from each court, leading to the different apartments of the judges. The rooms for the summoned jurors are also contiguous to the respective courts, from which they can enter the box without mixing with the crowd of spectators, for whose accommodation there is a gallery in each court.

The benches of the judges are finished in an elegant style, and surmounted with crimson canopies. At convenient distances round the circle of the saloon, there are eight Ionic pilasters, capped with a composite entablature, surmounted with attics, which are decorated with well sculptured basso-relievos of the following subjects. "King Alfred establishing Trial by Jury;" "King John signing Magna Charta;" "Henry II. giving a charter to the Irish;" "John tearing the rolls of the Brehon laws;" "William and Mary presenting the Bill of Rights;" "The Genius of Ireland charming the furies of discord with her harp;" "Hibernia and Britannia twining Friendship's wreath;" "Poetry and Eloquence crowning Erin." There is a spirit in the design and elegance in the execution of some of these relievos. The colossal statue of Law, which surmounts the apex of the dome, is a fine specimen of sculpture. This bronze figure, in a sitting posture, with an air of command, and with the most solemn dignity in the expression of her countenance, has her right hand extended, grasping a crown, while her left holds a Bible. The Royal Arms, in bas relief over the grand gateway leading into the court-yard, is an exquisite piece of sculpture; and the statues of Justice and Prudence, which are placed over the portico on Inns' quay, are bold and impressive. The windows are beautified and enriched with symbolic metopes, and medallions of

* The inhabitants of Connaught continued under the operation of the Brehon laws until the accession of Charles I.

In the course of our History we shall fully define the laws and institutions of the Brehons in Ireland.

the heads of the most eminent legislators of antiquity. "The entablature of the sides is finished," says Sir John Carr, by a ballustrade, on which are sitting figures. Over the angles of the building is shown as much of the drum of the dome, as forms a pleasing and well-proportioned basement, to show the superstructure to the greatest advantage, which is composed of a long cylinder, surrounded by detached Corinthian columns, twenty-five feet high. The columns are finished with an entablature, with two plinths, from which springs the dome, covered with copper." This has been the grand theatre of Irish oratory: here GRATTAN, SHERIDAN, BURKE, CURRAN, YELVERTON, FITZGIBBON, CASTLEREAGH, FLOOD, PLUNKETT, BUSH, O'CONNELL, SHEIL, PHILLIPS, and M'NALLY, displayed powers of eloquence as sublime and animating as ever reverberated through Athenian or Roman domes.

DESULTORY STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA. NO. I.

RACINE AND LEE.*

THE French and Irish tragic poets, though they were not cotemporaries, exhibit in their dramatic productions a singular coincidence of sentiment and language, in their vivid delineation of pathos and passion, which are the two grand pillars that sustain the throne of Melpomene.

The French poet, with the most insinuating art, steals into the labyrinths of the human breast, enchains the feelings, and establishes an omnipotent dominion over the passions. By the magic power of his language, the strings of sensibility vibrate with notes that thrill the soul, and awaken those sweet and sorrowful emotions of sensation that make us shed real tears over imaginary misfortunes. The heroes whom he paints are in a manner like ourselves, because their prototypes are to be found in real life; we are interested warmly in their fate; they elicit our sympathy, and become our fathers, our brothers, and our friends; so that we participate in all the sentiments which they experience. Racine paints, with great superiority, the passion and rage of love, the darings and workings of ambition, the force of paternal tenderness, the excruciating torments of jealousy, the simplicity of infancy, and the magnanimity of heroism; in fine, all the passions are the willing slaves of his genius. Our countryman, LEE, also held the softer passions spell-bound; PITY and TENDERNESS are the master-spirits of his tragedies, and they now and then flash forth with a radiant burst of truth and nature, that affect and astonish an audience; but no scene is unmixed with ludicrous extravagance, bombastic sentiment, or exploding passion, evaporating in the fumes of conceit. Yet Lee was a man of an amazing fancy, whose very extravagance, splendid and eccentric as the comet's lucid pathway, would set up a dozen of the mawkish and crawling play-wrights of the present day. His *Alexander the Great* is a glorious effort of dramatic power—a sublime flight of a daring, but deranged imagination, having as much absurdity as grandeur, and as much puerility as passion; still we see the constellation of his genius, bright and brilliant, through the opaque clouds that hover around it. This play is well suited to the lofty abilities of a mad poet; and there are touches of pathos and beauty in it, which, independent of its showy decoration, triumphal pageantry, and magnificent banquet, that must ever invest its representation with attractions and interest. RACINE has exhibited Alexander the Great in the moment of victory and triumph. LEE has given us a view of the same conqueror, in a similar situation. In his scenes the fancy is kept in a continual tumult, while the mind is enlivened and

* We will soon give a biographical sketch of NATHANIEL LEE, in which we will notice all his dramatic productions.

agitated by a wonderful succession of triumphs, conspiracies, jealousy, revels, love, perfidy, declamation, and bloodshed. In some scenes the royal hero rises above the highest flight of humanity, in others he sinks to the degradation of a drunken Helot. There is a strong infusion of this extravagant spirit still prevalent among the successors of Lee; and it still has charms for audiences that prefer show to sentiment, who would despise the Alexander of Racine, because his greatness does not consist in Oriental pomp, or the rant of declamation, but in the true sublime of imperial virtue. Each poet has represented Alexander struggling in the toils of love. In the French tragedy he is entangled in a tender passion for Cleophile. We admire Lee's portrait, for the brilliancy of its colouring—the freedom of its outline, and the glow of expression that pervades it; but Racine, though wanting in the copiousness and fire of Lee, enlists our admiration by his pathetic and moving tenderness—his poetic and elevated sentiments, and striking individuality of character.

Racine presents to us Cleophile so enthusiastically attached to Alexander, that her sole happiness is centred in his fondness—his smile seems the very sun of her sphere of existence. This princess prevails on her brother, *Taxilus*, an Indian potentate, to form an alliance with her lover. To this connection, so fatal to his country, he is stimulated by a passion stronger than affection for his sister: jealousy forces him to the adoption of the measure, as his ancient ally, *Porus*, is his rival in his pretensions to the heart and hand of the beautiful *Axiana*, whose generous and independent spirit co-operating with her aversion to Alexander, had induced her to promise her hand and kingdom to that prince who should prove himself the most devoted to the cause of his country. But such are the allurements of *Cleophile*, and such the confidence of *Taxilus* in the valour and unvarying fortunes of the Macedonian king, that he entertains the ambitious hope of receiving *Axiana* from the hand of the victorious monarch, after the conquest of her kingdom. *Porus*, swayed by love of country and abhorrence of subjection, continues faithful to the Indian confederacy, and unchangeable in his devotion to the Bactrian princess, with whose army, in conjunction with his own, he ventures an engagement with the conqueror of Persia, and is overthrown, after fighting with heroic bravery, and endangering the life of Alexander in single combat. In the confusion and hurry of pursuit that succeeds the battle, *Porus* is supposed to be slain. But the heroic prince, by an unexpected turn of fortune, finds means to escape to the camp of *Taxilus*, his now triumphant enemy and rival. The soldiers of *Taxilus*, to whom the exalted character of *Porus*, had always been an object of the most profound veneration, recognize their old victorious leader, with tears of joy; and, by a sudden impulse, a large body of them declare themselves his protectors. His rival, burning with jealousy, vengeance, and hope, flies to the camp to suppress the tumult; and in the moment when he is again sure of victory, he falls, mortally wounded, by the hand of the gallant *Porus*.

His mourning sister, affecting the greatest anguish, and confident of her influence with her imperial lover, and eager to appease the manes of her brother, solicits, with all that moving power which beauty in tears can exercise over the feelings of man, the death of *Porus*.

Policy and love unite in persuading the Macedonian monarch to comply with her wishes. He knows that by giving *Porus* his liberty and life, he affords a scope to the formidable confederacy of all the Indian princes against him, which his marriage with *Axiana* would surely marshal in hostile array. Alexander dreads the magnanimous spirit of this princess as much as he does the genius and valour of *Porus*. He knows, that at least, by detaining *him* in perpetual captivity, he would frustrate all *her* patriotic schemes.

Yet, though solicited by love, admonished by policy, and impelled even by a regard for his own safety, he resolves, in one of his "*fits of virtue*," to avert the danger, not by the executioner's sword, nor the galling chain, but by a god-like act of mercy and forgiveness—by raising the inveterate foe to the rank of

a confidential friend. The unconquerable spirit of the valiant and noble minded Porus is supported through every scene, while Alexander is represented struggling with contending passions, and a warfare of revenge, love, and glory. The French dramatists seem to delight in the exhibition of exalted virtue. This is particularly observable in their *Comédie larmoyant*, as it is called; but in their Tragedy it is seen in rather a stronger light, where they delineate the human character in a more dignified point of view. In this species of composition, the complication of interests is generally deeper, and the calls upon the moral feelings more pressing.

ORIGINAL PATCH-WORK.

PERSONIFICATIONS IN POETRY.—HOPE, the last consolation of the wretched—the oasis that is ever green in the desert of misery—that benignant affection, which according to the heathen mythology was the gift of Heaven, to compensate for the numerous ills sent on the human race, has not often been represented by the Poets under a material form.

Spencer has two representations of Hope. One is that of a virgin clad in blue, chiefly distinguished by the anchor on which she leans. This is the established symbol by which Hope is delineated in painting; and may be interpreted as referring to that property of the "Heaven-born Goddess," by which it enables the soul to resist all the storms of adversity; and preserve it from the shipwreck of despair. As usually pictured, however, it is liable to objections. A great anchor is an awkward thing for a delicate female to carry about with her; nor is it at all an appropriate instrument for a young lady to rest upon. She ought to bear it as a miniature ornament suspended from her girdle. Spencer's other portraiture of this benign divinity is defined with more fancy and feminine elegance in the following stanza—

With him [*Fear*] went Hope in rank a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold:—
She always smil'd and in her hand did hold
An holy water sprinkler, dipt in dew."

Spencer, very properly, in our opinion, instances this emblem of the *aspergoire*, or sprinkler, as one of those which are censurable for want of sufficient perspicuity and distinctness. It is not by any means perfectly obvious; but we think still it is not void of propriety; for Hope may justly be represented as shedding that divine influence on the verdure of the mind, which like sun and shower to the opening rose, gives it vigour and bloom, under the nipping blasts of misfortune.

If we recollect correctly, Shakspeare gives no personification of Hope. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* he pictures it a "Lover's staff;" and in Richard II, he speaks of Hope as if she were of the masculine gender.

"—————He is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper beach of death," &c.

Milton's exhibition, in *Comus*, of Hope is attractive and graceful, but scarcely distinguished from the other kind affections of humanity:—

"—————white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girl with golden wings."

Yet the epithet hovering has peculiar force in denoting the close and unremitting guardianship of this celestial attendant.

Collins, in his *Passions*, though he seems to dwell with peculiar pleasure on the music of Hope, has failed in hitting off a graphic portrait of that Divinity, whose soothing attention is only withdrawn when death seals our eyes. Cowley has two pieces, highly wrought, in his florid style, for and against Hope, in which every line displays a new image, or figure of comparison, that is just stated, and then relinquished. Some of these are picturesque, but are too slight, impalpable, and transient, for a distinct personification.

Truth was represented by Apelles as a majestic, and modest female, plainly attired

but her countenance shining with the light of beauty and innocence. Addison, in his ingenious allegory of "*True and false wit*," adheres to the simple manner of painting.

He chiefly distinguishes the Goddess of *Truth* by the "bright radiance effused from a pretty face," lit with the smiles of innocence; which seemed to purify and sublimiate the atmosphere she inhaled.

The same idea is improved, and expressed with more force and brilliancy by Mason, in his tragedy of *Elfrida*.

"So *Truth* proclaims, I hear the sacred sound,
Burst from the centre of her burning throne—
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd;
A bright sun clasps her adamant zone."

Ben Jonson, in one of his *masques*, presents us with a vivid and striking portraiture of *Truth*.—

"Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,
By which believing mortals hold her fast,
And in those golden cords are carried even
Till with her breath she blows them up to heav'n.—
She wears a robe enchas'd with eagles' eyes—
To signify her sight in mysteries;—
Upon each shoulder sits a milk white dove,
And at her feet do wily serpents move;—
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,
And you may see her heart shine thro' her breast:—
Her right hand holds a sun with burning rays:
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,
With which Heaven's gate she locketh, and displays
A crystal mirror hanging at her breast,
By which men's consciences are rack'd," &c.

There are several more lines of this description; but enough has been quoted to give an example of that expeditious accumulation of emblems, by which a figure is rather overwhelmed than illustrated. [In our next we shall delineate *Truth* and *Liberty*.]

BEAUTY—Has been defined, by an ancient painter, to be "a symmetry of limbs, accompanied by goodness of colour." It was this principle that governed the magic pencil of Apelles, when he delineated the "sea-born goddess," so lovely and inimitable in the blaze of personal charms—so full of attraction, grace, and the enchantment of fascination! It was this plastic principle that fired the genius of Lysippus, when he performed such a sublime miracle of art in creating the beatified beauties' illumination of perfection and celestial character, that breathe their charms over the Apollo Belvidere.

Lucian, who was an accomplished judge of the subject, bestows high encomiums on Homer, for comparing Menelaus' naked arms to ivory, gently dyed in purple; as such, according to his opinion, should be the colour of the whole body. Ausonius, the celebrated Roman poet, who loved so ardently and enthusiastically the charming and beautiful daughter of the Emperor Valentinian, the graceful and incomparable Bissula, thus addresses a painter, whom he employed to draw her portrait.—"Go then, happy artist! and confound red roses with dew-washed lilies, and whatever reflection the air takes from them, let that be the colour of her face, of enchanting smiles." Petrarch, in his vivid and glowing description of the charming loveliness of Laura, represented the voluptuous rose and blanch'd lily blooming on her cheeks; and that, when she smiled, her breath exhaled perfumes as sweet and balmy as the odour of the peach-blossom, displaying, at the same time, ivory teeth of the finest enamel, resembling a brilliant row of pearls set in orbs of pure coral. The impassioned Byron thought that beauty never appeared so attractive and winning, as when bathed, like April flowers, in the "dewy tears" of melancholy sadness. But the fairest and finest features, even if arranged by the graceful hand of Nature, in the most harmonious symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated with a glowing expression of sensibility before they can strike the passions, elicit the sparks of sympathy, or enchain the admiration of love. To invest beauty with the power of

conquest, it is necessary, as Lord Byron, the sublimest of poets—the most feeling of lovers, observed, that there should be

“Heart on the lips, and soul within the eyes.”

Among the most peculiar blandishments and attractive graces of a beautiful face, the dimple has always borne away the palm of pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples illuminate the countenance with the light of smiles, which reflects, as a mirror, the sensibility of the soul, the emotions of the passions, and the sweetness of temper which connect beauty with sentiment, and express a powerful and winning charm, that is not the property or characteristic of any other particular set of features, but may be, and is, perhaps, possible to all.

A ROMAN DANDY.—Seneca hurls the bolts of ridicule at the race of dandies that disgusted Rome with their frippery and foppery in his age. “The men,” says he, “even exceed the effeminacy of the other sex, in adorning their persons. The coloured cloth they wear is light and meretricious, and that they have a wanton, mincing pace, and seem not to walk, but to creep. They curl their hair like women; they speak with a low and affected voice, and gird themselves with corsets, to make their waists taper, and assume all the delicacy of body which belongs to the other sex. How they chafe when the hair-dresser is negligent, or betrays by his actions that he is dressing and trimming a man. They are more solicitous for their *whiskers* than for their health, and prefer being fine to being manly.” One would imagine that a *New-York Dandy* had read Seneca, and formed his *habits* from his description.

A ROMAN BELLE.—It may amuse some of our readers to know what were the dress and ornaments of Roman ladies eighteen hundred years ago.

Silk, immensely dear, was much worn in the age of Seneca. “The dress of our women,” says the philosopher, “cannot be called clothing, as it neither hides their bodies, nor modesty; as it is so transparent and closely fitted, that it serves to discover every part.” Manlius Titus, the historian, informs us “that the head, neck, and hands, were decked with precious stones; and the ladies’ snowy feet shone with chains of gold.”

“I have seen,” says Pliny, “Lollia Paulina, wife of the Emperor Caligula, dressed, not in her best manner, with rows of emeralds and pearls totally covering her head and neck; bracelets on her wrists; rings on her fingers; while her ears glittered with jewels. On their feet the women of quality wore precious stones, and their slippers were radiant with pearls. They painted their faces and eye-brows.”—“Their looking-glasses,” Ovid tells us, “were as high as their heads, which were framed with gold and silver, and ornamented with brilliants.” He says “that the ladies had numberless little boxes, which graced their toilets, filled with paints, perfumes, and ointments, emitting such a fragrant scent as fumigated their apartments with the most pleasing odours. They often changed the colour of their hair by lotion.”

TO DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF A WOMAN’S HEART.—Pliny the elder mentions, in the 32d book, chapter the fifth, of his Natural history, that by the following application, the secrets which are hid in the deepest recesses of a woman’s heart, may be revealed. “Democritus,” says he, “let the tongue of a living frog be extracted, without permitting a particle of its flesh to adhere to it; then throw it into water; after a short time take it out, and lay it on the breast of a woman asleep, exactly on the spot where the palpitation of the heart is perceptible; whatever questions you shall then propose to her she will answer truly.” What an easy and admirable method to reflect the feelings of woman, and exhibit to our view the beauty of sincerity, and the deformity of hypocrisy! This is the talisman that can tear off the mask of affectation from the cunning prude, unlock the real thoughts of the coy coquet, and “excuse the blush and pour out all the heart” of the love-smitten maiden. By this means a man may dive into “secrets worth knowing.” If we were to resort to the puffing system of the *soi-disant* inventors of “*panaceas*,” and, like the quacks, get the signatures of half a dozen of doting old women, attesting the efficacy of our nostrum, we might, in process of time make a fortune of it; but we present it gratuitously to the readers of the *IRISH SHIELD*, and the only reward we ask for publishing so inestimable a discovery, which curbed the vagaries of the Roman ladies nearly two thousand years ago, is the patronage of old bachelors, and dreaming old maids; as it furnishes the first with the clew of prying into “mysterious secrets,” and the latter with an infallible armour of caution, to baffle every *Paul Pry* that may “drop in,” when they are asleep.

ELOCUTION.—Virgil was a most fascinating reader; his accent was sweet with the melody of its measured cadences and impressive euphony. He recited his own verses with such an enticing sweetness and enchanting grace, that Julius Montanus, a poet, who had often heard him, used to say that "he could steal Virgil's verses, if he could steal his voice, expression and gesture;" for the same verses that sounded so rapturously when the author read them, were far from having the charms of excellence when pronounced by the mouth of another. Hooke, the celebrated author of *Roman History*, took occasion to read some passages of his work for Onslow, the speaker of the English House of Commons, in 1764, (who piqued himself too upon his emphatic reading) and begged him to give his candid opinion of the work. The Speaker answered, as if in a passion, "that he could not tell what to think of it, as it might be nonsense, for aught he knew, because his manner of speaking had bewitched him."

Mrs. Oldfield, the far-famed tragic actress, used to say, "that the best school she had ever known, was on hearing Rowe read her part in his tragedies." Isaac Hawkins Browne, the author of the "*Pipe of Tobacco*," declared that he never felt the charms of Milton, until he heard old Sheridan pronounce his exordium."

Boisrobert, famous in his day as a story-teller, and who had so happy a talent this way as to become the favourite of Cardinal Richelieu, when his friends advised him to publish his tales, assured them that they would find nothing of that engaging agreeableness on paper, that he had the happy skill to spread over his living chat, "and that his reading was only a mere cheat upon their ears."

Such a siren is Pronunciation, united with the tone, the expression, and the gesture of an accomplished reader. Of Goldsmith and Thompson it was said, that "they wrote like angels, but read like parrots."

THE VICAR OF BRAY.—Any man that, now-a-days, deserts his early principles and political friends, and enlists himself under the banners of his former enemies, is said to act like the Vicar of Bray, who had the vicarage of Bray, in Berks, which he retained from the reign of Henry VIII. until his death, in the reign of Elizabeth, by changing his religion three times. On being reproached as a turn-coat, he calmly replied "that he kept to his principle, that of living and dying *Vicar of Bray*."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—The author of the *Traveller* discovered, at a very early age, the germs of that genius which afterwards grew to be the most majestic oak in the forest of English poetry. The following instance of his precocious rhyming, though omitted by his biographers, is handed down by the traditionary legends of Elphin, the place of his birth. During the Christmas holidays of 1737, a large company of young people were assembled one evening at his uncle's, and Oliver, then but nine years of age, was required to dance a hornpipe, while one of his schoolfellows played at the same time on the fiddle. Being but newly recovered from the small-pox, by which he was much disfigured, and his figure being short and thick, the musician (very archly, as he supposed) compared him to *Æsop* dancing;—and still harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very happy and apposite, the laugh was suddenly turned against him by Oliver's stopping short in the dance, with this pungent retort—

"Our herald had proclaimed this saying—
Sec *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey playing."

This smart reply decided his fortune, for his uncle was so pleased with it that he determined to send him to the University of Dublin.

A HISTORIAN.—Some one in conversation with St. Pierre, the celebrated author of the *Studies of Nature*, observed that a just, impartial historian, should be without a country and without any religion, if such things were possible. "Say rather," said the literary patriot, "without passion and without a pension."

THE VOICE.—There is nothing can give such pomp and dignity to tragic declamation, as a fine musical voice. "The voice," says Madame de Stael, "is the organ of the soul; and it has more power upon the mind than the most exquisite beauty;" yet how little care do we take to cultivate the excellence of this material organ, which gives such charms to poetry and eloquence.

JUSTICE.—There is no virtue which can adorn a monarch more exalted than justice: it is the source of liberty and happiness; and the government in whose principles its balmy emanations do not commingle, is vicious and despotic. According to the opi-

nion of Aristotle, all the noble virtues of humanity are concentrated in justice. Philosophers have defined it to be that disposition of the mind which induces men, at all times, to render every person his due. On the principle thus defined, a King of Sparta founded his answer to those who boasted of the equitable justice observed in the distribution of the prizes at the Olympian games, which were celebrated every five years at Elis.—“Is there any thing wonderful or uncommonly meritorious,” said the Spartan monarch, “that a nation should perform one act of justice in five years?”

ORIGIN OF MAKING GLASS.—We are indebted to chance, more than genius, for many of the most useful and valuable discoveries. The Grecian and Roman ladies who existed before the Christian era, never had the pleasure of contemplating their charms in a mirror. Pliny the elder informs us, that the art of making glass was discovered in his day, in the following manner. As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel, between Syria and Judea, where, not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they were obliged to employ pieces of their nitre for that purpose. The fire gradually dissolving the nitre, the fluid incorporated with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than glass.

GAME OF CHESS.—Saliadano observed, “that the Devil was a great fool to employ so many means to try the patience of Job, when he had nothing more to do than engage him at a game of chess.”

GARRICK.—Having once a green-room wrangle with the celebrated Mrs. Clive, in which words ran high, the tragedian concluded his passionate remarks upon her by saying,—“Madam, I would rather stand before a park of artillery than before the volley of a virago’s fiery tongue. I have heard of *tarlar* and *brimstone*, and know the effects of both; but you are the *cream* of the one, and the *flour* of the other.”

MILTON’S ITALIAN SONNETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD.

SIR,—I beg to tender you my thanks for your polite attention in sending me the *Irish Vindicator*, of *Montreal*. I have read with pleasure in the columns of that patriotic and talented paper, the judicious remarks of MR. MAGRANE, on my translation of one of Milton’s Italian sonnets, which appeared in a late number of the SHIELD.

Those remarks, I am ready to acknowledge, evince a degree of critical judgment and well-regulated taste, which redound much to the credit of Mr. Magrane; but he will be candid enough to admit that even the flowing numbers of MOORE, soft and sweet as they fall, like the tones of the harp on the waters of Killarney, have failed in giving us the passion, delicacy of sentiment, and the refined spirit of love, which breathe through the sonnets of Petrarch.

Coleridge and Capel Loft have given us voluminous paraphrastical translations of Italian sonnets, without ever being so felicitous as to catch the spirit, turn of thought, regularity, and pleasing variety of the originals. Why, then, should I succeed in an attempt in which men of aspiring genius failed? In the English language the *Petrarchian* models may be well copied, but shall never be equalled. While I acquiesce in the truth and justice of Mr. Magrane’s strictures, and confess my faults in my translation, I must beg to remove from his mind the impression that you were the author of it. The wreath of your fame, Sir, is too green and lauriferous to require borrowed sprigs from the solitary bay-sapling of JUVERNA. I hope, as an act of justice to you, that the impartial and spirited editor of the VINDICATOR will copy this note, and thus remove the imputation which the error of MR. MAGRANE has fastened upon your fame.

There are two more of Milton’s Italian sonnets in Dodsley’s collection, of one of which I hope Mr. Magrane will favour the readers of the SHIELD and VINDICATOR with an English version, and I shall attempt the other. As taste is frequently the companion of genius, I anticipate a translation from MR. MAGRANE, which will be at once *literal* and poetic. Wishing your excellent work the patronage which it so eminently deserves, I subscribe myself your FRIEND.

JUVERNA.

20th May, 1829.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;
And those who live to please *must please to live.*"

PARK THEATRE.

During the last month several popular plays of the legitimate drama were presented in this house, whence have been expelled the masquerade mummers, the harlequins, jack-puddings, creeping monkeys, sorry *apes*, and antiquated flower-girls, whose paint and padding, mock teeth, and false curls, qualified them to look much more in *character*, if they had dressed like withered sybils, for which personations age and nature intended them.

A few evenings since, the play-bills announced that, "at the request of several of his friends, Mr. WALLACK would make his appearance in the character of Richard, Duke of Gloster."

When *vanity* is fanned by *friendship*, it generally carries a man out of the soundings of ability and prudence. Surely it was the siren voice of seducing vanity that allured Mr. Wallack to sail his little bark from the calm seas of melo-dramatic respectability, into the tumultuous *Charybdis* of tragedy. Mr. Wallack, it is true, has a good stage figure; but his attitudes are forced, and, consequently, wanting in grace and pictorial effect. His voice, though not musical, is well adapted to express the hoarse intonations in which Richard should convey his words—and his features are well calculated to represent through their expression, a canting, dark, gloomy, hypocritical, designing villain, though unfitted to disguise, like Kean's, the inward emotions of the soul, and exhibit the mingled power of light and shade, which the great master-spirit of English tragedy develops in his matchless personification of this character.

Mr. Wallack is not, indeed, a *Proteus*; diversity of look and gesture is not his *forte*. We will be so candid, however, as to admit that the great outline of the part was happily conceived and hit off; but its requisites and most prominent features were not discriminated or displayed in a suitable light. The Duke of Gloster and King Richard were, in the hands of Mr. Wallack, precisely the same person. There was no marked difference between the Lord Protector, and the arbitrary regal despot—first humbly soliciting the pliant Buckingham to favour his pretensions to the throne, and then Richard of England, urging his minion to murder his nephews in the Tower: both were dull and uniform, without the monotony being relieved by a shade of dissimilarity in the assumption. In the most unnatural courtship-scene with Lady Anne, Kean became the repenting and fond devoted Lover; but here Mr. Wallack, instead of "concealing his art," where he required "a tongue to wheedle with the devil," and use all the eloquence of passion, to disarm her aversion, and bury in oblivion the scarcely cold embers of a murdered father-in-law, and a butchered husband, betrayed the same apathy in his gestures, and the same insulting and malignant expression of countenance, as when paying his addresses to the widowed queen. Again, in the Chamber-scene (we cannot help making comparisons) with his wife, Kean's Richard exhibits a malignant and a determined cruelty—a rancorous ferocity of mind, subservient indeed to the trammels of ambition, and indulging itself in horrid exultation over the wounded feelings of a hapless woman; and the thrilling effect of his reply to her reproaches, when he exclaimed, in a burst of irony and contempt—

"It is my *honesty* that tells thee now,
With all my soul—I hate thee!"

was little short of the fulmination of a demon, and fixed in the mind of the auditory that detestation of Richard which was the grand object of Shakspeare in writing the play. But in these scenes, where Kean conjures up miraculous effects, Mr. Wallack was dull and depressed. Even when playing the saint with the mayor and citizens of London, Mr. W. only presented us the tyrant, hatching plans of future wickedness with his creatures. In the delivery of the speech in which he expressed to Buckingham his gratitude for the possession of the crown, he evinced, we allow, dignity, and spoke his words with an emphatic enunciation. And he nearly approached Kean in *his imitation* of giving his particular orders for the battle; his marked hesitation and anxiety for the ultimate event, were finely depicted, and his intense perturbation of mind was well expressed in the incoherent and disjointed manner in which a man ever speaks, when he is giving directions about one thing, and thinking of another:—

"Saddle—white Surry—for the field to-morrow.—
Is ink and paper ready?"

It would be difficult to produce a greater effect than his impressive delivery of those lines produced. But in the Tent-scene he cast off all regard for the author, as well as for the rules of his art—he roared, ranted, and bellowed like Polyphemus, after losing his eye. Here all his tragic powers forsook him, and left him a mimic, instead of a calm, determined Monarch, whom dreams could not terrify.

We cannot say any thing in commendation of Mrs. Hilson's Queen, or Mrs. Sharpe's Lady Anne, as they were cold, formal, and passionless in every scene. Mrs. WHEATLEY, indeed, imparted interest and energy to the Dutchess of York. Mr. SAMPSON's Richmond was justly entitled to rank among those performances which criticism must pronounce respectable; and Mr. BARRY represented the debilitated dignity of King Henry in a very impressive and characteristic manner. Messrs. Richings and Woodhull, in their respective parts, lacked none of their usual ability and spirit.

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND IN NEW-YORK.

This Society is no more!—It has faded away like a flower that leaves behind no scent of remembrance. Its life, indeed, for a while, exhibited a brilliant galaxy of patriotism and liberality; but its close, like the disappearance of a comet in the clouds, has left no trace of its once radiant pathway for the contemplation of memory. That the exit of a body composed of Irish patriotism, and American sympathy, which was animated with the patriotic spirit, and sparkling eloquence of a SAMPSON, a MACNEVEN, a CLERKE, a SHEA, a SHEYS, a COONEY, and the young and promising McKEON, should be clouded by an act of INGRATITUDE to the most virtuous and successful patriot that Ireland ever produced—to DANIEL O'CONNELL, the emancipator of his country—the vanquisher of English persecution, who has thrown open the gates of the English Senate-houses for the admission of CATHOLIC IRELAND,—is a sad theme, on which the regrets and indignation of Irishmen in America shall pour tears of lamentation, and bitter anathemas. The appropriation, by a species of *coup de main*, of the funds originally contributed for the SOLE PURPOSE of relieving our country from the weight of oppression, to the erection of an intended monument for the late MR. THOMAS A. EMMET, is loudly and generally deprecated and decried. Why did the MEETING at the Masonic Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 13th of May, proceed with such “breathless haste,”—with such unwarrantable precipitancy, as distanced opposition and reflection? Why was not the wholesome and judicious resolution of Messrs. McKEON and CLERKE adopted, which would have wiped away the odium that its rejection has stamped upon the *theatrical* character of that anomalous meeting? If there were time given for consideration, a MAJORITY of the Association would have unquestionably voted some token of GRATITUDE to O'CONNELL, Shiel, and Lawless, those successful patriots, who have achieved the emancipation of their country, without staining their laurels with her **BEST BLOOD**; without offering at the shrine of negative freedom the **BROKEN HEARTS** and **MANGLED BONES** of Erin's young enthusiasts; without incurring the widow's malediction, or drawing forth the burning tears of myriads of mourning orphans. That the late Mr. Emmet was a devoted patriot, who, like the amiable Sampson and the talented Macneven, suffered the inflictions of despotism in his country's cause, we are willing to admit, and his memory deserves sepulchral honours; but that the servid warmth of regard in which his *friends* reverence it, should prompt them to set such a preposterous estimate on his services to his country, as to raise them on the pedestal of competition with those of Daniel O'Connell, is a presumptuous decision, which considerate and intelligent Irishmen will denounce and decri; while they hand it down to posterity for censure.

When they tell us he was an Apollo-Belvidere in virtue and genius, they have no right to complain if we examine with rigour the proportions of the statue, lest we should bend the knee before an image of clay, instead of a master-piece of sculpture. Let us not be so *precipitant* in pronouncing his apotheosis, until the unanimous decision of impartial judgment affixes the seal of perfection on his virtues. Let us try the purity of those boasted virtues by the analytic standard of comparison and inquiry, ere we rashly assert that they are as genuine as Daniel O'Connell's. Let us read the history of Ireland, and we will find that neither Taaffe, Parnell, nor Barlow, has bestowed a page on either the services or sufferings of T. A. Emmet; while the martyrological zeal and chivalric devotion of Tone, Orr, Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet,

and the other victims of tyranny, are extolled and lauded in passages of length and eloquence. His path in the orbit of the Irish political sphere was short and circumscribed; and if it was, for a time, warm and luminous, his brother's fate was the attracting focus that concentrated the sympathy and regard of Irishmen. Historians and poets will dwell with delight on the splendid career of O'Connell, to the goal of Erin's emancipation; and while they record his matchless virtues, and emblazon his unparalleled deeds, they will feel a kind of enthusiastic reverence for the man who uniformly denounced oppression, without interrupting the "sweet concord" of society—who snatched the rusty key of the temple of Liberty from the tenacious grasp of gloomy intolerance, without slaying her guards; and who tuned the long slumbering harp of Erin to the matin-song of freedom, without mingling the joyful notes with the death-knell sounds of martyred patriots! Those, therefore, who endeavour to convince us that the barren services of T. A. Emmet have as strong a claim as the gigantic exertions, and countless sacrifices of DANIEL O'CONNELL, on the gratitude of our country, might as well persuade us that molehills can rise to the elevation and swell to the magnitude of the Alps.

We have been led to these dispassionate remarks by the murmurs of discontent and dissatisfaction which we hear expressed in every quarter, in consequence of the funds of the Association having been improvidently voted for the completion of a monument, which is to perpetuate Mr. Emmet's memory.

Let it be remembered that large sums have been already raised from voluntary contributions for the intended mausoleum, which should suffice, without coveting funds which the donors gave as offerings to Irish patriotism. Now, if they were appropriated to the purchase of three silver pitchers, made by an American artist, for O'Connell, Shiel, and Lawless, the meeting would evince a proper sense of gratitude, gain general applause, that would have thrown round their memory a halo of approbation, to exhale a radiant meteor for the future light and animation of all friends of civil and religious liberty. Perhaps a public meeting will rescind the objectionable and obnoxious vote—the voice of PUBLIC OPINION emphatically invokes the interposition of IRISHMEN!

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

ENGLISH JUSTICE, aroused from the torpid trance of ages by the loud clanking of those galling chains of oppression, which have corroded the very sinews and gangrened the very fibres of ERIN's heart, has, at length, in the terror of her fears, annihilated the hydra of exclusion, and thrown open the gates of that constitution, which was extorted from King John by Roman Catholics, to CATHOLIC IRELAND. O'CONNELL, the great architect of that impregnable fortress of consolidated opinion and UNANIMITY—the Irish CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, is the Orpheus whose harp has charmed and lulled the Cerberus of prejudice to an interminable repose in the temple of concord. The professors, in England and Ireland, of the creed of the Messiah—of saints and sages—of heroic monarchs,—the Napoleons, the Alfreds, the Brians, and the Edwards, will never again be alarmed or intimidated by the horrid growl of the monster. The Upas-tree of discord, whose roots poisoned the soil, and whose branches diffused pestilence through the moral atmosphere of our native land, has fallen before the Herculean axe of DANIEL O'CONNELL, with a tremendous crash, that has appalled intolerance and Orangeism! Bigotry and her baleful mists will no longer obscure the Irish horizon; the sun of justice, rising from the clouds of dissension in beaming brilliancy, will illuminate our smiling landscape of green pastoral meadows and waving groves; and the genius of Concord, long exiled from amongst us, shall return to Erin, with all the genial virtues of her retinue; to expel viperous *Brunswickers*, as St. Patrick did venomous reptiles, and disseminate her blessings over the Emerald Isle. A millenium of national happiness is about to commence in Ireland, and the wounds which English despotism inflicted on her, during a barbarous warfare of six hundred and fifty-seven years, shall be healed by the sanative hand of Catholic emancipation. To whom does she owe the glorious position which she has gained—to whom is she indebted for the termination of her miseries—to whom will posterity attribute the bursting of her chains? She gratefully, indeed, acknowledges herself, with her seven millions of tongues—all Europe—all America acknowledges (save, indeed, the *deifying mommentists* of New-York) that DANIEL O'CONNELL is the successful liberator of his

country, and that to him *exclusively* is due the gratitude and applause of the friends of freedom, for an exploit in politics which equalled that of the great Napoleon in war,—that of crossing the Alps of intolerance, and compelling the decided enemies of Catholic emancipation to sign a peace in the very citadel where they judged themselves invincible! When we say this, we are not insensible of the splendid merits of Shiel, Lawless, or O'Gorman; for they were the Marshals, Murat, Ney, and Soult, who faithfully carried the plans of their gallant leader into effect.

While on this subject, we beg to seize the opportunity of congratulating our distinguished countryman, MATTHEW CAREY, Esq. and all the members of the Association of the friends of Irel and in Philadelphia, on the glow of eloquence and spirit of patriotism which breathe a lustrous incense of gratitude and independence, through the energetic resolutions which they passed at their meeting, on the 18th of May.

Those elegant and judicious resolutions, fresh and fragrant as they are, in the recollection of their manly sentiments and nervous language, shall be hailed with applause in Ireland, and inscribed by the historic muse on the emblazoned page of her story. They are worthy, indeed, of the gifted and classic minds of the historic CAREY, and the poetic M'HENRY—men whose pellucid emanations have shed an unfading radiance of genius on the literature of their country.

See how they have

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BISHOP ENGLAND.

We rejoice to learn that this eloquent and enlightened prelate, whose superior talents, philanthropic liberality, and apostolic piety, have not only won the esteem and respect of the professors of his own creed, but of those sects of every other religious denomination in America, is not to withdraw the lights of his philosophic mind from an ecclesiastical sphere, which his removal would eclipse. He is, unquestionably, the grand Corinthian column of the CATHOLIC CHURCH in America; for he unites to the eloquence of DOYLE, the theology of O'LEARY, so that his translation to an Irish bishopric would leave a chasm in the Catholic prelacy of this Union, which the see of Rome could not possibly fill up with similar capability. When we make this assertion, we make it unhesitatingly, and without fear of contradiction; and certainly without the remotest intention of derogating from the zeal and merits of the French bishops, who "bear their faculties so meekly," in America; but as their language is not the language of this country, the lights of their genius, even if as splendid as those of a Fenelon, or a Massillon will always blaze under a bushel, here. Dr. England is not only a historian, a theological disputant, of acknowledged powers, but a fluent orator, who can wield the rhetorical thunder with the potency of a Kirwin, or a Keogh.

OUR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

We would only betray a fastidious degree of affectation, if we were to disguise the honest pride that swells and elates our heart at the flattering reception with which the IRISH SHIELD has been honoured in every quarter of the Union, and the Canadas. Indeed, it is a maxim universally subscribed to, that the man who is not as ambitious of gaining the chaplet of fame, as the rewards of pecuniary emolument, will never soar as a writer above the vulgar walk of mediocrity. We candidly confess, that the approbation of our cotemporaries gives an incentive to the latent powers of our intellect, and fans those flames of ambition, that would otherwise die in the embers of apathy.

Many of our subscribers in town and country have suggested to us the expediency of bringing out the IRISH SHIELD, in its present form, WEEKLY, in order to expedite the completion of OUR HISTORY OF IRELAND, which, we are glad to see gaining ground in popular opinion. We shall, with pleasure, comply with their wishes, AS SOON AS AN ADEQUATE ACCESSION OF PATRONAGE will be procured to cover the heavy expense attending a weekly publication. The specimen of the SHIELD which we have given the world, furnishes a sufficient guarantee that it will not retrograde from the eminent position it now occupies among the periodicals of the country. The number which we now present, is ENTIRELY composed of ORIGINAL MATTER.

Original Poetry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD.

SIR—As an Irishman, allow me to thank you for the lights you are throwing on the history and literature of our native land. The IRISH SHIELD should be in the hands of every man that loves his country, for it is vastly superior to any Irish work ever offered to the patronage of Irishmen in America.

I send you the original, and, faint translation of an Irish poem, written some years ago, by THADY RUDDY, an untutored bard of the county of Leitrim, which I hope you will deem worth a corner in the SHIELD.

O'ROURKE.*

THE MODEST LILY OF MANOR HAMILTON.

Why does that rose shine forth with so much pride,
In all the glories of an Eastern bride?
Is it because she decks fair *Selen's* bow'rs—
Is it because she's called the queen of flow'rs?
Is it because she scents gay *Glenade's* plain,
And lives in ev'ry poet's love-sick strain?
Is it because she breathes in Homer's Greek,
And shares the charms of lovely *Nora's* cheek?
Is it because the plaintive bird of night
Wooes her in strains that lend e'en saints delight?
But mark yon humble lily of the vale,
Content to flourish in the pastoral tale;—
Content in her own native shade to breathe,
Or bloom at times in some young shepherd's wreath;
Yet thou art dearer to my lonely breast,
Than yon proud rose in all her radiance dress'd.
The purest emblem of the modest maid,
Who flies the wanton eye, and courts the shade.

* We cheerfully give insertion to O'Rourke's spirited translation; and we trust he will favour us with several others.—Of MANOR HAMILTON, in the county of Leitrim, we shall give a local and historical sketch, in the course of our TOPOGRAPHY.

THE SIGH.

As silent and sad by my MARY I sat,
Love fir'd and tormented my breast;
But I trembled, and dare not my sufferings relate,
And I fain would have lull'd them to rest,
But my eye, that would glisten at times with a tear,
And the blush that still glow'd on my cheek,
Betray'd what I dreaded, yet wish'd to appear,
More plainly than language could speak.
She saw, and as angels in pity look down
On saints that are fated to die,
My Mary hung o'er me, nor kill'd with a frown,—
'Twas compassion that beam'd in her eye.
She spoke not; but, oh! I could read in her look,
That she'd fain my emotions define;
And as gently her hand—gently yielded, I took,
Her pulse beat as rapid as mine.
Yet I trusted not still to my faltering tongue
The bold language of love to apply;
But my heart struggled under the weight that so long
Had press'd it, and breath'd out a sigh.
As the rose, when the gay zephyr fans it will wave;
And glow with more beautiful stain,
So my Mary look'd up—deeply blushing, and gave
The sigh—all I wish'd for—again.

JUVENA.

SONNET TO A ROSE.

Oh, lovely rose! while yet thy beauties shine,
And blooming life thy tender leaves confess,
Go! on my MARY's softest breast recline—
And press what now I vainly sigh to press!
Around her charms a rival lustre throw;
There spread thy fragrance o'er the lily's white—

There flame thy colours on her breast of snow,
Till, faint and vanquished, you sink in night.
For while thy living sweets shall waste in air,
And while thy vernal tints shall charm her eye,
While yet thou art the rival of my fair,
E'en then they languish, and e'en then shall die.
Not so the passion that my bosom warms,
It lives alone on MARY's conquering charms.

JUVENA.

THE WINTER OF THE MIND.

TO JUVENA.

"The maiden shall fall in the spring of her youth. Who shall raise her tomb on Cashel's frowning rock? Who shall send over the dark blue wave, that salutes the pine-shaded Hudson, the picture of MARY to the spouse of her love?"—

OSIAN.

Say no more that MARY loves;
Break at once this injur'd heart;—

If your bosom pity moves,
Mournful truths impart:—

O'er my frame I feel a gloom,
Cold and heavy as the tomb;

Where no glad sound
Is heard around,

No flow'rets bloom.

Keenly blows the stormy air,
Night approaches—drear and dark;—

Falling leaves and branches bare,
The wintry season mark.

Let the transient tempest roar,
Nature her lost charms deplore,

The flowers shall spring,
The birds shall sing,

When winter's o'er.

Sad and lonely I will rove,
Scenes of kindred woe to find;

I'm forlorn with hopeless love,
The *Winter of the Mind*.

All the joys of life are fled,
Hope's young blossoms all are shed,

The peace I mourn
Shall ne'er return,

Till I be dead.

Cashel, 4th April, 1829.

MARY.

THE HARP OF ERIN.

Wake, ancient Harp! whose notes, so long
Discordant, have in sorrow moaned;
Whose once proud chords could scarce prolong
Echo of sounds in glory thronged!
Wake to the songs of earlier days,
Attuned to deeds of later fame!
And pour again the minstrel's praise,
In blessings to the patriot's name.
The Lyre is strung! once more its tones,
To Erin's sons most sweet, most dear,
Swell to each shore where feeling owns
Freedom's bright smile, or Slavery's tear.
And o'er that wild harp's mouldered frame,
The shamrock with the myrtle twine—
Those palsied strings again shall claim
The wreath which made them once divine! B.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

When thirst for fame the bosom fires,
Glory bids her banner wave,
And the heart that love inspires
Dares the front of danger brave;
But, if love and glory meet,
Alas! for glory—love's more sweet.
When friendship in life's chequer'd day,
Soothens and calms the troubled breast;
How sweet, beneath her cheering ray,
For the mourner's soul to rest!
But, if love and friendship meet,
Alas! for FRIENDSHIP—Love's more sweet!
JUVENA.

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE."

NO. VI.

FOR JUNE, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

The Milesians establish their government on the basis of justice and wisdom in Ireland. Their beneficial institutions and judicious polity. Partition of Ireland by Heber and Heremon. Discord and dissension caused by the wife of Heber; the fatal results that ensue. Death of Heber in an engagement with his brother. Heremon sole monarch of Ireland—he successively defeats Caicer, Amhergin, Un and Vighe—the arrival of the Picts—their plans and intrigues discovered, and frustrated: alliance between them and Heremon—ultimately the invaders settle in North Britain. Death and character of Heremon, the great founder of the O'Neil dynasty.

THE last decisive victory secured the Milesians the sovereignty of the kingdom of Ireland. Having nothing now to apprehend from foreign, or internal enemies, HEBER and HEREMON began to organize, in conjunction with their Druidical Brother Amhergin, a code of laws for the government of their people. The legislative enactments of these conquerors were dictated by a spirit of equitable justice, and enlightened policy, towards the conquered natives, that impresses us with a high sense of their wisdom and prudence. After concurring in the extent of sovereign power that each brother should assume and away in the executive administration of their realms, they proceeded to make a division of the kingdom.

In arranging this partition Heber and Heremon paid particular regard to the suggestions and decision of Amhergin, the High Priest. Our annalists do not accord in their detail of the particular territories allotted to each of these Princes. Dr. Keating informs us, that some learned antiquarians assign the northern part from the river Boyne* and *Sruibh* to Heremon, and thence southward to the Ocean, to Heber.

* The Boyne, a noble and romantic river, rises in the King's County, and after a devious course winds its tributary streams into the sea at Drogheda. Its banks are adorned with the towns of Trim, Navan, Slane and Drogheda. The battle between James II. and William III. fought at Old Bridge, near Drogheda, on the banks of this river in 1690, has given immortal celebrity to the Boyne. The Doris Obelisk erected in 1736 to commemorate a victory lost by the imbecility of James, and won by the foreign mercenaries of the Dutch Usurper, is a grand and imposing pillar, which towers to the elevation of 150 feet. The inscriptions on the four sides, record the event of the victory

Rejecting, however, this alleged division, he adduces other authorities that assert the two provinces of Munster were appropriated to the possession of Heber, while Leicester and Connaught formed the dominions of Heremon; and to Eimher, the son of their brother Ir, was given as a patrimonial territory, the entire province of Ulster. O'Flaherty and M'Geohagan endeavour to sustain the correctness of Keating's partition; but Dr. O'Halloran, who seems to have made more accurate and profound inquiries than either of these historians, states, that Heber, as being the eldest brother, chose the southern part, a line of division being drawn from the Bay of Galway to the Bay of Dublin, by which Leinster and Munster fell to his share, while the house of Heremon enjoyed for its portion of the distribution the provinces of Ulster and Connaught. This bears the evident marks of truth, and subsequent facts establish its accuracy on a solid foundation of probability. For whenever the house of Heber was deprived by the branches of the Heremonian Dynasty of the Monarchy, it contended for the original partition—a partition whose limits were subsequently defined, and acknowledged by the faith of a solemn treaty made A. D. 156, between Con, "of the hundred battles," and Eogan-more, Monarch of Ireland. By the terms of this treaty, the southern provinces of Ireland were denominated "*Leath-Mogha*," and the northern "*Leath-Cuín*." The division of territories being finally adjusted to the satisfaction of both the Brothers, their kindred and officers were rewarded with grants of land. To Eimher, the son of Ir, several territories were allotted, by his uncle Heremon, in Ulster. Heber also bestowed large tracts of land to Lughaidh, the son of Ith, in the counties of Cork and Kerry. These chiefs held their possessions, as feudatories to the ruling princes. This was the origin of the feudal system in Ireland. Each class of the subordinate dependents of these chiefs had land parcellled out to them, in the vicinage of the residence of the head of the sept, for which they were obliged to render military service to him when called upon. The two brothers vied with each other in their endeavours to disseminate the blessings of a paternal government through the isle, and concord and affection seemed to cement together not only the hearts of the fond brothers, but those also of their devoted subjects. But this was like the calm that precedes the coming of the tempest. A contention arose between them that threatened disastrous results.

In appointing their retinues, who were to accompany them to their respective seats of government, each brother strenuously insisted on retaining in his service a Poet of great genius, and a Musician so eminently skilled in his soul-touching art as to rival Orpheus himself.

Heber maintained that without the inspiring stanza's of *Cir mac Nis* (as the Poet was called) the notes of O'Nai's harp would sound discordant in his ear; while Heremon on the other hand, declared he set his heart on the union of the rhyme of the Poet, and the dulcet melody of the harper. Both were obstinately determined to possess the sons of song, and their strife was on the point of the most fatal consequences, when Amhergin, the arch Druid prevailed on them to submit their difference to his mediation.

He cast lots by which Heber gained the Musician, and Heremon the Bard. In consequence of this distribution an impression long prevailed in the popular traditions of Ireland, that Ulster excelled in poetry, and Munster in music.*

and the deeds of Schomberg and the other chiefs of William's army. In 1822, we were one among the countless multitude that followed the present King of England to Old-bridge. His Majesty did not alight from his carriage on that occasion, to view the obelisk, but the Marquis Conyngham pointed out to him the spot where Schomberg was killed in the river, and the positions which the hostile armies occupied on its right and left banks.

* On this subject an old Irish Poet bestows the following stanzas:—

"The learned Princes, Heber and Heremon
Contended which should, with the Poet's art
And the Musician's skill be entertained —
They cast the lots; the northern Prince enjoyed

This, indeed, is an instance of that early protection with which poetry and music were fostered by the literary Milesians. Nor were these the only arts that received encouragement from the tutelary hand of regal patronage:—it also extended its shielding support to the sciences, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Twenty-four men, well versed in agriculture were appointed to reclaim twenty-four tracts of land, that, probably, lay uncultivated since the creation. To such readers as view with secret satisfaction the simplest affairs of antiquity, the names of these agriculturists may not be uninteresting, as the portions of land which they cultivated still bear the names, of their improvers, for posterity. These men, whom Swift would eulogize above Philosophers, for raising millions of "Blades of grass, where none grew before," were called Aidhne, Ai, Asal, Meidhe, Morba, Meide, Cuibh, Cliu, Ceara, Reir, Slan, Leighe, Liffe, Line, Leighean, Tria, Dula, Adhar, Aire, Deisi, Dela, Fea, Fenihean, and Serahe. Fertility and improvement soon gave smiling charms to the aspect of the landscape, and Ceres and Pomona spread their bountiful donations over its valleys and mountains. "The clearing of the land in this manner," says DR. WARNER, "gave rise to agriculture, whose vestiges are now to be seen in some of the most waste and uncultivated parts of the Island. If this does not afford a proof of the superior numbers, it is at least a proof of the superior industry of the ancient inhabitants over the present; and though the old Milesians had an invincible prejudice against mechanical handicraft occupations, which were carried on by the remaining Belgians or their slaves, yet that agriculture was in high repute and estimation." To these remarks of the English historian, it may be added that it is a remarkable feature in the history of our ancestors, that while several historical facts have been omitted, our antiquarians have sedulously transmitted to us the names of all those who encouraged agriculture, which, indeed, seems to have been more particularly attended to by the ancient Milesians, than those may be willing to allow, who connect the idea of ferocious independence to the feudal system of antiquity.

The pleasing charms of poetry; and Heber
With music first his southern subjects blessed.
From hence the generous Irish, with rewards,
Did bountifully crown the Poet's skill,
And music flourished in the southern coasts."

Cambrensis, who was one of our earliest libellers, was still obliged to admit the perfection of the Irish in music. After he had heard the Minstrels who attended the Irish chieftains at a banquet given to them in Dublin by Henry II. he wrote to one of his friends in England as follows. "Of all nations within our knowledge, this is, beyond comparison, the chief in musical composition." When the celebrated Italian composer, Geminiani heard some of our pathetic airs in London, he exclaimed, "Ha! that is the music of a people that lost their liberty! I have heard nothing so sweet and plaintive, and of such an original turn on this side of the Alps." The celebrated Handel declared often, that "he would rather be the author of Carolan's 'Ellen Aroon' than of all his own compositions."

"Military music made part of the studies of the Irish Warriors. It filled them with courage, and a contempt of danger; and it was by the help of the military song they sounded the charge, rally, retreat, &c. Their great proficient in the art were called *Coradhs*."

Vide O'Connor's *Dissert.*

"In the sixth century the Britons and Welsh studied music under the Irish professors, in the College Armagh, which was then so renowned a University, that it was called the "great school of the west" of Europe."—Vide Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*.

"At this time," says Magnæus, (Apology, page 112,) there were no less than seven thousand matriculated students in the University of Armagh."

"No nation can be found in any part of the world more skilled in music than were the ancient Irish."—Ward's *Diss. on History*, page 271.

"The Irish Historians contend that their country is the celebrated Hyperborean Isle, and that music is the native production of the soil, and in support of this pretension they quote the following passage from DIODORUS SICULUS. "ERIN is a large Island, little less than Sicily, lying opposite the *Celtæ*, and inhabited by the Hyperboreans. The country is fruitful and pleasant, dedicated to Apollo, and most of the people Priests or Songsters. In it is a large grove, and in this a temple of a round form, to which the Priests often resort with their harps to chaunt the praises of their god, Apollo."—WARNER.

While Heber and Heremon were daily becoming more connected by the bonds of paternal attachment, and reciprocal kindness, woman, that source of good and evil to man, severed the ties of affection and affinity, and threw down the apple of discord among the two Brothers. They had scarcely reigned a year, when a rupture, resulting from the pride and ambition of Heber's wife, divided them by an abyss of enmity and malice. There happened to be three beautiful and picturesque vales, on the adjoining confines of their respective territories, two of which were in possession of Heber, who suffered weeds to luxuriate where nature intended flowers should flourish; while the third, which belonged to Heremon, was decorated by his tasteful queen with every embellishment of art that could improve nature.

This vale, in the decoration of which TEA, the wife of Heremon, took so much pleasure, was as pleasing and enchanting, if we credit our annalists, as the glen of Tempe, for its shady groves, floral bowers, meandering rivulets, hanging gardens, and gushing fountains of crystal water, rendered it an earthly elysium. Seated in one of these bowers, this lady often sang in concert with the minstrels of her palace, filling the air with music, which was redolent with the odorous breath of flowers. Such was the paradise that arose under the plastic hand of female taste; and such are the charms it can impart to the spontaneous productions of luxuriant nature. The loveliness of this vale excited the envy of Heber's queen, who insisted on possessing it also. Her husband, over whom she exercised unlimited sway, unable to resist the influence of the seductive blandishment of female entreaty, and perhaps, moved by the loftier views of ambition, insisted, in a haughty manner, that his brother Heremon should resign the vale.

TEA, however, a lady whose mental endowments were only equalled by her personal attractions, found no difficulty in persuading her spouse to refuse so unwarrantable and ungracious a demand. When the messenger returned to the Queen of Heber, and communicated the peremptory denial of her brother-in-law, she became enraged, and by the power of tears and supplications, she forced her husband to take up arms in her cause. A civil war was the immediate consequence. The two brothers, by mutual consent, led their forces to the plains of *Geisail*, in Leinster, where a desperate engagement took place. After a fierce and obstinate fight, Heber, with three of his commanders, and a great number of his bravest soldiers were slain. This victory put Heremon in the undivided possession of the Monarchy. Such are the fatal consequences that arise, frequently, from matters of trivial importance in their own abstract nature, but formidable when they become connected with the human passions. The shades of a thousand heroes must often traverse that undiscovered country, beyond the mortal continent, "from whose bourne no traveller returns," to satiate the whim of royalty, or the importunate cravings of a capricious individual.

HEREMON, after the death of his brother was solemnly inaugurated on the *Liagh Fail*, or stone of destiny, by the Druids, as sole Monarch of Ireland. A. M. 2737.

Having now no rival on the throne to disconcert his policy or interfere with his plans of government, he gave full scope to his predilections and wishes; but though his power was absolute, his acts were generally the offspring of conscientious conviction and acute discrimination.

He selected for his ministers men who were eminent for their learning and virtues, so that his administration soon healed the wounds of civil war, and diffused through the nation those blessings which can only emanate from a just and impartial government. It might be said that by this wise and prudent procedure he made the affections of his people the supporting pillars of his throne. Even the *Tuatha de Danans* and the *Firbolgs*, whom he had conquered and reduced to subjection, were so prepossessed by his conciliating manners and generous clemency as to become his warm adherents. He bestowed the government of Leinster on Criomthan, a legitimate descendant of the Belgic dynasty. The two provinces of Munster he conferred on Er, Orbha, Fearon, and Feargna, the sons of his bro-

ther Heber ; and Eadas and Un, the sons of Vighe, two generals who signalized themselves by their valour in the late engagement, were deputed Viceroy of Connaught ; and Heber, or Eimher, the son of his brother Ir, was raised to the station of Governor of Ulster. As soon as he had thus organized and consolidated a system of legislation and government for the security and safety of his dominions, he turned his thoughts to the internal improvement of his kingdom. He invited architects and sculptors from Greece, and began A. M. 2738 to build, on an eminence overlooking the favourite vale of his wife Tea, the magnificent palace of Tara, which for more than a thousand years afterwards was the regal residence of the Monarchs of Ireland. As we will have innumerable occasions to speak of the palace of Tara, in the course of our history, we will defer a description of its architecture and triennial parliaments until we bring down our narrative to the glorious reign of OLLAMH FODLA, A. M. 3083, which forms so triumphant an epoch in our annals.*

But neither the beneficence, nor clemency of Heremon could subdue the disaffection of some of his own kindred, who still looked upon him with an evil and an envious eye, since he overthrew his brother Heber. At the head of this insurgent faction, was Caicer, an officer whom the monarch loaded with favours and honours, but like some of the infamous marshals who betrayed the great minded Napoleon, he had a heart dead to the warm touch of gratitude and honour.

The king incensed to madness, collected his forces and soon destroyed the adherents of the traitor, who himself fell a victim to his baseness and ingratitude. In the course of a year after the suppression of Caicer's insurrection, the arch Druid, Ambergin, regardless at once of fraternal affection and the injunctions of moral obligation, gave himself up to the influence of jealous passions, and ambi-

* HEREMON built the palace of Tara, in honour of his Queen Tea, from whom it derived the name of *Teamore*.

"It was an immense pile of wood, whose workmanship and architectural grandeur displayed the highest taste of Grecian art."—NICHOLSON.

"In the early ages, Britain had to resort to Ireland for artists, and materials for building. The massy colonnades, that adorned the porticoes of Tara's royal palace, were composed of Irish oak, and so embellished by carving and gilding as to look more magnificent than the most finished peristyles of Grecian sculpture."—CAMPION.

"The Milesian Buildings, though composed of wood, were more elegant, more sumptuous, extensive, and more beautiful to the eye than those erected of stone, on account of the various engravings in relievo, paintings, and the fine volutes that adorned the columns, sculptured from ponderous trees of oak. On this account the workmen and artists of Ireland have been often induced to abandon their own country and repair to Britain, where they raised many heathen temples before the introduction of Christianity."—WARD.

"It appears that CORMAC, the renowned Monarch of Ireland, A. D. 254, rebuilt the palace of Tara of marble, on an enlarged scale of grandeur. We may form some idea of its magnitude when we are told that it was five hundred feet in length, and ninety-five in breadth, and sixty high. It was adorned with thirty porticoes. In the middle of the state-room hung a lantern of prodigious size, studded with 300 lamps ; and the lodging apartments were furnished with a hundred and fifty beds, and the hospitable tables always spread with delicious fare for 1500 guests who daily partook of the royal banquet.

"There were three side-boards covered with golden and silver goblets, and the king was waited upon at table by a hundred and fifty of the most distinguished champions in the kingdom.

"The household troops, who were in constant duty, consisted of 1050 of the flower of the Irish army."—WARNER.

"Our Milesian ancestors built for use, not for ostentation. They built their houses of timber, as several nations of Europe have done, and as some do to this day. The ancient Irish did not conceive that real magnificence consisted in rearing great heaps of stone, artfully disposed, and closely cemented ; or that real grandeur received any diminution from the humility of its habitation. They brought dignity to the place ; they sought none from it ;—and thus judged all the Celtic nations, until the Roman conquests changed their manners, and made them yield to Roman customs."—O'CONNOR.

"Tara was once a stately palace as its ruins sheweth to-day. It stood on a lofty hill in Meath, which commands a most goodly prospect. The valleys are fertile and beautiful. In this palace the country had their meetings of provincial kings, senators, and poets."

HOLINSHED'S CHRONICLE.

tious aspirations, by stirring up a revolt against the king his brother. Placing himself at the head of his rebel legion he marched towards Tara, but the Monarch soon arrested his progress by attacking him at Screen, a small village about three miles from Tara, where he routed his troops and slew himself. Shortly after this revolt had been quelled, the king was again obliged to resist the defection of Un and Vighe, who were also defeated and slain.

The battle in which these disaffected chiefs were killed, was fought in the plains of Comhar in the County of Meath, where a Rath, or mound of earth, to this day, gives "a local habitation and a name," to the scene of their fight and sepulture. The arrival of the Picts, at this era, is a memorable event in our annals. Of these adventurers, King Cormac, in the psalter of Cashel, gives us a circumstantial narrative. Bede, the venerable sire of English annalists, also, in his ecclesiastical history, notices the descent of the Picts on Ireland, which brings a collateral proof to sustain the unshaken truths set forth by the regal Prolate of Cashel.

The Picts, as the royal historian informs us, were engaged in the service of Policornus, king of Thrace, an effeminate Prince, who formed a design of violating the chastity of their general's daughter, a virgin of the most exquisite beauty. But her father, and a man of the nicest feelings of honour, with a mind sensitively alive to the foul disgrace intended his darling child, resolved to save her from contamination, even at the risk of his own life. Making known the criminal designs of the king, to some of his friends, they felt so strong a sympathy in his cause, that they assisted him to despatch the libidinous tyrant in his own palace. As soon as this deed was accomplished, they fled the country to evade punishment.

They travelled, we are told, through the dominions of several Princes until they reached France, whose king, on hearing the cause of their flight from their own country, took them into his service, and assigned them lands, on which they built a city, from thence called Pictavium, now Poitiers. The French Monarch, led, no doubt, by curiosity, paid a visit to the young damsel, whose captivating charms had the same effect on his heart as they produced on that of the Thracian king; but the chaste lady took an early opportunity of apprising her father of the passion of the French Monarch, conjuring him, at the same time, to remove her from the influence of that regal contagion which threatened death to her virtue.

As soon as he heard this, he again formed the determination of flying from the danger that menaced his daughter's honour. Thus resolved, he and his friends seized upon a portion of the French fleet, with which they hastily put to sea, and succeeded, after a favourable voyage, in gaining the Irish coast. They landed at Wexford, but in their course thither lost the beautiful fair one, who was the sole cause of all their wanderings and solicitude. Her dread of dishonour, and the intense anxiety which perturbed her heart, preyed so much upon her spirits as to produce a rapid consumption which hurried her to a watery grave, in the sixteenth year of her age. The Picts being brave soldiers, enlisted themselves under the banner of HEREMON, with whom, in conjunction with his own troops, he attacked a predatory expedition of British invaders, who had just landed in his dominions, and succeeded in totally defeating them at the battle of Ard-Leamhnachta, in Munster. The Picts were emboldened by the services which they rendered Heremon on this occasion, to solicit, confidently, an asylum from him in his kingdom. But even at this early age, the Island was so thickly inhabited that the monarch, though willing, found himself unable to grant their request. The Picts, however, were determined to effect by treachery what they could not obtain by entreaty. They conspired, and entered into a collusion with the disgraced Damnonii, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy. But how seldom do those brooding schemes of treason, that are not generated by virtuous liberty, for the annihilation of despotism, terminate in success?

That coalition, which is founded on the basis of injustice and ingratitude, can never rise to the summit of honourable independence. Every member of such an unhallowed conspiracy as this, where ingratitude paralyzes courage and mars resolution, wishes to stand as high as his compeers in the dishonourable list that registers his disgrace; and if he be disappointed in his expectations, it is justly to be apprehended that he will give publicity to those intrigues, and machinations, in which he could not be a leader. If he be destitute of principle, and honour, he will satiate his revenge by the punishment of his associates; and if he be actuated by the generous control of virtue and of religion, the ennobling impulse, which these salutary feelings awaken in the mind, will precipitate him from the flagrant faith of a league, whose secrecy is treason of the blackest dye, because the offspring of ingratitude, and convince him ere he proceeds too far in the iniquitous career, that to sacrifice the interest of a few, for the welfare of the many, is an imperative and sacred duty which he owes to his country, and the invoking behests of religious obligation. Our historians do not indeed distinctly inform us how the intrigues of the Picts were first discovered: certain it is, however, that Heremon received timely notice of their concerted designs to subvert his government, and took, accordingly, the promptest measures to crush the unorganized embryo of sedition. Baffled in their treasonable projects, and sensible of the danger to which they were exposed, the Picts quickly sued for peace in the most supplicating manner. Heremon, whose magnanimity was equal to his valour, conquered his just resentment, and yielded to their entreaties. At their own urgent request he permitted them to go over to North Britain, where they purposed to make a settlement which should be ever after subject to the Irish crown. In process of time, as we shall relate in its proper place, this colony rose to such a magnitude of warlike power as became formidable, not only to the Britons, but even to the Romans. To attest the sincerity of their intentions, and to afford a guarantee for the faithful observance of their engagements, they solicited the monarch for permission to form matrimonial alliances with Irish women, pledging themselves that their children alone, should be only entitled to succeed to their inheritance. To this stipulation the king adhered, and from the period of its ratification, to the days of *St. Colum-Kille*, the Apostle of Scotland, the Caledonians were tributary to Ireland. As soon as the king's consent was obtained, the temple of Hymen was crowded with votaries. All the chiefs and soldiers of the Picts married Irish females. Some modern writers are of opinion that the arrival of the Picts in Ireland must have been later than the epoch fixed by our historians. They imagine that population could not have increased to such a degree as to render it necessary to exclude the Picts from a settlement in the Island; but if with our annalists we admit that the kingdom was inhabited 300 years after the flood, it must have received a great accumulation of inhabitants during a space of 790 years, especially when we consider that for a considerable time after the flood, the age of man was extended to 400 years, and that *SHEM*, the son of Noah, lived upwards of 200 years after the birth of Abraham, who was the tenth in descent from the builder of the ark. It is not, however, necessary to have recourse to the probability of the existence of an immense population, in order to account for the policy that dictated the exclusion of the Picts from our country. It is only reasonable to suppose that a great part of the Island was in those days covered with woods and morasses; and we should not be surprised, if those portions which were reclaimed, and cultivated by tillage, probably with much difficulty, from the wild growth of ages, should be numerously inhabited.

We are informed that the *Brigantes*, or *Clana-Breogum*, also obtained permission from Heremon to pass over to Britain, and that they settled in Cumberland, or the country of hills and valleys, from which they received, in common with the Welsh, the appellation of *Cumeri*. The authority of the venerable *Bede* bears out, triumphantly, the accuracy of the truth of this emigration. For he asserts that the languages of South Britain were the British and Saxon, in

his own days, (the seventh century) and that the Irish was the common dialect of the Caledonians and Hibernians.*

HEREMON, who eminently united the skill of the general, the bravery of the hero, and the wisdom of the sage, to the profound knowledge of the statesman, was removed by death from the scene of his glory and usefulness, shortly after the departure of the Picts. He left his throne to his three sons, MUMMENE, LUIGHNL, and LAISHNE, of whom we shall speak in the next chapter. Heremon possessed, in a high degree, all those virtues that give dignity to a monarch, and reflect lustre on the diadem of royalty. Of his talents as an accomplished general, we must form a respectable opinion from the invariable success that attended his arms. His reign was disturbed by the restless and ambitious views of his own commanders, whom gratitude should have made his firm and devoted friends. His brother Amhergin also made unjust pretensions, in the assertion of which he lost his life. He would have probably experienced serious disturbance from the Picts, also, if the efficient measures which he adopted to thwart their seditious designs on his life and kingdom, had been less prudent than his vigilance was active in discovering them. His moral character has almost as great a claim on our admiration as his military career; for the splendour of his victories was never dimmed by cruelty or revenge. It is true he made war upon his brother; but it was a war to which he was forced by necessity and self-defence, it was the dernier expedient resorted to for the protection of his life and dominions.

We have seen that the access of power which he derived from victory was again transferred to the family from which it was wrested; for actuated with that exalted spirit of generosity, which so eminently distinguished him, he bestowed the principalities of the two Munsters on the sons of his brother Heber. This magnanimous spirit, which soared above the impure atmosphere of revenge and the crawling littleness of petty oppression, seemed to have been transmigrated into the souls of his illustrious descendants, the chivalric Hy-Nials, or O'Niels, whose noble achievements and heroic virtues, reflect glory on the annals, and renown of our country.

NIAL, the celebrated hero of the nine hostages,† who compelled Scotland to renounce her ancient name of "*Albania*," and assume that of *Scota* minor, in the fifth century, was the great progenitor of this family, and the lineal representative descendant of Heremon, the son of Milesius. In due time we shall give a genealogy of the northern and southern Hy-Nials.

* "Mr. Macpherson, (the only OSSIAN the Scots can now pretend to,) as great a dreamer in etymologies as in history, affirms that Bede, and all our old writers on this subject, are mistaken, and that the Picts spoke not only the same language with the Milesians, but were the same nation, under different appellations. But what authority has he for this? His own, and his own only, against all the old accounts we ever had of the Pictic nation! Eumenius, a writer of the third century, and Claudian a writer of the fourth century, make the Picts and Scots, (i. e. the ancient Irish) two different and distinct nations; so do all ancient and modern antiquaries, from Nennius, who lived in the ninth century, to Primate Usher, who flourished in the seventeenth. But the second-sighted Mr. Macpherson deposes against them all on his own bare authority!

DISEN. ON IRISH HISTORY.

"The Irish is the only nation in Europe, which is not indebted to the Romans for language and letters. Indeed their GADGELIC or Celtic dialect approaches nearer the original language of the Patriarchs, Gomer and Japheth, than any other spoken. There is no doubt but the Scotch and Welsh borrowed their language from the Irish when they were colonies of Ireland"

LHUID'S ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

"The Irish language appears, to have been familiar to the Gauls and Carthaginians, before the Christian era. Its idiom is soft and harmonious, so that like the Italian it is well adapted to give expression to grief and the gentler passions of our nature."—CAMDEN.

† "He was called the "*hero of the nine hostages*," because he compelled nine nations to send him hostages. No Monarch carried the glory of the Irish arms farther than Nial. He drove the Romans out of Caledonia, and pursued them to the banks of the Loire in Gaul."

HUTCHINSON.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—NO. IV.

Translated from the Irish of M'DAIRY, for the IRISH SHIELD.*NAISI AND DEIRDRE.—(*A Historical Tale.*)

[PART of this fragment is founded on authentic history, and part on legendary authority. CONNOR, King of Ulster, (who reigned A. M. 9950,) and many of his nobles were feasting in the mansion of Felim, son of Dal, the King's Poet Laureate. Music and wine kindled pleasure and hilarity in every bosom, and the Bards caught inspiration from the smiles of beauty and royalty. Sweet were the strains of a hundred harps, and bright and bland were the blue-glancing eyes of the fair daughters of flowery Ullin. In the midst of this convivial entertainment, a young maiden entered, and to the joy of the host, announced that his lady had just been delivered of a fine female child. The king and all the guests congratulated the Bard on the happy accession to his family. As soon as the child was attired, it was brought into the banqueting room, in order that the High Druid, CATHEAD, should, from his astrological prescience, predict its future destiny.]

The Druid arose, and taking the infant in his arms, after examining it, exclaimed—"Behold, sire! behold, warriors and nobles of Ulster, this child, who is born to bring misery into our country.

"This child, sire, and lords, of the shining yellow hair, of bright blue eyes, of cheeks of purple red, with the colour of snow; this child (see how she smiles) who has teeth like pearl, lips like strawberries, shall be the means of bringing misfortunes dire on our land! Her fatal beauty will deluge green Ulster in blood. Oh sire! my soul trembles with horror and dismay, when I see pictured in the mystic glass of futurity, the dreadful deeds that are to be performed in my country! Many heroes shall contend for the soul-enraving charms of this infant when she reaches procerity. Many are the bosoms she will captivate and consume in the fires of love. Sovereigns shall kneel at her feet, and humbly supplicate her pity. Her angel-like form, and the enchanting smile of her love-irradiated lips of dimpled lustre, shall fascinate powerful conquerors, whose passion will make them her slaves. O Dierdre! for that shall be thy name, thou little spark, that will soon be a sun of beauty—many woes, many mournful events, and many evils will be the offspring of thy life, thou helpless and smiling innocent! For thee, war will roll its devastating wheels over green Erin of sounding harps; for thee there shall be shed torrents of blood and burning tears; for thee, female hearts will burst with envy, as thy peerless beauty will fill them with corroding jealousy, O, virgin, star of loveliness! Thou shalt be the fruitful source of dissention and affliction to the Ultonian warriors, O, daughter fair of Felim, of melting song! 'Tis in thy destiny, daughter of flaming charms, to level the cloud-voluted domes of Emania's royal palace; to banish the gallant sons of Usnach, by one of whom thou shalt be beloved, and his passion shall inflame thy heart with the warmest feelings of kindred affection. - Never was love so

* MAC DAIRY, (a name in Irish, which signifies the son of the Druid, or wood worshipper,) was Poet Laureate to the fourth Earl of Thomond, who invested him with the castle of Donogan, and its domain, in the county of Clare. When Cromwell's marauding plunderers got holds in that county, one of them coveted the castle, and cultivated grounds of the Bard, who assassinated him, in order to gain his possessions. The Poet was seated on a precipice, impending over the sea, in the West of the county Clare, when the assassin attacked him, while musing on some epic theme, and after he had treacherously stabbed him in the back of the neck, he buried him down a precipice, exclaiming with savage exultation—"Will your verses save you now little man!"

Mac Dairy's style is bold, metaphorical, and luxuriant. He was very conversant with the Greek Poets, of whose works he has given many Irish versions. Among his original efforts, his Advice to a Prince, (of which, we shall shortly give a translation;) the Dramatic Narrative of the fate of the *Children of Usnach*, (an attempted translation of part of which is given above;) and his Odes and Satires, are most eminent for warmth of imagination—luxuriance of sentiment, and poignancy of sarcasm and ridicule.

His contemporaries and rivals were, Teige Mac Brodin; *Teige Dall*, (blind); O'Higgins, of Seyney; O'Gaive, of Clannaboy; Mac Neise, of Ulster; O'Clery, of Tyrconnel; and O'Heo, of Louth. These might be pronounced the last of the Irish Minstrels.

intense in the ardour of fond devotion—in the faithfulness of constancy, as that which will connect, by the chain of unalienable affection, the enthusiastic hearts of Deirdre of winning smiles, and Naisi of the shining armour. The lovers shall taste the transport of enjoyment but for a moment—Death and treachery will poison the cup of connubial bliss, and the floral bowers of Hymen will be torn and desolated by the storms of adverse fortune, in the very adolescence of their vernal bloom. Then matrons will lament the death of husbands and sons; then betrothed maidens will pour showers of tears on the graves of their fallen lovers!” This terrible prediction conveyed the panic of alarm to every heart. The King was amazed—the guests looked pale with dismay and fear—and the frightened ladies stood like petrified statues of terror, while hearing the dreadful forebodings of the Arch Druid.

They now all arose, and with one united voice implored the King to cause the child to be instantly killed, in order to avert the national calamity. The Monarch looked at the Druid with a piercing eye, but the latter hid his face in his robe, and wept aloud. “This child shall not be killed,” said Connor, “we must submit to destiny, and the will of Bel.”*

“Bring the babe to me to the palace to-morrow, and she shall be reared as my own child, and educated in every accomplishment that can polish female manners, and adorn and enlighten the female mind. Let us put our trust in the mercy of Heaven, good Druid, for never shall the voice of posterity execrate Connor, King of Ulster, for being accessory to the murder of a helpless innocent. It is the blood of heroes alone must bedew the laurels of my martial fame.

On the following day, the *child of destiny* was sent to Connor, at his palace of Emania, who, providing a nurse, as well as a governess for the charge, sent it to a sequestered fort, that stood in the midst of a Druidical grove, in the neighborhood. Scarcely a day passed over, without the King having paid a visit to the interesting infant, whom he loved to caress and fondle. Years quickly rolled on, and the lovely maiden daily developed charms of person and mind of the most attractive fascination. She improved in beauty and grace, like the May rose, expanding its brilliant hues, and bursting into winning loveliness, and delightful bewitchingness. Heaven seemed to have imprinted on her grace-like face something which claimed kindred with the skies; some inexpressible enchantment, formed by an angelic smile and seraph's tender look, to complete a combination of female elegance beyond the ideal creations of poetry or romance. Though Connor was advanced in years, he became enamoured of the fair DEIRDRE, and his intense passion was so impatient to possess its darling object, that he caused the arch Druid to betroth him to her in the twelfth year of her age. He was careful in having the most lavish attention paid to both her exterior and mental graces; for, like another Pygmalion, he wished that her soul should reflect the light of cultivated intellect on personal attractions. At this time, Connor held a court of tournament for the knights of the red-branch, and for the first time, Deirdre, on attaining the fourteenth year of her age, was permitted by the King to witness the combats and contests of the chivalric nobles.

The first knights that entered the lists, mounted on gallant snow-white steeds, were the three warlike sons of URNACH, a neighbouring prince; their names were NAISI, AINLE, and ARDAN; they gained all the prizes, and the Monarch, in order to show his intended Queen, in all her peerless beauty, to the assembly, desired her to place a gold chain on the neck of NAISI, who knelt at her feet to receive it. His manly figure and prepossessing features inspired the blushing maiden with a feeling which was new to her heart—it was the first visitation of love to the shrine of passion.

During the day she could think of nothing but the graceful Naisi; during the night he occupied the dreams of her rest.

* BEL, or Belus, the God of Fire, was for ages the Deity of the Pagan Irish. The sacred fires were kindled at Tara, in honour of Bel, on the first day of May, which was always “marked by triumphs and rejoicing.” See our article on May-day, in No. IV.

The next morning, while standing at one of the windows of her apartment, she happened to see a raven drinking the blood of a calf which had been slain in the snow; and her whole soul being engrossed by the image of the man she loved, she called her governess, and pointing to the raven, she said—"Behold the pure whiteness of that snow, such is the skin of the hero, whom my heart has elected as its lord. The brave Naisi's cheeks are more blooming than the blood that empurples the whiteness of that snow, and his glossy hair is smoother and blacker than the feathers of the raven, which feeds on it." "Ah! DEIRDRE," replied the governess, "arm your heart against the assaults of love; the intended Queen of Connor must not even suffer her thoughts to wander to any other object." "Oh! dear governess! I cannot love the King; my feelings I cannot restrain, as the magnet that attracts them is irresistible. The King may command my death, but no earthly power shall force me to wed any human being, except the noble Naisi! With him I would be happier in the gloom of a dungeon, than with any Monarch on earth, amidst the alluring splendours of a court. You know, Levarcam, that you are dear to me, for you have watched over my infant years with the care, fondness, and solicitude of a mother; Oh! then, if you have any affection for me still—if you can pity the anguish of Deirdre, and alleviate the painful impatience that burns my breast, contrive, O! contrive, I conjure you, dear governess! to let me have an interview with Naisi, as soon as possible."

The governess, overcome with her urgent entreaties, reluctantly complied with her request.

Nothing could be so sweetly melodious as the voice of Naisi's harp. Every cow that heard it, used to milk two-thirds more than usual; it not only charmed animals, but ravished human ears with ecstasy. He was as brave as Mars in battle—as swift as greyhounds in the chase, and as gallant as Jove in a lady's bower.

One morning, while he was singing to his harp in a bower of woodbine, in a glen adjoining the palace, Deirdre, anxious for an opportunity of making known to him the passion with which he had inspired her, took occasion to pass that way. As she approached, he arose and saluted her, but she did not utter a word.

NAISI.—Happy Connor! what felicity awaits thee in the arms of the loveliest of Erin's daughters. She moves as light as the breeze that slightly fans the flowers of Selma, when they are bent by the kisses of the falling dew of eve. Mildness and modesty encircle her form of grace with their charms and lustre.

DEIRDRE.—Warrior! thy voice of songs has allured me hither; excuse the intrusion. I am the daughter of a bard, and the melody of thy harp is pleasing to my ear; it chases away the sadness of my mind.

NAISI.—Daughter of feeling and of sentiment! the music of a seraph's harp should only intrude on thy ear, thou plighted spouse of Ullin's heroic king.—Talk not of sadness, gentle lady, when a Monarch offers thee the homage of his heart, and stoops at the footstool of thy beauty, which is more dazzling than the crown that shall soon gem thy luxuriant tresses of gold.

DEIRDRE.—Young Knight, thou art bard enough, I perceive, to flatter; for I have heard that poetry can give the gift of adulation even to the tongue of the candid warrior, who should worship sincerity as the first of virtues. Dost thou think that a crown is that glittering toy that can seduce a woman's heart? dost thou think that heart so loyal as to subdue all its rebel affections, which are impatient to enrol themselves under another banner from which death will only estrange them? Now young warrior, you will believe me that my mind is bent down by the pressure of sadness, and my breast exposed to the arrows of grief.

NAISI.—Would to Heaven! beauteous lady, that I had the power of restoring thy bosom of sensibility, to the joy and felicity which should only be its dwellers.

DEIRDRE.—And if thou hadst, Sir Knight, could I rely on thy faith and honor: could I hope thou would'st abandon the maiden of thy love, and engage in a

perilous adventure, where all thy courage, and all thy virtues would be called into action, ere the heart of Deirdre can become the abode of joy and felicity?

NAISI.—I swear by my knighthood, lady! that if you entrust me with this adventure, I shall risk life and all the ties of kindred; all the considerations that can sway humanity, or I shall again light up peace and rapture in that heart, which is the shrine of virtue and purity. Name then the duty, lady, and I shall attempt its performance, no matter what the difficulties and dangers may be, providing they are not derogatory to the honour of a knight of the red branch, or contrary to the allegiance which I owe my Sovereign.

DEIRDRE.—You speak, indeed, with the spirit of a warrior-knight of the red branch: But, before I name the duty, which you alone can perform, I must first ask you, is your heart pledged to some fair one? Have you made vows yet at the altar of beauty?

NAISI.—Not pledged, lady: but it is the silent captive of a beauty, to whom it will never dare make its feelings or attachment known. I love without hope, kind lady, so that my heart must sink ere long, in the embers of its own passion. Now, lady, I trust you will confide in my sincerity, and the honour of my order.

DEIRDRE.—Hast thou, Sir Knight, made thy passion known by either sign or token to the object of your attachment? Perhaps the lady is as anxious to hear the declaration of thy love, as thou art to make it.

NAISI.—No, lady, it would be the very madness of hope, even to expect a requital of love from her, whom fate has raised far above the summit of my aspirations. Ah! no, she is separated from me by a barrier of fate, that can never be passed: Besides, she loves a rival, who is too great and powerful to be supplanted in her affections.

DEIRDRE.—Naisi, were it not that thou hast given so many proofs of courage in the martial field, I should doubt that you possessed a virtue, which is as necessary in love, as it is in war. Now, if she, whom thou sayest is so dear to thee, were to declare that there is not that being on earth who can supplant you in her affections, or estrange her heart from the beloved object of its devotion, would you then, Naisi, snatch her from impending ruin, and save her from being offered by hoary royalty, a victim on that unhallowed altar of matrimony at which love weaves no flowery garland, nor Hymen lights no lustrous torch of pleasure? This, Sir Knight, is the task which Deirdre would impose on your chivalry,—this is the secret which she wished to reveal to thee.

NAISI.—Do I dream? loveliest flower of green Ullin's beauty: or is it some celestial spirit that has assumed the magic of thy form, and the melody of thy voice, to raise up my hopes from the abyss of despair, to the eminence of bliss? Could I use eloquence equal to the poetry of my ecstatic feelings, I then might present to you, sweet maiden! a vivid picture of that heart, in which love, constant, changeless, and enthusiastic, has set up your adored image as its idol. But let me, beloved of my soul! day-star of my felicity, conduct you to yonder Druidical *Crom-leac*, where, in the sight of Heaven, and before the sacred image of Bel, I shall vow eternal attachment to my Deirdre, as the *Crom-Cruach* performs the nuptial rite.*

DEIRDRE.—But, dear Naisi, how are we to elude the vengeance and rage which will blacken the soul of Connor, when he hears of our union?

* The *CROM-LEAC*, or Druidical Altar, was a large Flag, placed horizontally on a circle of pillars of rough hewn stones, some of which are thirty tons weight. It is almost inconceivable by what power such huge masses of stone were lifted from the surface to an elevation, in some cases, of four feet. On these rude altars, with which Ireland abounds, it is conjectured by antiquarians, the Irish Druids offered bloody and expiatory sacrifices. The *Crom-Leac* is generally surrounded with a circle, formed by large upright stones stuck in the earth.

The *Crom Cruach*, was the head officiating Druid at the altar. The Irish Druids always committed their mysteries to writing—a practice which the Continental Druids scrupulously avoided. However, as we intend to write an essay on the Irish Druids, whose learning and philosophy proved so formidable an opposition to the introduction of Christianity, we will not dilate on the subject in this note.

NAISI.—Be that my care, sweet divinity of my heart! We must fly from the pastoral meadows of green Erin of lucid streams, to *Albania* of heathy hills—where thy smiles shall illuminate our exile, while love and rapture will kindle for me, in those blue eyes, the brightest stars that ever lit connubial happiness.

DEIRDRE.—Your presence will, my Naisi, make me fancy any clime my country. Exile, with you, even in verdureless *Albania*, of gray cliffs and tumbling torrents, will float on the pellucid current of delight and felicity. Love will strew our pathway through a strange land, with those flowers of content, which exile cannot wither or divest of their fragrance. But hark! I hear the King's trumpet; he seeks me. Farewell! arrange our flight. I shall meet you, love! in the yew grove, near the palace, at midnight. Again adieu! Naisi hastened to his brothers, and told them what passed, and of his design to carry off the plighted bride of the King, to *Albania*. "This," said they, "will cause the fated destruction of Ulster, and the ruin of our royal house; Oh! dreadful, brother, will be the evil that will come of it! But as thy passion is so violent and unconquerable, and as the bewitching maiden loves thee to distraction, we and our followers shall assist thee with all our might." The sons of *Usnach* set off that night to *Binedar*, (Howth) to make preparations for the flight of the lovers.

At midnight, Naisi, disguised in the garb of a minstrel, repaired to the scene appointed for the assignation. The moon shone softly through the dark shades of the forest. All the rural scenery was still and gloomy, as if nature herself, at that solemn hour, so sacred to love, was hushed in repose. In sweet melancholy, tempered by a mixture of hope and fear, he seated himself on a green bank, at the foot of a spreading yew tree. His eager eyes glanced on the window of the chamber in which the angel of his thoughts slept. The casement was partly open to admit the soft moon-beams of the night. Though impatience and anxiety depressed his vocal powers, he, in a low voice, thus sang to his harp:—

"May thy slumbers be soft and tranquil, O my beloved, and as sweet and refreshing as the first gales of a May morning, when they inhale the rosy breath of Tara's flower-starred lawns. Descend from Heaven, sweet dreams, you that attend the lovely train of sports and mirth! descend on Cynthia's rays, and hover over my love, while ye shed odours of delight on her cherry lips. Present in your most enchanting visions, to her mind, cloudless skies, picturesque landscapes, green pastures, and milk-white flocks. Let her imagine she hears a concert of a thousand harps, breathing the ecstatic melody of seraphs, to fill her senses with bliss. May she seem to bathe in Arcadian streams of limpid purity, beneath the shade of jessamines and blossom-gemmed myrtles—beheld by none, except the birds that fly from tree to tree, and sing, for her alone, the carols of love. Let her seem to sport among the graces, and recline in floral bowers of amaranth, drinking nectar from a crystal goblet, presented by the angel of innocence, while Flora herself fans my love with her sweetest flowers.

"Lovely dreams! conduct her to Elysian groves, where perennial verdure are interwoven with unfading blossoms.

"There let the little loves sport and play around her, as delighted bees hover over the fresh-blown rose. Let one of the smiling group present her with Hesperian grapes, and others wave the flowers with their wings to embalm the gentle breeze with perfume, and diffuse around her the most delicious odours.

"Within the grove, let the Paphian God appear; but without his arrows or quiver, lest he might alarm her timid innocence, or suffuse her peach-blossom cheeks with the blush of bashfulness. Let him carry his purple torch, and appear in the modest garb of charming youthfulness. Sweet dreams deign at last to present to her my image; let her imagine that we are in a paradise of felicity, far from Connor's power and vindictive malice." While he thus sang, his eyes were enraptured by the approach of the maid of his love,—his ears were thrilled with music by the sound of her footsteps. A vivid blush glowed on her cheeks

as she came towards him, airy, light, and graceful; like Aurora, in all her winning charms, stealing to an assignation with her beloved Tithonus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—NO. VIII.

THOMAS DERMODY.

LITTLE is known in America of the great, but unfortunate Irish poet, THOMAS DERMODY.

Alas! poor boy! short and evil were his days; his genius, like that of Otway, Savage and Chatterton, drooped in sorrow, and pined in indigence; but its splendid works are imperishable monuments in the temple of fame, on whose immortal page they are emblazoned in letters of unextinguishable light.

The laurels of his memory shall be ever bedewed by the spontaneous tear of sensibility, while the sufferings of genius can claim from sympathy the homage of sorrow. Poor Dermody! he is now deaf, alike to the voice of censure and of commendation; the former he often heard in his life time—the latter cannot penetrate the grave. His faults were sins, which militated only against himself. He was his own enemy; but, in the true spirit of philanthropy, he was every other man's friend. In return for the pleasure and instruction which we have received from his poetry, we offer this feeble, but sincere biography to his memory. No one will hear of his untimely death without regret; many will sorrow at his insupportable calamities, and feel melancholy delight in vindicating the palmy honours of his poetical fame, from the aspersions of envy, and the rude attacks of detraction.

In the perusal of his passion-touching poetry; who, possessed of sensibility and taste, with a heart alive to the throb of sympathy, can refrain from experiencing those alternate emotions of pity and pain which gush from the fountain of sensation, and carry down on their limpid current, admiration to the mind. A few weeks before his death, some Irish gentlemen requested him to sit for his portrait, and accordingly, an artist of eminence in London kindly undertook the task, and in a very few days produced a most striking and animated likeness of this gifted son of song. This portrait is at present in the possession of our unrivalled countrywoman, LADY MORGAN, who is now engaged in writing a Biography, worthy of Thomas Dermody, in which, her magic pen will concentrate those brilliant touches of genius, and refulgent rays of eloquence, that shine with such undiminished lustre in her admired *Life of SALVATOR ROSA*.—Her ladyship's father was always a steady friend and protector of the poor Bard; while others suffered him to buffet the billows of indigence, exposed to the storms of neglect and affliction. Fortunately, however, for the interest of literature, Dermody left a memoir of his hapless life, on which, Mr. RAYMOND, a celebrated actor, raised a very respectable biographical superstructure.

THOMAS DERMODY was born at Ennis, the now celebrated capital of the county Clare, (a town on which the birth of the poet, and the election of the patriotic O'CONNELL, have conferred lasting renown,) on the 17th of January, 1775. His father, Nicholas Dermody, drew his lineage from a very respectable family in Clare, and was a man deeply learned in classic and scientific lore. He was principal of a highly respectable school in Ennis, where the poet was early initiated by his parent in the knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French and Irish languages. Dermody was studious, even in his childhood, and that which is generally esteemed by other boys an irksome drudgery, was to him a pleasure.—Indeed, he seems, when almost an infant, to have imbibed a passion for fame, and a thirst for distinction; for, fired with this spirit of emulation, he uniformly

maintained his proud station, notwithstanding the competition of sixty-three boys, who studied the same Greek and Latin authors with him, at the head of the class. He always ambitiously sought the post of pre-eminence among his school and lay-fellows. He was not willing to consider them as his equals—he would have deemed his subordinates. How often might the dawn of future greatness of character be observed in the sports and amusements of youth? Napoleon's fortifications of snow, and Lord Byron's first puerile verses, rudely carved on the bark of an elm tree in the wilds of Scotland, were the glimmerings of those refulgent suns, that have since arisen, and eclipsed all other luminaries in the orbits of war and poetry. In the mind of our author, the love of literary renown was an impetuous and ruling passion. It imparted an unwearied activity to the inherent energies of his mind; and inspired him with vigour to resist that lassitude, which arises from incessant exertion. The father's school was filled with boys of the first respectability; but, unfortunately for himself, neglecting the duties of his seminary for the enjoyment of the bottle, he frequently left Thomas to perform them, at an age, when most boys have scarcely begun to spell words of three syllables. Hence, the number of his pupils daily decreased, and merited poverty was the unavoidable consequence. The bad example of a father is dreadfully contagious to the children; and to this pernicious and reprehensible conduct, we may, in all probability, trace the origin of the poet's ruin. The father was a man of extensive erudition, and under him, our bard became, when he was no more than NINE YEARS OF AGE, Greek, Latin, and mathematical assistant!

Before he had attained his tenth year, he read most of the poets and historians of antiquity, and had absolutely begun an English version of Homer, at a time of life when most other boys were studying their grammars. He must have "lisped in numbers," and paid his court to the muses at an early period indeed; "since," says Mr. Raymond, "though Cowley received the applauses of the great at eleven—Pope at twelve, and Milton at sixteen; the meed of distinguished praise therefore, cannot be denied this wonderful Boy, when it is related, that at Ten years old, he had written as much genuine poetry, as either of these great men had produced at nearly double that age." It is not our intention to swell out this biography with extracts from his poetry: But, as a *convincing fact* of his juvenile talents, the reader will not be displeased at the insertion of a *Monody* which he wrote on the death of his brother, an event that happened when he was only ten years of age, and seems, if we may judge from the pathos of the production, to have plunged his mind into deep affliction.

What dire misfortune hovers o'er my head?
 Why hangs the salt dew on my aching eye?
 Why doth my bosom pant so sad, so sore,
 That was full blythe before?
 Bitter occasion prompts th' untimely sigh;
 Why am I punish'd thus, ye angels! why?
 A shepherd swain, like me, of harmless guise,
 Whose sole amusement was to feed his kine,
 And tune his oaten pipe the livelong day,
 Could he in ought offend th' avenging skies,
 Or wake the red-winged thunderbolt divine?
 Ah! no; of simple structure was his lay;
 Yet unprofaned with trick, or city art,
 Pure from the head, and glowing from the heart.
 Thou dear memorial of a brother's love!
 Sweet flute! once warbled to the list'ning grove,
 And master'd by his hand,
 How shall I now command
 The hidden charms that live within thy frame,
 Or tell his gentle fame?
 Yet will I hail, unmeet, his star-crowned shade,

And beck his rural friends, a tuneful throng,
To mend the uncouth lay, and join the rising song.

Ah! I remember well yon oaken arbour gay,
Where frequent at the purple dawn of morn,
Or, 'neath the beetling brow of twilight gray,
We sat, like roses twain upon one thorn.
Telling romantic tales, of descant quaint,
Tinted in various hues with fancy's paint;—
And I would hearken, greedy of his sound,
Lapt in the bosom of soft extasy,
'Till, list'ning mildly high,
Her modest frontlet from the clouds around,
Silence beheld us bruise the closing flowers—
Meanwhile, she shed her pure ambrosial showers.

O, SHANNON! thy embroidered banks can tell
How oft we stray'd beside thy amber wave—
With osier rods arching thy wizard stream,
Or weaving garlands for thy liquid brow;
Ah me! my dearest partner seeks the grave,
The ruthless grave! extinguisher of joy—
Fond Corydon, scarce ripened into boy;
Where shall I ever find thy pleasing peer?
My task is now (ungrateful task I ween!)
To cull the choicest offspring of the year,
With myrtles mix'd, and laurels varnished bright;—
And scattering o'er the hillock green
The poor meed, greet the bloom of night,
Ye healing powers, that range the velvet mead,
Exhaling the fresh breeze from Zephyr's bower:
Oh where, in that unhappy hour,
Where did you fly from this neglected head?
Health! thou mountain maid of the rosy cheek,
Ah! why not cool his forehead meek;
Why not, in his blest cause, thy power display,
And chase the fell disorder far away?

Yet cease to weep, ye swains, for if no cloud
Of thwarting influence mar my keener sight
I marked a stranger star, serenely bright,
Burst from the dim enclosure of a shroud;—
'Twas CORYDON! a radiant circle bound
His brow of meekness; and the silver sound
Shook from his lyre of gratulations loud,
Smooth'd the unruffled raven plume of night.

Thus chaunted the rude youth his past'ral strain,
While the cold earth his play-mate's bosom pressed,
And now, the sun, slow westing to the main,
Panted to give his weary coursers rest;—
The azure curtain took a crimson stain,
And Thetis shone, in golden garments drest;
The shepherd minstrel bent his homeward way,
And brush'd the dew drops from the glittering spray.

If we had no other proof than this beautiful composition, which is the genuine effusion of a poetic, and a pathetic mind, it might be naturally inferred, that there existed a strong infantile affection between the two brothers; but our author's conduct is decisive on the point: For, immediately after his brother's dissolution, he formed the determination of abandoning his paternal home.—This resolution was further strengthened by the death of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and the life of intemperance unhappily led by his father.

Prior to his flight, he and his father were invited to spend a week with a Mr.

Hickman, at his house at New Park, in the vicinity of Ennis. This gentleman, who possessed, at once, taste and liberality, was so great an admirer of the precocious genius of the juvenile prodigy, that he intended to send him to Trinity College, and pay all the expenses attending his collegiate terms. On the second evening of their visit at Mr. Hickman's, while that gentleman and his father were over their claret, after dinner, he put his scheme of flying from the dissipation, poverty and petulance of his parent, into execution.

Surely this is somewhat like presumptive proof that the love of intemperance had taken no deep root in his mind; and, if parental solicitude had paid as strict attention to his moral instruction as it ought, the debasing vice of inebriation would never have extended its pestiferous and deadly shade over the flowery genius of Thomas Dermody! Without giving the least notice to his host, or his father—with only two shillings in his pocket, and a single change of linen, he set out for the Metropolis, where delusive hope promised him fame and fortune, and the acquaintance of the literary men of the day. It might be worthy to mention, that he took with him the second volume of *Tom Jones*; and afterwards frequently declared, it was that work which had determined him on the adventure. He strayed some miles before he perceived that he had lost his way; not deterred, however, by this ominous mishap, he quickly regained the road to the Capital, and casting a lingering farewell look on his paternal roof, and native village, he shed tears of regret at the recollection of the dear connexions he was parting from, perhaps for ever! He travelled on until the approach of night reminded him of the want of lodging. He anxiously looked around, and at length perceived the faint light of a cottage window, glimmering through the darkness—to which he bent his way. When he entered this abode of misery and death, his eyes were presented with a most heart-rending spectacle. "The corpse of a man," says Mr. Raymond, "lay in the middle of the floor, on a few misshaped boards, which were intended for a coffin; at the feet sat five weeping children, and an emaciated female hung over the head of her dead husband, in all the agony of silent grief." Here we may read the heart of the boy:—this was the scene of wretchedness and woe, that awakened in it the refined feelings of compassion, in a glow of generous sympathy, and touched a spring that laid open the very recesses of his soul! Here we shall find more than an extenuation of all the follies which he afterwards committed, during his short and disastrous career in life. His "pity giving ere charity began," he presented the forlorn woman a shilling, the half of his worldly store! and with a sigh of sympathy, took his leave. He had not walked many yards from the door of desolate indigence, before he returned, with the excuse of having left his cane, but in reality, to gratify a feeling, in which an arch-angel might have rejoiced, by pressing his last shilling into the hands of the poor and unfortunate woman!

This benign act of exalted charity, which is, we hope, emblazoned on the immortal page of the Recording Angel, of human benevolence, should dissipate all the dark clouds of imputation and envy, which malice and prejudice have collected round his character. Angels of mercy! was this the boy, doomed by cruel destiny to drink so deeply of the nauseous cup, administered by calumny and defamation? Why, in the name of mercy! was the sympathetic heart that could thus feel for another's woes, shipwrecked itself, on the tempestuous waves of adversity and affliction? But such are the prejudices of the envious world, that there are no allowances made for the slightest aberration of genius from the path of moral rectitude. His propensity to intemperance, it is too true, furnished slander with weapons to wound his character, and pretexts to malevolence to exhibit its distorted picture in the darkest shades of exaggeration, whilst she wilfully threw the atoning and palliating circumstances, which seduced him to his error, in the back ground of her caricature. His failings and imprudence have been cruelly misrepresented by his enemies in the magnifying glass of malignant falsehood. What the feelings of our inspired countryman were, on the occasion of his bestowing his all on the miserable woman, and her starving children, can

better be imagined by the generous and compassionate mind, than pictured by the cold efforts of the pen. The enthusiasm of virtue, as the perturbation of vice, drives sleep from the eyelids of man; but with this material difference,—the one “murders,”—the other triumphantly supersedes it. Dermody once more proceeded on his journey, sorrowing, yet rejoicing, until he reached the ruins of an old abbey, within whose ivy-mantled walls, he resolved to pass the night, where a cold tomb-stone was his pillow, and the sky his canopy. No sooner did the first gleams of the dawn afford him sufficient light, than he wrote with his pencil the following stanzas, which, in our opinion, surpass, in power of description, and natural colouring of genius, all the juvenile efforts of Pope and Byron. Indeed, we think they are unequalled by the *coup d'essai* of any poet, either ancient or modern, except Cunningham's elegy on “*a Pile of Ruins*,” which was not produced until he was more than double our poet's age.

Near pebbled beds where riv'lets play,
And linger in the beam of day;—
'Mid sods by kneeling martyrs worn,
Embrown'd with many a horrid thorn,
On whose branches off'rings fade—
Proof of vows devoutly paid;—
Where the owl shrieking hides,
Cov'ring with leaves his ragged sides;—
Went the solemn bell to flow
In silver notes, prolonging slow
'Tides of matchless melody!

Yes, let them slumber here at last,
Their tyrannies, their suff'rings past;
And lend a venerable dread
'To the lone abbey's rocking head.

Early in the morning, as he was leaving the abbey, he was gladdened by hearing the sounds of a human voice, which were those of a carrier of Ennis, who was also on his way to Dublin. The name of this carrier was Patrick Coghlan, which will, we hope, be preserved and perpetuated by Lady Morgan in the biography of our author.

When he learned the distress of the young adventurer, “he,” says Raymond, “was touched with his tale of woe, and with a warmth and generosity always to be found in the heart of an Irish peasant, shared his homely meal with the young traveller, and by giving him a short ride now and then, enabled him to reach Dublin.” The distance from Ennis to the Irish Capital is 142 miles.

When he arrived in the city, without a single penny in his pocket, he separated from the honest carrier, with the same thoughtless disregard to his own concerns, which marked his conduct through life, without asking him for pecuniary assistance.

He continued wandering through the streets, admiring the architecture of the buildings, and the splendour of the shops, until towards evening, and although perishing with hunger, he did not know a friend or acquaintance to whom he could apply for relief. At length, when almost exhausted by hunger and fatigue, chance directed him to a book-stall on Ormond quay, which was kept by a poor man of the name of Saunders, a native of Scotland. Saunders seeing the boy attentively examine some Greek books, and observing something extraordinary in his appearance, was induced to ask him some questions, by which means learning his destitute state, he generously asked the poor boy to partake of his homely meal and lodging. The bookseller being a man of classical education, having graduated in the far-famed college of Aberdeen, quickly discovered the uncommon attainments of Dermody, and offered him a home in his house, on condition of teaching his son the Greek and Latin languages.

This offer Dermody was glad to accept, as he now learned, to his sorrow, that neither Aladdin's lamp, nor the purse of Fortunatus were to be found by him in

Dublin. Here, our author often had the honour of rescuing from the cutting criticism of the rapacious mice, the very leaves on which their progenitor's heroic deeds were sung by the bard of old; and many a commenting rat repented his rashness, when caught by the young poet in *anatomizing* the works of his dear friends, Horace, Shakspeare, Pope, and Cervantes. It could not be expected that he could long remain in this employment; however, Saunders took such a lively interest in his welfare, that he recommended him to a situation with a Mr. Lynch, a respectable bookseller in Stephen-street. While in Mr. Lynch's employment, he published in the *Dublin Journal* several scraps of poetry, among which, the annexed "*Irregular Ode to the Moon*," attracted great admiration and fame for our author.

Now, when faint purpling o'er the western sky,
The Lord of Day, his faded lustre weaves,
And thro' yon wild woods' trembling leaves
Shoot his last solitary ray;
O! let me woo thee from thy sapphire shrine,
To my rapt eye thy snowy breast display,
Glowing thro' the gloom of night,
The tranquil pause, the extasy divine,
The vision'd scene serenely bright,
And all the witchery of the muse, are thine!

The poet's fabling fancy told,
How, erst, in silent pomp descending,
O'er *Latmos'* brow thy radiant crescent bending,
Thou com'st to bless a shepherd boy,
And pouring thy delicious charms—
Forsook'st thy shining sphere,
Immaculately clear,
To taste immortal love, in mortal arms:—
But slander tun'd the felon lyre,
Refin'd and chaste, thy vestal fire,
Averse to amorous pangs, and ruder joy;
Queen of the pensive thought,
Forgive his fault;
Nor to another bard deny
The mildness of thy face, the fondness of thine eye.

Lo! from thy beamy quiver, fall
Arrowy points, that pierce the ground,
And light the glow-worm's twinkling lamp,
On the pale lake's margin damp;
The fairy phantoms dance around,
Till scared by frolic echo's cavern'd call,
They quit their circle, shudd'ring flit away,
And meltingly, in thy wan veil of humid light decay.

Oh! let me, by the dimpled stream,
Kissing thy reflected gleam,
The solemn hour of midnight spend,
When no cares the bosom rend,
When sorrow's piteous tale is done,
And trouble sunk with the departed sun.

For strife is his, and grisly war,
And deaf'ning tumult never mute,
But, on thy silent moving car,
Wait peace, and dew-ey'd pity's tender train,
And love, sweet warbling to the soothing flute,
Whose dying note,
He went to meet

Seraphic, on the night-gale's airy wing,
Tempting the planet tribe, their heavenly hymns to sing.

Hear me! so may the bird of wo
Aye greet thee, from her bowery cell below,
And ocean's rapid surges stand,
Check'd by thy silver hand.

There is a flow of elegant language, and a gush of poetic spirit in this Ode, which was positively written before Dermody had attained his eleventh year, that would not derogate from the merit of a Byron or a Moore.

Mr. Lynch, to his credit be it told, did every thing in his power to render the young poet comfortable, and keep his passion for the muses glowing by the stimulants of eulogium and encouragement. Indeed, praise is to genius as the vivifying sun, and refreshing shower to the opening rose.

Shortly after the publication of his Ode to the Moon, he produced the following Sonnet, addressed to a sentimental Phaon, who wrote amatory verses in the *Dublin Journal*, under the signature of "*Leander*."

O thou! whose sweet song (like the bird of wo,
It gives to fame.) can sooth the throbbing breast,
When tender hope, by dove-eyed feeling drest,
Bids through each line a tuneful magic flow;
Say what hard heart could kill with cold reply
The musical persuasion of thy pray'r,
Who doom to musing lone and dumb despair,
The ardent soul that taught a strain so high
To the pleas'd echo of the vocal wild,
Enamour'd lingering on it's Zalin's praise;
Ah, youth! full well thou know'st thy powerful lays—
I know'st too, that on thy warbled passion smil'd
The pensive Graces, and the conscious Muse;
For ev'n in sad complaint thy honest lyre,
Betrays, too fondly, its resistless fire—
And dubious, claims a boon—no mistress could refuse.

Lynch's shop was frequented by several college youths, and literary men, for the purpose of purchasing cheap, and scarce books. The extraordinary talents of "the shop-boy," were soon noticed; many of the visitors were astonished—all were filled with admiration.—But the honour of rescuing Dermody from the dark orbit of obscurity, was reserved for Dr. HOULTON, a gentleman of the first professional eminence, as a physician, then in Dublin. The Doctor coming into the shop one day, was surprised to see Thomas reading Longinus, in the original Greek text. He entered into conversation with him, and was delighted to find a boy of eleven years, an adept in the language. In the enthusiasm of his admiration, he invited the boy home to dinner, previously promising to pay Mr. Lynch a remuneration for relinquishing his claims to the future services of the young bard.

Among other remarks which fell from Dermody, he told the Doctor, that his father put him into Latin accidence at four years of age. Such was the facility of his composition, that, in an interview with one of the Doctor's literary friends, (Mr. French,) he translated one of the Odes of Horace into English verse, in nine minutes.

The most remarkable circumstance in the life of our countryman, is the unexampled maturity of his mind. His intellectual powers, unlike those of most other men, do not seem to have attained their greatness and expansion by a slow and gradual growth, but, like the orange tree, by a rapid burst of germination, that at once presented us with the ripened fruit, green leaves, and budding blossoms. In his meals he used almost ascetic abstinence, and he slept but little, as he devoted the greater part of every night to reading. In fine, his unquench-

able passion for fame, in a great degree enabled him to counteract the ordinary calls of appetite and repose.

While at the house of the Doctor, an occurrence took place which strongly marked his love of genius, and his insatiable desire to gain knowledge. He had observed in one of the attic rooms, an old chest filled with books. He solicited permission to examine its contents. It was given. He came tripping down stairs, and thus addressed his kind patron:—"Oh, Sir! I have found a book, which I have long wished to see; a charming, sweet writer I am told;—it is Anacreon!" In an instant he was seated before the fire, and so intent on reading the Bard of love and wine, as to appear insensible to every thing around him. It was in vain that the Doctor attempted to rouse him from his studious reverie, until he violently shook him by the shoulders, and telling him that he was going out to dinner. "I will leave you," said he, "with your new acquaintance, Anacreon; whom you will find, not only a beautiful writer, but a merry, jolly fellow, too fond, perhaps, of the bottle." "Ah, Sir," replied the youthful Dermody, with one of his inexpressible looks, "it was very hard that a lover of wine should have been choaked with a grape stone." As soon as the Doctor returned in the evening, he found him busy at translation. He had finished the three first odes, which, according to the Doctor's testimony, were "elegant and spirited English versions, that would have reflected credit on a much riper age." Dermody then promised the Doctor to translate the whole volume. We are pretty certain that the manuscript is in the hands of Lady Morgan.

With all our enthusiastic admiration of Moore's inimitable translation, we should peruse Dermody's version, under no common feelings of gratification.—The publications in the *Dublin Journal*, a paper which gave Swift his first celebrity; and the praises of Dr. Houlton, who was a frequent guest at the tables of the great, spread the fame of our author extensively through the literary and fashionable circles of Dublin. At that period, 1786, we had a resident Parliament, and Dublin, like Venice, might be called a city of senatorial nobles; so that, no sooner had the genius of Dermody become known, than the cheering rays of patronage melted the torpor of obscurity that incrustated it.—The Countess of Moira, whose liberal encouragement and protection our bard enjoyed until his death, paid him a visit, and was so pleased with his wit and easy address, that she shortly after placed him under the care of the Rev. Dr. Boyd, of Portarlington, in the Queen's county, a gentleman well known to the literary world as the elegant translator of Dante.* After having remained under the tutelage of this erudite Divine for a year, he was, by his noble and beneficent patroness, removed to the celebrated academy of Father Austin, a seminary where Moore, O'Keefe, M'Nally, and several other distinguished Irishmen drank knowledge from the limpid fount of classical instruction. While under the care of this learned and pious Friar, Dermody published a volume of *Poems*, composed between the ages of ten and twelve, which gained him great celebrity, so much so, that he was spoken of in Dublin as a prodigy, and many of the nobility being desirous of seeing and conversing with him, he visited at their houses as often as they could obtain leave of his tutor for a short abstinence from his studies. His book brought him a great deal of money, the unaccustomed command of which, helped to produce his ultimate ruin. He afterwards published another volume of *Poetry*, written between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, which, if possible, raised his fame still higher in popular estimation. He began now to contribute to the London periodicals, and his writings in them brought him considerable pecuniary remuneration. About this time, by his imprudent conduct, he had lost the countenance of his noble patroness, the Countess of Moira, and after committing many irregularities, at length he enlisted as a common soldier, but was traced and recovered this time, by the exertion of Mr. RAYMOND, who was for many years his firm and steady friend. To trace the unfortunate Dermody

* We shall give, soon, a Biography of this distinguished author.

He was indeed in a miserable condition, reduced by hunger, and mental sufferings, almost to a skeleton. He received them with a tear of gratitude; his voice had not strength to tell his thanks, or express the emotions that were passing in his mind; he endeavoured, however, to rally his spirits, and to recover strength to converse a little. "Ah! Mr. Raymond, my dear friend!" said he, "I have, by chance, seen a newspaper, announcing the death of the Honourable Mrs. O'NEIL, of Shane's Castle, who was, you know, always so kind to me. I have endeavoured to pay this tribute to the memory of a lady, to whose patronage I am so much indebted." He then handed the following elegy, the last he ever wrote, to Mr. Raymond, with a request to have it published:

When, on yon gloomy vault of glimmering night
Fades some fair orb, slow—languish'd into light,
And, through a sapphire cloud with silver lin'd,
Cleaves its pure path, how softly streams behind
The line, that led it to sublimer skies,
Still fondly followed by poetic eyes!
So dear to every muse! with each fine art,
To heal the wounded, wring the stubborn heart,
Herself a muse, whose captivating strain
Could win to sense ev'n folly's tasteless train.
From a dark world, whose fashionable sphere
She taught to charm with lustre mildly clear,
O'NEIL retires—and leaves to wond'ring earth
The brilliant traces of her lasting worth.
Oh! gracious Goodness! by whose sheft'ring side,
Wealth, like an angel, walk'd in smiling pride,
Nor scorn'd to stoop (as though herself was poor.)
To the low entrance of misfortune's door,
Where, from her cordial eye, that beam'd on wo—
Each baby-bosom caught a grateful glow,
And, while with many an inexpressive pray'r,
Her weak tongue bleat the fond-approaching fair,
The bright'ning mother, patient, chaste and mild—
Pointed its patron to the orphan child.

Oh! polish'd genius! whose bewitching song,
Gay without glitter, without trifle, strong,
Could o'er the humble poppy's purple bloom,
Pour a fresh tincture, breathe a new perfume,*
Superior to proud Flora's gaudy shrine,
Bidding the solitary soother shine,
Whose lenient balsam, like the tender page,
Could hush the frenzy'd start of stormy rage;
Or, much unlike it, clothed in sullen sleep
O'er the pain'd breast and aching temples weep.
Long, long when evening, wrapp'd in pilgrim gray,
Veils the dim slumber of declining day,
Shall, moaning deep amid the ambient gloom,
Lost merit drop that tear upon thy tomb,
Which pity, pleas'd, still wafts with halcyon wing,
Warm from the heart, to truth's ambrosial spring.

Oh! long, where low'ring on the ungenial plains,
Tyrannic penury, in private, reigns,
Shall many a lip, thy bounteous manna fed,
Lament the general Benefactress fled;
And, as a saint, thy wonted aid implore,
Giving that little now, thy deeds might claim before!

* The Honourable Mrs. O'Neil was the authoress of a volume of Poems, which were greatly admired for their fancy and flowing versification.

"The poppy's purple bloom."—This is an allusion to an Ode to the Poppy, written by this gifted lady, in the "*Anthologia-Hibernica*," in 1794.

The gentlemen expressed their admiration of the elegance and energy of the elegy, when poor Dermody exclaimed:—"Ah! my friends, it was forced by gratitude and regret from the frozen fount of genius!"

One of his friends observing Butler's Hudibras on the table. "I am merry to the last, you see," said he; then being taken with a fit of coughing,—“Ah!” he exclaimed, “this hollow cough rings out my knell.” A few hours afterwards he died. His friends had left him, having previously taken a lodging for him delightfully situated on Sydenham Common, to which it was their intention to have removed him the next day. He was buried in Lewisham churchyard; the two devoted friends before mentioned, performed the last sad office of humanity by attending him to his grave, and erecting a handsome tomb to his memory; the inscription of which, was selected from his own poem on the “*Fate of genius*.”

“No titled birth had he to boast,
Son of the desert! Fortune's child!
Yet not by frowning fortune crost,
The muses on his cradle smil'd.
He joy'd to con the fabled page
Of prowess'd chiefs, and deeds sublime;
And e'en assay, in infant age,
Fond task! to weave the wizard rhyme.

Now, a cold tenant doth he lie
Of this dark cell; all hush'd his song,
While friendship binds with streaming eye,
As by his grave she wends along.
On his cold clay lets fall a holy tear,
And cries, ‘though mute, there is a Poet here!’”

Such has been the termination of the sad and sorrowful days of THOMAS DERMODY! such has been the fall of a man who, were it not for the temptations of the demon of intemperance, might, at this instant, like his great countryman, MOORE, be in the autumn of life, and the vigour of intellect, elevated on the loftiest summit of poetic fame, delighting listening nations with the melody of his harp, and adorning and extending the resplendent sphere of IRISH LITERATURE.

From his dismal story and sad fate, may minor geniuses take warning! may they fly from that gulf of ruin, to which INTemperance always consigns her bibacious votaries. Like Savage, Dermody stands an uncommon instance of the invincible power of superior genius over every discouraging opposition, and all the disastrous obstacles which raised Alpine barriers against its progress. He never was blessed with affluence; the rays of independence never beamed upon his genius; grim poverty “marked him as her own.” The joys of ease and competence, which are such powerful incentives to the exertion of intellect, existed for him, alas! but in imagination.

Stretched by cruel destiny on the rack of adversity—doomed by his own imprudent conduct to quaff the bitter cup of human misery, it is not only wonderful that he wrote as he did, but is still more wonderful that he wrote at all. Had Byron, Moore, or Campbell, the three master spirits of the age, been unfortunately involved in the same soul-subduing calamities and killing privations, which the hapless Dermody was compelled to endure, they would never attempt to raise those eternal monuments of genius which they have erected in the temple of fame. Other poets owe most of their celebrity to the adventitious smiles of fortune; Dermody has established an immortality in defiance of her frown.

For so young a man, Dermody has written much. In addition to the various volumes of Poems and Essays published under his name, he was the author of “*More Wonders*,” a heroic epistle, addressed to Lewis, the author of the Monk; “*Battle of the Bards*,” “*Ode to Peace*,” and several other effusions which have not been collected in his works.

The peculiar characteristics of our bard's poetry, are energy, luxuriant fancy, and classical aptitude of expression. In Greek and Latin literature, his acquisitions were various and extensive. Though he was remarkable for facility of composition, his style is graceful, precise, and polished, and free from a speck of the incrustation of pedantry, or studied correctness. It was smooth marble, beautifully streaked, and exquisitely variegated. The rays of that taste whose divine irradiations are dispensed to none but the man of genius—of that attic taste, which is a subtle and delicate emanation from a sound judgment and intelligence, threw a charm over his productions. He disdains puerile conceits, and the fastidious frippery of some of the "*Gruel Poets*" of the present day: he dealt in vigorous conceptions and daring imagination, whose power bore down all before them; and his deep and fluent verse is so clear and limpid, as to show us, like a pellucid river, the glittering sands and sparkling pebbles over which it glides.

His sentences and imagery have none of the rust of study about them; they are the spontaneous generation of first thought, and not the elicited result of musing consideration. We are free, however, to acknowledge, that his poetry has more of the energy of Byron, than of the musical harmony of Moore; although, still, in some of his euphonious stanzas, he can make peal over peal of unpremeditated melody, roll on the enraptured ear of the reader, like the wild warblings of the bird of song: in this he resembles Crabbe. In the natural greatness of his conceptions, there is an originality sometimes bordering on quaintness—but which, in no age of taste, will ever become obsolete.

In fine, Dermody is that poet who lays hold of our feelings, whose power over our sympathies we recognize by the degree of energy with which he can influence our sensations, and make them respond to his wishes, while he causes the sensibility of the heart to touch the chords of the passions. A second rate poet, only plays around the heart; but a poet of the first order, like Dermody, storms every avenue of the soul, and makes us glow with enthusiasm, or freeze with despair.

His few prose essays are of that philosophic cast of thought, and eloquence of diction, that induce us to wish that he had more often turned his attention to the labours of the critic and the satirist. These essays are scattered through the periodicals of his day; but we hope that *SHE*, who is about to throw as splendid a ray of genius on the *LIFE OF DERMODY*, as the biographical halo in which Dr. Johnson encircled the memory of *SAVAGE*, will collect all the fugitive pieces of the great, but unfortunate poet, and thus give herself a new claim on the interest of English literature, and the gratitude of our country, of which she is the pride and ornament. To Lady Morgan and *THOMAS MOORE*, the literature of Ireland is more indebted, than to any other two personages living.

DATHY MAC DERMOTT AND HIS TWO WIVES.*

(*A Legendary Tale from the Irish.*)

DATHY, who won laurels of fame in many fights, a gallant warrior, the son of the Prince of *Moy-Lurg* and high Marshal of Connaught, having married an En-

* The *MAC DERMOTT*'s held sovereign sway in the counties of Kildare, Sligo and Lectrim for many ages. They had palaces at Castle Dermott in the county of Kildare, and at Carrick on Shannon, in the county of Lectrim. Castle Dermott was sacked and plundered by Edward Bruce, in 1316. The Representative of this ancient family, which is descended from *Eochy MORRIS*, who was supreme monarch of Ireland A. D. 358, is Mac Dermott of Coolavin, in the county of Sligo, a gentleman not less distinguished for his historical erudition than for his patriotism and Milesian hospitality. We believe it was the Grandfather of this Gentleman, of whom Lady Morgan gave such an amiable picture, as the *Prince*, in the "*Wild Irish Girl*." We understand that *JOHN MAC DERMOTT*, Esq. of Upper Canada, is brother to the *MAC DERMOTT* of Coolavin.—Perhaps

glish lady, at that period, when a holy zeal to drive the infidels from Palestine, had seized all Europe, and the Chivalric Knights, bearing the ensign of the cross, repaired, in crowds to the east, to combat the unbelievers. The fame and valour of Richard I, who was then preparing to set out for the holy land, induced many of the noble Chieftains of the septs of the O'Niels, O'Briens, Mac Carthys, Mac Dermotts, and O'Connors to enlist themselves under his standard. Among all the knights that fought under the *Lion-hearted king*, none signalized themselves for courage, and intrepidity, more than Dathy Mac Dermott. In every engagement with the Turks, he evinced a daring valour of heroism, that excited the admiration of all the Christian Knights. His gallant achievements and martial prowess pointed him out to Richard and Philip of France, as a person eminently worthy of their personal friendship and regard. The monarchs returned him thanks on the field of battle, and as a mark of their high consideration of his bravery, they presented him a banner on which were emblazoned the arms of Ireland, quartered with the Heraldic bearings of England and France. This distinguished honour flattered the feelings, and conveyed fresh fuel to the passion for glory, that burned in the soul of the young warrior.

But as bravery cannot secure the constancy of fortune, Mac Dermott in the next battle, carried away by the impetuosity of his courage, ventured too far in pursuit of the Saracens, and was made a prisoner by them, and became the slave of an infidel of high command, to whose country residence the unfortunate knight was sent, with orders that he should be employed in the cultivation of his garden. The brave warrior now, instead of wielding the sword and Javelin, was employed in watering violets, roses, blue-bells, and twining myrtles round the trellises that studded the Bower of the lovely daughter of his task master. She often came to the garden enveloped in a deep veil to give orders to Dathy about the formation of her favourite arbour. Her language was soft and sweet in the cadence of its sounds, and her conduct was so gentle and graceful that the hero derived a secret pleasure from her visits. To relieve the tedium of captivity it was his custom to sooth his feelings by singing the airs of his native land to his harp, on those bright and balmy moon-light evenings, which render oriental gardens so enchanting. There is indeed a charm in the music of our country for the sorrows of exile, its plaintive tone has the power of conveying, beyond the eloquence of language, sympathy to those feelings of the heart which memory associates with past happiness, while its dying sweetness, breathing the incense of past recollections, softens and alleviates present sufferings. The national music recalled to his mind the unimaginable blessedness of those dear scenes where first he heard it, because his nature and passion, his memory and hope, alike clung round the image of Ireland. Often did ZALIA, who had conceived the tenderest affection for Dathy, conceal herself in the garden to listen to the sad and pathetic songs of her father's captive—often did she see him weep whilst praying, and her blue eyes were likewise suffused with tears. Her heart was attracted by a Christian magnet.—Every night would she take her station near the spot of his repose; to look on him while he slept was rapture to her soul; his presence formed the atmosphere of her existence, in it alone she breathed. She loved him so ardently, so fondly and so passionately that she would die for him, at the stake; or at the scaffold she would have avowed her attachment, and triumphed in perishing as its victim.

Modesty, the graceful and peculiar virtue of the youthful female heart, long prevented her from avowing her passion, or from intimating in any manner, to the Knight, how deeply she sympathised in his sorrows, how anxious she was to wreath the chain of captivity with the roses of love. He was the idol she adored with a sincerity of devotion as pure as a spirit's affection, for no selfish feeling polluted the bright spring of that virtuous passion, that emanated from the fountain of disinterested attachment.

that Gentleman, would be so kind as to assist us with some biographical and genealogical information relative to his illustrious house.—In our history of Ireland we wish to do justice to all the great Milesian septs.

At length her passion kindled into a flame, the blush faded on her cheek,—shame was silenced, and love could no longer be concealed in her heart; but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the soul of the astonished captive. Her enthusiastic ardour of affection, her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea that by her means he might perhaps be enabled to regain his liberty, and return to his country, to his beloved wife and child—all this made such a powerful impression on his mind that in spite of his fondness for that wife and child, he swore eternal constancy to the fascinating Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave her father and native land and fly with him to shamrock-spangled Erin. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country. These she expected to find in a union with him, whom she would follow to death if necessary. She hastened away, prepared camels and slaves, brought a key, opened a private door leading to the fields, and fled with her beloved Dathy. The silence of the night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favoured the flight of the lovers. After a long journey in which they had encountered many dangers they arrived safely at *Ballysedere** in the county of Sligo, where his mansion stood. His vassals joyfully greeted their Lord, whom they had given up as lost, and with looks of curiosity beheld his companion, whose graceful figure they admired; but her face was concealed beneath a veil.

On their arrival at the Castle, Dathy's young and beautiful wife rushed into his arms. With confusion and dread he raised his eyes to her's, and said—"my dear wife; for the pleasure of seeing me again, you have to thank her," pointing to his deliverer, "she has broken the chains of my bondage, and left her father and her native land for my sake." The Knight then covered his streaming eyes with his hands.

The lovely and modest ZALIA dropped her veil, and displaying a countenance, in which pity and hope were strongly depicted, in the light of loveliness, and throwing herself on her knees at the feet of her rival, exclaimed, "I am thy vassal and handmaid!" "Thou art my sister!" ejaculated the Lady, raising and embracing her: "my husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart."

Dathy astonished at the singular magnanimity of his *first* wife pressed her to his bosom;—all three were united in one embrace, and they vowed to love each other until death, without ever suffering jealousy to ripple the smooth waters of Connubial harmony. They lived together many years in endearing concord, heaven blessed their union, and love scattered flowers on their pathway of happiness. After a long life of felicitous connexion, Dathy and his two faithful wives were buried in one grave in the abbey of Ballysedere, where the mouldering remains of their tomb are still to be seen. Many are the travellers who make a pilgrimage to the grave of Dathy Mac Dermott, on which they drop a tear while they express their admiration of his miraculous success in pleasing and reconciling two wives at once.

FEMALE BEAUTY, AND INTELLECT CONTRASTED.

Beauty, says the stern moralist, is a perishable flower, that blooms for a moment and then drops into the waters of oblivion; and although Philosophers and Conquerors have been so anxious to obtain it, although they have, in search of this imaginary bliss, exhausted the resources of the mind, and the strength of

* Ballysedere was once a place of note. Here are to be seen the venerable ruins of an abbey and a church. The Cascades that fall over the high rocks and then wind in a rapid river through groves, imparts an air of the romantic and picturesque to the landscape of Ballysedere.—The principal waterfall is fifteen feet perpendicular, and is about four miles from Sligo.—The scenery about the falls is bold and prominent, exhibiting mountain and woodland features which a Painter would like to Copy.

kingdoms, yet scarcely is it within their grasp—scarcely have they inhaled its sweets, and contemplated its brilliant hues, before they find its fragrance evaporating in the fumes of enjoyment, and its bloom fading away in the chilling breeze of possession. When a *Circe* of external loveliness insnares the affections of a Philosopher, he looks upon her as a being more than human, in whose beauty the intoxicating spring of rapture will ever flow, in whose enjoyment he will taste a bliss more romantic and delectable than was ever pictured by the imaginings of poetry and painting. But scarce is the nuptial torch extinguished on the altar, when the illusive fabric vanishes; when the gay landscape presented by hope through the vista of expectation, becomes dreary and withered. He looks around and sees the horizon suddenly overcast with the gloomy clouds of life:—conviction now tells him that his heart and mind were captivated by a mere *Venus de Medicis* of outward charms and figure, but unendowed with the perfection of mind, or nobleness of soul answerable to the grace and symmetry of her celestial form. Thus personal beauty alone has only a fleeting sway, it soon decays under the blighting breath of indifference, and melts away like the glittering dew-drops that sparkle on the morning rose.

Its remembrance leaves no dear image on the mind of man, for its impressions are washed away by the first flow of the honey-moon tide of gratified passion.

If a woman be as beautiful as one of the celestial beings with whom the vivid dreams of imagination have peopled the amaranth arbours of Mahomet's paradise—as lovely and fresh as the fabled Aurora, and as light and graceful as a youthful Hebe, yet if she do not unite to the external charms of her person the suavity of temper, and the refined accomplishments and elevated sentiments of an elegant mind, she can never hold the reins of man's affections, or enchain the heart of a husband with those rose-wreathed fetters of gold which it proudly wears, until death, as the badges of triumphant love, and not as the manacles of forced subjection. The links that compose the flowery chain of hymen are sweetness of disposition, intellectual endowments and good sense.—The woman that concentrates these amiable qualities at the domestic shrine, strews the dreary path of adversity with roses of perennial bloom, while she calls forth into action all the pleasures and tender charities which illuminate the sphere of conjugal happiness. Those females who are called *beauties*, often fall into a fatal error by imagining that a fine person and an attractive face are, in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment, and pique themselves with the vanity that its irresistible power can impose chains on our hearts and subdue our affections. The experience of ages ought to convince the Lady who has no other claim to our homage than external charms, that the compliments we pay to her are the mere *fumes* of the incense of flattery.—In such cases TRUTH extinguishes the fire of our censers. Those who are only handsome may serve as models for the Painter, make a pretty figure in a drawing room or in the mazes of the dance, because they are literally *fit* to be *seen*; but to supply in their acquaintance all those rational pleasures that can only spring from a cultivated mind, the ladies must have more than beauty.

A woman may shine in mechanical accomplishment, though a ray of mental light does not dawn upon her mind:—she may paint *plants* and *figures*, sing and play upon musical instruments, and by these manual and vocal arts, gain a transient triumph over those who are contented with seeing female cultivation hanging on walls and screens, or hearing it vibrate upon strings.—The empire which women owe to beauty, was only given them for the general good of the human species. But a man of discernment feels that a handsome, but an unideaed woman, can only amuse for an hour, by her *animal* attractions, and hold only a precarious sway even over the affections of frippery fops, and voluptuous dandies, who, like stupid butterflies, light upon glaring exotic flowers without fragrance or perfume, rather than on the modest but odoriferous blossoms that yield delicious honey.

Men destined to great actions, splenetic Poets, and petulant Philosophers, have

a certain infusion of acidity in their temperament, which can only be sweetened by the affability of woman; for she, if she is amiable, can quell the turbulent waters of anger by the sunshine of her smile. Such a woman, raising her intellect above irritable feelings, to a noble eminence of temper, seldom fails in ripening the seeds of every virtue in man. Those men who are insensible of the sorcery and sweetness of female conversation are rarely Philanthropists; for if they become torpid in this chilling insensibility, their very virtues are only of a negative character.

The sombre looks of a stupid beauty, who has not "soul within her eyes," are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility; they emit no electric spark to kindle the affections, they breathe no mental glance to ruffle the smooth water of the countenance, so that they are examined without emotion, and as they do not express passion or intellect, they are beheld without love or admiration. "I never," said one of the mistresses of the profligate Louis XIV, "dreaded the rivalship of a mere unpolished lump of voluptuous beauty; but the wiles and sorcery of a sentimental Circe cannot be resisted." This anecdote furnishes a proof that the intellectual power has a greater influence on the affections of man, than the spell of personal attractions. We have, also, the authority of history to assert that those women who have governed the hearts and understandings of men, with the most unbounded sway, owed their dominion less to the witchery of beauty and the charm of youth, than to the strength of mind and cultivation of talents. Aspasia, to gratify whom Pericles undertook the Samian war, was no longer lovely, when Socrates became her disciple. Corinna, who had a magnetic mind, but no personal fascination, presided over the studies of Pindar, to whose genius her applause gave passion and inspiration. The mental superiorities of Catherine, raised her from a cottage to a throne. Madame De Maintenon, even in the decline of life, had more influential ascendancy over the heart of her royal lover, than La Valliere in all the seductive witchery of youth, or Montespan in all the tempting blandishments of beauty. Thus we see, it is sense and virtue only that can raise that altar of affection, before which our esteem and understanding bow with reverence and devotion.

Ordinary features indicative of intellect, and lit up by the sunbeams of sensibility, generally excite the same passions which they so visibly express; and the winning attraction of their smiles invests them with adventive charms, like the variegated hues, with which a brilliant rainbow tints the gloomy clouds, that hover around it. This, then, is the captivating allurements of face, and grace of air, which win without the aid of personal beauty, or the dimpled radiance of blue eyes; these are the magic seductions with which an educated female makes conquests; they eminently display themselves in silent complaint of patient sufferance—in poignant affliction—and in tears, and whether of transporting joy, or of wailing sorrow,—they are more irresistible than the affected and artful languishment of unlettered beauty.—Looks, which do not correspond with the feelings of the heart, cannot be assumed without labour and pains, as marked affectation is easily discovered by voice and gesture. We are not to mistake the contortions of grimace, for the real lineaments of grief on the face; the artificial aspect is as poor a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushing roses of a blooming complexion.

It has been remarked, that the countenance is a mirror, which reflects the predominant passions of the soul, and displays a choleric, disdainful and suspicious temper, in striking colours, and prominent characters, that are universally recognized as faithful delineations. It is also equally true, that the more pleasing, exalted, and softer passions of the female heart, gaze upon you as it were, through the eyes, while they legibly impress their signatures upon the visage. Beauty, then may be pronounced a bright emanation of intellectual excellence, that reflects in its limpid current the brilliant atmosphere of a sprightly temper, and a galaxy of refined sentiment.

In the winter of life, when the gaudy flowers of personal beauty are nipped by "the rude breathings" of age—when the lustre of blue eyes is dimmed and the bloom of rosy cheeks faded, how fallen then will be the *unidead* woman, who has no resources in the treasury of the mind; a woman thus destitute of the mental graces, will remain a tyrant without power, a prey to envy and remorse. A woman of intellectual accomplishment, on the contrary, has in her own possession an antidote to sooth the infirmities of age—a charm to dissipate the clouds of adversity, should they lower upon her family, while she can draw, at the fountain of the Muses, the limpid balsam of literary knowledge—diffuse the pleasure of instruction to her children, and illuminate, by her cheerful conversation, all those who are circled within the attractive sphere of the society in which she moves, as a planet of virtue and domestic beneficence. Now in the evening of life her husband shall hang over the faded, but still fragrant rose, with glowing delight, and view, through the bright vista of years elapsed, the germinating bud expanding to luxuriance in the bowers of hope, and spreading its blushing beauties before the sunbeams of *first love*.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the graces but in the school of virtue, and that religious education and the moral obligations it inculcates to regulate the conduct of a wife, are like "the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence."

Mere exterior beauty is as fleeting and fragile as the bloom of an exotic flower, blown under the congealing influence of the northern breeze;—education alone is the towering oak that defies the tempest of years and the ravages of misfortune. The cold exhibition of a woman's person, may no doubt gratify the eye for a moment, and produce a transient fascination; but if to her external graces were added elegance of taste, delicacy of sentiment and softness of manners, her power would become invincible—it would be acknowledged by the heart and ratified by the understanding. The most inestimable blessing which the benign bounty of the Creator has bestowed upon man, is the possession of a virtuous, amiable and educated female—her love the highest delight which gladdens him in the vale of suffering;—it is a green oasis that spreads for him its grassy verdure in the desert of despair. In the possession of a sympathetic woman, who joins sweetness of temper, sprightliness of disposition, to a moderate share of personal graces, even in the dreary solitudes of life, only irradiated by her smiles, the soul is more gratified than upon the throne of Napoleon, when the world honoured it with its homage, and were dazzled by the splendid lustre of its glory.

Though Rousseau threw enchantment over the tender passion—though Byron and Ossian transfused the most sublime and profound sensibility into love, yet they never experienced all those refined feelings of which the soft and pure heart of an educated woman is susceptible. It is the prolific fountain from which pity, solicitude and ardent affection gush forth in a spontaneous and sweet-flowing stream of tenderness and sympathy united. It is in the midst of trying sufferings, in scenes of distress and anguish, that the finest qualities of the female mind, and the nobler traits of the female character are displayed in all their luminous light and characteristic grandeur. When a husband is pining under the pressure of unutterable woe—struggling with subduing difficulties, and when his prospects are withered by the dissolved illusions of hope, and the cruel desertion of false friends, it is then that the consolations of a tender wife pour the balm of sympathy, and the anodyne of affection, into the corroded bosom of grief.—Adversity only gives an additional impulse of ardour and fervency to her attachment; it serves to unlock the spring of her heroic virtues—to inspire her with a spirit of enthusiastic devotedness to the object of her love, which rises superior to the afflictions of misfortune, and the warfare of calamity. No changes or chances can estrange her faithful constancy, or subdue the ardent intensity of her conjugal devotion. The glowing and courageous attachment of wives to their husbands, when menaced by danger, and exposed to calamity in the hour of adverse fortune,

has been nobly and signally exemplified, in many memorable instances, during the Augustan proscription, the plague of Florence, the French revolution and the Irish rebellion;—and the heroic virtues and conjugal piety of Lady Russell, and Madame Lavalette, must stand on the records of immortal fame, emblazoned among the most resplendent exploits that shed lustre on the female character. Indeed women love with more truth and fervour than men; because passion makes a deeper impression on their hearts, and they feel themselves bound by the sympathies of affection and guided by the precepts of moral obligation; but, alas! with our sex these ties are seldom held so sacred.

How heartless, then, is man, that he should injure an innocent woman, the loveliest object in creation!—that he should become the despoiler of female honour, and that he should so wantonly empty the sumptuous goblet of virgin purity, and then dash it on the earth without feeling pity or remorse, while contemplating the ruins of beauty!—Nay, there are some men who exult, when, by sworn vows, and beguiling promises, they succeed in seducing innocence and triumphing over virtue. When they grow cloyed by possession, they cast their duped victims down the precipice of infamy and vice.

These hapless victims of seduction, who are hurried by remorse and sorrow to an early grave, must regret having ever experienced the devastating, and destructive sentiment of love, for it withers in their breasts the verdure of happiness while desolating their souls, like the scorching blast of tropical tempests, that parches the flower and blights the foliage of the blooming orange tree, which might otherwise have spread its odorous blossoms in the perfumed gale, and shot its verdant branches and golden fruits to the skies.

REFLECTIONS ON SUICIDE.

It is a melancholy fact that self-destruction is daily committed to an alarming extent in this country; nay, the horrid demon of suicide immolates many victims on his blood-smoking altars in this city. The Emperor Napoleon observed, “that the man who, in his sane senses, could destroy himself, had neither courage, honour, nor religion.” It is, indeed, generally allowed, that nothing less than frenzy, or atheistical presumption, can induce a man to lift his hand against his own life—to deface the venerable lineaments of intelligence in his own person—to extinguish the lamp of reason, and precipitate his disembodied spirit, unsummoned, into the presence of the Deity. Among the varieties of human depravity, suicide is the most horrid and presumptuous. The love of life is natural and universal; it was, doubtless, implanted in the human heart by the Creator, for the best of purposes; the melioration of our species—the improvement of humanity, by the gradual diffusion of intellectual, and the communication of social happiness. The man who commits suicide, dies a martyr to unbelief, and seals his blood with those infidel principles which cancel all moral obligation, and deprive him of the hope of future happiness in another state of existence.

There is no way in which we can contemplate the cowardly perpetration of that atrocious deed, which is not shocking to our feelings. It is, indeed, usual to attribute it, in most cases, to insanity, but that insanity is generally of a temporary nature, and however often admitted by the lenity of the American law, and the charity of a coroner’s jury, is, in fact, a gloomy fit of disappointed pride, or thwarted ambition, arising from marred hopes, or remorse of conscience. Irreligion and intemperance are often the faithful ministers of this blood-stained Moloch. A dissipated voluptuary, who has wandered through the labyrinths of licentiousness, until all his finer sensibilities have become torpid, and his moral feelings callous, becomes, at length, so hardened in depravity, that he disbelieves the existence of a Divine Being, whose attributes are mercy, wisdom, and jus-

tice. Immersed in the misty atmosphere of his own vices, he beholds no ray of virtue, and thinks it impossible that a brutal and atheistical being like himself can be immortal. He madly acts upon this conviction, and with desperate hardihood sets all religious obligations, which form the bond of union in civilized society, at defiance. The chastity of women he considers a purchasable article of commerce, because he has devoted his most precious hours to the blandishments of the frail daughters of Venus; and that integrity which ennobles its possessor, he laughs at as a nonentity, because he has chiefly associated with gamblers and sharpers. Thus dismembered of the consciousness of moral obligation, he pursues his vicious career of sensual pleasure, until remorse, that terrible visitant, gives him a glimpse of his true state, and drives him to distraction, and death by his own murdering hands! Behold the bleeding suicide! what anguish fills his eye—a combination of evil passions disfigure his aspect, and the frenzy of despair fills his brain, and drops fire into his heart. Thus driven to madness, and cut off even from the wreck of hope, despair and misanthropy are his last resources, and despondency, the last expedient of guilt, hurries them to the brink of eternity, where the dagger, the poison-bowl or the pistol, terminates his existence!

Jealousy has frequently been the cause of suicide. Love, unrequited love, has also been transformed into the demon of destruction: The rosy lips of beauty, on which dimples played, have been stained by the fatal potion; or the passing stream has borne away the life and the sorrows of the fair victim of passion.

Ancient history furnishes several instances of suicide, which, in consequence of the civic virtues of the perpetrators, has diffused a certain lustre over the crime, that has no doubt been productive of pernicious consequences. The venerable names of Cato and Brutus are inestimable to the admirer of ancient heroism and patriotism, consequently, even self-murder has, in them, been celebrated as proceeding from the most exalted magnanimity.

“Unconquer’d Cato shows the wounds he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.”

We all admire the lofty purity of sentiment, and ardent spirit of liberty, which animate Addison’s Cato; but there is an anecdote on record which forcibly demonstrates the dangerous tendency of those erroneous principles that are distilled through the alembic of poetic fancy, and sweetened by the effusion of genius.—Mr. Budgel, a well-known writer of excellence, under the influence of melancholy, drowned himself in the Thames, leaving on his desk the following justification of the rash act:

“What Cato did and Addison approv’d,
Cannot be wrong.”

The first instances of suicide recorded in Jewish history are those of Saul and Ahitophel; for the death of Samson cannot be reckoned a proper example. We have no reason to suppose that the vile crime became common in Judea, until the persecutions of the Romans drove the Jews to despair and desperation, and many of them had recourse to suicide, to free themselves from the despotic yoke of their cruel conquerors. When it became prevalent among the Greeks, we have not been able to discover; but it was forbidden by Pythagoras, by Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, as well as by the Theban and Athenian laws. Plato, in discanting on the crime, which he considered an act of injustice and cowardice, observes, “We are all slaves of the gods; and no slave can dispose of his own life, without injuring his master.”

History tells us that in the earliest ages of the Roman Republic, suicide was seldom committed; but when luxury, and the epicurean, and stoical philosophy, corrupted the simplicity and virtue of the Roman character, then they began to seek shelter in this crime from their misfortunes, or the effects of their own debasing vices. If we can believe the historians of Japan, voluntary death is

common in that empire. The devotees of the idol *Amida*, drown themselves in his presence, attended by their relations and friends, and several of the priests, who all consider the devoted victim of this barbarous delusion, a saint, that is gone to celestial happiness.

The tribes of Scandanavia, who worshipped ODIN, the father of slaughter, were taught, that dying in the field of battle was the most glorious event which could befall them. This maxim, no doubt, was suited to the policy of a warlike nation. In order to establish it more firmly in the mind, and consecrate it as a virtue, all were excluded from Odin's feast of heroes, in Paradise, who died a natural death. As suicide prevailed much in the decline of the Roman empire, when luxury, licentiousness, profligacy, and false philosophy pervaded the world, so it continued to prevail even after the introduction of Christianity. The cruel custom which a barbarous religion has established amongst the Gentoos, for women, at the death of their husbands, to immolate themselves on a burning pile, ought not to be considered as suicide, because, if the meaning of the deed were to be extended thus far, it would be as proper to apply it to those who chose rather to die bravely in battle, than ingloriously make their escape at the expense of their honour.

In all these instances, selected from the history of ancient nations, it will be seen that suicide differed in this respect from the same crime committed in our days; that among those barbarous, or semi-barbarous nations, it was committed in the prospect of a great reward—of martyrlogical renown, as well as the hope of lasting felicity in a future state. It had, if we may so speak, a rational object in view, and it was not then as it is now, held infamous in the opinion of the world, and repugnant, at once, to divine and human laws. Then, it threw a halo of fame on the memory of the suicide; it now stamps on it a stigma of disgrace, which will be entailed on the reputation of his posterity. Who that thinks of this evil, and the countless victims it destroys in this refined age, but must lament the fearful progress it is making in the United States; notwithstanding the admonitions of reason, and that the radiant lights of a religious and intellectual education, are shedding their moral lustre on the American mind. Human life is an intermixture of joys and sorrows, but it is not intolerable; nay, existence is enjoyment. When we behold the beautiful scenes of nature, in which utility and grandeur are visible; when we participate in the exalted delights of love and friendship, our gratitude should be awakened, and both instinct and reason should make us cling to the floating ark of existence, and remember that our benign Creator, whose service is perfect freedom, has delivered in thunder that awful command—"Thou shalt not kill."

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY.—NO. V.

EXCURSION FROM DUBLIN TO LONDONDERY.

In the month of May, 1824, business rendered it necessary for us to make an excursion from Dublin to Londonderry, prior to our emigration to America.—Memory loves to treasure the remembrance of those scenes of our native land which are associated with the dearest recollections of our youth, and of past happiness, enjoyed in the vernal morning of life in our native green fields. It was a sweet, soft morning in May, when we took our seat on the top of the Monaghan coach, at Gosson's hotel, No. 6 Bolton-street. The coach, both inside and out, was nearly crowded, but we had, notwithstanding, to call for an accession of passengers at 17 Lower Sackville-street, whither our expert and intelligent coachman, poor *James Conway*, (who is now no more,) rapidly drove his four fleet and spirited steeds. Having packed his passengers together, he was quickly again under way, if we may so term it, in the most spacious and majestic street

in Europe. In passing through this magnificent street of the deserted mansions of the absentee nobility of Ireland, the stranger will be astonished to see the former Palladian palaces of the Moiras, the Charlemonts, the Clanricardes, and the Droghedas, presenting over their porticoes, instead of the banners and trophies of nobility, the sign-boards of hotels and taverns. From the steps of the Doric pillar that forms the lofty pedestal of Nelson's statue, Sackville-street opens to the eye an imposing view on either side. Look to the east, and the fine perspective of the Vista is terminated by Carlisle Bridge, which adds so much to the architectural grandeur of the city; turn then to the west, and the Rotunda in all its Doric pomp, elevating its pinnacles and spires above the thick foliage of its luxuriant gardens, bursts upon the eye, arrayed in scenic grandeur, that would charm a painter's mind. When the coach reaches the Rotunda, the city assumes its finest architecte, and rural features; on your left, the southern side of Rutland square, with the beautiful garden of the Lying-in Hospital in the centre; on the right, Cavendish row, Granby row, Palace row, and Mountjoy square, all combining to enhance the imposing appearance of the superb buildings which fill up the prospect in every direction. After passing these squares, the traveller has again to admire George's Church, which as an Ionic edifice—is superior in design and elegance of finish to any of the small churches of London. It stands in Hardwicke, near Dorset-street. Dorset-street will be ever celebrated for giving birth to the Irish Demosthenes, the late RICHARD B. SHERIDAN. The house in which he was born is an object of reverence and curiosity for all those strangers who visit Dublin. It is a neat brick house, three stories high, before which there is a venerable elm tree that extends its branches so as to form an arborescent portico to the door of the nursery of genius. This elm, we think, will become as sacred as the royal oak, the mulberry of Avon, the arbutus of Twickenham, the yew of Upham, the hawthorn of Elphin, and the ivy-wreathed sycamore of ENNIS, under which DERMODY tuned his heaven-strung lyre. Passing the grand Canal and its floral cottages, you ascend DRUMCONDRÁ hill, from which you have an enchanting view, that Italian scenery could scarcely equal. To the right, the eastern skirts of the city, with their forests of spires and cupolas rise before you; then Clontarf, (a spot so famous for its battle, in which the gallant Irish monarch, Brian Boroihme totally defeated the Danes, A. D. 1014,) Bell-doyle, Furry Park, once the noble residence of the Earl of Shannon, and Marino, the far-famed and beautiful country abode of the patriotic Charlemont—these spread, as it were, in a panoramic picture, present to the delighted eye, the picturesque and romantic attributes of a charming landscape. On the Marino domain, the late Earl of Charlemont exhausted the ingenuity of art in the embellishment of nature. The house, which is a large and modern structure, stands in the midst of an undulating lawn of 200 acres, which is dotted with clumps of trees, and intersected with meandering streams, and skirted on every side by groves, broken here and there by fine vistas. About half a mile from the mansion house, pleasantly situated in an extensive deer park, stands the Casino, a superb temple, designed by Sir William Chambers, before which there is an antique bridge, and an artificial rock, from whose summit, two marble naiads pour down water into a fish-pond at its base.

The scenery on the left hand side of the road at Drumcondra, contends with that on the right for the palm of beauty. Belvidere house and domain; the villas and botanic gardens of Glasnevin; the waving groves of Hampstead, and the flower-starred meadows, and sequestered glens of Dunbro, once the favourite *Tusculum* of the Irish Cicero, HENRY HOOD, combine a variety of landscape attractions. The road from Drumcondra to Santry is like an avenue leading through cultivated and embellished domains, being studded on every side by romantic villas, stately trees, and rose and woodbine-clad cottages.

SANTRY house is a large Gothic edifice, which was built by Lord Santry, the ancestor of its present possessor, Sir Crompton Domville, in the reign of King William. The extensive domain is surrounded by a wall, and is in a high state

of improvement. The road-side scenery becomes still more attractive at the distance of two miles north from Santry. On every side, green lawns, smiling groves and fine houses present themselves. The elegant mansion house and ornamented domain of Mr. Wilkinson are the most interesting features of the landscape.

When you ascend the hill of Cloghran, opposite its neat rural church, you can enjoy a charming prospect. On the right the perspective is terminated by the verge of the horizon, in the crystal waves of the ocean, in which, *Howth, Ireland's Eye*, and *Lambay*, appear like garnets of emerald, studded in burnished silver.* If you look to the left you behold a succession of green fields, wood-clad hills crowned by church steeples, round towers and monastic ruins. *Swords*, situated at the distance of nine miles from Dublin, is a very ancient town, in which, according to Ware and Harris, many of our Pagan monarchs were interred. It was, therefore, built many years before Dublin. The architecture of the houses, the extensive ruins of its abbeys, its lofty round tower and venerable oaks and elm trees, impart to it a very antique air. The Abbey and Cathedral (for *Swords*

* *Howth*, properly speaking, is a Peninsula, which runs out into the sea, and serves to form the Bay of Dublin on the north-east. The Pier lately finished here is a stupendous work of art.—This solid mole rises on a broad foundation twelve feet above the surface of the water, and extends 2000 feet into the ocean. It commences at the foot of an impending rock, eastward of *Howth* town, and continues in a direction pointing to the east end of *Ireland's Eye*; between which and the extremity of the Pier, has been formed a deep channel of 500 yards in breadth, for the admission of vessels into the harbour. It was here George IV. landed in 1822, when he visited Ireland. The shores of *Howth* are rocky and precipitous, through which the warfare of waves have excavated several gloomy caverns, that are the habitation of seals and sea-fowls. Though it is now stripped, in a great degree, of its sylvan drapery, it was formerly celebrated for its Druidical groves of majestic oaks.

The ruins of a Druid's altar are still to be seen in a sequestered valley on the east side of the hill. The St. Laurence family have been lords of the soil since the invasion of Henry II. *Howth* was granted by Henry to Sir Almericus Tristram, for having defeated and expelled a large body of Irish and Danish soldiers from this Peninsula, who had refused to submit to Henry's authority, though urgently exhorted so to do by the inglorious royal imbecile, Roderick O'Connor. Prior to Sir Almericus's commencing the engagement on this occasion, he made a vow to his patron, Saint Laurence, that if he would bless him with victory, that he should not only dedicate an abbey to the Saint in *Howth*, but that he, and his posterity, in honour of him, should bear the name of Saint Laurence. Whether the Saint heard the vow of the pious knight, we cannot take upon us to say; but, certain it is, that he gained the victory, though it cost him, according to Archdall, a great sacrifice, as seven of his sons, three of his uncles, and six of his nephews were slain in the engagement. Henry was so pleased with this victory that he created him Baron of *Howth*, and annexed many endowments to his title.

The sword with which this famous chieftain fought this memorable battle is still to be seen hung up in the hall of the Earl of *Howth*. The mansion house is built in the form of a feudal castle. It is boldly situated on the west side of the hill, commanding an extensive prospect of the sea, and the Wicklow mountains. We suppose his lordship, who is the twenty-eighth Baron of the family, is a lover of the *antique*—for the dust of antiquity, and the gloom of feudal times, are visible both inside and outside this venerable pile; and even in the hall, which is the most spacious apartment in the castle, the democratic spiders often wreath the aristocratical sword of Sir Almericus with their corrosive webs. The votive abbey is now a heap of ruins.

Ireland's Eye, which is about three quarters of a mile north of *Howth*, is a rocky, yet fertile island, as it produces many curious medicinal plants, which, in May and June, emit the most odorous effluvia. St. Nessin founded an abbey here about A. D. 570, where he spent, with other holy men, the evening of a well-spent life in prayer and penance. Sir Charles Coote plundered and dilapidated this abbey, by order of Elizabeth, in 1591. One of Cromwell's freebooters subsequently demolished that edifice, and carried off its materials to build a house for himself in the neighbourhood. *Ireland's Eye*, in former times, was joined to the hill of *Howth*; but, by the raging violence of the current, was separated from it.

Lambay, more northerly of *Howth*, distant about three leagues, is a large island, remarkable for its numerous rabbit warrens, and immense flocks of sea-fowl. In the summer season, *Lambay* is the favorite resort of many parties of pleasure from Dublin. There is a well of fine medicinal water, clear and balmy, on the island. *Lambay* was anciently part of the patrimony of the O'Toole's; but one of the family having joined in Tyrone's rebellion, Elizabeth made a grant of the island to Sir William Usher, whose descendants possess it to this day. There is an old building, a very curious specimen of military architecture yet standing here: it is a Polygon, composed of cut limestone, with battlements and spike holes. It was erected in the reign of Henry VIII. for the defence of the island, and a Watch-tower.

Great quantities of Kelp are annually made in this island.

was a Bishop's See until the tenth century,) were first built by St. Columb, A. D. 563. St. Finian, of whom Colgan gives an interesting account, was the first abbot of Swords.

The Danes plundered and burnt a great part of the town before the battle of Clontarf. King John, for this town, granted to Comyn, Arch-Bishop of Dublin, a charter of immunities, which empowered the Burgesses to send two representatives to Parliament. This privilege was exercised by the people of Swords until Ireland was deprived of her legislative liberties by the UNION. The historical events of which Swords was the scene, we shall relate in our history of Ireland. The population of this town is about 3000; and its environs are replete with rural beauties.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNION EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

LET us ask, in the name of our country, to which even our enemies durst not question our devotion; let us ask simultaneously with the Catholic Miscellany of Charleston, and the IRISH VINDICATOR of Montreal, which, with the *Shield*, are, *NONA FIDE*, the only trio of Irish papers on this side of the Atlantic—the only journals that give an honest expression to Irish feeling, and a vivid reflection of Irish talent—what grounds, what necessity are there for instituting an *Emigrant Society* here now? The time when such an association might be beneficial to the Irish Emigrant is gone by; the occasion is past, like the dreary night of religious persecution in Ireland. When the disease is perfectly cured, the antidote becomes useless. Ireland, at present, enjoys as free a constitution as any monarchical nation in the world; for GEORGE IV., and DANIEL O'CONNELL have shivered every link in the rusty chain of her bondage. All the blessings of a just and beneficent government are already beginning to diffuse their salutary effects over the green hills and fertile valleys of Erin. Agriculture, Commerce, and an active manufacturing spirit are on their march over the nation, soliciting the mechanics, labourers, and husbandmen of Ireland to enrol themselves under their standard. The whole population may now shelter themselves under the shade of the vine-tree of general industry. There are no people in the world more attached to their native land than the Irish peasantry; they idolatrously revere the graves of their fathers, and the scenes of their youth, from which, when necessity compels them to exile themselves to a strange clime, they are afflicted with all that agony of acute sorrow which was felt by the Israelites in passing from the land of their birth into Babylonian captivity. Why, then, hold out a delusive *ignis-fatuus* in New-York to induce the poor of Ireland to emigrate to a foreign land, where they will be received with the scowl of aversion, instead of the smile of welcome. When we say this, we speak a truth which is borne out by fact and experience. There is a *PREJUDICE*—ay! we emphatically assert there is an implacable prejudice in the minds of the middle order of American citizens, against that class of our countrymen, which they call the "*low Irish*;" and though those men are by far the most operative and effective in digging their canals, and building their houses, still their antipathies cannot be averted or subdued. Knowing this undeniable fact, we must denounce, as inimical to the best interests of our country, any society, no matter how laudable in intention, confederated for the mistaken purpose of sanctioning the emigration of our poor countrymen to a clime where illiberality classes them with debased Negroes—where prejudice estimates them as the very orts and dregs of the European community.

How many destitute Irish labourers are, at this moment, in this city, suffering the severest privations of indigence and idleness, who would consider themselves the happiest of men, if they had but the means of going home?

Every man of these was the victim of delusion—every man of them, on reaching the American shore, imagined himself in a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. What are the objects of this uncalled for Emigrant Society—of this *soi-disant* association of philanthropy? Why, merely, gentle reader, to place some vulgar blockhead, some trading patriot in an *intelligence office*, or more properly speaking, a *deception office*, whose duty it will be to give *advice*, the miser's gift, and point out to the credulous and unfortunate Irish mechanic and labourer, the shortest route to their graves in the pestilential marshes of Georgia, South Carolina, or Florida. Will an intelligent Irish community countenance an ill-advised system like this, which is calculated to plunge hundreds of those Irishmen, who are now enjoying the fruits of industry and competence on their own household hearths, into misery and ruin in America?

TO OUR PATRONS.

We now present the sixth number of the *IRISH SHIELD*, which, in variety and interest, will, we think, be found equal to any of its predecessors. This number, like the last, is entirely composed of ORIGINAL MATTER. We flatter ourselves that we deserve, in an eminent degree, the patronage of our countrymen; because, without over-rating our own merits, we are warranted by FACT to assert, that the *IRISH SHIELD*, in elucidating the history, biography, and antiquities of Ireland, has immeasurably surpassed any other publication ever established in this Union. For the truth of this assertion, we fearlessly appeal to the dispassionate candour of a BISHOP ENGLAND, a MATTHEW CARRY, Esq., a WILLIAM SAMPSON, Esq., and to Doctors MACNEVEN and HENRY, gentlemen whose high literary attainments, and historical erudition, qualify them to pronounce a decision, from which it would be in vain to appeal. We have again to repeat, that we shall publish this work WEEKLY, as soon as an ADEQUATE PATRONAGE is extended to us. We only ask a fair remuneration for our labour, and this we have not yet gotten; but hope bids us persevere in pursuit of success.

FESTIVE HOMAGE TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

ON Wednesday, the 17th day of June, a society, styling themselves the "*Friendly Sons of St. Patrick*," celebrated the political regeneration of Ireland, by a public dinner, at Niblo's Tavern in Broadway. We were glad to see some of these friendly step-sons of our great patron saint, who never contributed a shilling to the *Catholic Rent*, while O'Connell was struggling for our liberties; nay, but on the contrary, who were the vulgar retailers of the sarcasms and the scoffs levelled at the character of our sterling patriot, by the "*John Bull*," and London "*Courier*,"—coming forward after the victory was achieved to shout and bluster among the applauding thousands that follow the triumphal car of the illustrious conqueror of prejudice and intolerance. We were glad indeed to see such men (whom we could name if it were worth while,) shamed out of their avarice and narrow *Brunswick* principles, and flung, as it were, into the vortex current of popular opinion. But we hope that they have sacrificed their illiberal feelings on the altar of festivity.

Several of the TRUE and TRIED friends of Ireland, were among the guests, and harmony and patriotism gave an zest to the feast. Messrs. Verplanck, Sampson, MacNeven, and the very Rev. Dr. POWER, and the Rev. T. C. LEVINS made speeches on this occasion, which were characterized by the eloquence and patriotism that so peculiarly distinguish these gentlemen. We must not omit to mention that a very doughty military and literary personage, Colonel Stone, was also like Saul among the Prophets. Surely, to speak in the language of Mr. Levins, "the times are strange," when the gallant Colonel, who once, we verily believe, would, like the malignant Jew, wish to see every Irishman in the city, elevated as high as Heman—has poured out a libation to Irish freedom, and the health of DANIEL O'CONNELL. We will not stop the *Bull* which he made in his toast, at the "*turnpike*" of criticism, as it was not Irish.

MR. O'CONNELL.

THIS distinguished and virtuous liberator of our country has been refused his seat in the British Parliament. His honest mind and religious conscience revolted from the barbarous oath which was dictated by the anti-Christian spirit of intolerance, in the age of persecution and proscription, to exclude Roman Catholics from their constitutional rights. To evade the impious tenor of this flagitious oath, Mr. O'Connell must be re-elected in Clare. We are happy to learn from the London papers, that there is no doubt of his gaining a second triumph in Ennis, as neither the corporation of Dublin, nor the *Brunsvickers*, have been fool-hardy enough to procure some bankrupt candidate to oppose the champion of freedom. In our next number, we hope we shall have the pleasure of giving to our readers the maiden speech, in Parliament, of the member for Clare, as well as his letter, returning thanks to Mr. JAMES CLOHESY, of this city, who has sent a beautiful HAT, of his own manufacture, to the incorruptible Irish Patriot, as a token of his admiration and gratitude for his glorious and bloodless success in emancipating seven millions of the Irish people from the yoke, which was rivetted by the oppression of three centuries.

O'CONNELLITE HATS.

MR. CLOHESY, (No. 36 Division-street,) has just finished in a style of fashion that combines elegance with durability, a few HATS, of the same formation as the one that he has sent to the Irish Liberator, denominated the O'CONNELLITE HATS, for which, we are sure, he will have a brisk demand.

THE CAPTIVE GIRL.

'Twas at the royal banquet hour,
When on his throne in pride of power,
Sate TAMMELANE, the proud and great,
His nobles round in regal state;
The minstrel choir breath'd wild along
Their silver harps the martial song;—
But soon a softer theme they woke,
And sweeter strains of music broke,
Within that hall so wide and high,
In tones of soft sweet minstrelsy:
It ceas'd: and fir'd with wine and love,
Descending from his throne above,
The monarch bade the heralds bear
Before the throne a maiden fair,
The loveliest girl in all the lands
That own'd that conqueror's high commands;
Soon in the hall the captive maid
Before the King her footsteps staid;
And with a bitter anguish smil'd
Upon the court; while floating wild
Adown her neck her ringlets roll'd
In wavy tresses, bath'd in gold,
And her soft bosom heav'd with sighs,
While tear-drops sparkled in her eyes,
And o'er her cheeks convulsive ran—
When the proud chieftain thus began:

Beautiful captive! my dark-ey'd bride!
Thou shalt be India's queen and pride;
Here are gems, round thy waist to twine,
Dug from the depths of the dark, deep mine;
The ruby bright and the emerald green,
To deck the form of my lovely queen;
The beamy pearl from the amber caves,
Where the mermaid dwells 'neath the dark blue waves.

All I claim is one smile of thine,
And thy fond young love in return for mine;
Then dry those tears from thy sparkling eyes,
Chase from thy bosom those struggling sighs—
Grant me the boon of thy snowy hand,
And thou shalt reign o'er this sunny land.—
Maiden! cease those tears, they are vain,
They cannot rouse from their tomb the slain,
Nor rer to life the gallant brave
Who sleep in the dark and lonely grave.

“Warrior chieftain! this must not be,—
Take—take back those gifts to thee;
I seek not thy gems, they shall never twine
Their costly braids round this brow of mine.
Oh, no! I never again must wear
The ruby or pearl in my auburn hair;
Then take them back, for an Indian girl
May not deck her brow with the costly pearl.

I ask thee not for thy gems, proud chief!—
Think'st that splendour will soothe my grief.
Oh, no! but I ask for the good and brave,
Who sleep in the dark and lonely grave—
For the fair and the young in the morning of life,
Who fell 'neath thy arm in the deadly strife;
I ask for that youth—for that noble boy
Who sprung to the fight in his martial joy;
And curb'd even thee in thy proud career,
Stern chief! with the might of his youthful spear.
Where are they now?—proud warrior, tell!
On the battle-field, 'neath thy sword they fell.
Nay, frown not, tyrant! think'st thou I fear
Thy haughty glance, or thy thirsty spear?
Take back thy gifts—they bear the stain
Of the brave and free 'neath thy falchion slain:
Its shining edge with the blood is dy'd
Of that youth who fell in his dark ey'd pride;
But he died not, stranger, in hall or bower,
But he fell in the stormy battle hour,—
When spears were crost, and blood stream'd round
Of the free and brave on the smoking ground;

When banners were wav'd to the morning sun,
And hearts by the voice of glory won;
Dash'd proudly on to the battle plain
To never return in their pride again,
But to die like warriors, brave and free,
In defence of their country's liberty.
Where are they—tyrant! the free and brave?
They sleep at rest in a glorious grave.—
Then take back thy gifts, for the Bramin girl
May not wear the ruby or sparkling pearl,
Nor never, dark tyrant, be bride to thee,
But in death be nobly unstain'd and free.”

She ceas'd, and in the warrior's arms
Sank lifeless—in her peerless charms,
In all her beauty's power array'd:
So died the noble Bramin maid.

CAROLAN.

New-York, 1823.

JUNE, A PASTORAL.

FOR THE IRISH SHIELD.

(SCENE—STRANGFORD,* in the county of Down.)

Near yonder abbey's ivy-tufted wall,
With moss incumber'd—nodding to its fall;
Where lofty DONARD† rears his forked head,
Far o'er the plain a dusky gloom is shed;
While vapours rise, or brooks descending hide
Their diving waters in his deep-worn side,
Collecting from Killough's blue, lucent waves,
Whose gentle swell the flow'ry margin laves;
Contrasted beauties grace the chequer'd scene—
Lakes ever clear—and groves for ever green.

* STRANGFORD is a flourishing little town on the banks of the lake of the same name, at a distance of 100 miles N. E. of Dublin. The lake was called in ancient times, *Cona*, by which appellation it is celebrated in the poetry of Ossian. It is a deep bay, or inlet of the sea, about 17 miles long, and between four and five broad. It extends west as far as Downpatrick, and north as far as Cumber and Newtown. The coasts of this lake are beautified by fine mansions and picturesque domains, and its transparent breast is gemmed with romantic islands of emerald green. We shall revert to the rural beauties of Strangford in our topography of the county of Down.

† SLIEVE DONARD is one of the highest mountains in Ireland. This stupendous mountain, which makes such a figure in the stories of our antiquarians and the songs of our bards, is calculated at a perpendicular height of 1156 yards above the marine level of the sea, which it overlooks. There is a fountain of sparkling water on its summit, as well as the magnificent ruins of two Druidical temples; and mighty piles of stones, called *cairns*, the original use of which we shall define, in an essay on *Iri h sepulture*, in our next number.

About five years ago we ascended to the top of *Donard*, after a most weary and tiring journey; but when we gained the summit, the remembrance of past difficulties was soon obliterated by the grand and enchanting prospect which opened to our view. The expansive ocean, the lines of whose wide horizon were terminated by a curling haze, in which the mountains of Caledonia, Isle of Man, and Wales, appeared like Ossian's ghosts combating in their war-cars of mist, was the perspective on one side; and on the other, the surrounding country spread a vivid and interesting landscape. But of this mountain, and the “Blue-lake” of Mourne we shall speak in a future article. We shall feel honoured by the frequent favours of such a poet as *Ullin*.

There late th' afflicted swain did sadly roam,
Nor sought to change—nor wish'd for friends or home:

Beguil'd his pain with wand'ring through the grove,
Or sighing, sung the cares attending love;
Far from the town's detested haunts he rov'd,
From noise and smoke enveloped skies remov'd,
Left fashion, folly, and the crowd behind,
Restless as waves, inconstant as the wind;
There rage the storms of each uncertain clime—
There float the wrecks of fortune and of time;—
There Hope's smooth gales in soft succession blow,
While Disappointment hides the rocks below;—
No longer shall his little bark be rent,
If Hope resign the anchor to Content.

Our native hills now courts th' inspiring train,
Their aid invok'd, he tunes the reeds again;
Worships yon radiant god, who guides the day,
Paints the green vale, and gilds the azure way;
White, softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The balmy breezes breathe away and die:—
Stretch'd at his length, beneath a woodbine bow'r,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd each drooping
flow'r;

If BARRY smile the op'ning flow'rs will spring,
The skies will brighten and the birds will sing;
But if she frown, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply.

Now Flora sheds her fragrance o'er the isle—
Now fields are gaudy—now the landscapes smile,
While yellow crocus and blue violets glow,
And western winds on blushing roses blow;
Here hawthorns blossom—here the cowslips gay
Sweet-scented beauties to the eye display.

Bright as the morn, and buxom as the air,
To sylvan shades retires yon matchless fair,
Where dancing sun-beams frolic thro' the trees,
And playful zephyrs wanton in the breeze;
Beneath her feet the verdant carpet spread,
While twining branches serve to guard her head;
Her constant swain, whom love has taught to sing,
True to his mistress, loyal to his king,
Now mourns an absent, now a faithless love,
And with her name makes vocal every grove;
His love the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
And plying angels shall record it there.

U. LIN.

Written in Strangford, 10th April, 1829.

LINES TO MEMORY.

Painful blessing—soothing sorrow,
To-day my bliss—my pang to-morrow;—
Enchanting ill—exhaustless pleasure,
Whose retentive records treasure
Fleeting shadows, long since pass'd,
Of joys too exquisite to last;—
Sensations pure and thoughts refined,
With all the extasies of mind;
Sweet ideas, fondly wove
By youthful fancy—joy and love:
Scenes o'er which retention grieves,
O'er which the heart too fondly lives,
Hours more priz'd than ages down,
Which to some happy few are known;—
Playful groupings and smiling mirth,
To which gay youth and joy gave birth:—
These, tho' dear, you still enhance,
View'd thro' thy retrospective glance;
These thy blessings know I well,
Thy pangs I feel—but cannot tell.

JUVERNA.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MEMORY.

INSCRIBED TO A DEAR FRIEND NOW RESIDENT
IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

BY JAMES SILVIUS LAW, OF DUBLIN.

" Wide seas are rolling green
My friend and me between;
Yet distance cannot separate, nor absence sever
The golden links that bind
His image to my mind,
Till AFRICA is forgotten, and the Dee's delightful
river."

I.

My faithful friend! of heart sincere!
Companion of the lowly mind,
Whom many an forgotten year
Has with my fondness intertwined—
Wilt thou remember—far away,
When evening courts thy pilgrim feet,
By Hudson's bowery banks to stray—
The bard, whose strain thou thought'st so sweet,
Wilt thou, with heaviness of heart,
Recall his image with a sigh—
While tears of latent anguish start
For scenes—and times—that cannot die?
And, dearest friend! wilt thou remind me,
When, gazing on love's twilight star,
Thou think'st of all thou left'st behind thee,
With joy and peace, in fields afar?
Oh! what a world of visions bright
Will recollection's eye survey,
When Mem'ry flings her lunar light
Upon youth's flowery morning way!
As thou, with feverish anxiousness,
Look'st eastward o'er the Western Ocean,—
Remembering days of happiness,
That feasted life with love's devotion.

II.

That hour—embodied in thy thought,
Thy undissembling friend shall be
In fancy's fairest colours wrought,
As when, erewhile, by winding Dee,
With joy, in happier times, we rov'd
O'er damask meads—through valleys fair,
Where Learning's sweets our bliss improv'd,
In haunts apart from frowning Care.
Remembrance,—for the days we've spent
In prosperous Pleasure's golden reign,
Will rob the shafts of Discontent
Of half their poison, point, and pain;
And clothe with intellectual greenness
The Muse-loved, consecrated places,
Where calm delight and peace have seen us
Enjoying bliss 'midst nature's graces.
For this, engraven on thy breast,
In characters of deep impression,
My name to Memory's eye confess,
And glowing brightly with expression,
Through life shall there emblazon'd be
With Fancy's fine celestial hues;
For thou wilt love, on land or sea,
The votary of the SYLVIAN Muse.

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE."

NO. VII.

FOR JULY, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

The three sons of Heremon, MUIMHNE, LUIGHNE, and LAISHNE, agree to sway the sceptre of sovereignty alternately. The concord and fraternal affection which distinguish their reigns. LAISHNE is opposed by the sons of his uncle, Heber: the success of their revolt: they gain possession of the throne, from which they are soon expelled by Irial, the son of Heremon. The reign of Irial—his institutions and victories:—his successor, EITHRIAL, who is de-throned. CONMAOL, the son of Heber ascends the throne, of which he is in his turn dispossessed by TIGHERNINAS, of the Heremonian line. The government of this Prince; his sumptuary laws, and regulations for the distinction of colour; his encouragement to arts and manufactures; his adoration of an idol. The origin and progress of the Irish Druids. A. M. 2750.

THE three sons of HEREMON, MUIMHNE, LUIGHNE, and LAISHNE, religiously obeying the dying injunctions of their royal father, and profiting by their experience of the disaster which civil dissension brought upon their house, unanimously agreed before their brother Irial, the arch druid and prophet, to sway the sovereign authority successively a year each. This compact being solemnly confirmed and ratified, MUIMHNE, the eldest brother, was invested with the royal insignia, and on the termination of his year, his next brother, LUIGHNE, ascended the throne. During his year of administration, MUIMHNE died at his country palace, in Connaught, an event which was deeply lamented by his brothers, who loved and esteemed him for his valour, and the many amiable qualities that adorned his mind.

AS soon as the period of LAISHNE's turn to assume the prerogatives and duties of royalty arrived, he mounted the throne; but scarce had the ceremonies of his inauguration been ended, than his cousins, the sons of Heber, revolted, and raising their insurrectionary standard, it was quickly joined by numerous adherents, at whose head the disaffected chiefs marched to the very gates of the royal palace.

THE monarch and his brother made formidable preparations to resist the assault of rebellion. An engagement soon ensued at *Ard-Ladhran*, in the county of Wexford, which ended in the death of the monarch and his brother, as well as in the discomfiture of their army. The rays of fortune once more illuminated the clouded prospects of the house of Heber; but how seldom is the sun—

shine of that prosperity which is gained by unjust conquest, unobscured by the mists of vicissitude. The power which is wrested by ambition's physical force, is generally of an instable and precarious tenure. The victors enjoyed the kingdom but one year, or, according to some authorities, only three months, when they were attacked and defeated by IRIAL, the prophet, who was appointed high priest by his father, Heremon, on the death of the arch druid Amhergin. Our annals say nothing particular of the short and unfortunate reign of the sons of Heber. The victorious prophet mounted the throne by the general consent of the Irish people, who expected much from the prudence, wisdom, and clemency, which were the distinguishing traits of his character. His administration proved that the national hopes were well founded. The abuses which corrupted the government of his predecessors, were removed by the salutary reform that he introduced; and justice and impartiality swayed his councils, and produced in consequence the happiest results. His reign shed lustre on the nation. He raised several stately edifices, both military and religious, extended the commerce, and materially improved the agriculture of the country. After he had crushed internal sedition, he was subsequently obliged to repel the attack of a numerous band of African invaders, who made a descent upon the southern coast. In his first battle with the invading foe, at *Teanmhuighe*, in Fingall, in the county of Dublin, he totally defeated them, and killed with his own hand their chief commander, *Eichtghe*. After a glorious reign of ten years, he died, and was succeeded by his son EITHRIAL, A. M. 2765. This young prince inherited the genius, and imbibed the principles of his royal father, whose dying entreaties, he religiously observed as the rules of his conduct and government. Our historians characterize him as a sage and a hero. Having no domestic, or foreign enemy to annoy him, he devoted the beginning of his reign to the cultivation of letters and the arts. Under his paternal government, the benign blessings of peace diffused happiness and prosperity through Ireland. EITHRIAL wrote the history of his ancestors, from the great Phenius down to his own days. According to Colgan and Molloy, this work of our royal historian existed in the archives of Tara, until St. Patrick, in the glow of his Christian zeal, committed it to the flames with the rest of our antique works. O'Halloran conjectures that this prince sent an Hyperborean Scythian embassy, at the head of which was Albaris, to Athens: "That such an embassy," says our Livy, "arrived in Greece, cannot be doubted. It was a wise measure, to renew friendship, extend commerce and the glory of his people, not only there, but in Asia; and this will explain why the memory of these transactions were preserved even in Egypt, in the days of Solon."* Although Eithrial might be emphatically pronounced the father of his people; but still, as virtue and generosity cannot avert the malice of treason, his cousin CONMAOL, the youngest son of Heber, formed a conspiracy against this good king, by which he lost his crown and life, in the twentieth year of his reign, in the battle of Rahonen, in Leinster.

The fallen monarch having no issue, his conqueror found no impediments obstructing his way to the throne, and victory threw a lustre over the darkness of his ingratitude. He was solemnly inaugurated on the stone of destiny, by a full convocation of the Druids and the states of the kingdom. The Psalter of Cashel represents him in the most brilliant light of eulogium. The royal historian attributes to him all those virtues that give additional splendour to regal station. "He it was," says the venerable Cormoc, "that killed with his own hand Ethrial, the son of Irial, the prophet, in revenge for the blood of his father.

* We should give some degree of belief and credit to the investigations of our antiquarians, which prove, that *Aeria* and *Ogygia* were given in common to Egypt and Ireland; and to that other most ancient and universally allowed tradition of our historians, of the marriage of *Scota*, the daughter of Pharaoh, with a predecessor of the Scots; which evidently convinces us, that there had been a commerce, and an alliance of a very ancient date, carried on, and mutually maintained between the Egyptians and our Iberian ancestors.

He it was that fought and won forty-five battles against the posterity of Heremon, he it was whom victory followed as his shadow, and whose arms were always crowned with glory and conquest." We have no doubt but he was brave and intrepid, for he quelled several insurrections, vanquished the Erneans and Martineans, the remains of the ancient *Belgæ*, in several engagements; until at length his hour coming, he fell by the sword of Heber, in the battle of Aonach Macha, in Meath, after a reign of thirty years. "His burial place," says O'Halloran, "yet goes by the name of *Fear-Connail*," or the grave of the "Prince of Chiefs."

His death again gave the reins of government into the hands of the Heremonian dynasty. TIGHERNMAS, the son of Follam, the son of Eithrial, the son of Irial, the prophet, the son of Heremon, was saluted supreme monarch. As a warrior and a statesman, he early gave decisive proofs of his abilities. By his valour in the field, he defeated the insurrectionary armies of the Heberians in twenty-seven pitched battles; and by his liberal and sagacious policy in the cabinet, he at once endeared himself to his friends, and extorted the respect of his enemies. He attained a higher eminence of popularity than any of his predecessors since the reign of Heremon. Finding himself thus too exalted to be disturbed by the intrigues of the partizans of the Heberian family, he devoted his whole attention to the promotion of national happiness. Literature, arts, and agriculture, flourished under his fostering auspices, and a new spirit seemed to have animated the kingdom, while the genius of the sovereign manifested itself in the general prosperity which prevailed. The reign of this monarch is very much celebrated by our bards and historians, as the code of laws that were enacted in it have formed a conspicuous epoch of Irish history. His ordinances relative to THE COLOURS of the garments worn by princes, nobles, bards, and peasants, deserve particular illustration from the historian.

By this legislative enactment, which our annalists call the LAW OF COLOURS,*

* This law did more towards gaining esteem and respect than all the golden trappings of the East, and yet cost nothing. It produced a noble emulation among men of letters, who on approving themselves skilled in the *Fileacht*, i. e. the arts and sciences of the land, received the vesture of six colours.

The dress of the ancient *Scots* (the Irish) was plain as their manners. The great were apparelled in much the same manner as the lower ranks, allowing only for the fineness of the texture, and the variety, or rather number, of the colours.

The fashion of this vesture was so admirably adapted to the manners of a martial nation, that it received very little change through all ages. It helped to display action, and exhibited the actor in the most advantageous manner. It bears a perfect resemblance to the costume of the ancient Greeks. One piece covered the legs and thighs of the wearer closely. The *Braceon*, or vest, was fastened with golden clasps, and so conveniently contrived, as to cover the breast better than any modern garment, while the close sleeves of a flowing mantle gave the soldier all the advantages he could require in the use of arms. Over the whole, they wore a *Fallung*, or wide cloak, which covered them from the sun and rain in time of inaction, as in time of war it served them for a bed to repose on in their field-tents. I have seen a representation of these dresses, in the carving on the king of Connaught's (Feidlim O'Connor) tomb, in the abbey of Roscommon; and I am certain that the remains of this species of dress are still preserved in the highlands of Scotland.—O'CONNOR.

"Though the garb of the ancient Irish was simple in its fashion, yet the materials of which it was composed were of the most costly quality: Their kings wore mantles of an immense size, generally nine ells of yellow and purple silk, which were studded with gems and precious stones. Their helmets, shields, and ensign staffs, were of pure gold, as the country abounded with that precious metal."—VALLANCEY.

"The military dress of the ancient Irish was fashioned after the vesture of the Grecian heroes, and perfectly corresponded with the drapery which we see in the pictures of the old masters."—Vide *Scottish Archaeologia*, vol. ix.

"The Irish kings, in battle, wore a golden crown on their heads, and a star of amethyst on their breasts; as it was deemed inglorious to conceal their rank in a garb unbecoming their high stations."—PINXERTON'S *Inquiry into the History of Scotland*.

"In the pagan ages, the Irish soldiers never made use of coats of mail; the shield alone was all their defensive armour for the body; their chief offensive weapons were the sword, javelin, and arrow. Their infantry, after the Christian era, were of two orders, heavy and light-armed: the first were called *Gallglachs*, armed with a highly burnished helmet and

princes of the blood royal were allowed to have seven colours in their garments; the monarch was always known by his mantle of yellow and purple, for green was not in those days the national colour; the vesture of the druids, ollamhs, bards, and artists, was variegated by six dies; that of the nobility and knights by five; of *beatachs*, or keepers of open houses, by four; of commanders of battalions, three; of private gentlemen, two; and of peasantry and soldiers, one. The provisions of these laws were observed, for ages, with the most inviolable sacredness and religious attention. "This custom of making," says O'Halloran, "various colours in clothes honourable, we find to be extremely ancient. Thus, we read in Genesis that 'Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a coat of many colours.' This same law we find established in China, from the most remote antiquity."

Indeed, we have the authority of foreign historians to say, that the ancient Irish carried the art of dyeing to Tyrian perfection; and their colours were as unfading as they were vivid and durable. These colours, we are told by Bishop Nicholson, were all of vegetable production. In Irish poetry, red, purple, and crimson robes are frequently mentioned; but yellow was the royal colour, and the livery of honour and pre-eminence. In consequence, the silks, stuffs, and linens of this die were brilliant in the extreme. The materials used in the composition of this colour were extracted from a plant well known in Ireland, called the *Buidh-more*, or great yellow, which is still an article of commerce. This imprinted a dye bright and lasting, which resisted at once the action of rain and sun-beams. The purple and crimson were obtained from a species of moss growing on rocks and stones in different parts of the kingdom, denominated by Nicholson, in his natural history, the "*Lichenoides Saxatile, tinctorium foliis purpureis*, and *Muscus tinctorius crustae modo petris adnascens* of Ray," called by our Irish botanists, *Corcair* and *Arcell*. The crimson was extracted from the corcair, or finer kind, resembling a thin white scurf, which grows on sea-side rocks in every part of Ireland. Persons of rank dyed their garments in this effusion, and Ware says, that the secret of imparting such a beautiful crimson colour, in its original lustre, is not now known to any person in Ireland. Great quantities of this moss are gathered in the county of Kerry, and sold to the dyers in London and Dublin, who prefer it to the orchil imported from the Canaries and Azores. The ancient Irish also produced from it and a mixture of a plant called the "*ladies' bed-straw*," or the Irish *Crow lean*, a beautiful gold, orange, and scarlet colour. The black colour, which distinguished the apparel of the peasantry, was composed of the juice of *bog mire* and white water lily, and the dye was so excellent and glossy, that neither time nor weather could tarnish it as long as a piece of the cloth remained. There is an herb grows on the rocks of Magilligan, in the county of Derry, which, when properly pre-

coat of mail, bound with iron rings. They were also girded with long swords, and occasionally, they fought with a most keen battle-axe. Their light-armed infantry (called *Ke-herns*) fought with bearded javelins and short daggers."—*Disert. on Irish History*.

"The Irish soldiers looketh very warlike, and their dress resembleth the ancient Grecian vestiture. They are tall and masculine, with fierce visages; they have three kinds of weapons in use: short bright lances, two javelins, and broad battle-axes, extremely well-tempered. Against the force of these weapons, neither helmet nor cuirass is sufficient defence. I saw the Irish king's body guard in *Dublinc*, and they resembleth a band of Giants, inasmuch as their stature and strength much surpassedth our soldiers."—CAMBRIGENSIS.

"O'Neil's guards, which the Irish call *Galloglachs*, are certainly in appearance equal to the pictured representation of Caesar's favourite legion, and their dress is superb and imposing."—*Sir Philip Sidney's letter to Queen Elisabeth*.

"The Irish soldiers are men of great stature, of more than ordinary strength of limb, powerful swordsmen, but at the same time altogether sanguinary to us, (*Saxons*;) and by no means inclined to give quarter. Their weapons are one foot in length, resembling double-bladed hatchets, almost sharper than razors, fixed to shafts of more than ordinary length, with which, when they strike, they inflict a dreadful wound. Before any one is admitted into O'Neil's corps, he swears, in the most solemn manner, that he will never flinch, or turn his back, when he comes into action."—*Stanikurst, de Reb. Hibern.* p. 41, 42.

pared, produces the finest peach-blossom colour. In a word, it appears that our ancestors could produce all colours, except blue, from our native growth.* According to Nicholson, the ancient Irish ladies dyed linen of a beautiful bright crimson colour, which they made by a preparation of *cochleae*, a species of shell-fish that abounds on the coasts of Wicklow, Dublin, and Wexford. The extract taken from this shell-fish, when applied to the linen, produced first a fine sea-green, then an azure blue, afterwards a deep purple-red, and all in a few hours, when exposed to the sun. But after washing the cloth in hot water, and soap, the purple became an exquisite and brilliant crimson, which nothing could change. "The fish was," says Nicholson, in his natural history of Ireland, "a species of perriwinkles, which is still used in dyeing by the people of Wexford and Wicklow. The ancient Irish are said to have dyed much of this colour, which must have destroyed great quantities of the fish, as not above six or seven drops of liquid can be obtained from each wrinkle, and that by a difficult process: the shell is not to be broken, the vein lying transversely in a furrow next the head is to be pierced by a bodkin, when a few drops of white milky liquor issues. The Tyrian die, so much celebrated by antiquity, is thought to have been the production of a similar species of muscles." But it is time to return from our digression, and resume the thread of our narrative.

The monarch caused several mines to be opened, and their produce to be wrought by skilful artists.† Some goblets have been found in the Bog of Allen, which were made in the reign of Tighernmas, and their sculptured devices and beautiful workmanship, afford a proof of the proficiency of the ancient Irish in the fine arts. It is to this sovereign our historians also impute the invention of vats for dying purple, yellow, and green. TIGHERNMAS, however, contrary to the advice and supplication of the Druids, introduced a species of worship which they pronounced idolatrous. The Druids, regardless of his power, every where denounced his heresy, and predicted the vengeance of the true national deities, the sun, moon, and stars, against the devoted monarch.

The king felt indignant, but durst not punish men who were revered as the ministers of Heaven. To show, however, his contempt of their idle threats, he erected a famous idol at Breffeny, in the county of Leitrim, called *Crom-Cruadh*, "the same god," says Dr. Keating, "that Zoroaster adored in Greece." On the eve of *Samhuin*, or November, which was the time appropriated to the worship of the moon, the king, no longer acknowledging the bright rays of that deity, "as light from Heaven," with his family, nobles, and soldiers, repaired to the plain of Breffeny, for the purpose of offering divine honours to his false God. The Druids taking their station on a neighbouring hill, witnessed the heretical ceremony with horror and indignation. But scarcely had the monarch kneeled before the idol, scarcely had the flames ascended from the burnt offer-

* The Irish have herbs for diet, for counteracting witchcraft, for physic, for dyeing, (an art in which they once excelled all Europe,) and almost for all uses."—*Vide Innis's letter to the Bishop of Derry, published in the Transac. of the Gaelic Society, Edinburgh, 1727.*

† The mountains of Ireland are full of mines and minerals. Gold and silver must have been very plenty in this country in ancient times, as all the knights wore golden helmets and chains, and a shield of the same precious metal. A bit of a bridle, of solid gold, of ten ounces, which was found in digging in some grounds, was sent as a present to Charles I. by the Earl of Strafford.

The same nobleman sent also an ingot of silver to the royal mint, from the mines of the county of Tipperary, which weighed three hundred ounces; and in his letter to the Secretary of State, he says, "that the lead mines in Munster were so rich, that every load of lead had in it forty pounds of fine silver." There are several considerable collieries in many parts of the kingdom, probably enough to supply all Europe with coals; but for want of government encouragement, they are neglected. Besides these, there are numerous iron mines and lead mines in the island. There is one lead mine, in the county of Antrim, so rich, that from every thirty pounds of lead one of silver is yielded. In fine, nature designed Ireland for the operations of art and agriculture; and, though she is unfortunately poor, she has exhaustless wealth in her own bosom, but under the hermetic seal of English policy.

ings, when the most awful thunder began to roar, and in another moment the dreadful lightning annihilated the idol, and made burned victims of Tighernmas and all his attendants. When the Druids saw the destruction with which divine wrath swept away idolatry, they set up a shout of exultation. We give this ludicrous fiction as we find it, in all our ancient histories, as an amusing fable foisted by the pious fraud of the Druids into our annals. The popular tradition of Leitrim still points out the scene of this invented catastrophe, and gives it the name of *Meagh-sleachta*, or the valley of worship. Before the reign of this victim of divine vengeance, the sun, moon, and stars, were the only objects of religious adoration; objects which, though virtually as unworthy of human homage as the shapeless matter that is moulded into form by the art of man, still raise the mind beyond the narrow limits of terrestrial existence, and equally impress us with the solemnity of religion, and the awful sublimity of boundless and infinite creation.

TIGHERNMAS according to Keating and O'Halloran, who follow the authority of the annalist, *Giolla Caomhain*, who flourished in the tenth century, reigned fifty years.

Before we close this chapter, we will endeavour to reflect some light of investigation on the darkness that conceals the origin of one of the most noted religious orders of antiquity, we mean the Druids. The laudability of the attempt will excuse its defects. Let us take a retrospective view of the first ages of the world, and explore the rude policy of their incipient designs, and we shall often behold grand, strange, and unexpected events arise from the simplest causes; we shall behold the moral imitate the physical world; and we shall frequently return from the intellectual pursuit, if not enriched and enlightened with all the acquisition of knowledge that inquiry can impart, at least edified and blessed with all the pleasure which imagination can bestow. In countries covered with eternal forests, as we must suppose the greater portion of the earth to have been shortly after the flood, the first Planters would naturally settle in those parts that were more open, and best adapted for agriculture. Among these first planters there might be found a few, who smit with sacred love of meditation and the sciences of the shades, would naturally shun the vulgar commerce of mankind and retire among the sombre oaks, to commune with the genius of solitude; and study the philosophy of religion in the impressive characters of nature. Blessed with that wisdom, with which contemplation invests the mind, and which indeed, in the bustle of public life is seldom to be found, *Rara avis in terris*, they would naturally fix their habitation, when they had imbibed the first principles of morality and natural religion. Here the beacon of silence should cast a steady radiance on their understandings, while free from the tempest of the passions. Here they would be consulted by those who had less experience in the duties imposed upon humanity, by the lights of reason, and the admonitions of that interior monitor, which directs all those who are attentive to its counsels as well in the palace, as in the cottage; as well in the bustle of society, as in the privacy of retirement; as well amid the turbulent and ungovernable commotions of a seditious populace, as in the dreary and sequestered solitudes of the Arabian wild. Such men would attract attention and command respect; such men would surely be consulted in matters of state, and public interest, and on all extraordinary occasions; nor would they long stand in need of disciples and followers to assist them in the discharge of the various and important duties imposed upon them, by their superior knowledge, and endowments. Consequently these disciples would draw wisdom from the fount of instruction and with minds and passions elevated by philosophy to the summit of reason, they would soon become a distinct order of men, and be at the head of all affairs both in church and state. Thus they would be philosophers by profession—Priests by the veneration paid to them—Judges, by the choice of the people—Poets, from the warm and pathetic feelings which are inspired by the contemplation of nature—and Historians from their learning, and the active part they would be obliged to take in the affairs of state.

To secure, however, that veneration and esteem which they would wish to procure by the sanctity of their lives, the brilliancy of their attainments, and their isolated retreat from the world, they would still avoid a general intercourse with the people; they should do so because that a conformity of proceeding would be necessary to preserve that respect which originated in the belief of their superior piety and qualifications, while aware that the character should be sustained to the last, without being lessened by inconsistency; and experience itself would soon inform them that a communion with the world would speedily bring them into contempt. That such an order of men would arise from such circumstances, is indeed, more than probable; and will, we doubt not, appear with new evidence to the cautious reader, the more he examines it.

If such was the origin, such certainly was the order of the ancient Druids. They were in Ireland from the days of Heremon, to the introduction of Christianity. Priests, Judges, Philosophers, Poets, and Historians, and their manner of life exactly corresponds to the supposition we have made.

The Irish arch Druid had great power and authority, and his person was sacred and inviolable. He was chief of the literati, and high pontiff of religion. As this was the next station to the sovereign himself, an eminent place of the most important trust and responsibility, it was uniformly conferred on a branch of the royal tree, as this history will show. This was also the custom, as Ledwich tells us in Sydon and Tyre.

Pliny informs us that their places of worship were surrounded by groves of oak, and that they were not permitted to sacrifice out of them. He also tells us that the oak was held in such reverence by the Roman Druids, that it was supposed to be sacred to the Deity. We likewise read in Ovid, that all the Druids assembled at the cutting of the *Mistletoe*, and commenced the performance of their mysteries.* Julius Cæsar, in his commentaries, gives us a view of the Druids in Gaul, in his days, whom he represents secluded in the dark recesses of oak forests, cultivating the abstrusest sciences, and penetrating the sublimest mysteries of nature, and anticipating the discoveries of Pythagoras, and Newton. It is manifest, that woods and forests, were intimately interwoven in their system of religion. We have already stated that the first name of Ireland, which stands upon record, was "*Inis na Bhfodhbuidhe*" or the woody Island. The Irish Druid worshipped one supreme Being, not in temples as the Greeks and Romans, but in Groves consecrated to him. They believed in a future state of rewards and punishments, which should be regulated by the Deity according to their conduct in this life. They always raised their immense altars of stone, on the summit of high hills,† on which they generally offered their bloody, and expiatory sacrifices.

* The Druids of Gaul, according to Pliny, held nothing so sacred as the *Mistletoe*, and the trees upon which it grew. They select groves of this wood for religious purposes; nor do they perform any sacred office without garlands of its leaves, from whence they derive their name of Druids. This is done on the sixth day of the moon; a day so much esteemed by them, that they have made their months and ages (which consist of about thirty years) to take their beginning from it. The *Mistletoe*, when found, is collected with great ceremony. Having prepared their feasts and sacrifices under the oak, two white bulls are tied to it. A Priest clad in white robes ascends the tree, and cuts off the *Mistletoe*, and lets it fall into a white garment which another Druid spreads to receive it. They then sacrificed their victims.

The *Mistletoe*, continues Pliny, administered as a potion, is believed to have a charm for preserving female chastity, and for contracting the effects of poison.

† The Gaulish Druids had their Priestesses and Prophetesses, and some of those females were in high repute among the Gauls, and bore great sway in their government. If the Druids tried female virtue by ordeal, the Jews too had the "*waters of jealousy*," to assure them of the fidelity or infidelity of their wives."—*Universal Hist.*

† See Page 204. No. 6.

"The Irish Druids were according to Bede, and other authorities, much more learned than those of Gaul, as the former were, as far as I can gather from historical evidence, well versed not only in the sciences, but in the philosophy and literature of Egypt and Greece."—*Vide Mallet's Northern Antiquities.*

They built many stupendous temples, which they used as colleges for the initiation and instruction of their novices, but not as places of worship, as they thought, with the ancient Persians, that it was absurd and unworthy the author of all being and places, to make sacrificial oblations to him within walls raised by human hands, or under any roof except the dome of Heaven. The god Bel or Belus they worshipped by consecrated fires, which they lit on every first of May, on the highest hills in the Island. On the celebration of this holy ceremony, called in Irish *Bel tinne* or the fire of Belus, every other fire in the kingdom was extinguished, and, after the solemnities were over, the people were obliged to apply to the Druids for consecrated fire to light their household hearths.

That the sway of the Druids, and the despotic power which they exercised over the superstitious fears of the Heathen Irish were detrimental to the liberties and happiness of the people must be admitted. Such was the preponderance of this power, that several of our monarchs sunk under it.

Whenever any one was bold enough to refuse submission to their decisions, either in civil or religious matters, he was seized and immediately immolated as a victim on their altar. In the course of this history, we will adduce instances of their having dethroned kings, and of even putting an immediate stop to an engagement, when both armies were furiously rushing to the onset. They were regarded as the vicegerents of Heaven, and looked upon, in consequence, as the dernier appeal in all causes; and their terrible excommunication, a punishment which was considered by the ancient Irish as the most infamous and degrading, was the lot of those unfortunate recusants, that disobeyed the mandates of the tyrannic theocracy. "The Irish Druids not only presided," says Warner, "at their religious rites, but no public transaction passed without their approbation; nor was the greatest malefactor put to death without their consent. They were not only the most noble and considerable people of their country, to whose care was committed the education of their youth and the King's and Prince's children, but it was a notion prevalent in those times, that they had a communication with Heaven by way of divination, soothsaying and the magic art." The Irish Druids were certainly a body of men whose erudition embraced the widest scope of literature and the arts; and St. Patrick himself bears an honourable testimony to their proficiency in the classic languages, and their profound knowledge of metaphysical philosophy. BORLASE, who was no friend of our country, candidly acknowledges that the British and Welsh Druids were only the disciples of the Irish Pontiffs whom they obeyed as the Metropolitans of the druidical order. We hope we shall, in the progress of this history, be able to advance satisfactory and conclusive arguments in support of the opinion, that Ireland was not only the chief seat, but the very fountain, whence emanated the stream of European Druidism. In the next chapter we will give a detail of the principles, form of worship, and ritual of the pagan religion of the ancient Irish.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—NO. V.

NAISI AND DEIRDRE.—(*A Historic Tale continued.*)

DEIRDRE. Naisi, my beloved spouse! I have kept thee long waiting; but the king has only just retired from his revelry, to his chamber.—Is all ready dear

"The Irish Druids were remarkable for their profound learning, which gave such fame to their country for a period of six hundred years."—*Hoffman's "Dict. of Antiquities."*

"One thing singularly remarkable of the Irish Druids, is their committing their mysteries to writing, what those of the continent never admitted."—*Dissert on Hist. of Ireland.*

"They committed, it is true, their mysteries to writing, but it was in characters so occult and secret, that none out of their own order could read or understand them. The volumes, written in these hieroglyphic characters, were called the OGAM; but their valuable histories of Ireland, which the over-zeal of St. Patrick, consigned to the fire, were written in the vulgar character."—WARNER.

Naisi, for our flight to happiness and love in some sequestered spot far from Connor's vengeance?

NAISI. The transport of this sweet kiss, dear Virgin of loveliness! would more than repay me for an age of suffering. Yes! my Deirdre, we will fly to Albania of mist-shrowded hills, and enjoy love and felicity in some halcyon valley in their bosom. I have ready for thee, my angel, a cream-white palfrey, as fleet as the wings of the blast when they sweep the surge bubbles from the face of the ocean. But call your Nurse, Lavarcam, and let us away ere the dawn braides with gold and rubies, the curled tresses of the eastern clouds.

That night the lovers, accompanied by one hundred and fifty brave warriors, set out for Howth, and thence with Naisie's brothers and friends sailed for Alba, where all arrived safely, and were graciously received by the Albanian king.

Ah! sad and mournful is the story of the children of USNACH, dreadful are the calamities which the beauty of the blue-glancing Deirdre of enchanting smiles, brought upon Erin. But let me tell the tragic tale. It was late when the king retired to slumber, on the night of the elopement, for he indulged, more than usual, in convivial hilarity with his nobles, because his heart was swelled with the hope of anticipated enjoyment, as his union with the most beautiful woman in Ireland was to have been solemnized by the Druids on the following morning: The most gorgeous pageantry were to give eclat to the ceremony; the most costly bridal dresses, and Jewels, as well as a tiara of diamonds, had been presented by twelve maids of honour to Deirdre, and the Druid's also received from the king, nuptial Pontificals of the most superb and gorgeous grandeur. On the ensuing morning the king arrayed himself in the most splendid garb of royalty, and coming into the grand saloon of his palace, he received the congratulation of Cuchillin Connel Carnagh, and a countless number of the nobility of the land, who attended to grace his nuptials.

The monarch ascended his throne and thus addressed his warriors, nobles, and courtiers.—“I receive, brave and mighty knights of Ulster, Leinster and Connaught, I receive, my chivalric nobles and devoted subjects, your kind and dutiful congratulations with feelings of satisfaction that warm my heart with the beams of pleasure.

To day you will all feast with me, and my lovely Queen, in the palace of Emeonia, where a banquet becoming the joyous occasion of my marriage, and your high rank shall be spread for your entertainment—where rosy wine and the delectable music of a thousand harps shall intoxicate the senses with delight, and swell every bosom with gladness. But I miss three of the brightest ornaments of Ulster's chivalry—three of the most glittering stars that illuminate our arms, Naisi, Ainli and Arden, the valiant sons of my cousin Usnach. Can you tell me, brave Cuchullen of martial exploits, where are our relatives; or why are they not present on this auspicious occasion? “Sire,” replied the victor of battles, “some affliction has occurred to my brave and generous relatives, or they would have stood before your throne; but for their faith and fealty, I would pawn my life to your majesty.”

CONNOR. “Full well, cousin, I confide in their allegiance, for few braver champions ever fought under a banner, than the intrepid sons of Usnach. But the holy Druids are vested at the hymeneal altar, and thither let us all repair to a ceremony which will make your sovereign the happiest of mortals.”

The nobles, proceeded to the Druidical temple, while the monarch, on the wings of joy flew to the chamber of his lovely bride, whom he expected to find waiting in all her fascinating charms, heightened by a blaze of diamonds, to be led, by him, to the nuptial solemnity. But no language can give expression to the amazement of the king, when he was informed that Deirdre was not in the palace. Rage, indignation, and all the fiends of jealousy, at once tortured his heart. He rushed, like a maniac, to the Druidical temple, and there proclaimed the treason of the sons of Usnach, and the treachery and deceit of his intended Bride. “The felon Hawk,” said he “has stolen my gentle dove from the royal

aviary, and daring rebellion has profaned the very palace of Ulster. Can I be a man, and let this atrocious deed pass without vengeance? Is Connor, king of Ulster, whose spear and shield have been the brightest meteors of many stormy battles, to submit to this insulting slight from the rebellious sons of Usnach?—No! By my knighthood!* I swear before the high altar of Bel, and in the hearing of his holy ministers, that I will pursue the sons of Usnach, and the vile jilt who has become the paramour of the traitor Naisi, with fire and sword, until revenge shall be glutted and gorged to satiety! Let all those who love me help me to my just revenge. “At the banquet you will all please attend.” The Monarch returned to his palace rolling resentment in his mind. When the banquet hour arrived more than sixteen hundred guests encircled the well-spread tables of Connor.

The joyous music of harps, and the juicy liquid of grapes dissipated, in a great degree, the dark clouds of deadly and inveterate malice, which at the beginning of the feast brooded over the gayety of the sovereign’s mind. At length becoming cheerful he raised his awful regal voice on high, and thus he said.—“I desire, most honoured guests, to know from you, have you ever seen a palace in Erin, or *Albania*; a mansion any where more magnificent than this? Look at the splendid armour, the golden goblets, the silken carpets, the storied tapestry, and the marble images of my countless ancestors, and say whether Tara’s Imperial palace can equal in costly splendour and beautiful embellishment this house?” “We saw nothing,” answered they, “which can equal the costly and tasteful elegance of your majesty’s sumptuous dwelling.” Now, then, rejoined the Prince, “know you of any want whatever, that could add to the pleasure of this festive moment, and give a brighter lustre to our social enjoyment?” “We cannot think what that want, O King! can be,” replied they. “Well, your apprehension is not yet sufficiently illuminated with the purple light of wine,” said he, “or you would see a blank in our jovial circle.—Do you not miss the three, exalted, Bard-noted, and renowned luminaries of the red-branch, the far-famed sons of Usnach; I mean Naisi, Ainli and Ardan, whose heroic deeds have shed the refulgence of chivalry on our arms?” Yes sire, but we cannot offend your majesty by bestowing praises upon them, or speaking of their deserts.

CONNOR. We require the services of the gallant warriors, and why should they, who are lions in valour and prowess, be suffered to remain exiles, in hilly *Albania*, on account of a worthless woman, whose beauty, beguiling as it is, has ere this no doubt palled the senses of her husband? Let messengers be therefore sent to cliff-speckled *Albania* of stormy-streams, and in our name command the immediate return of the brave sons of Usnach to our court. “Who shall go with the message,” said all universally. CONNOR. I know not the personage that will undertake the embassy, as I hear the love-deluded Naisi, swayed by the magic spells of that bewitching sorceress Deirdre, made a solemn vow, not to return to green Erin of sounding harps, except in company with either of three most noble knights in our kingdom. But as I know the unbending loyalty, and liege devotion of these champions, I am sure that neither Connel Carnagh of the

* So extremely ancient has the institution of chivalry been amongst us, that we scarce know where to trace its origin. We find our ancestors had it in Greece; and the *Cuertes* or Knights among the first reformers of that country, are mentioned with particular honour, and such is to this day, the name of a knight in Irish. Probably it originated in Egypt with Milesius. To swear “by their knighthood,” was the most sacred oath among our monarchs, as it reminded them of all their vows. But to prove that the Irish did not borrow this custom from other nations, we are furnished with a striking anecdote:—when Richard II. in 1395, made a royal tour in Ireland, he was met in Dublin, by the four provincial kings whom he intended knighting; but they declined this compliment, each having told him, that he had received that honour from his father at seven years old.” *Vide O’Halloran, and Seldin’s titles of honour.* Of the initiation, vows, and profession of the Irish knights, the reader, of the *SHIELD* shall have, soon, a comprehensive detail, under the head of *Irish Heraldry*. Such vows were held inviolated by our heathen ancestors, and the knight who was so unfortunate as to break them was publicly degraded, and counted infamous, as the vengeance of Heaven was apprehended as the immediate consequence of violation.

bright blue shield, Fergus Roy* of stormy battles, nor Cuchullen the car-borne chief of martial conflicts, shall refuse rendering a service required by my sovereign will, and the weal of our fair realm.

On the champion who brings the sons of Usnach, and the spell-working Deirdre of the seducing eye, to Emania's palace, I shall bestow as a reward of fidelity, a hundred burnished mails of polished steel, a hundred gold-hilted swords, a hundred dogs in chains of gold; fifty wind-footed coursers, twenty war chariots embellished with gold and precious stones, and his choice of the Ultonian fair ones, But let us enjoy the feast to-night, and to-morrow the Knight who is willing to accept my offer, and carry my wishes into effect, shall be loaded with honours and rewards."

While these things were passing at Emania's palace, Naisi was enjoying all the rapture of connubial love in surge-zoned Albania. The fame which the chivalric sons of Usnach obtained in arms, procured for them the friendship and respect of the Albanian monarch, who asked them to partake of his hospitality. Rich and varied was the banquet he prepared for the warriors, and the lovely wife of Naisi.

The monarch no sooner saw the peerless charms of Deirdre, than his heart

* He was so called because he was Connor's nephew and heir apparent to the throne of Ulster. This Fergus Mac Roy, which means in Irish the son of a king, was, according to the united testimony of the annals of Donegal, and the genealogy of Brian O'Connor, the great founder of the O'Connor family, which sprung, as all our early annalists relate, from an illicit connexion that subsisted between this Fergus Mac Roy, and the famous heroine *Meabh Cruachan*, the wife of Olioll-more (or the great Olioll) who was brother to Cairbre king of Leinster, and raised to the throne of Connaught, in consequence of his marriage with that renowned Princess, about thirty years before the Christian era. For more than a thousand years the O'Connor dynasty governed Connaught and part of munster with sovereign authority. We believe that O'Connor Don, who died at Ballintobber in the county of Roscommon, a few years ago, was the direct descendant of Rognrick the last monarch of Ireland. Mr. Owen O'Connor, a patriotic and independent gentleman, the present O'Connor Don, is descended from a remote branch of the royal stock, as appears by Roger O'Connor's statement, in the "*Chronicles of Eri*," a valuable work now in our possession. What we have advanced in the preceding note is sanctioned by the historic evidence of the author of "*The Dissertations on Irish history*," and by the host of corroborating proofs which we can adduce, if our historical veracity is impeached, from O'Flaherty, as well as from *Brian O'Connor's* scarce and excellent book, (also in our possession) entitled *Genealogical and Historic Memoirs of the O'Connors of Sligo and Kerry*. We can blind *Cavilling Moles* with the dust of antiquity. In Brian O'Connors book we have found many of the originals of our translations.

We candidly acknowledge that our versions have not been generally literal, because the terms of the English language are not adapted to convey the beauty, pathos, and poetic sentiments of the Irish; for to transfuse, in a free translation, the sweetness and flow of thought of the Irish Poems, which are so full of passion and tenderness, is impossible. Therefore a diffuse paraphrase is scarcely adequate to convey an idea of the original force and spirit of a language so musically soft and plaintively pathetic. The following is the impromptu of an old Irish Bard, which has been much admired for its genuine poetical merit, delicacy of thought, and true air of sentimental melancholy. It was spoken by a Bard belonging to the house of O'Connor, on hearing a dove coo from the ruins of the Castle of Corcamroy, in the county of Clare, during the bloody sway of Cromwell, where the Poet designates the ancient Proprietor by the patronymic appellation of *O'Roy*. We give a literal prosaic version of it, as far as the idiomatic difference between the English and Irish will permit us, which we hope either *CAROLAN*, or *JUVENNA* will turn into English verse.

"Tuar gail, a chuilin, do cheol,
Mo charoidhe ní beo áha brugh;—
Do Bhreagaís mo dhear óm rosg,
Truagh nách ad thost do bhís!"

Prose of lamentation, O, wailing Dove! is thy music!—O! why do we hear thy plaintive moan in the ruined battlements of the great O'Ror's stately halls, where the joyful voice of harps was once so melodious! But their pillared pride is fallen! gone is the royal glory of O'Connor!—The moss grows on the hearths of hospitality; the evil-boding owl looks from those windows, which, in days of other times, were starry with the blue gaze of beauty!—The sound of the martial trumpet is heard no more!—Ah! Dove, why these pensive and plaintive strains of wailing sorrow? They fill my heart with anguish and my eyes with tears. Do you too, O! gentle bird! mourn the fall of our chieftains? Haste't thou, O, solitary mourner! wept in silence, grief would not have been raised by MEMORY from the grave of the heart; the moss and ivy that cover these broken columns, would not have been bathed in my tears.

was captivated; the ladies of his court, in comparison with the fair Deirdre of the graceful form and enchanting countenance, were like dimmed stars faintly twinkling in the orbit of a brilliant moon. That night the monarch's heart was perturbed with the agitation of ardent passion, the fires of love and desire raged through his whole frame, and sleep fled from his pillow. To possess her who was the object of his passion by force, would be attended with danger that might cost him his life; and to dissolve by seduction the ties of enthusiastic attachment that bound the affections of the wedded lovers he foresaw were impossible. He consulted the ministers of his pleasures, and they recommended the assassination of the sons of Usnach, as the only means by which he could gain possession of the woman he adored.

The king, conscious that by treachery alone, he could subdue the gallant sons of Usnach, assented to the execrable plan, and gave orders for its speedy execution. But one of the officers, who was intrusted to manage the vile and diabolical affair, on visiting the residence of the happy lovers, was so impressed with the moving picture of connubial felicity which he had witnessed, that he felt his heart melted to pity, which, with remorse of conscience, operated so strongly on his feelings as to persuade him to apprise Naisi of the atrocious plot of which he, his wife, brothers, and guards were the destined victims.

The sons of Usnach and their band of warriors hastened that night to the seabeach, seized on some of the King's ships, and bore away for *Mona* (the Isle of Man) of green-sided hills and pleasant valleys of verdure. Here the children of Usnach put themselves in a posture of defence, while they despatched messengers to Cuchullen and Connel, their relatives, to inform them of the perfidy of the Pictish king, and to solicit succours to enable them to defeat any hostile attack, on their little Island of which they were then the sovereigns.

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—NO. IX.

THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

We have indeed to regret the paucity of the materials which we have been able to collect for the biography of an illustrious patriot, of whom it was justly said, "that he was more noble than the royalty which ennobled him." We searched in vain in the libraries of this city, for "Hardy's life of Charlemont," an excellent work, in which is embodied a brilliant historical sketch of a very momentous era in the Irish annals. We read that book about five years ago, so that all the materials we have for Lord Charlemont's biography, are eked out from a faint memory.

JAMES CAULFIELD, Earl of Charlemont, was born in the city of Dublin, in June, 1738. He graduated in Trinity College, in that city. This nobleman, as true a friend as his country ever had, united, in an eminent degree, high rank and heroic virtue, which were still more sublimated and exalted by erudition, taste, and talents. When we see a peer enlightened with education, and gifted with genius, we then admire the man in his proudest form, we overlook, or forget, all that is frail and mortal in his nature, and reverence him, as we do Lord Byron, as a being of a superior order. Such a character was the noble subject of this imperfect memoir; a patriotic nobleman, on whom, even in times of party violence, and of the most imminent danger, neither the calumny of faction, nor the malice of enemies, has dared to cast an aspersion. If he had foes, and who had not? their enmity arose from the same cause which created the aversion to Aristides, "they hated him for his virtues." As soon as his Lordship had finished his education, he commenced making the tour of Europe. He spent a great portion of his early life in Italy, where he was charmed with its fine arts, passion-breathing language, delightful climate, as well as with its beautiful daughters. While luxuriating in its flowery vales, under its pleasing sun-lit

skies, he became enamoured of some youthful Flora, who, after the usual solicitation, yielded to his passion; but, as the roses of illicit love soon fade, his lordship transferred his affections to another seductive fair one. The first, maddened by jealousy, administered poison to him in a cup of wine, which he had no sooner swallowed, than remorse and returning love forced her to acquaint his lordship of the nature of the fatal draught he had just taken. Medical aid was instantly procured, and the effects of the poison were so far counteracted by the administration of antidotes, that hopes began to be entertained of his life. His illness, in consequence, was long and painful. During this interval, the celebrated Doctor Lucas went to Rome, to attend his lordship; and, by his advice, as soon as his skillful treatment rendered him able to bear the fatigues of the journey, he returned to his beautiful mansion, Merino, of which we gave a descriptive sketch in our last number. We must not forget to mention, that his lordship never prosecuted his treacherous paramour.

Some time after his lordship's return, as he was taking a morning ride, he paid a visit to his neighbour, Major Kane, of Clontarf, a gentleman of fortune and literary taste, who was, by the sympathy of kindred disposition, and congeniality of feeling and sentiment, much attached to his noble friend.

In the course of a miscellaneous conversation, in which Miss Hickman, the major's niece, a young lady distinguished alike for her personal attractions and mental accomplishments, took a part, his lordship gave an account of a mouse which used to visit him in his study. The little intruder, it seems, had been frequently surprised there by his lordship; but, won by his gentleness, it gradually forgot all its native fears, and became so familiar, as to come and receive its food from his hands.

The young lady listened to his lordship's story, relative to his little pet, with great attention, and exclaimed on its conclusion, "Ah! happy mouse!" and then, to conceal the roseate blushes that mantled her cheeks, she turned to her harp, whose chords, at her gentle touch, vibrated with one of Carolan's melancholy airs. But the thrilling exclamation, "*happy mouse!*" sounded more melodious in the Earl's ears than the sweetest tones of music, because his heart responded to the voice that breathed the notes of love. There was a sensibility, an innocent *naïveté*, a melting tenderness, in her manner and voice, which acted like magic on his passions and feelings, and made them the captives of love.

Miss Hickman was then in her sixteenth year, and her beauty and immense fortune attracted a host of noble admirers, who were candidates for her hand; but the *little mouse* secured for Lord Charlemont the prize of her heart, and in a few days after this incident, he led her to the hymeneal altar.

Immediately after the solemnization of the nuptials, she, in company with her husband, paid a visit to the mouse, which for two years after continued the object of her attention and caresses, until a ferocious Tom-cat deprived her of a favourite, whose tragic fate has been some years subsequently lamented by poor Dermody, in an elegy that gave an eloquent and touching expression to her ladyship's sorrow. These beautiful lines we shall give in an edition of Dermody's Poems, which we are requested by many who have read the biographical sketch of the Irish genius in our last number, to prepare for the American press. Never did the torch of connubial felicity burn brighter, than it did through the happy years of this union; never was affection reciprocated with more fondness and ardour than by Lord and Lady Charlemont. Of this marriage, the living issue are, the present patriotic Lord Charlemont, and his sister, Lady Molyneaux, the amiable consort of Sir Capel Molyneaux, of Castle-Dillon, in the county of Armagh. When his lordship returned home, after making the grand tour, he has been heard to say, "that there was not a country in Europe in which he was not more known, and had not more of those connexions which sweeten life, than in his own dear native isle!"

Having felt, from his early residence abroad, the mortification of being a stranger in his native country, he resolved that his son should have a domestic education.

Lord Caulfield (the present Earl) was, therefore, educated at the University of Dublin, where he distinguished himself, not more for his scholastic proficiency, masculine understanding, and intense application, than for his talents and mild and conciliating manners. From the moment that the illustrious subject of our sketch first embarked in public life, he has invariably promoted the best interests of Ireland, by his unwearied exertion to excite the sympathy of England in her behalf. The liberal measures which Grattan so eloquently recommended in the house of Commons, were powerfully advocated in the Lords, by the Earl and all his friends. He affected not, however, in any instance, that popularity which follows rather the showy and insincere professions of the demagogue, than the wise and well-judged measures of him, that, like DANIEL O'CONNELL, serves his country more from a disinterested motive of duty, than a thirst of fame.

With the Earl, patriotism was a virtue which he practised for its own sake, and without attention to any consequences, except the approbation of his own mind, and a strict regard to the welfare of his country. That his political conduct has uniformly resulted from the purest motives, nothing perhaps could more strongly prove, than the manner in which his borough of Charlemont* has been represented before the union.

Though his lordship's income was not then munificent, he was too honest a patriot to enrich himself by venality; for instead of selling his borough to the highest bidder, like others, he made a present of its representation to *Henry Grattan*, that illustrious senator, whose powerful eloquence laid the foundation of that august temple of religious liberty, whose completion was reserved for a patriot, whose services in the cause of his country, the historic muse will emblazon on her most resplendent page, while, at the command of grateful Erin, she crowns his statue in the temple of immortality, with a greener laurel chaplet than she has bestowed on a FLOOD, a GRATTAN, a CURRAN, or a CHARLEMONT, because O'CONNELL, the successful liberator, eclipsed their glory, as the morning sunbeams "darken with excessive light" the dying stars. His Lordship was an able writer, but his speeches, in the house of Lords, are more remarkable for dialectical arguments, than for vigour of expression or poetical colouring. But if he wanted eloquence, he supplied the defect by his ardent devotion to the interests of his country, by the independence of his vote, as well as by his influence and example.

These virtues and exertions of the noble patriot were neither unobserved nor unrewarded by the public. He was accordingly raised by the unanimous voice of the people, more fully and faithfully expressed than it had been on any occasion, to the most honourable situation which was in their power to bestow, that of Commander in Chief of an army self-appointed and self-paid, consisting of 80,000 freemen, in whose ranks the virtue, nobility, and patriotism of Ireland were marshalled to defend her liberties. To this command of the old volunteer legions he was for several years successively elected; nor did this relation between that chivalric and independent body of generous spirits cease, until a difference of political opinion had arisen, which induced him to resign

* CHARLEMONT, in the county of Armagh, is a neat country town, in which there is a strong fort, garrisoned by a battalion of soldiers and surrounded by a deep fosse. It has been the scene of several battles in the reign of Elizabeth and James I, of which we shall give an account in our history. The vicinity of the town is beautified by the residences of several gentlemen, among which the fine mansion and picturesque domain (Roxborough) of the Hon. Henry Caulfield, M. P. for the county of Armagh, give the greatest charm to the appearance of the landscape. The Earl of Charlemont is descended from Sir TOBY CAULFIELD, of the county of Oxford, who in 1598 was sent into Ireland by Elizabeth, where he distinguished himself in the wars with Con O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, and was, in consequence of the valour he displayed in several battles with that brave and heroic chieftain, rewarded with a grant of several of his confiscated estates, in Ulster. At the accession of James I, he was created, by letters patent, Baron Caulfield, and enriched with more grants of the forfeited possessions of the unfortunate O'Neils.

His grandson was admitted to the privy council of Charles II, who raised him to the dignity of Viscount, which title was held by the family until the father of the noble subject of the above memoir was elevated to the honours of an Earldom, by George III, in 1763.

in 1793. As the rise and progress of the volunteers, and the celebrated meeting of Delegates at Dungannon, in 1783, belong to Irish history, we will dilate on these subjects in a proper place. As the noble lord was always the steady and zealous friend of Catholic emancipation, his difference with the northern volunteers resulted from the question of admitting the long excluded Catholics to participate in the blessings of the British constitution. About this time, the government became jealous of the power and popularity of the Irish volunteers, and they lost no opportunity of sowing, insidiously, the seeds of discord amongst them. The spirit and boldness of the resolutions drawn up by his lordship, for the Armagh volunteers, alarmed and annoyed the ministers of the crown. The following extract from these celebrated resolutions, will show the reader a specimen of the energy and solidity that characterized the style of his lordship, and of the principles which actuated his political conduct. "That with the utmost concern, we behold the little attention paid to the constitutional rights of this kingdom, by the majority of those, whose duty it is to establish and preserve the same. That to avert the impending danger from the nation, and to restore the constitution to its original purity, the most vigorous and effectual methods must be pursued to root out corruption and court influence from the legislative body. That to open a path towards the attaining of this desirable point, it is absolutely requisite, that a meeting be held in the most central town of the province of Ulster, which we conceive to be Dungannon, to which said meeting every volunteer association of said province is most earnestly requested to send delegates."

As soon as the resolutions were published, the government made every effort to prevent the meeting, and render the requisition abortive. But in vain, the national spirit was aroused from the slumber of ages, and could not be impeded in its triumphal march. The memorable meeting at Dungannon, was attended by the representatives of 143 corps of volunteers, and the celebrated resolutions drawn up by Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan, were unanimously passed. After this Lord Charlemont became the ascendant star of popularity. All the youth of the nation enrolled themselves under the volunteer banner, and it was the most glorious destination, as well the darling object of every gentleman's ambition to obtain rank among the guardians of his country. The fair daughters of Erin also materially served the cause of patriotism, as the envied smile of beauty shone only on the members of the "legion of honour."

Government finding themselves not able to suppress, made a show of support to the national guards. On this principle many new corps were embodied, who differed as much in the tinge and complexion of their political sentiments, as the many coloured tints of the rainbow. Hence the want of that connexion and bond of union that should cement their organization, and insure their stability; so that it was impossible to effect a cordial unanimity among men who would not abandon religious and political distinction, in pursuit of parliamentary reform. This cause led to the dissolution of the IRISH VOLUNTEERS, and the baleful effects of party spirit split the cause of freedom into a triple partition of the Irish people, and divided them by the prejudice and religious antipathies, cherished by Roman Catholics, Protestants and Dissenters, against each other. Such was the destructive evil that so long distracted and deranged every plan devised for the melioration of our country; but eternal thanks to the patriot, Daniel O'Connell, who slew the accursed monster.

Lord Charlemont was a strenuous and steady advocate of parliamentary reform, in support of which he wrote a series of letters, in the *Dublin Evening Post*, a spirited journal, which was then (1786) what it is now, the most independent and talented paper in Ireland. These letters created great excitement in Great Britain. The noble Earl, to give a convincing proof of the sincerity of his professions, was among the first of those lords and gentlemen who, when the question was agitated, and the great difficulty appeared to be how individuals should be satisfied for the annihilation of their property, made an offer of a voluntary surrender of their boroughs to the public.

On the question of the Regency, in 1789, he became the foremost champion of the rights of the Prince of Wales (the present king of England) and in the true spirit of patriotism adopted that side of debate in the house of Peers, which he thought alone was compatible with the interests and independence of Ireland. He was one of those, who, in opposition to the partizans of Mr. Pitt, boldly and fearlessly asserted the rights of his country, to appoint its own regent, and as his spirit, and GRATTAN's eloquence, gave the friends of Ireland a majority in the two houses of Parliament, they accordingly offered the regency to the heir apparent. For this manly advocacy of the cause of his country, and for his reprobation of the system of coercion and cruelty, which preceded the disastrous and deranged insurrection of 1798, Mr. Pitt, and his infamous tool, Lord Castleragh, succeeded in effecting Lord Charlemont's removal from the government of the county of Armagh, an office to which he might be almost said to have an hereditary right. But it is in our history, we will follow the noble Earl through his political course, from his entrance into public life, until his death in 1801. It is not indeed as a politician; honest, patriotic and laudable, as his conduct has been in all the relations peculiar to such a character, that he is exclusively entitled to our regard. He is far more estimable as a successful cultivator of literature as a warm friend of the fine arts, and as an accomplished connoisseur, whose knowledge and matured judgment gave an audible tone to the national taste, and a spring and impulse to the efforts of IRISH GENIUS.

As a general scholar, and an elegant writer, he surpassed all his cotemporaries in the Irish peerage. We have seen, in manuscript, several of his poetical effusions, of which we are sorry we can give but the scanty *morceau*, that we subjoin in the note, at the foot of this page. This specimen was the farewell address, delivered by Mrs. Galindo, an Irish actress, the wife of an Italian singer, on her quitting the Dublin stage.* It is, it will be perceived, a fresh, limpid and flowing effusion, gushing warm from the fount of sensibility, and those effecting feelings that best reveal the emotions of a delicate and susceptible heart. To his

* MRS. GALINDO'S Farewell Address to the audience of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the night of her benefit, in 1794.

By fate impell'd to seek a foreign land,
The adventurer lingers on the well known strand;
Delusive hope's gay banners are unfurl'd
To wing his progress to a distant world.
By adverse fortune while he's urged to roam,
His tardy steps reluctant turn from home;
And oft he pauses, while the frequent sigh
Swells his sad heart, grief fills his tearful eye,
And ev'n when seas and mountains rise between,
With tender sorrow mem'ry paints the scene
Where each affection grew—and each delight,
And makes him feel as I have done to night.
With deep regret, with gratitude imprest,
With various feelings struggling in my breast.
No studied phrase—no pomp of words can tell
How painful 'tis to say, a long farewell!
In simple guise let nature act her part,
And speak the genuine dictates of my heart,
Dear native country! may the powers benign,
With gracious hand make every blessing thine!
Avert each threat'ning ill—sweet peace restore,
And commerce raise her drooping head once more!
HIBERNIA'S sons triumphant o'er their foes,
Beneath their well-earn'd laurels find repose,
And freed from hard necessity's control,
Indulge each liberal feeling of the soul!
Warm from the heart such is my wish sincere
My parting wish,—I strongly feel it here!

Lordship's love of letters and the fine arts Ireland owes, in a great measure, the immortal fame with which the genius of a MOORE, a GRATTAN, a CURRAN, and a DERMODY, has wreathed her poetry and eloquence, and the celebrated renown, that the creations of a BARRY and a HAMILTON, and the splendid executions of HICKEY SMITH and JOHNSTON, have conferred upon Irish painting, sculpture, and architecture. It was the munificence and patronage of the Earl of Charlemont that first established the ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, and the Dublin Society, the only schools of Belles Lettres and the arts, except the university in that city. Of these institutions his Lordship, from their foundation in 1786, when they were incorporated by royal charter, until his death, has been annually elected president.

The duties of this office were congenial to his disposition and habits, so that he brought to their performance, an accession of zeal and ability; presiding with a father's care and solicitude over their concerns, collecting antiques, and manuscripts, and employing his valuable pen in filling the pages of their transactions, with treasures amassed from his solid erudition, and the profound depths of his research.

The editors of the New Oxford Encyclopedia pay him a high compliment, for three of the essay's which he wrote in the "*Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*;" viz. one on the contested passage in Herodotus of Halicarnassus; another on an ancient custom at Meteline, with considerations on its origin; and a third on the antiquity of the woollen manufactures of Ireland, which he has proved to be coeval with Heremon, by some passages from Strabo, Ptolemy, and the Italian poets. He was also one of the contributors to the *Anthologia Hibernica*, the most talented periodical that ever issued from the Dublin Press. But these constitute but a small part of those that are collected in Captain Hardy's interesting biography, which will ever remain monuments of the distinguished genius of the Earl of Charlemont. The memorials of his fine taste are still to be seen in Charlemont house, in Rutland Square, Dublin. Here we have seen a superb collection of the great masters in painting and sculpture, both ancient and modern; among which are one of Rembrandt's finest pictures, representing Judas repenting and casting the silver pieces on the ground; a noble portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by Titian; and the Lady's Last Stake, by Hogarth. With the pictures of the painters of the modern school, the walls of every apartment in the house are literally draped and embellished by the animated tapestry of the pencil. Some of the sculpture exhibits the noblest specimens of the art, particularly the group of Niobe and her dying children. The library, which was designed by his Lordship, is considered to possess more architectivè beauty than any apartment in Dublin. This is the depository of as fine a collection of books, in ancient and modern literature, as any private library in Great Britain can boast of. At one end of this spacious room is a Grecian anti-chamber, with a beautiful statue in white marble, of the Venus de Medicis, by Wilton; and at the other end two Egyptian pavilions, which are filled with pictures, antiquities, medals, and many other cabinet curiosities. His lordship's manners were polished to the highest brilliancy of courtly refinement; his disposition was kind, and teeming with those dear amenities of a noble and philanthropic spirit, that never suffer irritation to cast a cloud over the lucid serenity of the temper; and his elegant and edifying conversation had all the magnetic attractions, which enlist the sympathy and captivate the attention of the social circle. Dr. Johnson has borne testimony to his admirable colloquial powers, which fell in sparkling effusions of lively wit and repartee from his flowing mind, like the waters of a deep river, at once placid, pellucid, and majestic, uniform and profound.

We have seen his full length picture, by Hamilton, which is, we understand, a striking likeness of the great chief of the Irish volunteers. He appears, in a plain private dress, upwards of sixty; his long gray hairs and bending form give him a venerable air, in which dignity and nobleness are happily blended by the artist, while the placidity and strength of his countenance irresistibly impress

the idea, that wisdom and virtue have been the companions of his life. Such is the imperfect biographical sketch of a nobleman, whose virtues will live emblazoned on "Pile, picture, and pillar," until time scatters pyramids in the winds, and crumbles marbles and bronzes into dust. It was a remarkable circumstance which we ought not to omit mentioning, that, after the disaster of his youth, in Italy, the state of his health rendered it absolutely necessary for him to use the cold bath throughout the year; as even in the depth of the severest winter, he did not dare to intermit the practise.

CURSORY LIGHT ESSAYS.

GENIUS, TALENT AND TASTE.

Genius is a term constantly used, without having a precise and definite idea affixed to it. Genius may be termed a productive power, that generates beauties of the highest order. In the sublime productions of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, we are amazed and confounded at the blaze of original conception, and daring imagination that flash such a dazzling radiance around us. But genius must not be confined to superior literary efforts. It has its limits and degrees like every thing else in the wise economy of nature. For instance, we may say Napoleon had a gigantic genius for war, Raphael for painting, Canova for sculpture, Canning for eloquence, and Machiavel for subtle politics. The word possesses an extensive signification, and may, therefore, be applied to almost every thing. Genius in its highest sense is that divine power of the mind to which mankind have, in all ages, offered the homage of reverence. Under whatever character it makes its appearance, it excites attention, and demands respect. We gaze at its brilliant coruscations, flashing the lustre of sublimity and fancy, with admiration and pleasure. Genius then, is that exalted power of the mind, by which literary beauties are created. Genius is not to be acquired, it is the donation of nature, an inherent gift implanted in the mind; but there is no faculty so capable of improvement. There are many circumstances, on record, where the slightest sparks have been blown up, by emulation, into a blaze. Between genius and talent there subsists an intimate connexion which renders it necessary that they should be considered relatively. Let us say that genius is the general disposition of the mind for natural improvement; talent the particular tendency of it. The one is the source, the other the stream which flows from it. Genius, if we may be allowed the metaphor, is the sun of the soul; talents are the rays, which proceed in different directions from it. There may be genius without talents, but there can be no talent without genius.

Rousseau says that extreme sensibility or irritability of temper, is ever the child of genius. Some philosopher has observed that genius was of no country, but, like the sun, was to be found in all. But we believe it is yet unsettled how far the minds of people may be affected by climate. Some speculative writers assert that the mild climate of Greece and Italy served to kindle the mental energies of their Poets, and Artists; as warmth and a pure atmosphere not only tempers the muscular faculty while they reduce it to a greater degree of regularity, and enable the individual to form more patient and exact observations, but they likewise exalt the imagination, excite sensibility, and like the steel coming in collision with the flint, elicit the latent fires of genius. They then adduce many instances of the influence which the continual succession of climate exercises on the human body, and on the moral system; an effect they maintain, which, according to Zimmerman and Wilson, extends to the lowest of the animal and vegetable species. Other learned writers, on the contrary, contend that genius is not peculiar to any parallel of latitude, as it may be equally found in the frigid or torrid region, among the cold milky Scandinavians as well as the

sun-burnt race of the ebon Ethiopians; among the Tartars and Nogayes, as well as among the inhabitants of meridional countries; the latter of whom they would represent debased by strong passions, melancholy tempers and vindictive minds, because, say they, the effect of warm climates enervates the mind as well as the body, and dissipates that fire of imagination which kindles invention; for in such sultry territories, parched by a burning sun, they are not capable of that tedious study and intense application which produce miracles of genius and sublime works of art in Greece and Italy. Where authorities are so strong on both sides it is indeed impossible to draw an accurate line of distinction; however, the truth most probably lies between both extremes. The fact of the contested matter is, in our opinion, that genius depends upon the animal spirits, and fine texture of the organs; and that both are influenced by soil, food, air and heat, is more than probable. But then, it is not a degree or two more north or south that can make any perceivable difference; for there are no doubt extremes; but, yet who can tell where the region of genius begins or ends? Hume denies that climate can at all affect the understanding, though he allows that it may the will. Are we to suppose that mere physical causes wrought such contrary effects at the same time, upon the adjoining countries of Attica and Boeotia, as to render the Thebans gross, heavy and stupid, and the Athenians gay, lively, talented, and warlike? Especially when it is considered that Boeotia was one of the best districts, and Attica the very worst of all Greece. Surely, then, the warmest advocate for the influence of climate will not attribute to it such omniafic influence! Besides Boeotia was, originally, the most noted part of Greece for genius and female beauty; it was therefore made the seat of Apollo and the Muses. Cadmus, the inventor of letters, Hesiod, Pindar and Plutarch reflect a dazzling glory on its genius, while the beauty of Aspasia, and many other women of that country, has called forth the sublimest efforts of intellect, and given birth to the most wonderful creations of poetry, painting and sculpture. Was it, we would ask, the influence of atmosphere or the exhalations of earth, that made that striking contrast between the Attic and Laconian genius? Or was it the meek and rigid spirits of Solon, and Lysurgus that infused into one of these republics the love of simplicity, of war and agriculture, while they breathed into the other the Promethean flame of wit, learning and refinement, quickening the faculties of intellect by the impulses of sensibility, and the ardour of sentiment? All the varieties of intelligence and genius, receive their spring and passion from patronage, no matter in what clime, its rays calls forth ambition into action, and the internal and external physiological nature of each individual. Genius then we find is of such a subtle and fugitive nature, that it is as undefinable as the air; we can give no portrait of its form, nor circumscribe its boundaries within any limits; we can arrange it under no general law, as there is no principle we can assume which will not fail us. If we assign gentleness and warmth of climate, we will soon find it necessary to change our mind, if it is considered that the greatest geniuses have been born under chilling skies, where nature seldom wears a floral garment, or basks in the genial sun-beam.

Three fourths of the world have talent and sparks of genius, like fire in the flint, concealed in the mind, but for want of the collision of education or taste, it is never elicited. Genius conceives—talent executes—the one is intellectual, the other a mechanical faculty.

There are many people of what we term equal or moderate abilities, who glide through life with no *particular* tendency of talents, with a general disposition to and a taste for improvement of every kind. If this be true, it is *talent*, and not *genius*, which constitutes the eccentric movement, and gives the different bias.

We may therefore conclude that those minds, which are occupied in a variety of pursuits, will scarcely ever approach excellence, as a general distraction of rays will enervate the powers; and dim the brilliancy of genius, while those who adhere to one or two branches of science or literature, will acquire proficiency and renown by their labours.

"Taste," says a very accomplished Critic, "is the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art." The term taste, applied to composition, must be understood in a figurative sense. Its original signification refers immediately to the palate, by which we are enabled to ascertain the quality of the food presented to us. But tastes are as different as the tints of the rainbow, or the lineaments of the human countenance. Taste cannot be fettered by rules, for a man may have a just taste in architecture, and be wholly unacquainted with the art of building; hence Dennis detected errors in Pope and Addison, though he was as inferior to these master spirits in talent as Southey is to Byron, or the Quixotic Mrs. Royall to Lady Morgan.

In all matters of literature, the knowledge and love of the beautiful and the excellent are the basis and rule of taste. Taste requires that virtue should be painted with majesty, elegance and warmth of colouring; pleasure with passion, sensibility, and grace; vice with contempt and disgust; crime, with all the hideous attributes of horror. Hence it is that the soul-stirring poetry of Byron enchants us by its pictorial effect, whilst the fanatic and rapid effusions of Southey fatigue and tire us by their sombre cast of quaintness and prolixity.

In those fine arts, which express actions, passions, or sentiments, as poetry, music and painting, the rules of taste are precisely the same. Music and painting are the sisters of poetry; and it is the mind of the feeling man, the Poet, and Philosopher, which must judge them. Long sentences in a short composition, betray a want of taste, because they are like large rooms in a little house. In our countryman Barry's picture of the "*Village Maiden*," who though deeply affected at quitting her family, still clings to the arm of her lover, whom she is going to marry, and the mixture of the "joy of grief," and the hope of future happiness are finely expressed in her countenance, with an effect which taste could only produce.

But the picture of another of our artists, representing the "*Bad father*," abandoned on the bed of death, by his children, though full of expression, is in it a very false and disgusting taste; because we ought not to suppose that any father can ever have been so heartless and dead to the feelings of nature as to deserve to be so forsaken by his own offspring; and even if he had been ever so unkind and depraved, his children would not be the less culpable in deserting him at so awful, and mournful an hour, when resentment should give way to pity.

When Rousseau makes St. Preux write in the cabinet of Julia, and continue his letter whilst he is looking at her clothes, and even when he hears her footsteps at the door, and behave so cold and passionless as to write or think of any thing but expected bliss, and the stolen rapture of love, that awaits his enjoyment, the philosopher not only evinced a vitiated taste, repugnant to the feelings of man, but a chilling apathy, and insensibility to the fascinating charms of a beautiful woman. Thus in the arts, the suitable is the rule of taste; but the judgment of what is suitable demands some lights, though the first impression decides almost uniformly with sufficient justice.

But let us consider taste, as it merely regards the composition of authors. On this scale it may be graduated, as a lively and delicate, clear and acute discernment of all the beauties, truth and justness of the thought and expression, which form the materials of a work. A general, and therefore a sufficient standard of taste, may be found by adverting to those qualities, which universally please mankind, more especially those who have been placed in circumstances most favourable to the cultivation of their taste. For there are excellencies and beauties, which, when displayed in a just point of view, must impart, even to rude minds, a certain degree of pleasure. A correct taste, with nice discrimination, weighs the manners, graces and peculiarities of thought, and inflections of language, in the balance of critical investigation. This excellent quality, which is easier felt than described, is less the property of genius, than it is of judgment; it may be defined as a species of sense, capable of being matured and perfected

by study. It is the fiery pillar that lights the poet through the mazes of imagination. It serves, in composition, as a rule to guide and regulate the fire of fancy—to curb the rapidity of thought, and weed the prodigal fertility of genius.

It is to the want of this essential quality, that every defect and inaccuracy, which debase composition, may be imputed; for genius, whenever it is destitute of judgment, uniformly makes erroneous aberrations into the deserts of imagination, led by the semblance of beauty. It is certain that all men, at their birth, are endowed with the first principles of taste. The proof is, that a fine picture will charm and delight the rude Indian, who has not the slightest knowledge of the art: the natural sense, or innate affections of the mind, in such cases, occasion nearly the same sensations in him, as art and habit produce in Connoisseurs. A good taste, though we now treat of it as respecting literature, is not by any means circumscribed within the circle of the sciences; no, it disdains limits, and grasps in its extension all the fine arts, embracing painting, sculpture, architecture and music. In the middle ages, when a depraved taste prevailed, the literary horizon was dark and dismal, and the arts were sunk in Gothic barbarism. The excessive load of ornament, confusion of details, and ludicrous grossness of the ancient Gothic edifices in Europe, distributed about them without either taste or judgment, afford a perfect resemblance of the crude writings of that age. Taste in literature, communicates not only with what we have already noticed, but with the manners and customs of the time, and even the effects produced by the manner of living.

An anecdote, which we take from Plutarch, will furnish an exemplifying illustration of the truth of our position. The Roman Consul, Paulus Æmilius, after conquering Macedonia, and subjecting the Ligurians to the Roman power, gave a sumptuous entertainment, in a Grecian city, to several hundred guests, one of whom in his hearing expressed his astonishment at the order and elegance with which it was conducted, so infinitely surpassing any thing he could expect from a man bred in camps; to which the veteran replied, that "they had no ground for astonishment, since the same genius which instructs to range an army for battle, taught also to order the disposal of a feast."

The pleasures of *taste*, are indeed more generally diffused in those of the *beautiful* and *sublime*. What constitutes the component parts of the one and the other, has often been the subject of philosophic inquiry. That masterly critic, Burke, has ably investigated the principles on which they are founded.

It may be presumed, from his definition, that the *beautiful* results from colour, symmetry of figure, grace of motion, correctness of design, and from the combination of these qualities in objects, either of nature or of art. On the other hand, the *sublime* arises from a certain grandeur and majesty, contemplated with a reverential awe, or a profound admiration.

It is, however, confessed, that sublimity, either in natural or moral objects, always elevates the mind, and thrills it with deep sensations.

But *taste* warns us to stop *apropos*, and that we should not do as the orator did, of whom it was said, that he spoke of taste until he effectually produced *distaste*.

VENUS'S LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

Translated into English, from McDairy's Irish version of the Poems of Bion of Smyrna, for the Irish Shield.

Let the harps of the Bards vibrate with the song of sorrow! let its plaintive moans be heard in the bowers of Arcadia! and the flowery vales of Tempe echo the wailings of the wretched Cytherea! Let the winds bear her sighs to Heaven, that they may pierce the flinty heart of the relentless thunderer, who has

clouded her joys in gloom, and doomed her to eternal misery, by tearing Adonis from her arms. Ah, inconsolable Venus! earth or heaven has now no felicitous transports for thee! Thy pleasures and delights have past away like the delectable dream of first love, or the ravishing bliss of first enjoyment; for the beautiful, elegant and manly Adonis is no more! From the Paphian nymphs, tears flow in currents of mournful sadness—the disconsolate graces cut off their tresses, the sighing god of love throws away his quiver, and mourns to witness the gushing stream of blood issuing from the wounds of his mother's lover. From that purple current let roses, the emblems of his beauty, spring up in their fragrance, that the tears of a goddess may bedew them;—but, oh! bereaved daughter of ocean! no flower of happiness can ever bloom in thy heart of wo! No more will Adonis speak the language of love to Venus in bowers of amaranth—no more shall he lead her to a flowery couch—no more shall she hear the music of his foot-steps—no more, Adonis, shall thy warming smiles and endearing looks cast love's purple light on the ecstatic pleasure, of her thou so fondly adored! Those lips, whose breath was sweeter than the scent of Elysian roses, are now pale, wan, and withered—those love-lit eyes, that so often kindled bliss in my heart, are now dim; that form, around which loveliness played like light, is now inanimate, and those dear arms, that so oft infolded me in a girdle of transport, are as still and motionless as if they were marble. Pleasant were thy words! beloved of my heart! they sounded in my ears like entrancing strains of lulling music! and were as refreshing and welcome to my soul, as the calm shower of spring to the germinating buds of the myrtle, or the soft dew of the morning, kissing the roses of Parnassus. But joy no longer sits on thy smiles, nor love beams in thy looks! and that sun-shine in which I basked so delightfully, is set in the darkness of death, and the griefs of Venus are bewildered and palled in a moonless midnight of insupportable misery. Ah! Adonis! the blast sighs mournfully on thy lonely grave? Let my maidens strike the lyre, for sweet to the ear of wo, are the melancholy sounds of sorrow! Softly, and sadly, thrill the notes of anguish on the troubled soul, as it hovers on the care-winged visions of memory! My heart-rending sighs, rise with the golden dawn of the east; my ceaseless tears descend with the dewy drops of eve, and my affliction will be immortal!

Envious death! why aimedst thou thy dart at my love? Why hast thou torn me from the stately palm tree, under whose genial shade I have flourished, in the maturity and luxuriance of rapture?—O! ever beloved Adonis! it's sweet to think of thee! for ever shalt thou dwell in my thoughts, extinguished sun of love! Dear Adonis! you were the stolen sigh of my soul! Often shall I look through the tears of anguish at thy image, reflected in the mirror of my heart!—Why am I immortal? why am I denied the slumbers of the grave? for in that oblivious repose, I should lie with my darling Adonis, and find rest from tears and the torments of Memory! But, now, long and cheerless is the night of affliction that has fallen upon me!

There is a bed of grassy velvet, spangled with all the gifts of Flora, prepared for my Adonis. The dead Adonis, O! hapless Venus! is placed on this bed alone; he no longer woos me to his couch, nor implores me to pillow his head on my bosom! O! Adonis! joy-beam of my heart! wilt thou not speak to me? Though dead, he looks as lovely as if sleeping. Let me place him amidst fresh flowers, and crowns of myrtle.—Alas! no—His death withered all the flowers, and blasted the roses, and the myrtles of Cyprus, Paphos and Cnidus, and the storm of despair has stripped my bowers of their leafy verdure, and sylvan beauty.—There the howl of wo is heard instead of the amorous cooing of turtle doves! The nightingales there are sad and silent!

She stretched the delicate Adonis out in purple robes. The loves divested of their golden tresses, stand round his bier, weeping and sighing, while busy zephyr fans him with his incense-shedding wings. A choir of the graces chant a dimly mournful dirge over the body, and Cupid rings the death-knell of his

mother's paramour. The loves pour out the most pathetic lamentations. Hymen, in the agony of anguish, extinguished his torch on the threshold of his temple, and dimmed, and unwreathed the nuptial crown, while the inconsolable goddess tore off her *cestus*, and buried it in the grave of her Adonis. Mars alone rejoiced that a powerful rival could no longer supplant him in the affections of the queen of beauty.

SLEEP.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

THE potent power of sleep subdues all that is human, as well as all that is animated. NAPOLEON, in spite of all his vigilance and active habits, had to yield his mighty mind to the influence of Morpheus; and the heroic conqueror, whom the world in arms could not humble, lies insensible and harmless in the arms of sleep. Behold him stretched on his simple camp bed, in his unadorned tent, guarded by a solitary sentinel, the supreme monarch of kings, whose thoughts embraced the limits of the narrow world—whose gigantic ambition disdained the obstacles which nature and art vainly opposed to its triumphant career. The burning sands of Egypt, the Titanian barriers of Italy, towering to the skies, the mountain fastnesses of Germany, the torrent-sweeping rivers of Poland, had no terrors for his daring spirit; they were but mists and mole hills in the path of the Imperial Conqueror.

How astonishingly glorious must have been the dreams of his slumber! What visions of conquest and grandeur presented themselves to his mind! what an exalted epic theme would they exhibit to poetic genius, if human contemplation could have witnessed them passing in the thoughts of the slumbering emperor. His tranquil repose was never disturbed by the fearful phantoms of remorse and terror, that haunt guilty tyrants, for he never was a despot to his people, therefore he never dreaded the bowl, or the dagger of the assassin; so that glory, the aggrandizement of France, and extended conquests, must have been the sublime subjects of his dreams. He who astonished the universe by his success and unexampled career of power and victory, has now no harmony, no order in his military plans. He slumbers, unconscious of time, and duration. But a ray of the rising sun warms and opens his eyelids, the heroic monarch starts, and all his genius and faculties once more teem with life, and resume their varied offices. What is SLEEP that it snatches away from man his distinguishing characteristic, without changing his nature, and restores his soul and thoughts to him as rapidly and unconsciously as it had stolen them from his fatigued frame?

To illustrate this subject a little further, we will introduce a short allegory. Among the choir of innumerable Genii whom the Indian Jupiter created, in his benign goodness, for the comfort and service of mortals; to watch over and sooth them during their sojournment, in the valley of tears, was Sleep, the son of Somnus and a dusky Cimmerian nymph. "What, oh celestial Jove," said the grotesque wight, "is to be my employment, in the midst of my resplendent brethren? What a sorry figure I cut in the august presence of the Thunderer! How sadly, O Jupiter! I look among the troop nay—the shining circle, of the sports, the joys, the loves, and the graces! Poor, wretched Sleep! all will spurn me, lest I might darken the pleasures of enjoyment. Perhaps I may be welcome to the miserable, the sick and the wretched, whose cares I can lull to repose, and whose sorrows I can sink, for a little while, in the waters of oblivion. The weary and the fatigued will, no doubt, be glad of my company, because they will exact new vigour and freshness from me; but to those that are exchanging the caresses and endearments of love; to those that are enjoying the Epicurean feast, and quaffing the delicious wine, my presence will be an interruption to their felicity, my visits an intrusion into the bowers of their pleasure!

"Though art in error, said the god," thou knowest not thy own value, being of earth! Queens will woo thee, and conquerors will share with thee their silken couch; and beautiful princesses will lie in thy bosom, for, notwithstanding the darkness of thy form, thou shalt be a genius dear to all the world!

Dost thou imagine mistaken mortal, that joy, love, and wine do not fatigue their devotees? Mortal! they tire, and cloy the person and mind much sooner than care, want and labour, while they bend their pampered votaries under the enervating yoke of sloth, and apathy. Know then what power and pleasures are reserved for thee, and wonder!" A smile of gratitude flitted across the gloomy countenance of Sleep, as he bent his body in reverence before celestial majesty. "Here," continued Jupiter, "take this gray horn full of pleasing dreams; hence and scatter thy poppy seeds, and the happy shall desire thee equally with the wretched, and love and bless thee above all thy brethren. The hopes, the sports, and the joys contained in that horn, were caught by the charmed fingers of the graces on the most redolent meads of Paradise. The ambrosial dews that sparkle on them, are charms that will image their wishes in the dreams of all those thou shalt bless with thy influence. At my command the goddess of love has sprinkled them with celestial nectar, so that they will brighten the visions of beauty, with a radiance of bliss which the cold realities of earth, cannot attain. From a mid the rosy band of the pleasures, gladly will men hasten to enjoy thy delights? The adulations which poets will offer thee, will be sincere, for once; gladly will they sing of thee, while they try to rival thy enchantments in their lays.

HORACE'S LYRIC COMPOSITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD.

SIR,—Without at all descending to the hyperbole of adulation, I will only say, what candour exacts from me, that in your two last numbers you have displayed a variety of literary talent which would do honour to the "*ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA*," in the best days of its fame. I have shown your work to a gentleman who lately arrived in this city from Dublin, and after perusing it he exclaimed, "This work should be published in Dublin, where there is not now a single periodical: the *SHIELD* would, at this happy juncture, in my opinion, if published by Pepper, in the capital of his country, make for him a respectable independence."

At the present moment, when every pen is occupied in commenting on Byron, Moore, Scott, and Campbell, the attractions of the age, perhaps it would not be an unpleasing theme in the *Irish Shield*, to exhibit the poet of our school-boy study, to use your language, "in the mirror of reminiscence."

Perhaps, of all our modern bards, Byron and Moore, in their manly independence of spirit, and versatility of genius, come nearer the Roman poet; for the polished satires of the noble Englishman, and the soul-breathing songs of the patriotic Irishman, will be acknowledged by every classic and critical reader, to be fully equal to the noblest efforts of the Roman; and as to that unbending and stern fortitude of mind, which proves too formidable for the flattery of kings, the two bards I mention, have carried this virtue as far as the poet of Venusium.

I am not going to give you a didactic criticism, because I am unequal to the task; I will just pour out my thoughts as they arise in the mind, without order or exactness. I am aware that one of the most decisive marks of a genuine critic is, that his judgments of preceding authors bear the examination of future philologists, and receive new confirmation from every scrutiny. Quintilian, for whom we have no parallel among the moderns, except Dr. Johnson, has remarked of Horace, that he is sometimes sublime, full of gayety and grace, and happily daring in figures and tropes. "*Nam et insurget aliquando*," says that accomplished critic, "*et plenus est jucunditatis et gratia, varus figuris et verbis felt-*

cissime audax." Every part, I think, of this excellent observation applies with the strictest propriety to Horace, especially in his odes, which seem to have been what Quintilian had more immediately in his eye, when he made it. Accordingly, Sir, I shall endeavour to illustrate, by indubitable documents, each of the positions advanced in it, taking them in the order in which they are placed in the text. Only it must be premised, that English readers will have but a very imperfect idea from any translation that can be given of Horace, it being morally impossible to transfuse his peculiar beauties into a modern version. They seem to disdain any hand but his own, which, we might say, was guided by the hand of the Graces. The striking imagery, signal elegance, sweetness, emphasis, and curious felicity of his expression, are beyond the reach of modern language and capacity. In this essay, I shall make use of Dr. Francis's translation, as perhaps the best that we have of the whole text of this inimitable Roman poet. After these necessary intimations, I now return to the prosecution of my plan, which I shall endeavour to confine within limits suitable for a miscellaneous work like the *SHIELD*.

In the first place, with regard to the occasional sublimity of our author, in respect to the fire and enthusiasm belonging to the ode, there is no doubt of his being surpassed by Pindar, and also by Dryden and Byron. In general, he has chosen common and easy subjects, which he has invested with spirit and importance, by his manner of treating them. Correct elegance, joined to a sententious morality, is the precise character of his productions, rather than Byronian strength and energy. Yet sometimes he rises into the regions of the sublime, and he then exhibits resplendent passages, variegated with the hues of feeling and sentiment, and clothed in language lofty and elegant. For example:—

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida neque auster
Dux iniquitati turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis:—
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinæ.

The man in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.
Let the loud winds that rule the seas,
Tempestuous the wild horror raise:
Let Jove's dread arm with thunder rend the spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

In the second place, with relation to his poetical grace and vivacious pleasantry, selection seems scarcely to be necessary, for he is ineffably elegant and agreeable throughout; and accordingly Quintilian pronounces him to be full of those engaging excellencies, *Plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ*. Nothing that ever was indited by the ingenuity of man, can vie with the odes of Horace in point of execution, if we indeed except some of those magic stanzas of inspiration, which cast such a blaze of glory over Childe Harold and Don Juan. Perhaps, indeed, the warmest admirers of the Roman poet might object to the justice of this assertion; but let it be remembered that Horace laboured to produce elegance of finish, while Byron, by one effort of his matchless genius, conjures up images of daring sublimity, which, scorning the minuteness of detail, astonish us by the grandeur of their design, and the awfulness of their majesty!

Horace polishes his marble little Cupids exquisitely, but Byron gives us specimens of colossal statuary at once pictorial and characteristic. Notwithstanding, the odes of Horace are still the most elegant productions of all antiquity.

To be unacquainted with them is to be deprived of one of the most refined enjoyments which genius has provided for intellect. The classic reader will perceive that I am only speaking of them as poetical performances, without vindicating the chimeras of the heathen mythology, or those portions of them which are offensive to decency, and consequently interdicted in the school of morality. Though Horace be on the whole a moral and instructive poet, it is not, however, in this light we are now to consider him, but simply with respect to the excellence of his masterly execution, as the sweet singer out of Israel. Though it must be confessed that his lyric compositions have not as much of the spirit or delicacy of thought, as those of Ovid, or the conception and flowery beauty of language of our own inspired minstrel of love, Moore, yet they are nevertheless full of fire and lofty sentiment. As a proof of the daring felicity of his tropology, observe what boldness there is in his fine comparison of Pindar to a mountain torrent, and how exactly he makes the sound an echo of the sense, in the termination of the stanza, "*Pindarus ore*:" Pindarus ore, as if you actually heard the water itself rushing out, and roaring in its impetuous course. Francis gives us a good translation of the passage, though the spirit of the original is not forcibly conveyed. Byron alone surpassed this comparison, in his powerfully poetic description of an Italian cascade. But let me present Horace's noble passage:—

Monte de currens velut amnis imbriss
Quem super notas aluere ripas
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo Pindarus ore.

As when a river, swoln by sudden showers,
O'er its known banks, from some steep mountain pours,
So in profound, unmeasurable song,
The deep-mouth'd Pindar, foaming pours along.

In his ode to Asinus Pollio, where treating of the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, he bestows a noble eulogium on the younger Cato, by representing him as the only object upon earth, unsubdued by the power of the victor of Pharsalia,—

Et cuncta, terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

The epithet *atrocem* here is surely a strong hyperbole, yet it is not, as I think, too strong for the occasion. When the whole world, except one man, is supposed to submit to a conqueror, there is certainly a propriety in characterizing the mind or disposition of that man by a noun expressive not only of inflexibility, or firmness, but of savage ferocity. Such were the resolute spirit of Cato, and his invincible attachment to the liberty and interest of his country. I shall give only one instance more of the remarkable success of our poet in the happy choice of words. It is in the sweet little ode *ad amphoram*, to his wine cask, among other virtues which he ascribes to it, he says it communicates horns to the poor man, *et addis cornu pauperi*. Let none of my readers be startled by the sound of horns, let it bring no new suspicion to the minds of the jealous; for by the tremendous term, the Roman poet means only that courage, or confidence, with which the juice of the grape inspires the depressed and dejected heart.

From this deduction, it appears that the sentiment already quoted, of Quintilian, is just; Horace being proved to be what he has asserted, sometimes sublime, full of vivacity and grace, and in figures and single words sufficiently adventurous.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a few hasty remarks on the style of the Roman poet, which I hope you will consider worth a place in your admirable work. I am conscious of the imperfections of the attempt; but I trust the more elegant

and classic pens of a Rev. Dr. LEVINS, or of a WILLIAM SAMPSON, Esq. will enrich the IRISH SHIELD with illustrations of Greek and Roman poets, which would promote a taste for the study of the ancient classics in this city.

JUVENA.

MARY OF ROSSTREVOR.*

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS OF A RECENT DATE.

MARY was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, and high connexions, whose country mansion stood in the beautiful and romantic village of Rosstrevor, in the county of Down. Mary's fond parents spared no expense in her education; her native mental pearls received the highest polish of female accomplishment, and bountiful nature cast her personal charms in the mould of the Graces. Lovely, intellectual, and attractive, she had just put off the more innocent simplicity of childhood, for nymph-like puberty, and the symmetry of her form was beginning to assume that Siddonian character which Canova should have turned into marble, and West would like to copy as a model of female elegance approaching perfection. Her expressive countenance reflected, like a mirror, thought and sensibility, while the lily and the rose mingled their brilliant hues

* Rosstrevor is a very handsome town, rising like a crescent, in Carlingford Bay, in the county of Down, at the distance of 74 miles N. E. from Dublin. The environs of Rosstrevor present the most charming scenery which nature and art could combine in a picturesque landscape. The village is seated in a mountain vale, around which the waves sweep in a semi-circular channel. It was in the vicinity of this village General Ross, who fell at Baltimore, during the last war, was born. The fine house and ornamented domain of the General's brother add much to the beauty of Rosstrevor. The mansion stands on a mountain declivity, from which a charming prospect can be commanded. A spacious lawn extends from the house to the verge of the bay. Before the hall door, on a green eminence, stands a pyramidal pedestal, supporting a marble bust of the gallant but unfortunate general. A little beyond the town is the rural villa of Mr. OGLE, called the Lodge, which is furnished in a superb style. It stands on the declivity of a mountain, before which a lawn of the liveliest verdure spreads its floral drapery to the sun, and a demesne, studded with luxuriant plantations, and bounded by the rolling surge of the bay, displays its fine improvements. Rosstrevor, indeed, is unequalled for the romantic scenery of its "pendent mountains" and green sylvan retreats. One might suppose that the Turkish prophet had been here, and summoned the mountains from the east and west to form a crescent for the protection of this floral village of beauty. The immense elevation of the impending summits; the charming recess in the brow of the eastern ridge; its ornamented wildness, and the waving solemnity of its dark and extensive hanging woods, flinging garlands over defiles so deep and lonely, that a poet might suppose it to be the imagined residence of the invisible rural deities of Rome. Here are flowery arbours where Numa might, unseen by human eyes, embrace his nymph, and listen, without molestation or fear, to the precepts of love. The tufted clumps of flowering shrubs, the violet and primrose draped cliffs, and the green defiles which open fairy alcoves in the sides of these mountains, all conspire to impart romantic attraction to the scene.

As you descend the declivities, and bring your views nearer earth, you behold the gay foliage of trees, shading the rosy gardens and white houses of the village, so as to form a pleasing contrast in the perspective. And to magnify more the diversity of the scene, the ocean, saluting mountain majesty, causes his waves to roll in limpid undulations over the pebbly footstool of his throne, and there offer him homage. All these local charms, which invest Rosstrevor with all the graces of a romantic landscape, contribute to render the place the most variously picturesque, eminently interesting, and irresistibly engaging of which Ireland can boast. It seems to have been designed by Nature, in her kindest mood, as a paradise for Byron's heavenly muse, or a solitary elysium, where none but the spirits of happy lovers should dwell. Farewell! dear scenes of past happiness and friendship! how sweet is the recollection that brings back thy verdant valleys and rose-woven bowers, fresh and fair on the tide of memory, dear Rosstrevor! of sea-drooping tresses and emerald feet! Surely, it is pleasant to look through the vista of reminiscence on the days of other times, when neither care nor regret obscured the smiling landscape of youthful pleasure. The remembrance of Rosstrevor, with its soft and endearing associations, will always kindle a ray of joy in our mind, even when the sombre clouds of sorrow and sadness brood over the heart.

About two miles to the east of Rosstrevor, are the moss-covered ruins of Green-Castle. In the reign of Elizabeth, this castle was considered of such importance, that an act of Parliament passed, prohibiting any one but an Englishman being Constable of it. The swallow and the owl are now its defenders.

on her blooming cheeks. Her conversation attracted every sympathetic mind; her beauty made a conquest of every susceptible heart. Among all the young gentlemen who offered the incense of devotion at the shrine of youthful loveliness, among the numerous suitors who were in competition for the choice of the rich and beautiful heiress, Henry O * * * was distinguished by the ardour of his addresses. He was the younger brother of a neighbouring family of rank and distinction, but of moderate fortune. His education of the first order, his person handsome and prepossessing, and his manners elegant and engaging. With these mental and personal advantages, he won the esteem, and soon acquired an ascendancy in the heart of the young and innocent Mary. As her father always told her, that he would impose no restraint on her affections, providing they were given to a gentleman of good birth and respectability, no objection could be raised, no obstacle could be opposed to the union of these attached lovers. Henry obtained the approbation of Mary's parents, and then pressed her, with all the eloquence of passion, to consent to make him happy. He vowed everlasting attachment, and implored her, if she valued his peace of mind, to appoint an early day for their nuptials. Pity, and a tender softness plead in her bosom; she yields to the ardour of his persuasions, and gives him her heart and hand at the altar. The marriage was solemnized in the parish church of Rosstrevor, in the month of May, 1820. Their wedding was graced by the presence of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, and celebrated by festivities worthy of the joyous occasion that united two houses in the bands of a matrimonial alliance. Who, that has not tasted the transports of nuptial love, can express the delights which Henry enjoyed in the endearments and caresses of his lovely bride? Love and Hymen spread for them a couch of Elysian flowers, and banished care and anxiety from the happy home of conjugal attachment. To render his beloved Mary happy, formed the whole employment of Henry's thoughts, and the darling object of his every action. Such ardent devotion, and growing partiality and fondness, so warmed Mary's heart, that her husband became every day more and more endeared to her affections. The fortune she brought, he managed with prudence, and enjoyed with discretion; and the pleasure which he experienced in her amiable conduct, and enchanting behaviour, repaid his cares and solicitude with augmented interest. Thus flew the honey-moon hours, winged with ecstatic delight, every day elicited new endearments, and every night returned with the thornless roses of blissful repose.

Before the expiration of a year, their fondness and felicity were crowned with the birth of a fine boy. If any thing could have given an increase of joy to their existence, it was this pledge of connubial love. But how transitory is human happiness! how short the sunshine of hope! and how soon do the fragile flowers of earthly bliss fade and fall after the spring of their first adolescence! The heart of man is inconstant and variable; it cannot be secured by the ties of beauty or virtue; his passions are mutable and easily inflamed. How soon are his dearest affections altered! his boasted reason, too, how dim and faint its light, and how easily extinguished by the faintest blast! He is the creature of folly and caprice, which he blindly follows, till they lead him to ruin. In the summer months, several of the nobility and gentry of the north of Ireland, take up their residence in the picturesque village of Rosstrevor, which is the Saratoga of Ulster, to recruit their healths, by bathing in its limpid waves, and by the respiration of its salubrious sea and mountain gales. It is, therefore, the resort of folly and fashion, and all its houses are, from June to September, filled with a diversity of visitors, that present as various grades of character, as its fantastic mountains do different forms.

It unfortunately happened about this period, that a young female, most fashionably dressed, and of exquisite beauty, but apparently of light character, came to live at a house directly opposite the residence of our hero. She assumed the character of a lady of high fashion, whose noble father, she alleged, was pre-

vented from accompanying her to Rosstrevor, by a sudden indisposition. The costly livery of her footman, on whose arm there was an Earl's coronet, and the elegant apartments she occupied, confounded suspicion, gave an air of truth to her story, and removed all doubts of the reality of her assumption. LADY JULIA, as she styled herself, could not think of going to balls or parties, until her Pa joined her; she therefore devoted herself to music and her dear Byron and Scott, to beguile the time of his absence. As Henry was rich, and his person graceful, a thousand arts were employed by the fictitious Lady Julia, to attract his observation, and to ensnare his heart. The seductive syren would often appear at her window, in a loose and voluptuous *dishabille*. At one time, with a careless, languishing negligence, reclining her head on her snowy arm, and protruding the charms of her fine bosom, and then with affected modesty throw her luxuriant tresses of hair over them, so as to half conceal them from his raptured gaze. At another moment fixing her fine dark eyes, sparkling with passion and delight, eagerly upon his face, and as soon as his gaze met hers, withdrawing it, with a soft and languishing air, by slow degrees, as if delicacy had restrained the glowing emotion which impassioned love prompted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DISCURSIVE REMARKS ON PAINTING, AND SCULPTURE.

No. II.

WHILE we must accord the ancient painters, their merited share of praise, we are not to overlook their imperfections. If we may judge by all the paintings of antiquity, that have come down to us, and in particular those that were discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, the efforts of the ancients did not in some branches of the art, nearly equal those of the moderns of the Italian school.

For if we except the correctness of design, in which the Greeks excelled; but in all the other attributes of the art, the palm of superiority is carried away from them, by Raphael, Angelo, Titian and Corregio, and some of their contemporaries whose genius reflected such glory on the patronage of the illustrious Medician family.

No Grecian artist has equalled that stupendous offspring of genius, *The Transfiguration*, nor even approached the interminable originality of conception, and epic grandeur of Angelo in his *Last Judgment*. In the magic power of colouring; in inimitably charming contrast of light and shade, which throw such a spell of fascination over the pictures of Titian; or in the chastity of design, vividness of expression, elegance of outline, joined to that modesty of colouring, and mystery of reflex, which impart the air of divinity to Corregio's beautiful countenances, the Grecian painters are completely thrown in the back ground of critical opinion. The ancient pictures want Raphael's dramatic effect, Angelo's embodied sentiment, and personified character, Corregio's amplitude of flowing drapery, and the mellow richness of its colouring. Before the secret of painting in oil was discovered, by the Flemish artist, Van Eyck, in A. D. 1410, all the painters worked either in *Fresco*, or water colours. *Fresco* is a kind of painting upon fresh plaster, with colours mixed with water; and this species of the art was executed upon walls and arches. The noblest fresco representations the world ever saw, are those painted by Raphael and Angelo, in competition, on the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel, and the chambers of the Vatican, in Rome. Pliny informs us that the ancient painters seldom worked in fresco; they did not think it proper to confine the productions of their pencils to private houses, nor have their irretrievable master pieces, at the mercy of the flames. They, therefore, fixed on portable pieces, which in case of accident might be saved from the devouring element, and carried from one place to another.

The Grecian painters, also drew on tables of wood, whitened with chalk.

The era when the use of canvass was introduced is not exactly known. After Van Eyck's discovery, Andre del Castago, was the first Florentine artist that painted in oil. The first painter on record belonging to Rome is Pictor, who lived about three hundred years before Christ; but the Romans can lay no original claim to painting, as they only copied from the Greeks. To them, however, we must give the honour of the invention of *Mosaic* painting, which they elevated to great perfection. The component materials which they used in this species of the art, were pieces of marble, or of composition resembling it, of different colours, joined together with stucco, and so constructed as to resemble the paintings of the greatest masters. Their mosaic compositions have left monuments of their skill, in that branch of the fine arts, which will remain to the latest posterity. Some writers say that the origin of mosaic painting, and paving, was suggested to an artist, who saw several pieces of broken meat strewn in the street, which furnished him with the idea of paving with variously coloured stones.

Succeeding artists made great improvements, and at length attained perfection. Pliny the elder, tells us, that Sosus of Pergamus, ornamented one of his mosaic pavements with a pigeon, which he represented drinking out of a fountain, so naturally as to darken the water with the shadow of her head. Other pigeons were exhibited sitting on the marble sides of the spring, some sunning themselves, and others clawing and picking their feathers.

The Emperor Napoleon, whose fall gave a death blow in Europe, to the arts, caused premiums to be given for the best specimens of tressellated marble; and he was heard to declare, that he was resolved to substitute mosaic floors in his palaces for carpets and oil cloths. His stimulating patronage called forth the exertion of ingenuity, and one artist laid a floor in the Empress's private cabinet, in 1811, so exquisitely wrought, and beautifully enamelled, as to rival the finest models of antiquity. The Roman generals employed itinerant artists of Greece to paint their battles, and represent their triumphs. But in the reign of Augustus, one genius, Arelus, started up from the Roman soil, who flinging away the shroud of native mediocrity, produced pictures of genius and spirit. The productions of this artist, with many other noble specimens of painting and sculpture, were destroyed by the Goths, when they sacked Rome, in 537. The Roman Pontiffs were most magnificent patrons of the fine arts. Pope, Sixtus IV. put the finest talents of the age in action, and attracted to Rome, from Florence, then (1474,) the capital of the arts, all the painters that had acquired reputation, whom he employed on his chapel.

To the liberality of another Pope, prior to the age of Sixtus, Giotto, the celebrated Florentine painter, was indebted for his fortune, as the pontiff gave him 2,200 golden crowns, for his picture of St. Peter in the boat. What muse, or what historian, has not celebrated the taste and munificence of Leo X. the generous and illustrious patron of Raphael, Angelo, and Leonardo de Vinci? No sovereign, except the high-minded Emperor of France, has a more distinguished claim to the glory of encouraging the arts, than Leo X. Among the garlands that poetry flung upon his tomb, perhaps Pope's laudatory laurel shall be green, when time withers the rest.

"But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A RAPHAEL painted, and a VIDA sung."

This illustrious pontiff kindled a galaxy of genius, which has reflected the light of immortality on his fame. Although the car of Bellona then shook Italy to its centre, and the turbulent war of Charles V, and Francis I, filled the coun-

try with terror and devastation, Leo sustained the fine arts, in the midst of the tempest, and inspired the artists with a spirit which intestine commotion could not extinguish.

In the midst of battles, engaged even in a mortal-struggle for the existence of their country, we find Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Romano, producing those marvellous specimens of art, which have immortalized their names. The great principle, set on foot by the Pope, was not to be depressed, or crushed, while shooting up to maturity; as, like the palm tree, it seemed to gather strength from the difficulties opposed to its growth, increasing in vigour in proportion to the weight employed to bear it down.

THE ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS AND THE CORPORATION.

WHILE the municipal authorities of Philadelphia and Boston, are making the most laudable exertions to enrich their galleries of painting, their museums, and libraries, with the works of genius, the curiosities of nature, and the wealth of intellect, the corporation of this "LONDON OF AMERICA," as if seized with the spirit of the dilapidating Goths, have given legal notice to the members of the NEW-YORK INSTITUTION, that they must surrender the immediate possession of the building in the Park, which has been occupied by them since the establishment of the Academy of the Fine Arts, in 1816. This, it must be confessed, affords no indication of the taste, no proof of the liberality, nor no evidence of the progression of intellect among our municipal functionaries. The history of the world furnishes us with abundant testimony, that refinement and intelligence are associated with the national taste for the encouragement of literature and the arts, and that in their cultivation the philosophic statesman views the moral physiognomy of a country. "The only treasure," said Napoleon, which I wish to accumulate, and to amass with avaricious avidity, is the great works of art and genius, which are the wealth of national glory." The fine arts have the tendency of improving our nature, and of advancing it nearer perfection. Those that devote their time to the elegant pursuits of literature seldom become debased and depraved by luxury, from whence proceeds every corruption of morals that can depreciate the character of a nation.

Let us read history. Behold Egypt, once the first school of the universe, and the mother of the fine arts, becoming infected with a distaste for letters, and after, in consequence, ingloriously submitting to the yoke of Cambysees. With the decay of the arts, too, Greece, Rome, and Venice, without enumerating other empires and states, dwindled into insignificance, and became the prey of barbarian conquerors. But it is unnecessary to adduce historical evidence on this subject, as every reader knows, that from avarice and luxury the devastating torrent of a depraved taste issues.

The Corporation of New-York, however, think that the progress of the sciences and arts has added nothing to human intelligence, nor raised intellect higher in the scale of moral perfection; and that the world was not enlightened or benefitted by all the miracles of poetry, painting, sculpture, and eloquence. Money, in their opinion, is the standard of perfection, and it is the desire of filling their coffers with this pelf that stimulates them now to break the portal of the temple of the sciences, and introduce into its sanctuary a horde of lawyers and brokers, who will cover those walls with parchment, which were lately so bright with the splendour of Rubens, the scientific power of Angelo, the luminous richness of Titian, the magic softness of Corregio, and the expression and grace of West, as well as the interesting and impressive localities of Dunlap and Trumbull. Where now will native genius find a mart for its production? where a gallery for its exhibition? "Let it," replies the Corporation, "mourn in indigence, and sink into oblivion; we must have our *house*, or we will cast out to the swine, the pictures, statues, and other trumpery, with which it is

filled." We shall not be put off by the poetry or eloquence of the academicians. We are fixed and immovable in our object; deaf at once to the pleadings of painting and sculpture; for if the Venus of Apelles implored, if the Apollo of Phidias breathed the most touching music of pity from his lyre, to soften us; nay, if the Laocoon, and Niobe with her children, were to start into life, and weep tears of blood, we would remain inexorable to supplication!"

In 1816, the Corporation of New-York, actuated by patriotism, and a laudable desire to establish a character of taste and refinement for the city, granted to a society of literary and scientific gentlemen, a lease, free of rent, of the building in the rear of the City-Hall, now known as the NEW-YORK INSTITUTION. The ranks of the society were soon swelled by the accession of a great number of literary and scientific gentlemen, and the apartments of the academy were rapidly arranged, and filled with books, pictures, statues, busts, and several specimens of the production of nature, and continued daily accumulating until the most valuable collection, under any roof in the Union, was amassed. The laws of that institution, which we may justly call the genuine republic of letters and the arts, are founded on broad and liberal principles, and have been framed so as to fan American genius, and elicit from it original specimens of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. When this institution was established, the state of the fine arts was low in the extreme, in the city; so that the improvement that has taken place, in painting particularly, is to be imputed to this school. In its history it will be found, that the voice of disinterested patronage has often cheered drooping genius, and returned an *echo* to the aspiring wishes of the young artist. A taste for the fine arts began then, for the first time to come in vogue, and the study of the antique fashionable. The closed hand of patronage, gradually opening, began to impart, from its own stock, something to raise the humble head of genius, to contribute aid to the tender plant, and guard the germinating buds from the nipping blasts of indigence. Among the patrons of the institution, the late patriotic and liberal GOVERNOR CLINTON distinguished himself by his zeal and assistance. But from what work of literature or art in the Union, has he withdrawn his patronage? It was his genius acquired him the respect of nations; it was his unspotted virtue endeared him to his country; and it was his patronage that now moves the grateful lips of poetry and eloquence in his praise, while gratitude sculpts his monument, and indelibly engraves upon it the suffrage of fame.

In the library of the Historical Society, we have seen a very excellent collection of books. In fine, the dismemberment of this Institution, by the corporate body, will stamp indelible disgrace on the taste of the city. We hope still, that their honours will pause, ere they *eject* the arts, or commence their crusade against the works of genius.

Why is the daily portion of the Press silent on this crying subject?

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

PARK THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening, the 15th instant, the Play bills announced, that Mr. HAMBLIN, whose performance we always witness with pleasure, was to personate Bertram, in Maturin's tragedy of that name. But before the curtain rose, the stage manager apprised the audience, that, in consequence of Mr. Hamblin being suddenly seized with indisposition, "he could not have the honour of appearing before them, but that, at a very short notice, Mr. Walton, of the southern theatres, had undertaken the part of Bertram." Mr. Walton seemed well studied in the character, by repeated *rehearsals*, we presume, but his hoarse gruff voice, rendered his articulation perfectly inaudible; and his attitudes and gesture were too graceless, to exhibit the melancholy air of the sorrowful Bertram. If he could get rid of some odd mechanical motions, which are truly ludicrous, he would be found a more effective performer. For all Mr. Woodhull's failings, the correct and impressive personification of the *Prior* made ample restitution. It is one of those characters that is suited to his powers, and he made as much of it as any actor on the stage could.

Mrs. HILSON, even her warmest admirers must allow, is quite unequal to the task of representing, with any degree of effect, the grief subdued, but still impassioned Imogene. In gentle characters, where domestic affliction is only to be expressed, this lady makes a creditable stand; but she can never be the heroine to enter thoroughly into the chafing elements of the stormy passions; she is a modest dove that can carry indeed, very gracefully, the olive branch of serene emotion, but not the thunderbolt of excited feelings. Still she is not deficient in sensibility, as she always reads her text with true feeling, and critical accuracy.

BOWERY THEATRE.—We seldom visit this house; because either Mr. Gilfert, or Mr. Barrett, for some critical sin, which we perhaps committed in the New-York *Ser*, when we were connected with it, has effaced our name from the free list; but heaven knows, that an illiberal exclusion like this, organized by petty resentment, will never disturb the equanimity of our temper, because we regard it as a benefit more than a deprivation; so that we shall not dip our pen in gall on that account.

A few evening since, we witnessed MR. ADAMS's performance of Hamlet. On this occasion the house was respectably filled. Mr. Adams possesses a portion of judgment and taste; but he wants execution and conception. He sometimes, indeed, makes a feeble attempt at originality, and wilfully neglects many excellencies, merely, forsooth, because they have been displayed by others. This we dare not censure; it is laudable—but it may sometimes injure a good actor. Imitation has ruined many a young performer, it has been like Dante's leaden mace on the fine inherent powers of Mr. Forrest, the spoiled child of editorial flattery.

Mr. Adams is decidedly no copiest; but we respectfully submit to his good sense, that the GENIUS of master-spirits has exhibited, in this character, beauties on which *improvement* can confer no new grace, nor lustre. He is not, we think, what the connoisseurs call an "even actor," his CALMS, and his STORMS are not under a Necromancer's wand; his spirits do not always, "come from the vasty deep at his bidding."

From the ambition of *commentating*, as Mr. Hacket does so frequently, at poor Shakspeare's cost, Mr. Adams is not quite free; thus when Hamlet, in the awful interrogatory speech to his father's spirit, addresses it by a combination of reverential and blazoning epithets; he broke the beautiful climax by reciting. "I'll call thee Hamlet, King, Father:—Royal Dane, oh! answer me, &c." instead of—"I'll call thee Hamlet;—King, Father! Royal Dane:—oh answer me! let me not burst in ignorance, &c." He was certainly by no means happy in his delivery of the instructions to the players; here he gave us no elocution, but too much *mechanical* acting, without being set off by the grace of action. There was nothing particularly striking in his closet scene, where Hamblin makes such a great hit. We missed here indeed the piercing eye—eloquence of Hamblin, and the Queen—the triumph of unerring physiognomy—catching the perturbation of the conscious soul from her speaking countenance. We saw nothing in the management of the pictures, by which other actors work such impressive effects, or throughout the scene, that challenged either praise or censure; except the hurrying the Queen off the stage, at its conclusion, and cutting out the admonition:—"Good night—but go not to my uncle's bed &c." which was highly improper. That passage is one of the striking, the luminous sentences in Young's Hamlet (in which character we often saw him) he uttered it with more than human tenderness; it pierced the ear like the admonition of a guardian angel, and yet he contrived to mingle sounds of filial affection with it that vibrated on the heart.

Declamation is not Mr. Adam's *forte*; his voice wants compass, power, and euphony to give pomp and solemnity to tragic sentiment; defects which he made manifest by his cold delivery of the soliloquy on death, and the speech on the human faculties. His scene of assumed madness with Ophelia, was his happiest effort, and his sarcastic replies to Polonius, were indeed emphatically spoken. Ophelia, in her representative, had no attractions; why the part was not given to Miss Rock, who always plays it with undiminished excellence, and affecting grace, is best known to the manager.

In his reflective retrospection over "Poor Yorick's skull," he evinced but little feeling or conception; for he did not seem sufficiently lost in the tender recollections that crowd on young Hamlet's memory; and in giving expression to the elegant morality on the inefficacy of wit—of beauty—or chicane to avert the visitation of death, we noticed the absence of the philosophic air, and gloomy solemnity, which should accompany its inculcation, in order to give it effect.

Young, in the grave scene, it is acknowledged, surpasses Garrick and Kemble. We distinctly remember the thrilling effect, which he could produce. He received the skull from the grave digger with a surprise that instantly subsided into sorrowful tenderness; he walked, like the personified genius of reflection, some paces from the grave

towards the front of the stage, to conceal the emotion that was fomenting in his soul and then, as if unable to restrain his feelings any longer, giving it vent in the ejaculation "Alas! poor Yorick &c. which he delivered with a pathos, that corresponded with his impressive action. When stage effect can thus be produced—the performer still closely adhering to the accompaniments of nature—it is that perfection of the art, which merits the highest praise. We must do Mr. Adam's the justice to say, that in the scene representing the murder of *Gonzago*, he evinced more nature, feeling, and passion than in any other situation connected with his part. He has merit, and likewise faults. We do not think too little of him; he ought not to think too highly of himself. His Hamlet is not equal to Mr. Hamblin's; but it is in some scenes superior to Mr. Forrest's. The result of the whole is, in our opinion, that Mr. Adams has been much over-puffed by some of the New-York papers.

ORIGINAL PATCH WORK.

ORIGIN OF THE NINE MUSES.—The muses, as personified, originally, by the Grecian Mythological writers, were only three in number.—These three Goddesses of poetry, and the fine arts, were Clio, Euterpe, and Thalia. The citizens of Athens, desirous of placing the statues of these poetic divinities in the temple of Apollo, they employed three of the most skilful sculptors to carry their design into effect. In order that the sculpture should possess all the grace, and beauty, which poetry attributed to the three Muses, each artist was to finish three statues, from which the most elegant and perfect specimens of his performances was to be selected, to fill a niche in the temple of the god of song. The artists, on a given day, produced their exquisite statues, before the judges, who were to select those which had reached the highest perfection of the art. But no sooner had the judges examined them, than they found that each possessed so much symmetry, grace, and loveliness, as rendered it utterly impossible for them to decide on superiority of execution in any particular statue.

They at length, however, to prevent any envidious distinction or jealousy between the sculptors, resolved to place the nine statues in the temple, and call them the Nine Muses. From this accident we are to derive the origin of the Nine Muses.

FOOT. One of the Performers at the Hay-market Theatre, in conversation with the English Aristophanes took occasion to observe—"what a *hum-drum* kind of a man Dr. Goldsmith appeared to be in the green room, compared with the brilliant figure he made in poetry." "Oh, the reason of that," replied Foote, "is because the *Muses* are more engaging companions than the *players*."

JEALOUSY.—Infuses the poison of furies into the human breast, and blasts the verdure of the noblest affections that blossom in our passions.—It extinguishes the lights which love kindled in the heart, sours the temper, obscures the understanding, and like many other violent passions, generally produces the very evil it is on the watch to prevent.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS. Cervantes, Minims, and other Spanish writers, contend that the Elysian fields, the abode of happy spirits, "where the trees ever blossom, the beams ever shine," was situated in the fruitful plains of Andalusia. In these valleys the Spanish poets tell us, that there is a sequestered spot, which cannot be exceeded for fertility of soil, benignity of climate, or enchanting beauty and diversity of hill, dale, and rivulet. This charming scene they place in a plain, near Malaga, where they tell us that the balmy gales play among the gardens full of orange and lemon trees, flowering all the year around, and that one must fancy himself to be in some part of Paradise, for as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing but what delights the senses. The view is fascinating beyond description,—the sight is entertained with a noble prospect of the expansive sea, and a country full of architectural objects, and the most beautiful trees:—the ears are charmed with an infinite variety of little singing birds, that never either night or day cease their love-expressing song. This description our readers will see is the offspring of Spanish mythology. There is no doubt but that the Homeric Elysium agrees with the scriptural account of the Garden of Eden, in many particulars, but, still we are acquainted with no medium, by which a knowledge of the latter could reach the Greeks.

It is therefore, we think, as vain a pursuit to look for an attempt to realize the identical spot of the Poetical Elysium, as it is to search for the foundation of the walls of Troy; or to look for the Tree that bore the forbidden fruit, in the Garden of Eden.

THE SOUL.—We have seen a paragraph going the rounds, on this subject; but as we

seldom copy, we beg to advance the idea which learned authors have bestowed upon the mysterious theme. *Epicurus* defines the soul to be composed of mortal materials, which are annihilated by the scythe of death. *Zeno* maintains that it is only a spark of fire; and *Democritus* asserts that it is a combination of airy atoms, which communicating themselves to all parts of the body, produced all its various motions.

Hippocrates wrote a dissertation proving it to be an animating fluid flowing from the fountain of the heart, through the bodily system. According to *Diogenes*, it consists of air; and the *stoics* held that it was but wind. It is advanced by *Critias* that the soul is made of blood, by *Heracitus* that it is formed of an evaporating effusion of humours; by *Empedocles* that it is a mass of the four elements, and by *Plato* that it is a part of some star. *Pythagoras* defines it to be a spirit of harmony; *Avicenna* says it was created by angels of unextinguishable fire; and *Metrodorus* argues that it is attached to the human body, as an oyster is to its shell. The emperor *Claudius* having ordered an Advocate to be drowned for detaining the court too long, in the defence of his client, the unfortunate pleader earnestly entreated he might undergo some other kind of death, and urged in support of his prayer, his belief in the doctrine of an ancient Philosopher—that the soul was a torch, which might be extinguished in water.

ARCADIA (*Translated from a Parisian Periodical*).—This beautiful scene of the loves of gods, and goddesses, presents an uninterrupted succession of vivid landscape pictures, in which nature has displayed the magic of her pencil, and the grandeur and sublimity of her conceptions, with a creative power of which art can never be master. The Almighty hand, which laid the foundations of its barren, enormous rocks, in the caverns of the deep, and clothed their summits with an azure mantle of clouds, has also delighted to spread between their dreary masses the most enchanting vales, and green, flowery glens, which afford a shelter in their verdant bosoms to coolness and halcyon tranquility. Here beautiful shepherdesses attend their flocks, and listen to the sighs and music of their swains.

On every side picturesque and well contrasted landscapes, clothed in the spangled drapery of spring, and illuminated with sun-lit skies, burst unexpectedly on the sight of the traveller, as well as the most charming prospects that can be imagined.

How often, when we had climbed the summit of a lowering mountain, studded with majestic pines, have we beheld the lightning sporting around us, in all its vivid playfulness!—How often surrounded with meteor-sparkling clouds, have we seen the brightness and splendour of day, turned into transparent darkness, while the atmosphere seemed to thicken, and in the midst of its violent agitation produced the most awful, and yet the happier combination of light and shade, than *Raphael*, or *Corregio*, in their most noble efforts ever imparted to canvass. Streams of congregated vapours rushed rapidly by us, and precipitated themselves into the deep valley;—loud rolling torrents plunged into the yawning gulfs among the rocks, while the vast extent of mountain, viewed through the veil of haze, which clasped us round, seemed hung with flowing tapestry; and the mournful screams of the birds—the dismal howling of the winds, and the rustling of the trees, seemed to have realized the picture, which *Empedocles* has given us of the infernal regions. For the hovering vapours increased the resemblance, as they assumed the dark gray appearance of that ocean of air, which according to his doctrine, repels the souls of criminals, and constrains them to wander through the deserts of immensity, or land on the distant orbs that swim on the waves of space.

CHINESE FEMALES.—How different is the *beau ideal* which nations form of beauty. Those charms that constitute an elegant and pretty woman, in our estimation would be esteemed deformities in China. The Chinese care not for cheeks enamelled with snowy and vermilion hues, nor for those blue eyes, dimpled lips, pearly teeth, oval foreheads, which we look upon with such admiration as the fascination of a beautiful face. To see auburn, or golden tresses of silken hair, waving on a living bust of blue veined marble, or veiling with their ringlets downy breasts on which the God of love himself should sigh to pillow his head, would be to the Chinese lover an irksome sight, a chilling view that would instantly damp and congeal the ardour of his passion.

The Chinese women cut off all their hair, except a little lock, which they tastefully tie up in a wreath on the crown of their heads. They care not for a wrinkled forehead, or tawny countenance—they never regret having thick waists, and squabby forms, if kind nature blesses them with the seductive charms of small black eyes, broad faces, short noses, and small feet, as they are with these requisites of Chinese beauty, considered by the men perfectly lovely. “Their feet,” says *Dr. Barrow*, “are unnaturally little, so that when they walk, they move like cripples, and seem as if the forepart of the foot had been cut off, leaving the remainder like the stump of an amputated limb.”

'The way, we are told, by travellers, which they *train* small feet, is to stop by compression the growing of the ankle and foot, from infancy, leaving however, the great toe in its natural state, to bend and keep the others under the sole of the foot, to which they at last adhere so closely, that they can never be separated. The female children who undergo this painful operation, suffer great torture from the ligaments which so tightly bind their feet as often to burst the veins. The Chinese females, who reside in the mountains, and remote places, have not adopted this barbarous custom; but in consequence, they are regarded by the rest with abhorrence, and are only employed in servile offices. Indeed so violent appears the prejudice in favour of distorted limbs, that should there be two sisters, equal in all other respects, both mental and personal, but this, that the feet of the one had been maimed, and those of the other not, the latter would be reduced to the necessity of spending her days in obscurity and servitude. This vile custom could have originated in nothing more, than a mistaken idea of beauty, carried on through successive ages, until it attained a preposterous degree of excess.

POPE.—During the last illness of the immortal Bard, an altercation took place, in his chamber, between the two Doctors that attended him. The one (Dr. Burton) charging the other (Dr. Thomson) with accelerating the death of their illustrious patient, by the violent purges he had administered. Dr. T. retorted in the bitterest language of recrimination, and threatened to chastise his accuser. Pope, raising his head from the pillow, said, "gentlemen, forbear! this squabble is ungracious! Between ye both, you have reduced me to a dangerous state; I, however, forgive you for the errors which you committed in my treatment, on condition that you shall, after my death, cause the following epigram to be added to the next edition of the Dunciad, by way of postscript:—

"Dunces rejoice!—forgive all censures past;
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last."

UNION EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

THE strictures on this subject, which a solicitous regard for the interest and character of our country, induced us to make in our last number, have elicited a kind of ambiguous palinode from a journal, which is the accredited official organ, of the institution. As far as we could gather the dubious meaning of that *Delphian* answer, the society is not to be at all considered as *Irish*. Sincerely do we thank them for the averment, because we wish to warn our countrymen, who are now happy in their native land, as well as those who are enjoying competence in Canada, "to shake off the drowsiness of delusion, dash away the magic glass of hope, and open their eyes, lest they be led astray, in a country where they are very unwelcome, by the fairy light of an *intelligence office*," in New-York. Let them remember, ere they set out on a "wild goose chase," that the Union Emigrant Society, shall afford them no *PECUNIARY ASSISTANCE* whatever. At the tripod of sages, and "*Venerable Patriarchs*," (God bless the mark!) they will receive, indeed, gratuitously, "*advice*," and a "*route* through the wilds, which, like the path of glory, leads but to the grave. We are not, nor never shall be so servile as to disguise the unbiassed and honest dictates of our opinions, even though their promulgation may militate against our interest, and give offence to gentlemen whose esteem we would not willingly forfeit. We, in this spirit of candour, without making any apology for our last article, declare that there are not two members of the institution, who have not been influenced by the noblest and most disinterested motives in getting up the Emigrant Society. But the unexampled number of Emigrants flocking hourly to this city from the Canadas demonstrates that the establishment of the institution only promotes the evil it intended to diminish and counteract. Allured by the tenor of the statements in the city newspapers, Irish, Scotch, and English settlers have been induced to abandon their comfortable homes in Canada, and come to this city, where they expected to have been furnished, by the society, with money to defray their travelling expenses to the southern states. Deeply do they now lament their credulity. We fear that when the papers of this city reach Ireland, the mania of emigration, will also become an epidemic there, and that hundreds of our deluded countrymen will be attracted hither by the false beacon hung up in the *Intelligence Office* in Mott-street. But we trust that the *Dublin Evening Post*, the *Register*, and the Cork and Belfast papers, will proclaim to the Irish mechanics' and labourers, that it is madness for them to come for "*advice*," to New-York; aye, and such an ad-

vice too, as will neither have the wisdom of a Nestor, nor the inspiration of a Daniel. As the spirit of industry is already spreading its beneficent effects through Ireland, let her sons lay aside their religious dissensions, and simultaneously devote their labour to the patriotic task of cultivating their native land, and bringing into operation her vast commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural resources, which will make her a prosperous and flourishing nation.

Let no one infer, nor construe from the import of this article, that we have the remotest intention, either by design, or implication, to cast a shade of obliquious censure on the conduct and motives of the gentlemen constituting the Emigrant Society. Far be such an unworthy design from our thoughts. Under their salutary and active management, applicants to the office, may depend on fair and equitable justice.

LADY MORGAN'S FORTHCOMING NOVELS.

WE are happy to announce to our readers, that early in the month of June last, as we learn from the new MONTHLY MAGAZINE, a new historical romance, in 3 vols. entitled "*Geraldine of Desmond*;" or Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth; was published by Mr. Colburn, of London.

The tyrannic and peculating government of Elizabeth in Ireland, is no doubt exhibited by her ladyship, in the strongest *Basso relievo* of historical sculpture. There is not that being in existence better acquainted with Irish history, than our great and gifted countrywoman, so that we shall have in this work, graphic and accurate portraits of the cruel and rapacious Cootes, Bingham, Coles, Chichesters, Gores, Taylors, Clements and the other sanguinary adventurers, who stained the coronets of the *Virgin Queen* in Irish blood. We shall give a review of the work in our next.

Another Romance from the vived and luxuriant pen of her Ladyship, called the *Book of the Boudoir* is announced as ready for the press.

For the copyright of these two works, it is said, she has received 4000 Guineas.

OSSIAN, AND THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. EVENING POST.

IN a recent number of the *Evening Post*, the learned and accomplished editor of that respectable Journal, was pleased to honour this periodical with a notice. In allusion to our translations from the ancient Irish under the head of "*Ossianic Fragments*," he says, "they are not however ossianic, or if they are, Macpherson must have taken liberties with his original."

We candidly acknowledge that they are not "*Ossianic*," but we gave them that title, merely because MC DAIRY our original author, was emphatically styled, by his contemporaries, in 1646, the "*Second Ossian*," in consequence of his felicitous imitations of the Irish Poet-hero. We would respectfully beg leave however, to remind the talented editor of the *Evening Post* that the FACT of Mr. Macpherson having NO ORIGINAL for those admirable productions of his own, which he unjustly called the "*Poems of Ossian*," has been established, on immoveable grounds, by David Hume, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Laing, Dr. Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, (See his *Scottish Borders*.) and though last, not least, by the ablest critic of the age, FRANCIS JEFFREY, Esq. These Scottish writers surrendered the sophistical citadel which was raised by Mr. Macpherson and Dr. Blair, and restored the Ossianic laurel to Erin. Indeed, after the tremendous explosion of the mine laid by Dr. Johnson, which shattered the entire fortress of Scotch pretension, it would be the madness of national vanity in these intelligent writers, to claim the Irish Bard any longer. In the course of our history, we shall adduce irrefragable proofs of our legitimate claim, to the honour of giving birth to ossian, and of being the progenitors of the Bruces, the Campbells, the Mac Donalds, Fergusons, and some other of the noblest names that shine in Scottish story. It is to us Scotland is indebted for her ancient language, and her present name, and it was from us she received letters and religion. It was our Fingal, at the head of the Irish militia, emancipated Calidonia from the Roman yoke, in the third century as the venerable Bede, and the erudite Pinkerton, can testify. In fine we can show that *Albania* was for centuries an Irish colony; and that *modern Scotia* "was peopled," as Sir Gallaghan says, "with our own hands."

We certainly concede, what candour requires us to admit, that we cannot give elegant translations of Mr. Dairy's poems; because the poetry and music of the Irish are so closely analogous, and the sound so faithful an echo to the sense, that the latter seems to bid defiance to the adaptation of any other language to its melody, and the former would sustain an injury, in its beautiful compounds and harmonious delicacies, if even given in the copious and florid language of Mr. Bryant himself, which is so peculiar for the sweetness of its cadences, and characteristic aptness for music and poetry.

MR. O'CONNELL.

By the latest Dublin papers arrived in this city, it appears that Mr. O'Connell reached Ennis, the capital of Clare, at one o'clock, on the morning of the 10th of June. His progress from Dublin to Ennis, was like the triumphant procession of a Roman Conqueror. On his approaching Limerick, he was met by more than 100,000 people, arrayed in their holiday dresses, and carrying garlands of oak and laurel, in their hands, who insisted on dragging his carriage into the city. He harangued the multitude for an hour and a half, whom he earnestly warned and exhorted to obey the laws, and cherish the warmest gratitude for the most liberal English king, that ever had authority in Ireland. From Limerick to Ennis a distance of 23 miles he was accompanied by a Cavalcade of three hundred gentlemen, as the "Limerick guard of honour." At the town of Six-mile Bridge, which is the halfway post between Limerick and Ennis, Mr. O'Connell was welcomed by more than sixty thousand of the inhabitants of Clare, among whom there were hundreds of protestants. It was ten o'clock at night when he arrived in that picturesque village, so beautifully situated on the river *Gearna*, which pours its tributary waters into the Shannon. Here Mr. Sheil, Mr. Steele, and Mr. Scott, the celebrated solicitor, were waiting to apprise him of their complete success in effecting the registry of near nine hundred ten pound freeholders, who were all ready to contend under his banner. Without taking the slightest refreshment, he again addressed the people, and inveighed bitterly against the puny faith of Wellington, Peel, and Sir Edward O'Brien, the latter, the father of the sitting member for Clare, who pledged himself to Mr. O'Connell, to give him his support; but said he "broken faith and apostacy, have been the characteristics of that degenerate family from the traitor, Lord Inchiquin, who sold his sovereign to Cromwell, down to Sir Edward." The vast multitude followed the Liberator to Ennis, where on their arrival, they found almost every house illuminated, and the streets full of people, at the early hour of one in the morning. Mr. O'Connell spoke to them, with his usual force and felicity, expressing his sanguine hopes of success, and that the popular principles of Freeman, would give him now, as they did before a decisive victory over "the hacks and underlings of Peel and Wellington."

The popular portion of the English and Irish press is confident of the success of our great Patriot. It was not known in Dublin, on the 9th of June, whether Vesey Fitzgerald or Sir Edward O'Brien's second son, was to be Mr. O'Connell's opponent. We look out with impatience for the arrival of the next packet, which, we hope, will bring "glad tidings," to cheer every Irish bosom, and communicate a glowing spark to the enthusiasm of every friend of civil and religious liberty in America.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

THAT truly liberal and enterprising London publisher, Mr. Colburn, who so magnificently estimates *Irish Genius*, has ere this period published Mr. Shiel's history of the Irish Catholic Association. This work is almost as anxiously looked for, as Moore's life of Byron.

From the poetical eloquence, and graceful style of the author, we may expect a historical performance of unrivalled excellence.

We hope we shall have it, in time for a review in our next number. This work embraces a history of Ireland from 1764, down to the dissolution of the Association.

We hear that Messrs Carey and Lea of Philadelphia, will published this valuable history in a few days. It will certainly command an immense sale on this continent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD.

Sir,—

As an Irishman, let me thank you for your excellent biographical sketch of *DERMODY*. That sketch I trust will throw new light on the memory of our great but neglected bard in America. The interest which every Irishman should take in the *SHIELD* induces me to send to you the very autograph of *LADY MORGAN*'s elegiac tribute to the memory of the Irish genius. As I value her Ladyship's autograph, which was never printed, more than any inanimate thing in my possession, you will please take a copy of it, and return it to me by the next mail. I am, with every wish for the success of your work, your friend.

BALLYSHANNON.*

Albany, July 18, 1829.

I.

Thy silent wing, oh! Time, hath chas'd away
Some feath'ry hours of frolic youth's fleet joy,
Since first I hung upon the melting lay,
Or shared the raptures of a "Minstrel Boy."

II.

Since first I caught the day's reflected light,
That o'ersun emanated from his soul;
Or distant follow'd his enthusiast flight,
Or from her fairy-dreams a vision stole.

III.

His bud of life was thus but in its spring,
Mine but a germ in nature's bloomy wreath:—
He taught my timid Muse to expand her wing,
I taught his heart its first fond sigh to breathe.

IV.

And as the sweetly various verse he wove
The minstrel swore his kind'ling fancy stole
Her inspiration from the lip of love,
That gave his lifeless strain a vital soul.

V.

For Fancy o'er his cradled visions threw
The seeds of Poesy's immortal flowers,
Gem'd his young laurel with Aonian dew,
And shed her influence o'er his earliest hours.

VI.

In sooth he was not one of common mould,
His burning soul on thought's fleet pinions borne,
Now sought his kindred heaven sublimely hold;
Now stopp'd the woes of kindred man to mourn.

VII.

In his dark eye the light of genius shone,
Through the translucent dew of pity's tear;—
And sorrow claim'd the minstrel as her own,
By the sad shade she taught his smile to wear.

VIII.

Ev'n from his birth the Muse's matchless boy,
She gave his lisping strains melodious flow;—
And proudly own'd him with a mother's joy,
Yet still he call'd himself "the child of wo."

IX.

For still the world each finer transport chill'd,
That steals the feeling's nerve, or fancy's dream;
And when each pulse to rapture's pressure thrill'd,
Experience stamp'd the soul-alluring beam.

X.

And oh! too oft by passion's whirlwind driven,
Far from cold prudence's level path to stray;
He thought th' illusive light a ray from heaven,
That lur'd him on to pleasure's devious way.

XI.

To bliss abandon'd—now pursu'd by wo,
The world's end outcast—now the world's proud
gaze;

The vine or yew alternate wreath'd his brow;
The soldier's laurel, or the Poet's bays.

XII.

Example's baneful force—temptation's will—
Guided the wand'rings of his pilgrim years;
Passion's warm child deceived by fortune's smile,
That steep'd each glance of joy in misery's tears.

XIII.

The sport of destiny—'t' reason's hair, [stray'd;—
From realm to realm, from clime to clime he
Check'd by no guardian tie, no parent care,
His heart's wild pulse to nature's touch ne'er
play'd.

XIV.

Yet vain did absence wave the oblivious wand,
One spark still glimmering on his breast to chill,
Illum'd by sympathy's enthusiastic hand,
That erst awak'd his Lyre's responsive thrill.

XV.

Tho' o'er eternity's unbounded space,
The passing thrill of many a year had toll'd
And weeping memory each sad change could trace,
"And Alps between us rose, and oceans roll'd."

XVI.

Yet still the laws immutable and true,
To nature's potent voice—attraction's laws—
Each spirit to its kindred spirit drew,
O sweet effects, the fond and final cause.

XVII.

But when long cherish'd hope repos'd its soul,
Upon the bosom of awakened joy;—
Death from the arms of new-born pleasures stole,
And embryo bliss *Anthemac's* "Minstrel Boy."

XVIII.

Oh! had she hover'd o'er thy couch of death,
Or cheer'd with genial glance thy closing eye;
Recall'd with tender cares thy fleeting breath,
Or caught with tear-strain'd lip thy last faint sigh.

XIX.

It would have been the "luxury of wo,"
And haply thou wouldst not reluctant meet
Thy final hour in soft affections glow,
Or change for fev'rish life a death so sweet.

* We tender our sincere thanks to *Ballyshannon* for the special favour he has conferred upon us. Indeed we are morally certain that the exquisite poem of our unrivalled countrywoman, never saw the light of publicity before, as we never met it in any edition of her works, or in the pages of the *Dublin Periodicals*. Nor does the late Mr. *JOSEPH ATKINSON*, the accomplished author of the *Excursion to Killarney*, allude to it in his remarks on her Ladyship's incomparable productions. We shall with pleasure comply with his wishes, in our next, by giving a local and historical sketch of *Sligo*, and *Ballyshannon*. We have been long looking for the *Anthologia*, and our kind correspondent will increase the debt of gratitude which we already owe him, if he leaves it for us at the office of the *ALBANY ARMS*, whence the polite Editor of that respectable journal will be good enough to have it forwarded to us, by one of the Steam Boats.

APELLES AND THE COBBLER.

A HISTORIC TALE:

Inscribed to COLONEL CRISPIN of the Commercial Advertiser.

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam." *

In Athens, once for science fam'd,
A Painter liv'd, Apelles nam'd.
With nicest touch he form'd each feature,
By art 'tis said he rival'd nature,
So true he gave you gesture, air,
You'd think the man himself was there.
Historians say he'd often venture,
To bear incog the public censure.
With this intent it was, 'tis said,
Behind a portrait snug he laid:
And here conceal'd, he meant to try
What faults were found by passers by.

Assembled critics all agree
The nicest eye no fault could see,
Such grace, such ease, and such command.
Must sure require a master's hand,
A cobbler now, who stood beside it,
(" *Interdum vulgus recte videt.*")
Cries "Sure 'tis clear with half an eye,
That sandal buckles much too high,
A sole like that was never made,
By any man who knew the trade."
The crowd at first would scarce believe
A cobbler could a fault perceive,
Yet faith! 'twas found, on close inspection,
The cobbler's was a just objection.
Elate with praise, the cobbler cries—
"There's no expression in these eyes,
These limbs too want both ease and strength,
This hand wants form, this figure length."
Apelles who, we said, was near,
Came forth and whisper'd in his ear,
"You now beyond your skill have gone,
And *censur'd things you can't have known.*
That figure, just in ev'ry part,
Is deem'd a master-piece of art;
Confine your judgment to your trade,
You there may know where faults are made;—
But take a hint from what has past,
And never judge beyond your last."
MOSSOP.

* The Colonel's criticism on the pictures in the Academy of Design, was the most ludicrous and absurd exhibition that vanity ever made of her ignorance.

LINES

ON ERIN'S MARTYRED PATRIOT.

Oh! cold is the grave where he silently slumbers,
Where nought but the wild bird his requiem sings;
There sad let the minstrel-boy breathe the wild numbers
Of grief o'er the plaintive harp's sorrowing strings.
Calm, calm is his sleep and unsullied his glory,
In the shade of the laurels his martyrdom won,
And long let his name be emblazon'd in story—
Green Isle of the ocean! thy patriot son.

Oh, sweet be his rest, while in sorrow we wail him,
And mourn o'er his fate in our tremulous songs,
Green Erin! oh, soft let thy bards proudly hail him
As the hero who bled for thy desolate wrongs;
Twine, twine the sad harp with the cypress and willow,
That shade, with their foliage, his mouldering
Bedew'd with the tear drops that bathe his cold
pillow,
Where sleep the lone relics of him whom we

With nought but the verdure that decks his cold
bosom,
And springs through the damp sod that covers
Or the fragrant perfume of the wild heather blossom
In the blaze of his glory, oh there let him rest!
But his spirit has fled to a happier haven— [part:
Where the bright shades of heroes meet never to
Oh, write not his epitaph—let it be graven,
By GRATITUDE deep on each FARMER heart.

Sweet harp of my country! let thy sorrowing num-
bers
Breathe o'er the cold grave of him whom we weep,

And hallow with music the spot where he slumbers
And wake the wild anthem of grief o'er his sleep:
Then calm be his rest, let him dwell in his glory,
In the shade of the laurels his martyrdom won;
Oh! long shall his name be recorded in story,
Green island of songs, as thy patriot son!

CAROLAN.

New York, July, 1829.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A STORM.

I love to stroll near ocean's strand,
And mark the lulling storm—
To view the hand of Heav'n expand,
And Nature's smiles reform;
To see at eve the starry brooch
Loop up the thunder cloud!
While herald radiance speaks th' approach
Of night's bright empress, proud.

Oh! there are voices when a change,
So glorious comes o'er Heaven;
Heard when the lightning's forked range,
Exults o'er forests riven!
Heard when the whirlpool's horrid waves,
Disgorge the broken wreck;
And sounded through old ocean's caves,
And o'er each trembling deck.

And it is heard in homes like this,
When nature's ragings o'er;
Her sunny laugh of featured bliss
Dispels the tempest's roar.
Oh holy nature! still to thee
May every heart be bowed,
Grandeur in all changes see,
Of sunshine and of cloud!

B.

ELEGIAC LINES,

(Written by a young lady, in EMULY, on the grave
of her lover, in 1823.)

Adown the green dale near the abbey's remains,*
All under the willow he lies;
There by the pale moonlight *Monimia* complains,
And sad with the night breeze she sighs.

*It is not the dew-drop adorns the wild rose,
On the briar-bound grave of my dear;—
I could not but weep while I pray'd his repose,
And the tremb'ling drop is—a tear.

*It is unnecessary to inform a gentleman so deeply read in the antiquarian lore of his country as the Editor of the *Irish Spectator*, that prior to the mission of St. Patrick, *St. Albe*, one of the disciples of Paladius, built a church in EMULY, on the ruins of which Lanorgan, arch-bishop of Cashel erected a cathedral of great extent and architectural grandeur, in 803, as appears by its noble and interesting ruins. The only part that has escaped the ravages of time is the choir, kept still in neat order, with stalls, pews, &c. Here was kept formerly, when the youth of Europe visited our country for instruction, a celebrated school, at which not less than fifteen hundred students are said to have been educated at the same time. In the cathedral is an ancient monument, of considerable labour, and elegance of workmanship, belonging to the O'Hurleys.

TIPPERARY.

THE IRISH SHIELD

AND

MONTHLY MILESTIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"What's'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLAND."

NO. VIII.

FOR AUGUST, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

The Religion and form of worship of the Pagan Irish.—The reigns of Eochaidh, Cearmna, and Sobhawe, Eochaidh II.—Fiachadh, Eochaidh III, Aongus, Eadhna, Rotheachta, Seadhna, Fiachadh II. Muinheamhoim, and Aldergoid.—Ollamh Fodhla, his glorious reign, institutions, and legislative ordinances: and the National Assembly at Tara.

A. M. 2865. The Celtic religion, of the ancient Irish, was in many respects similar to that of the Jewish Patriarchs.—They worshipped one Supreme Being, in the sacred groves, consecrated to him:—they offered victims to him, and other sacrifices of expiation.—Their ritual was remarkable for its awful simplicity. They worshipped the Sun by the name of Bel, and the Moon, which they placed next to the Sun in reverence for its attributes and nocturnal glory. The class of Druids, who offered the lunar sacrifices, were called *Samnothei*; they inculcated the doctrine of transmigration and maintained that the soul must be purified in different bodies, before it could enter the celestial mansions of happiness. The religious festival of the Moon was celebrated on the first of November. The temple of the Moon was, we are told, an immense pile, whose ruins are still to be seen at Tlachta, in the County of Meath.—Here, on every eve of November, the votaries of Cynthia assembled in multitudes, to offer adoration, and receive the consecrated fire of *Samhuin*, or the Moon, from the Druids; for it was deemed an act of enormous impiety to kindle the winter hearths from any other, than the divine flame of the holy altars of Samhain. The tax levied from every house for the Moon-fire brought immense revenues to the Druids.—The Gauls and Britons derived, according to Bede, the principles of their theology from the Irish Druids.* The learned Charles O'Connor says,

* "The ancient mode of worship adopted by the Celtic and Scythian nations of Europe, seems evidently to have originated in Ireland. This much, at least, is certain, that the religion of the Gauls, as delivered by Caesar, an indisputable authority, and such accounts as other writers, Greek and Roman, have furnished us, are in the fullest manner elucidated and confirmed by Irish history."—O'HALLORAN.

"The religion of the Gauls was founded on the same theological principles, as those practised in the ritual of the heathen Irish. What the original celtic religion was, we learn not only from Irish history; but from the concurrent testimony of foreign authors
Vol. I.—35.

"Our ancestors worshipped Bel, or Beleus, as God of the sun, or fire* and so did the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia by the name of *Mithras*:—and Apollo, I take to be only a corruption of Beleus, being among the Greeks and Romans the God of the sun; and consequently one of their deities borrowed from the old Celts." This hypothesis strengthens the historical supports of our country being the hyperborean Isle of the ancients.†

In our last chapter, we narrated the fatal circumstances that grew out of the idolatry of TIGHERNMAS and deprived him of life, and kingdom. Some writers, among whom are the acute O'Flaherty, and the learned Lynch, contend, that there was an interregnum of seven years, after the death of this Prince. We, however, on the authority of Dr. Keating, and O'Halloran dissent from an opinion, which is not sustained by a concurrence of historical evidence. Neither the regal list of *Giolla Caomhain*, the psalter of Cashel, nor the Bruodin chronicle, makes any allusion to such a chasm in our sovereign supremacy. An interregnum of seven years, would be inconsistent with the genius of the Milesian constitution. We do not think it probable, that a crown for which there were so many rival candidates, and which even the lawful monarch could, often, only retain by force of arms, would remain in abeyance, for such a period, without exciting the ambition, or tempting the struggles of the provincial kings. In some instances, indeed, the elected king is not acknowledged as supreme monarch, or *Ard Rígh*, by our annalists, who bestowed on them, the appellation of *Gafra Sabrach*, or monarchs not legally chosen by general consent. "When we, reflect, says O'Halloran," on the nature of the succession; that the nation, from the Prince

also, that it was the same with that of the old patriarchs. They worshipped one Supreme Being, not in temples, but in groves of oak, which being open at the top and sides, were, in their opinion, more acceptable to the divine and unconfined being, whom they adored. They believed in a future state of rewards and punishments, suitable to their behaviour in this life."—WARNER.

* "*Mithras*, the sun, which was worshipped by the idolatrous Persians;—that word, however, signifies fire in the literal sense.

Mithras is certainly called fire by the Scythians, from whom the Irish are descended, as well as the Persians. The similarity of language and ancient mode of worship of the Persians and Irish confirm, in some degree, the pretensions of the latter to an eastern origin."—*Toland's Hist. of the Druids*.

† "We may remark here by the way, that the Scots (as the Irish were originally called) in the extremity of the west, had descended from the same Scythian ancestors with the Persians, in almost the extremities of the east, as is demonstrable not only from similitude of theology, but of language also, the strongest evidences for the origin of any nation; thus Caors, fire, is Cyr in Persian. Cids, a stipend or tribute, is Gas or gaz in Persian."—BOEHMANNUS.

† "The Scots brought this Religion from Spain, before it received any considerable alterations from the intercourses with the Tyrians, Phœnicians and other nations, who settled in that country. It is without dispute, from the glory and renown which the heathen ministers of this religion gained throughout all Europe, that the name of "IERNE," or sacred Isle, was given to Ireland."—*Dissert. on Irish Hist. page 98*.

"Diodorus Seculus has preserved an account out of *Hecateus*, a very ancient author of a northern Island, little less than Sicily, situated over against the Celtae, and inhabited by those whom the Greeks called *Hyperboreans*.—"It is," says he, "fruitful, pleasant and dedicated to Apollo. That God, for the space of nineteen years, used to come and converse with them, and which is more remarkable, they could, as if they had the use of Telescopes, show the moon very near them. They had a large grove, and temple of a round form to which the Priests frequently resorted with their harps to chaunt the praises of Apollo, their great deity." "The situation of the Island, opposite to the Celtae, who were the inhabitants of Britain, and Gallia;—its being compared with Sicily in size;—its being dedicated to Apollo, i. e. the sun, which planet the Irish certainly worshipped; the description of their temples, which were always round; and the mention of their harps; are all so many concurring circumstances, which seem more than probable, that this could be no other country than Ireland."—*Vide Dr. Smith's History of the county of Cork, Vol. I. page 267*.

to the peasant, was divided into classes; that honour and dignities were hereditary in families; and that in times of the greatest distress, particularly during the Danish wars, these customs prevailed;—in fact the constitution ceased as soon as they were discontinued, we must doubt the probability of such an interregnum.” Be this as it may, the succeeding monarch was EOCHAIDH, son of Batre of the royal line of Ith. Whether conquest or election raised him to the throne, we are not informed. He was surnamed *Edghachach*, or of the many coloured robe, because his silken mantle was as variegated as the rainbow. He is neither distinguished for virtues nor vices in our annals. All that we are told, is that after a disturbed reign of four years, he was slain by CEARMNA, of the line of Ir. The homicide, in conjunction with his brother Sobhairce, assumed sovereign power. They, like many of their predecessors, made a partition of the kingdom.

The southern division, from Drogheda to Limerick, was governed by Cearmna; the northern, from the Boyne to Londonderry, by SOBHAIRCE. They were united by affection and policy, but after a turbulent reign of forty years, they were defeated and slain, at the battle of Tara, by EOCHAIDH *Faobharglas* (or the green blade) of the royal dynasty of Heber.

This Prince ascended the Irish throne, A. M. 2909. He caused several forges to be erected for the fabrication of martial weapons. He filled all his arsenals with arms, and the appellation of *Faobharglas* was given him, from his having discovered the art of giving different colours to sword blades. We are informed that the points of his javelins, spears, and scimitars were green. In the psalter of Cashel, he is distinguished by the title of *Faobhardhearg*, or the king of the bloody edge, intimating the prowess of his sword in cutting down his enemies, in battle. He invaded Scotland, punished the Picts for assisting the late kings of the house of Ir, and after obliging them to pay tribute and give him hostages, bound them by oath never to interfere again in the elections of the Irish monarchs.

He returned to Tara in triumph, but the Hebereans conspired against him, and, with their followers, attacked him, and succeeded in vanquishing his army and killing himself, at the battle of Corman, in Meath.

FIACHADH *Labhruine*, the chieftain of the victorious Hebereans, was invested with the royal purple, A. M. 2929. The epithet *Labhruine*, was given him from *Inbher Labhruine*, a river, that suddenly made its appearance in his reign. It is also recorded that Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh, one of the most beautiful and picturesque lakes in Europe, overflowed its bounds in this reign, and deluged an extensive scope of the country, belonging, then, to the *Ernaans* of the Belgic tribe, from whom this noble sheet of water, derives its name. In our topography of the counties of Sligo, Fermanagh and Cavan, we shall describe the enchanting Islands, with which Loch Erne is interspersed, and the romantic domains with which its limpid waters are fringed.

FIACHADH was a Prince of martial genius, and great capacity for government. He defeated the Hebereans in four successive engagements, and afterwards embarked with his son Aongus, for Scotland, where he soon quelled an insurrection of the Picts, from whom he exacted the usual tribute.* But neither his virtues,

* “This gallant king and his son Aongus, engaged the Scottish Picts, and the old Britons that inhabited *Albania*, and defeated them in every action. The effect of these victories was an entire conquest of the country, and a reduction of that war-like people, the Caledonians, as well as the Picts, to pay homage to the crown of Ireland. For though the Picts had, from the time of Heremon, been tributaries to the Irish, for the space of 230 years after the Milesians first possessed themselves of the Island, yet the Scots never owned themselves under subjection, till they were conquered by *Fiachadh Labhruine*, who compelled the whole kingdom of Scotland to obedience, and forced the inhabitants to pay an annual tribute.”—KEATING.

“Indeed all our own old historians admit that we were for ages before, and after the birth of Christ, tributary to the crown of Ireland.—*Loaing's Hist. of Scotland*.

“That Scotland was a colony of Ireland cannot be denied. The evidence of history:

nor his valour could guard his throne from the machinations of conspirators. Eochaidh, the grandson of the monarch of that name, raised the standard of revolt, and gave battle to *Fiachadh*, on the plains of Bealgadin, where the brave king fell covered with glory, after a reign of twenty-seven years. The defeat and death of the heroic *Fiachadh* gave the victor, Eochaidh III. the son of Maferbhis, the son of Eochadh II, possession of the Irish crown. He was surnamed *Mumho*, from his strength and power; and it is from him that Munster derives its name, as the psalter of Cashel testifies. His reign makes no great figure in our annals. He lost his power as he gained it, by insurrection. Aongus, the son of Fiacha, at the head of his adherents brought the king to an engagement, at Cliach, where the royal troops were routed and the monarch slain, A. M. 2975. The accession of Aongus, who was distinguished by the appellation of the *OL-Bhuadhaich*, or the invincible victor, to the throne, was hailed by the universal acclamation of the Irish people. He had talents fit to shine in the field and in cabinet. In the beginning of his reign, the Damnonii of Connaught made an attempt to shake off his authority; but he soon suppressed this rebellion, and reduced the insurgents to subjection.

He pursued a legion of the rebels to Britain, whither they had fled in hopes of obtaining succors from the Picts; and succeeded, not only in annihilating them, but in chastising also the Picts for giving them reception, contrary to the faith of treaties.

He must indeed, have met a determined opposition from the revolted Belgae, and their allies the Picts, as our historians say that they fought 30 pitched battles with him, before they had yielded to his subjection. On his return home, flushed with victory, he was obliged to march to Thomond and Fermanagh, to chastise the disaffected Ernaans, and Fomorian. Having thus crushed domestic, and subdued foreign enemies, he turned his thoughts to the internal improvement of his kingdom. He caused ten woods to be cut down, and the soil which they had covered, to be cultivated. During his reign, it is said, that an overflowing of the ocean separated Eaba from Rosketa, in Carbery, in the county of Sligo. But in the eighteenth year of his reign, Eadna Airgtheach, the son of Eochhaidh Mumho, caused a defection of his people, which eventuated in his overthrow, and death in battle. The conqueror *Eadna* ascended the throne. He received the appellation of *Airgtheach*, or the silver, from his having bestowed many shields and targets of pure silver on his officers as a reward for their merit and intrepidity in his wars.

This monarch's war chariot, all our historians say, was composed of silver, and rendered still more costly by the lavish embellishments of art with which it was ornamented.* The Abbe Mc Geohagan, however, conjecture's that the

is too strong to be disputed by us. Dr. Blair, with all his genius and national enthusiasm, has failed in his attempt to remove the land marks of Scottish and Irish history." *Dissert. on the origin of the Scythian, Irish, and Picts.* Edinburgh 1799. Vol. I. page 97.

* "Certain it is that the Irish military, indeed like all true sons of the blade, placed their greatest glory in the splendour and richness of their arms. This *Solinus*, otherwise no admirer of the Irish, fully confesses. That they also fought in chariots highly ornamented, cannot be doubted; because our history abounds with accounts of them, and the beauty, spirit, and even the names of the very horses employed in them are not forgot. We have seen when different coloured blades were introduced by Eochaidh, and this, and the detail of our Carcads, or chariots of war, will fully explain the description which *Florus* gives us of *Botuitus*, in the *Allobrogian* war, "who added splendour to the triumph, being drawn in his silver chariot with his arms of different colours, such as he fought with."—O'HALLORAN.

For a further description of the Irish war chariots, we beg to refer the reader to No. III. Page 84 of this work.

"The order of battle among the old Irish soldiers is not sufficiently explained by the prints and manuscripts that have fallen into our hands; but this we are assured of that

epithet *Airghtheach* might have been derived from his riches, as he amassed immense wealth from conquests and tributes. We have no account of his campaigns, after his accession to the throne. In the twenty-seventh year of his reign, in attempting to quell the insurrection of *Rotheachta*, the grandson of *Aongus*, his army was destroyed, and himself slain at *Raighne*, in *Leinster*, A. M. 3020.

The success of the insurrection, put the reins of royal authority into the hands of its leader.

There is nothing particular related in our annals of *Rotheachta*, but that he fell by the hand of *Seadhna*, his successor, at the battle of *Cruchan*, in *Connaught*, after a reign of twenty-five years.

The victorious *SEADHNA*, of the line of *Ir*, succeeded to the crown, A. M. 3045, but after a short reign of five years, undistinguished by any exploit or act of beneficence, he was barbarously cut off by his own son *FIACHADH* at *Rath-cruchan*, assisted by hired African assassins.

The vile parricide, with hands still reeking with the blood of his parent, seized the sceptre, A. M. 3050. His atrocious deed rendered him an object of general detestation, and conscious guilt kept his mind in daily alarm. He never went out of the recesses of his palace, without being surrounded by his guards. He obtained the name, or adjunct of *Fiosgothach*, from his having made wine from certain flowers, with which Ireland, it is said, abounded in those days. *O'Halloran* is of opinion, that the culture of vines was much improved at this time; and that conjecture is still borne out more strongly by the authority of other antiquarian writers.* But notwithstanding the precaution of *Fiachadh*, and the vigilance of his guards, divine vengeance at length overtook him, in the twentieth year of his reign.

In an engagement with *MUINHEAMHOIN*, of the royal stock of *Heber*, he lost his life and throne, A. M. 3070.

The Victor, as usual, ascended the throne of his predecessor, by the unanimous consent of a people who for twenty years groaned under the despotism of a cruel implacable tyrant. *MUINHEAMHOIN* began his reign under the most flattering national auspices, and his government daily developed the beneficial effects of the justice and clemency which constituted its basis. The blessings of peace promoted national happiness and prosperity. He was the founder of the royal order of the *golden-collar*, which became afterwards so honourable, that no Prince could presume to ascend the throne of Ireland, who did not belong to it. He who aspired to this exalted order, besides being of noble birth, should also give the following proofs of chivalric dexterity, before he could be admitted a member of it. A buckler was attached to a post, in the middle of a plain, and according to the number of lances that the candidate broke against it in

their *Carbads*, or military chariots, were of great use; by creating confusion, and breaking the ranks of an enemy, in plains of too great an extent. So expert were they in this kind of exercise, that great feats are recorded of some of our ancient military charioteers. The chariots of *Connal Kearnach*, and *Chucullin* have been immortalized by *Ossian*.—*Dis. on Irish Hist.* page 66.

* "That the Milesians introduced the vine in Ireland there can be no dispute; from the account which we have in old poems, and genealogies, of the vast quantities of wine which were used at their feasts and entertainments." We have no authority of their having imported any wine.—*Leake's Irish Sylva*.—*Dublin* 1735.—Page 177.

"The culture of the vine was so much regarded by the ancient Irish, that the Brehons promulgated a special law for the protection and encouragement of the vine-fields."—*Vide J. C. Walker's Rise and Progress of Gardening, in Ireland*.

"It seems clear to me, that wine was formerly made amongst us. The venerable *Bede*, in his Ecclesiastical history, affirms that wine was very plenty in Ireland, and should his testimony want further support, we find Irish words for every thing relative to this precious fruit; As *Fion-Amhuan*, which signifies a vine-yard, *Fion-Dios* a wine press, *Fion-Chaor*, a grape, &c. so that it is with some reason I assert, that about this time the culture of vines was much improved in Ireland."—*O'Halloran*.

running, he was more or less honoured, and if he was at his first essay, fortunate enough, in breaking the prescribed number, he in that case gained his admission, and the Herald at arms then recommended him to the king, before whom, and the knights, he was to exhibit other feats of chivalry, in the court of tournament, where the monarch invested him with the collar. *Frossaid* informs us, that the same ceremony was observed at the reception of a king's son into this illustrious order, and as they were sometimes admitted at a very tender age, they were furnished with lances of a weight proportioned to their strength. At the age of seven years, the Princes were inducted in the military academy at Tara, where they were regularly instructed in military discipline. The first arms put into their hands, in the academy, were a lance and sword, at ten years of age, they were exercised in casting a javelin at a mark, at which, in process of time they became so expert as to transfix a brazen shield at every aim. After becoming proficient in this exercise, they then practised the *Cran-Tubal* or sling, from which they could dart balls with great force and precision. Having acquired a perfect mastery over these weapons; at fourteen they mounted the war chariot, armed with the long spear and heavy battle ax, and as soon as they could sufficiently govern their coursers, and drive them through various evolutions with quick celerity, with one hand, and wield the spear and battle ax, alternately, with the other, they were admitted to the honour of knighthood, and assigned a command in their father's army.

Let it not be supposed from this statement, that all their time was devoted to the study of arms: on the contrary, they were also obliged to be conversant with general literature and science; for it is a historical fact, that poetry was such an essential branch of education among the Irish Princes, that every king, ere he ascended the throne, was necessitated to compose the funeral song of his predecessor, and sing it to his harp.

MUINHEAMHOIN, also caused helmets to be made, ornamented with pure gold, which he distributed among the bravest of the military and the most meritorious of the nobles.* Dr. O'Halloran informs us that the gold, in the front of the helmet, was in the form of a crescent; that he had seen several of them; and had one for a considerable time in his possession, which weighed three ounces. Indeed in the course of this history, we shall have ample opportunities to dilate on the vast quantities of gold, silver, and precious stones, which were possessed by the old Irish.†

* "The ancient Irish nobility, before the arrival of the English, were the *Rígh, Neiméd, Toiseach, Tiarna and Flath*. The first was the provincial king; the second the chief of a large district; the third a military leader; and the last the ruler of a Rath." (The Raths are large, lofty and circular mounds, composed of stone, bedded in lime, and clay, and generally encompassed with a high rampart. Their number in Ireland is innumerable. In many of them are caves, and circular chambers of spacious extent. They are in general so situated, that a correspondence, by telegraphic signal, could be expeditiously circulated from one to another, throughout the country. Antiquarians are not agreed as to the epoch of their erection; but we shall treat of these mounds elsewhere, in this work.) "This order of nobility held in a chain of subordination by feudal tenures, from the *Árd Rígh*, or supreme Monarch of the Isle."—*Anthologia Hib. Vol. I. page 38.*

Every tribe had its legitimate chief or head of clan, among whom the country was divided. The principal chieftains of Ireland, on the landing of Henry II. were—McCarthy, Prince of Desmond; O'Brien, Prince of Thomond; Kinselagh Prince of Leinster, as the descendant of Cabir the great; Urial, or Uladh, under the O'Donlevys and Mac Mahon's; Clan-Coleman, chieftains of Meath; the O'Neil's and O'Donnell's Princes of Ulster; and the O'Connor's Princes of Hy-Fiacra, or Connaught.—*Dissert. on Irish Hist. page 176.*

† "The ancient Irish were very fond of gold ornaments, and utensils. Spenser relates that they used golden bridle-bits, stirrups, spurs, petronels, drinking cups, and candlesticks, even in his day, when they were suffering under the grinding laws of Queen Elizabeth."—VALLANCY.

The reign of this Prince, which was a continued scene of peace, and internal improvement, lasted but five years, he was carried off by the plague, A. M. 3075. He was succeeded by his son ALDERGOLD, a Prince of whom little is recorded, except that he invested the Bards, and *Ollamhs* (Doctors) with new powers and dignities, and as an honorary mark of distinction he ordered them to wear gold rings on their fingers. From allowing the poets and artists to deck their hands with rings, he got the appellation of *Aldergold*, as we are told by the Psalter of Cashel. For *Faile*, or *faine* signifies a ring; *oir*, gold, and *doid* the hand. This was the origin of wearing rings in Ireland. We believe the custom of embellishing the hand with rings originated in Egypt. We read in the Bible that Pharaoh, presented Joseph with gold rings, when he interpreted his dream. After the reign of Aldergold, the custom of wearing rings, in Ireland, remained an honorary distinction. When the monarch appointed his poet Laureate, he placed a ring on his finger, with his own hands. We are told by historians, that in the eighth century, when Claude Clement, and John Scot, both Irishmen, and the founders of the university of Paris, were appointed regents of the Colleges of Pavia, and Paris, by Charlemagne, they first introduced the *Birede*, or Doctor's cap, and the gold ring, by which distinctive investments they preceded all ranks, but the nobility.

In the twelfth year of his reign, the Irish, instigated by Eochaidh, the son of Fiachadh, of the house of Ir, broke out in rebellion against Aldergold, who on coming to an engagement with the insurgents, was killed at the battle of Tara, A. M. 3087.

After this victory, Eochaidh took possession of the throne. His coronation presented one of the most splendid spectacles that was ever witnessed in Ireland; all the Druids, Bards, Warriors, Nobles, and Knights in the kingdom were present at the august and pompous ceremony. Being a Prince of extensive attainments and a lover of literature, and the arts, at his inauguration he assumed the Bardic habit, and the name of OLLAM FODHLA, or the *Doctor of Ireland*. "*Fodhla*," says O'Flaherty, "was the name given to Ireland by the Gaodhals, or Iberian Scots." The reign of this Prince commenced about six hundred years before the Christian era. His literary talents, and legislative wisdom are emblazoned by our historians in the most brilliant picture, that the genius of Irish poetry could paint.

Annalists and Bards have pronounced his apotheosis and arrayed his fame with the splendour of "every virtue under heaven." The salutary laws which he enacted, the judicious institutions he established, the encouragement he gave to genius, and the beneficial reforms he effected, in every branch of the government, must ever keep his name buoyant on the flood of historical panegyric. It is not, then, too much to say that his reign constitutes the most memorable epoch in the Milesian annals. For until his sagacity and judgment remedied the evils of ages, the Milesians could not be said to possess a government under the wholesome and wise restriction of impartial laws and civil policy.

The first great measure of his reign was to establish a NATIONAL CONVENTION at Tara.* The national assembly consisted of the provincial Kings, Nobles,

* "Tara was the royal seat of the kings of Ireland, and the principal court of legislation from the days of this renowned monarch, down to the reign of Dermot O'Carroll, A. D. 560, so that the *Fes*, or parliament, continued its sittings from time to time there, through a series of more than eleven hundred years. Since the year of Christ, 560, our national assemblies were removed from *Teamore*, and kept occasionally in other parts of the Island, patrimonially subject to the north and south Hy-Nials. Tara, for some wicked proceedings (of which great national councils give but too many instances) was formally pronounced accursed by the Arch Bishop of Armagh and his suffragans, and no monarch of Ireland sat there, after the period we have mentioned, down to the dissolution of the monarchy, under Roderick O'Conner."—*Dissert. on Irish Hist.*

All that now remains of the once magnificent palace of Tara—of the hall of the na-

Druids, Brehons, Bards and Artists. This parliament was convened three days before the great feast of *Samhuin* (or the Moon) and the two first days were spent in making visits, the third in celebrating the rites and festivities of the moon in the grand temple. The Druids having performed the sacred mysteries the temple was illuminated, and their Deities invoked to look with a propitious eye on the national councils. The three succeeding days were devoted to joy and festivity; all the people mingled in the general carnival without distinction.

On the fourth day the Esquires of the nobility, being summoned by the sound of trumpet, appeared at the Portico of the grand hall, and delivered up the shields and ensigns of their chiefs, to the deputies of the great marshal of the crown.

These shields and banners were placed according to the rank of their different owners, by the king at arms, on stands appropriated for them, in the senatorial hall. All these banners, by order of the monarch, had the family coat of arms emblazoned upon them, but as we intend to devote part of the next chapter to the armorial bearings and heraldic devices of the Irish Princes, we will not enter into a detail here. Sometime after the target bearers of the general officers were called by a second blast of the trumpet to deliver up their targets. As soon as these were arranged, all the heralds stationed themselves on a gallery before the grand portico, and gave a royal flourish of trumpets, when immediately after, the gorgeous procession, headed by the supreme monarch, arrayed in his royal robes, and supported by his standard bearers, commenced; the Queen supported by two Princesses, having her train borne by fifty maids of honour, followed by the hundred virgins of the moon, moved after the king in the order of march; then came the four provincial kings followed by the Druids, Nobility, Bards, Knights, Esquires and Soldiers. The entrance of the assembly was announced by sacred odes set to a grand variety of musical instruments. *Míodh Cuarta* (or the house of kings and nobles,) the great chamber of the national representatives was three hundred feet long, thirty cubits high, and fifty in width. It had access by fourteen doors, which opened on several adjoining apartments, fitted up for the kings and deputies of each province.

The monarch's throne was placed in the centre of the hall, under a richly ornamented canopy of yellow and scarlet silk. Behind the throne there was a gallery for the accommodation of the Queen, Princesses, ladies, and the virgins of the moon. The space that intervened the back of the throne, and the gallery, was occupied by the seat of the king of Connaught, over whom four knights held a green and purple canopy, emblazoned with his arms; as well as parallel rows of benches for the Ollamhs, or Doctors. The particular reason for placing the king of Connaught in the back ground is not sufficiently explained by any account extant. O'Flaherty conjectures that the cause was owing to the king of Connaught being of the Belgic race, and; consequently, not entitled to so eminent a station, in the assembly, as the Milesian Princes.

The king of Leinster's throne fronted the monarch, whose face was turned to the west. The kings of Ulster and Munster occupied thrones on the right and left hand side.

Long benches were erected for the other orders of the state. Of these benches the Druids, the Bards, and Brehons, took the first; next to these sat the hereditary marshal, standard bearers and treasurer; then the nobility, knights, bachelors, and representatives of towns and cities. On one side there was a gallery for the convenience of the deputies of the Picts, Brigantes of Britain, and other strangers. Such was the order of the sittings of the great NATIONAL CONVENTION of Tara, which for ages after met triennially. The object of this legislative body was to regulate the affairs of the state; to frame a new code of laws; and to re-

tional assembly, and of its stupendous Druidical college, is a ruined castle on the summit of a hill, and the moss-clad fragments of an ancient abbey on the neighbouring eminence of Skreene, in the county of Meath. Such are the relics, not like those of Persepolis or Jerusalem, "grand even in desolation," of the regal residence of a thousand Irish kings.—*Editor.*

peal such as were found inconsistent with the good of the subject; and which might have been enacted through the ignorance of former legislators, or derive prescriptive authority from the caprice of custom. A salutary revision of old laws, and the enactment of new ones occupied the first deliberations of this senate.

They took cognizance of every thing connected with the state. Foreign alliances, peace, and war, and a rigorous examination of the national records, were matters of primary consideration. All their decisions were reduced by the recording Brehons into verse, and after being properly attested, registered in the royal archives.* "What time the parliament of Tara," says the learned O'Connor, took up in despatching the multiplicity of affairs laid before them, and what their order of debate, and voting, we could not by all inquiries, hitherto learn. What we know for certain of Irish legislation, may be brought within a small compass. The forms of the admirable constitution established by *Ollamh-Fodla*, were observed, even in the distractions of civil war. Their sessions were triennial; and in ratifying their ordinances, they took up six whole days, before the monarch gave them the royal assent." In this high court the provincial kings were obliged to answer to the complaints of their subjects, and become responsible to the laws. If any prince proved refractory, every order in the state was to send in a certain quota of men, who in conjunction with the forces of the monarch, brought him to subjection.

This great legislator also enacted a law against the crime of rape, by which the delinquent was to suffer death, without liberty to make an appeal to royal clemency.

The same punishment was inflicted upon any one who molested any of the women of the provincial Queens, during the session; or who should assault or annoy a member of parliament going to, or coming from the hall of assembly. In order to give females the respect and regard which they deserved in society, the provincial Queens were empowered by the laws of this legislator, to discuss on, and devise regulations for the benefit of their sex, in an assembly which was called *Griannan na Ninghean*, or the sacred council of the ladies.

There were also assemblies here of an inferior nature, a particular court of justice was appointed to receive appeals from the provinces, against the petty despotism of subordinate chiefs, which was called *Realtia na Fhileadh*, or the decision of justice. All the records of the kingdom underwent a strict and critical examination, and the antiquarians became subject to the severest penalties, if they were convicted of falsehood, or of poisoning by slander, the current

* "The *Brehon Fileas*, were commissioned to set down in writing every remarkable transaction worth recording, that happened in the kingdom, as well as in the neighbouring states, agreeably to the truth of the facts;—and lest any error, or false insinuation should creep in or be introduced, they were bound in the general convention, or in the presence of the chief monarch, and a select committee of the nobility and Druids, to produce their writings every three years, when, after a diligent examination, and having expunged every fact, which appeared either uncertain, or of doubtful authority, from the records, and none preserved but what was sanctioned by the votes of all as worthy of the great *Psalter of Tara*; so called because it was compiled in verse to aid the memory, and to guard against corruptions and falsifications."—*Primate Usher*.

"To remedy the great evil of fictitious history, the productions of the historiographers were examined in the great *Fes* or parliament of Tara. Historical calumny was punished by a standing law. Thus the vast uncertainties to which the history of a free and divided people is ever liable, were in a good degree prevented by the dread of legal inflictions."—*Disert. on Irish Hist.*

"In this manner the ancient Irish preserved the anecdotes of every public transaction that was of importance enough to be delivered down to the world; and it was a care perhaps peculiar to these people. The authors who had the insolence to impose upon posterity, either by perverting matters of fact, or representing them in partial and improper colours, to the unmerited reproach of any character, were solemnly degraded from the honour of sitting in the national assembly."—*WARNER*.

of historical accuracy. An abstract of all the provincial records was registered in the "*Senachas More*," or the great story of antiquity, and then deposited in the archives of Tara. This famous psalter commenced with the origin, exploits and migrations of the Milesians, written by Ollamh himself. But besides this general repository of Irish affairs, every province was obliged to keep a separate history, whence arose the psalter of Cashel, the psalters of Armagh, and Tuam; the books of Leath-Cuin, Dromsneachta, Glendaloch, of conquests and invasions. This monarch likewise established at Tara a university called *Mur-Ollamhan*, or the college of Doctors; and invested such as took their degrees here, with a privilege of taking precedence of all others of the same rank, in the kingdom. Such were the institutions of this enlightened and learned legislator—institutions founded on the soundest principles of justice and equity, and which the nation always looked upon as the great and sacred charter of their liberties. After an auspicious reign of forty years—a reign ennobled by royal virtue, and rendered immortal by the performance of acts of justice, of philanthropy and general utility, our great legislator died at the palace of Tara, A. M. 3122, full of years and glory; leaving a rich and a prosperous kingdom to his son, without a rival to question his right of succession.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—No. VI.

NAISI AND DEIRDRE, (*A Historic Tale, continued.*)

[The king endeavours to disguise his design of vengeance from the knights of the red-branch; but the refusal of Connel Carnagh, and Cuchullin the Cousin-germans of the sons of Usnach, to go on the embass to *Mona*, indicates that they were aware of the monarch's treacherous intention. He next applies to his own nephew Fergus, his presumptive heir, whom he knew to be most affectionately attached to the sons of Usnach. Fergus, a Prince of chivalrous honour, undertakes the mission, and places the most implicit confidence on the *pledged* promise of the monarch, that Naisi and his Princess should be received at court, with the honour, and dignity due to their rank. But the power of jealousy triumphed over the honour of a king; as he broke his public faith solemnly pledged; for no sooner were the sons of Usnach returned to Ulster, than the king sent a body of troops, with orders to rescue Deirdre, and then burn the castle where the gallant chiefs resided. Fergus and other Guarantees, outraged, fled to *Mevia*, or *Meibhe Cruachna*, Paramount Queen of Connaught. A desolating and destructive war commences against Ulster, which terminated in the annihilation of the palace of Emania, and the death of the brave Cuchullin.

The intelligent reader will see that this dramatic tale, abounds with plot, incident, and character, which such a genius as Shakespeare's might easily work into a noble and sublime tragedy. Why does Shiel go abroad for materials, when the history of his own country is so full of dramatic subjects?]

Early on the following morning, the king was seated on his throne, in the royal hall of Emania. All the nobility of the land was there; for the sun of royalty is always worshipped. Among the brave military, Cuchullin, Connel, Carnach and Fergus, were distinguished by their golden helmets and high-waving plumes. The king soon singled out the heroes, in the crowd that pressed around his throne.

CONNOR. My eyes are gladdened to see the three stars of Ulster's chivalry, the mighty pillars which sustained the victories of our battles. Well do I know that the champions love me, but I am not yet aware who loves me best. Come hither Connel; I will try the warmth of your devotion to our person and government. Now Connel, your sovereign supplicates a favour at your hands, which if granted by you, will impose an obligation of gratitude on him, that shall be consecrated in his remembrance. Will you then, brave warrior, go for Naisi and his vile paramour, whom he stole from the palace of his sovereign, and bring them here, that outraged justice may be appeased by their death.

CONNEL. Sire! my deeds in the martial field will speak for my character; I disdain to praise myself; but surely, Sire, you offer me an insult, which if any other being in existence had dared even to indicate, this sword would have vindicated the offended honour of a soldier. What! I to cover my name with the assassin's reputation, my soul shudders with indignation at the very thought! I to be guilty of the infamy of betraying the valiant and generous sons of Usnach. O sacred sun, am I to let a king make such an insinuation. Sire! my arm and my heart were always at your command; but this indignity, I tell you to your teeth! shakes my allegiance; and I swear by yonder glorious sun! that if the chivalric sons of Usnach are treacherously sacrificed to your unworthy vengeance, that your throne shall be crumbled into dust—your race extirpated, and your life immolated on the expiatory altars of insulted justice! These are not, Sire, the threats of a bravado; they are the warnings of a soldier, and a knight of the red-branch.*

CONNOR. Peace Sir! tempt me not to attain thee a Traitor. Am I reduced to this humiliation that I must listen to menaces in my own palace? (Here the arch Druid interposed, and Connor subdued his rage, while Connel retired burning with passion and indignation.) You see most holy Druid, how contemptuously he treats me. Does it become a subject to use such contumely to a monarch?

DRUID. Sire, Learn to vanquish your passions, they are often the most dangerous enemy of a king. If a hostile foe should attack your majesty, would not the shields of Connel, Cuchullin, and the absent heroes, Naisi, Ainli, and Arden, be raised like an impenetrable brazen wall around your throne?

Forgive, Sire, the irritated knight, for clemency, and magnanimity are the brightest virtues of a monarch.

CONNOR. Well, revered servant of Bel, we grant Connel's pardon to your intercession, which always points to our true greatness.—But cousin Cuchullin, come near to our throne, of which you are the pillar and panopt. Will you obey your sovereign, and bring the sons of Usnach before us, that we may denounce them as rebels and traitors? Do this and you shall receive every reward you may solicit; for you cannot ask more than I am willing to bestow.

CUCHULLIN. Pardon me, Sire: the reverence and respect due to majesty, restrain my tongue from uttering the burning anger, which your proposition kindles in my heart. Is, O heavenly sun! that man breathing that dare ask me to be guilty of baseness and treachery. Is the name of Cuchullin to be branded by the Bard, and the historian, with the spy's infamy? Sire, I reject your insulting proposition, and "I swear on my arms, and my chivalry"† and I pledge my solemn asservation, that if you would destroy my brave cousins, over my guaranty, it is not one man alone that shall fall for the atrocious deed, but every one of the Ultonians whom I should lay hold on, "would suffer the sorrow of death, and abridgement of life."

CONNOR. Proud insolent chieftain! away, I shall remember thee, and soon find an opportunity of taming thy audacity.

CUCHULLIN. Provoke not my wrath, Sire!—beware of my indignant spirit, and Milesian pride, which will never brook an insult even from a king, though he be the chief of the red branch.

* The Hy-Nial's or the O'Neils were the founders of the illustrious order of the *Red Branch*, or *Crabh-ruadh*, which is the oldest order of chivalry in the world, and all our historians admit that its knights, in the days of our glory and greatness, for number, valour and prowess, were assigned the first place in the class of Irish knighthood.

On the battlement of a castle, which belonged to this tribe, adjoining the palace of Emania, they generally exhibited a laurel crown, after gaining a victory, dyed in the blood of their enemies. Hence some writers say they were called the knights of the red-branch; while others maintain that the appellation is derived from the royal arms of the O'Neil's, which are a bleeding hand, couped at the wrist mars, grasping an imperial crown. Their crest was a yellow lion, on a green satin banner. Their motto, "*Is fars blath na seaghail*," or, *Glory is preferable to life*.—*Editor*.

† Historically true.—Vide Keating, and O'Flaherty.

CONNOR. Leave our presence, or we shall cause thee to be arrested as a Traitor.

CUCHULLIN. The caitiff wretch breathes not that durst arrest me. Were one of your underlings to attempt it, nay if a legion of them were so bold and insulting, I would tear them to pieces as the ferocious hawk mangles the hedge sparrows.

The gallant hero, with heart swelled with the madness of choler, retired to the castle of the red branch, and the monarch, still meditating on revenge against Connal and Cuchullin, called his nephew, Fergus unto him.

CONNOR. Fergus, my beloved nephew, and the heir of my throne, and kingdom, surely thou wilt not refuse thy uncle, to conduct the sons of Usnach hither.

FERGUS. I am ready to do aught consistent with the laws of honour, and the high dignity of our house, for you, Sire.

CONNOR. Thank you, nephew, I see thou hast gratitude, and natural affection for your sovereign and uncle.

True it is, that you are our proper ambassador; and Naisi will be flattered to see the Prince next the throne, soliciting his return to Ullin of pellucid streams, and oak-shaded glens.

The sons of Usnach will have no hesitation in coming with thee. When you land at Donaghadee conduct your friends into the house of Barach, one of my officers, who will make you all welcome, and then escort you to Emania.

FERGUS. Dearly do I love the heroic sons of Usnach, there is not a man living I would suffer to injure them. On him whom I should find endeavouring to betray the generous Princes I would inflict the severest punishment. Wo to the man that shall deceive them!

CONNOR. Hasten hence, nephew, and after you return and have seen BARACH, come hither with the sons of Usnach, whether it be night or day. Fergus told his friends, that he had undertaken the mission, and that they might rely, on his faith and honour, in his conduct towards the noble exiles.

He took with him only his two sons *Ilan* the fair, and *Buine* the ruthless red, as well as Callon his shield-bearer. They set sail immediately after, and bore away for sea-circled Mona of gentle hills.

Meanwhile the king, fully intent on destroying the sons of Usnach, concerted measures with Barach, his vile confidant, who was to administer poison to Fergus, lest his guaranty might frustrate the king's deadly vengeance against the devoted Naisi. After a pleasant voyage, the noble minded Fergus, and his sons arrived in the neighbourhood of the children of Usnach's residence. Thus stationed were the heroes; they had three booths of chase* on the margin of a lake. As soon as Fergus came into the harbour, he sounded the Irish hunting horn with all his might. At that time Naisi and his beloved spouse were seated at the polished cabinet, playing chess.

NAISI. Hark! hearest thou that sound, dearest Deirdre? It is as welcome to my ear as if it were the strain of Ullin's native music.—It is "the call of a man of green Erin!"

DEIRDRE. No my love, it is not the blast of a man of Erin; it is the shrill sound of an Albanian horn.

NAISI. I cannot be mistaken; no! it is the horn of Prince *Fergus*, I would recognize its sounds on the hills, among a thousand trumpets, its very echoes speak the beloved name of Erin; all the rocks are musical with the sweet reverberation, Erin! Erin! Every thing has enchantment and magic that reminds me of my native land.

[*Fergus approaches nearer, and then sings a favourite plaintive air of Naisi, to his harp.*]

* In the season of peace, the hardy amusement of the warriors were hunting, and hurling; the latter, a manly exercise peculiar to our nation. Their intellectual amusements were poetry and music, and their recreative pastime, was the noble game of chess.

Ah! listen my dearest, to that strain of Erin's harp! My soul feels rapture in responding to its touching sadness, and to the well known and dearly remembered notes, that breathe the wildness of passion, and the soft tones of the heart. Haste, my brother, Arden, to the beach, and welcome the noble Prince Fergus to the dwelling of exiles.

DEIRDRE. My beloved spouse! well I knew the chase blast of Fergus Roy; but I had my reasons for concealing my conviction.

NAISI. Why didst thou conceal it then, sweet Queen of my heart?

DEIRDRE. Because, Naisi, I have had, for sometime, fearful forebodings in my dreams. Even last night, the delusive visions of sleep were pictured with ominous portents. I thought I was seated on a high rocky precipice, over-looking a stormy ocean; suddenly you were at my side; and I beheld three Cuckoos* coming towards us from Emania, having three drops of honey in their beaks,

* The Cuckoo is considered, by the Irish peasantry, as a bird of good and evil omen. There is a popular superstition among them, that it is a portentous presage to hear the song of this bird, which in our country is the gay messenger of spring, fasting.—One of our Bards addressed the Cuckoo thus—

“ Delightful visitant! with thee,
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet,
From Birds among the bowers.
Sweet Bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.”—*Logan*.

It is truly pleasing of a spring morning, while wandering through meadows of emerald and gold, in Ireland, to hear this singular bird announce the return of spring, in reiterated notes, whose music cheer the imagination, and exhilarate the heart. As American zoologists have said very little of this strange bird, we will give our readers a sketch not found in Goldsmith, of it. The history of the Cuckoo, has been fraught with as many fabulous tales, and as subject to extravagant inventions, as that of the bird of paradise.

The fictions which were once currently believed respecting this bird—such as that it devours its parent, that it changes its nature with the season, and becomes a sparrowhawk, are now entirely exploded. But where it resides in winter, or how it provides for its supply during that season, still continues undiscovered by European naturalists.

The Irish Cuckoo, which is somewhat less than a pigeon, shaped like a magpie, and of a grayish colour, is distinguished from all other birds, by its round prominent nostrils. After having disappeared during the winter it discovers itself in Ireland, in some ancient grove, of oak, or ash by its well known call.

Its note is heard earlier or later, as the season appears to be more or less forward in vegetation, and the weather more or less inviting. The Husbandman is regulated in his sowing of grain, and progress of tillage, by the cheerful notes of the Cuckoo; in these he has more trust than in the Almanacs, as he considers them more infallible, than any other human calendar.

The farmer is never deceived by the *Cuckoo-barometer*, as to the temperature of the air. This bird is silent for sometime after its first appearance in our groves, and begins, at the approach of spring, feebly, and at very distant intervals, to give its call, which as the summer advances, increases both in frequency and loudness.

This is an invitation of love, a wooing song from the male, which generally sits perched upon a withered oak, or bare bough of ash. His note is pleasant, though monotonous, and from an association of ideas, seldom occur to the memory, without reminding us of the charms and pleasantness of summer. It has been ascertained that this bird makes no nest of its own. The female steals, like a thief, to the nest of some other bird, generally the water wagtail, or hedge-sparrow, where she greedily devours the eggs of the unfortunate owner, and lays her own in their place. She usually lays but one, which is beautifully speckled, and of the size of that of a blackbird. This, the fond foolish hedge-sparrow, hatches with great assiduity, and when the young one is excluded, finds no difference in the ill looking changeling from her own.

This bird at the approach of winter entirely disappears, and its passage can be traced to no other country. Some naturalists suppose, that it lies hid in hollow trees, and others that it passes into warmer climates. We think that the most probable opinion on this

which I imagined they had dropped in the palms of our hands, from whence they extracted three drops of our blood, and then flew away.

NAISI. How do you interpret that dream, my darling Princess?

DEIRDRE. Why, that Fergus comes unto us with a message of peace from Connor; but though the words of dissimulation are as sweet as honey, they are mixed with the poison of treachery. Naisi, put no trust in Connor's guileful promises, for deadly malice and rancorous revenge, have rendered his heart callous to the feelings of honour and compassion. Go not, oh, I conjure you! in the name of love, to Erin.

NAISI. We shall talk of this again, sweet pulse of my heart; but here comes my friend, my gallant companion in arms, Fergus the heir of Ullin's crown.

As soon as Fergus entered the tent, where Naisi, Deirdre and Ainli were, they all exchanged embraces. "What are the tales of our beloved native Erin?" said Naisi.

FERGUS. My affection be unto you, O, my dear cousins! and to you, Deirdre, of the graceful form, and beauteous countenance.

The best tales, I have, are that Connor longs to see you brave warriors, gracing the ranks of his chivalry;—and you too, charming Deirdre, whose loveliness, and Calypso-like symmetry, blend the softness of the woman, with the splendour of the Goddess, he wishes to see shining a radiant beauty among the ladies of his court. I come under condition and guaranty from Connor, for you all. The same order of knighthood, and the same blood, forbid even a doubt of treachery, or a breach of faith, must remove suspicion, and banish fear from your minds.

DEIRDRE. Never, with my consent, shall the sons of Usnach return to Connor, the dark-souled monarch. It is not meet for my husband and brothers to go to Ullin, though that fair clime is dear to my regrets and remembrance; besides their sway here is as great as that of Connor in Erin.

FERGUS. But fair Deirdre, a residence in the green Isle of our birth, is preferable to dominion in a foreign land. The sight of strange clouds and foreign fields pains the Irish eye.

NAISI. You say true, cousin Fergus, here I miss the perfume of the Irish rose, the balmy fragrance of Ullin's atmosphere, and the modulated melody of my native streams of crystalline transparency, flowing through shamrock-clad meadows.

FERGUS. You may be confident in going with me, for who in all Erin, not even the supreme monarch, durst molest the first cousins of Connel and Cuchullin* the great champions of Erin's chivalry, whose very name makes kings tremble?

subject is, that as quails, and woodcocks shift their habitations in winter, so also does the Cuckoo; but to what country it retires, or whether it has ever been seen on its journey, are questions which we acknowledge ourselves totally incapable of answering.

* The sons of Usnach, were the children of the fair *Ailbhi*, the sister of Deiten and Fincaemb, the beautiful daughters of Caffa, the arch Druid of Ireland, who flourished about a century before the birth of Christ. The following genealogical poem, a literal translation from the Irish, contributed from the late WILLIAM LEAHY, Esq, to the transactions of the Dublin Gaelic Society, proves the kindred of the sons of Usnach to the illustrious Connel Carnach, and Cuchullin.

" *Fincaeva, Deitin, Alva* the serene,
Who stood unrivall'd in resplendent mien;
From gen'rous Caffa sprung, Fincaeva fair
Own'd Connel Carnach her illustrious heir;—
Alva's three sons, impetuous in the fight,
Were NAISI, Ainli,—Arden's conq'ring might:—
From *Deitin* heav'nly fair! Cuchullin came,
Whom high *Dundalgan* honour'd with its name;—
Five youthful warriors. Caffa their great sire,
Swept the wide field, and made whole hosts retire."

Dundalgan, was the Irish name of Dundalk, the capital of the county of Louth, of which we shall in course, give a local and historical description. It was the patrimony of the renowned Cuchullin.

NAISI. We have full confidence in your honour, and in the valour of our Cousins, and the prowess of our own swords; we will, therefore, return with thee to Erin.

At these words the lovely Deirdre looked pale and dejected, they depressed her spirits and dismayed her hopes; something told her that a fatal catastrophe awaited Naisi and herself in her native land. In order to dissipate her fears, Fergus thus spoke. "If, Naisi, all the men of Erin were against you, it would avail them not; for no protection would shield, or sword, or helmet be to any, that would be against you, and I with you."

NAISI. True, valiant star of heroes, with thee and our Cousins, all Erin, in arms, would not frighten me, and to prove my conviction, we shall go with you to night to Erin. Deirdre, prepare to embark, for I am as impatient to respire the balmy breeze of Erin, as the bee is for the morning sun to light it to the honey-drooping blossom.

DEIDRE. I should not refuse to follow you to the sandy desert, but sorrowful are my forebodings, gloomy are my thoughts; I see dangers dire through the mists of futurity. My heart is eloquent in terrible warnings; but heaven grant that my fears are but the delusions of an evil-predicting imagination.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—No. X.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

* * * * *

"The rival muses own'd th' alternate reign,
With mutual feelings each their feuds forsook,
Combin'd their efforts and created COOKE.
Lord of the soul! magician of the heart!
Pure child of nature! foster-child of art!
How all the passions in succession rise,
Heave in thy soul and lighten in thine eyes!
Beguil'd by thee, old time, with aspect blythe,
Leans on his sceptre, and forgets his scythe."

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

The elaborate and amusing biography, which WILLIAM DUNLAP, Esq. of this city,—a gentleman whose elegant pen and graphic pencil have enriched and adorned the literature, and the arts of America,—has given the world of that extraordinary and eccentric genius, GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, combines in the unfading garland with which he has decked the memory of the great Tragedian, every flower worth gathering; so that we can glean but a few fresh leaves and a little modest verdure, for our humble biographical wreath, in so exhausted a field. Other writers, too, have explored the recesses of Cooke's private life to degrade, or to distinguish the character of the man and the performer; and rancorous malignity and friendly enthusiasm have been equally sedulous to discover and record his merits, and his failings, while vying with each other in the endeavour to arrest public attention by the gloomy and exaggerated portraiture of his vices, or the emblazoned delineation of his virtues. Indeed the history of George Frederick Cooke is now so universally known, that even inspiration could scarcely illustrate it with any new lights, or succeed in either darkening the shades or brightening the lights of the character, which popular fame has drawn of him for the judgment of posterity. The genius of Cooke having thrown a dark cloud over all competition, must necessarily have attracted the hornets of envy, and furnished an incentive to malevolence as well as admiration; the one was as eager to depreciate and defame, as the other to celebrate in the glowing eulogium of friendship, and

exalt to the eminence of virtue; and never, perhaps, have those opposite interests been more actively employed than on the reputation of the subject of this memoir.

The sterling talents of the performer, extorted the pity of rigid morality, which generally threw a veil over the frailties of the man, and thus hid them from the gaze of stern censure. Hence Cooke's fame was borne, by the approbation won by his unrivalled powers, safely through the extremes of obloquy and adulation, and the very attempts of ENVY to obscure his merits, only served to give an additional glow of refulgence to their lustre. We would not have occupied our pages with this sketch, were it not that we can adduce convincing proofs that its subject was **POSITIVELY** our countryman, and that Cooke's dramatic fame, must bloom in the wreath which the genius of Erin has woven for Melpomene and Thalia.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, was born in the Royal Barracks, Oxmantown-green, Dublin, on Saturday the 17th of April, 1756, and in consequence of the sickly and puny state of the child, it was brought on Sunday morning, after divine service, to the church belonging to the *Bluecoat Hospital*,* where it was baptised by the Rev. Henry Pollock, as appears by the baptismal registry of that church, extracted by Dr. Wright, and given in his history of Dublin, published about four years ago in London.—His father's name was William, and his mother's, Hester. The father was a native of Cork, who rose from a private to be a lieutenant in one of the regiments that at this period composed the garrison of Dublin. The mother of the Tragedian was the daughter of a wealthy Scotch farmer of the name of Renton, who, in consequence of his daughter having married a poor Irish soldier for love, conceived a violent and unnatural aversion against her, although he was himself the son of a highland peasant who got possession of affluence by chance, and an auspicious train of fortuitous circumstances. But that inordinate vanity that is the offspring of mushroom opulence, forms a leading feature in the Scottish character, that often exposes it to the shafts of ridicule. We do not doubt by any means the moral veracity of Mr. Dunlap, when he says,—“He informed me, that the place of his birth was Westminster: remarking at the same time, that he was generally supposed to be an Hibernian.” Now to invalidate the accuracy of Cooke's assertion, not Mr. Dunlap's declaration, we have the authority of the late LEONARD M'NALLY, Esq. a man, whose high honour and probity of conduct, entitled him to the respect of all who knew him, and forbid, in consequence, any one from suspecting his candour, to say, that Mr. Cooke once candidly told him, in confidence, that he exulted privately at being an Irishman, but that he *professed* himself an *Englishman*, to remove the barriers, which prejudice would oppose to his rising to eminence in his profession. “A successful performer, my dear Mac,” continued he, “must be a negative patriot. My Irish birth once known, would chain a millstone to my neck, that would sink me for ever.” It was indeed the dread of prejudice, like this, which influenced Cooke, that deterred Congreve from avowing himself an Irishman, a base and dishonourable motive which sullied the fame of Swift, and proclaims to

* The *Bluecoat Hospital* was founded on the west side of Queen-street, near the city, by Charles II. in 1670, for the education of the children of reduced freemen of Dublin; but the original building, being greatly decayed, was taken down, and re-built in a more elegant style of architecture, in 1773. The front of this edifice is enriched by four Ionic columns, supporting a pediment in the centre, over which the steeple rises, embellished with Corinthian and Composite pillars, in fine classic taste.—Connected with the principal front, by circular walls, ornamented with balustrades and niches, are the school on one side, and the church on the other;—these form two well proportioned wings, which are of a similar construction; the centre of each being crowned with a steeple, or Roman turret, corresponding with the rest, in uniform harmony and striking beauty.

The contiguity of this church to the barracks, accounts for the prudence of not bringing a weak and languid child to one of the distant churches for baptism.

the indignant world that neither he, Congreve,* nor Cooke, had a spark of that heroic nobleness, the love of country, which the Romans classed among the exalted and ennobling virtues which adorn humanity.

In a little more than two years, the Regiment to which our hero's father belonged, was removed to London. In that city death deprived Cooke of parental protection before he had attained the seventh year of his age. After this bereavement his mother left London, and took up her residence in Berwick upon the Tweed, where George was sent first to school. It was during his tuition in this seminary, which lasted till 1771, that he became infected, as he himself, terms it with the theatrical "*mania*." The town was visited then, by several corps of strolling performers, to witness whose representations, yielded the most delightful pleasure to young Cooke, and such charms had his alluring imagination attached to the theatrical profession, that he would be prouder of an engagement in the Barn, than a pair of colours in a regiment. The stage had taken possession of all his thoughts, and engrossed all his affections. His passionate admiration of the principal performers, had induced him to imitate their voice and manner, and privately cultivated the *art of mimicry*, in which it is well known he afterwards excelled. He was accustomed, at this time, to retire, unperceived, to a garret room, where he would fancy himself some of the heroes who made the deepest impression on his mind by their personifications.

As soon as the players decamped, Mrs. Cooke, in order to frustrate his designs on the stage, had our hero bound an apprentice to a printer at Newcastle. The gentleman with whom he was placed, was highly respectable as a country printer, and the proprietor of a provincial newspaper. The paper was then edited by the justly celebrated Irish poet, Cunningham. The old gentleman, who had been himself an actor, soon perceived the dawn of histrionic genius in young Cooke, and he spared no pains in the cultivation of his incipient talents. It is highly probable that to this erudite and gifted gentleman, our hero was indebted for that literary taste which accompanied, and the classic elegance, and historic discrimination, which, we are told, so eminently distinguished his acting. While under the tuition of Mr. Cunningham, he read the works of the best English dramatists, and committed their finest speeches to memory. The sentiments of heroes gave wings to the spirit of Cooke, fired his ambition, and induced him to break from the inglorious trammels of a mechanical profession, and at once endeavour to shine a hero of the dramatic muses. The great requisites to gain celebrity on the stage, are genius, learning, penetration and all the various accomplishments that tend to polish the human character. That Cooke derived great benefit, both in the elegance of his elocution, and the picturesque grace of his attitudes, from the lessons of Mr. Cunningham, is morally certain. When death deprived the literary world of Cunningham, our hero lost a warm-hearted friend and an attached countryman, who covered many of his youthful indiscretions from the eye of his master, and perhaps prevented more, by his sage council, and the authority with which his talents had invested him over the actions of a boy, whom he loved, for his capacity, while the grateful pupil looked up to him with reverence and admiration. The death of his kind and amiable friend depressed his mind with acute affliction; for several days his grief was inconsolable.† Repeated quarrels now ensued between him and his employer, until at last he ran away, and went on board of a king's ship. After the lapse of some months he returned again to the printing business; but less from inclination than necessity. Accordingly he soon spurned even the liberal and enlightened employment of arranging types for the press, as an occupation too tedious for his aspiring mind, and coming into possession of a considerable legacy, bequeathed him by a relation of

* "Had not you," said Voltaire to Congreve, "attained celebrity as a writer, the place of your nativity would have remained unquestioned."

† To multiply his sorrows, and render more painful the agony of his feelings, his mother fell a victim to a fever shortly after the dissolution of Mr. Cunningham.

his mother's, he relinquished all employment, to indulge, without molestation or restraint, his favourite passion and pursuit. As soon as this property made him independent, he launched into the vortex of extravagance, folly and dissipation; so that his inheritance was soon exhausted, and he was again reduced to that indigence which is ever the train-bearer of imprudence. Still he did not repine. One solitary star of hope beamed through the dark clouds that lowered on the fortunes of the orphan boy,—the anticipation of success on the stage. This expectation flushed his spirits with all those prospective ideas of fame and fortune, which generally flatter and fascinate the young votaries of the Drama. Buoyed up with this cheering hope, he sedulously applied himself, with increased diligence and renovated ardour, to the prosecution of histrionic studies. He perfected himself in the knowledge of the English language, and made himself intimately acquainted with the productions of the great Bard, of whose heroes he afterwards became so able and so admirable a representative. Considering himself now sufficiently prepared to make a figure in the dramatic ranks, he enrolled himself under the standard of Melpomene, in whose campaigns he expected to distinguish himself and obtain remuneration for all his toils, in the applause of an admiring public. A party of the Edinburgh dramatic company visited Berwick in 1769, who enlisted our hero in their band, and allowed him to make his *debut* in the character of Young Meadows, in the opera of *Love in a Village*, in which, though a bad singer, he made a favourable impression on the audience. This success fired his imagination, and contributed to touch the inexhaustible springs of his latent genius. While he continued with his itinerant companions his popularity was daily increasing, as every new character seemed to display his talents in a stronger and more luminous light. The applause that attended his essays gave passion and impulse to his ambition. We cannot in this sketch follow him through his theatrical perambulations in the country. The miserable receipts of the *Barns* scarcely furnished the means of existence, for himself and company; but privation could not damp the ardour of our hero's enthusiasm, for a theatrical profession. At length, after a probation of misery and poverty, he made his way to London, in 1773, and in 1779 made his first appearance on a regular stage, at the Haymarket theatre, in the part of *Castalio*, in the *Orphan*, for the benefit of Mrs. Massey. His personation of this character was hailed with loud bursts of applause. Every succeeding performance, at this theatre, raised his fame, while the general applause his masterly delineations of character excited, afforded him a delightful presage of future pre-eminence. From this period until the summer of 1786, our hero ran through the customary round of Theatrical itineracy; passing his *noviciate* in various companies, particularly those of Nottingham and Lincoln. In July, 1786, he enlisted under the banners of the York manager, Mr. Tate Wilkinson, and came out in the part of *Count Baldwin*, the same night that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance at that theatre, in *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*. The public need not be told now, with what lustre his career has been distinguished, during the country campaign, where his merit obtained him popularity and honour. The encouragement he every where received on these occasions, called forth powers he was himself ignorant of possessing, and he played every part with renewed spirit and energy. Lancaster, Liverpool, Chester, Preston, Bath, Manchester, and Newcastle, were all delighted and charmed by Cooke's fine and impressive acting.

The characters which he performed in his different country excursions, were *Tancred*, *Major O'Flaherty*, *Joseph Surface*, *Moody*, in the *Country Girl*, and *Rover*, in *Wild Oats*. Whether it was that he doubted his capacity to rise to tragic flights, or dreaded his inability to invest tragic heroes with the fire and force with which Shakspeare imbued them, or was willing to escape the general imputation of vanity, we are not able to decide; but it was generally admitted that he attempted nothing in which he did not signally succeed.—In 1792 he accepted an engagement from the manager of the Liverpool theatre, where he only acted secondary parts until the night of his own benefit, when he successfully per-

sonated the difficult character of *LEAR*. Here his mighty genius flung off the coil of mediocrity, and displayed all that power, conception and passion, which he could so felicitously concentrate in his graphic delineations. His able performance of *Lear* fixed the star of his fame; and critics vied with each other in their laudatory commendations of a striking personification, that dazzled them with the radiance of its splendour. His personation of *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*, on the following evening "added cubits" to his popularity. The house was crowded to excess, and Cooke looked remarkably well, and when he came forward he was received with three distinct cheers. The first speech from the cave was peculiarly impressive; and the pathos and burst of feelings with which he uttered the line—"I will go prowl—but look I meet no fathers!" evinced a power of expression and a command of human passions, that drew down thunders of applause from an admiring and astonished audience. During his engagement at Liverpool, besides the characters we have mentioned, he played *Lord Townly*, *Hotspur*, *Harry Dornon*, *Hartwell*, *Sir George Airy*, *Oakley*, *Young Marlow*, *Petruchio*, *Jaqes*, *Young Wilding*, *Sir Callaghan*, &c. &c.

Mr. Cooke's fame now reached a high zenith of dramatic celebrity; but the pure ore of his excellence, had not yet been rendered current by the royal stamp of Drury-lane or Covent Garden mints; and no gold of genius, however precious, could be considered refined and unalloyed, that had not braved the devouring fire of these crucibles. Mr. Cooke was preparing to pass these ordeals, when he received a letter from the manager of the theatre-royal, Dublin, (Mr. Daly) offered him an engagement, and very flattering terms, which he accepted. He arrived in his native city, on the 17th of November, 1794, and on the 19th, made his appearance in *Othello*, which he sustained with all the vivid powers that were expected from him. In succession, he played *Macbeth*, *Richard*, *Zanga*, *Shylock*, and many other tragic and comic parts. The night of his benefit is memorable in the Dublin theatrical annals, as there never was assembled, in Crow-street, such a fashionable and crowded audience, as patronised, on that occasion, the "*Irish Roscius*." We had then a resident Parliament, and Dublin might be pronounced a city of nobles; as the rank, wealth, and respectability of the land were congregated, at that period, in the Irish capital. *Romeo and Juliet*, was the tragedy he presented on this occasion. Miss *Campion*, a very celebrated actress, (afterwards *Mrs. Pope*) was the *Juliet* of the night, and "Shakspeare himself," says the *DUBLIN ANTHOLOGIA*, "could not wish for a more lovely and affecting representative of his impassioned heroine." On his *entre*, Mr. Cooke was received with loud and reiterated greetings. His *Romeo* was a masterpiece of sublime acting. The strong and distinctive marks of genius, the prominent traces of a cultivated mind, the lights and shades of discrimination—the accuracy of conception, the energy, fervour, and sensibility, which threw such a halo of genius over his performance, excited surprise as well as pleasure in an audience of his country. All the critics of Dublin, which at that period was the most literary metropolis in Europe, lauded Cooke in the most eloquent language of eulogium, and acknowledged that his graphic portraiture of *Romeo*, bore away the palm of superiority from Mr. *Holman*, who was the favourite *Romeo* of the London stage. We often heard the following anecdote of an occurrence which happened during the "mistakes" of this night, told in Dublin:

After the performance was over, Mr. Cooke repaired to "*Daly's Club House*," to sup with a number of friends. The claret and port were of the first quality, the conversation gay and witty, so that our hero and his guests drank freely, and it was two o'clock in the morning ere the company separated.

Although much intoxicated, Mr. Cooke insisted on going home to *Mrs. Byrne's*, in *Eustace-street*, alone. As he was going thither he fell upon the flags of the side-walk, at the corner of *Fleet-street* and *Temple-lane*, and being unable to rise, his eyes were soon sealed by "gentle sleep." One of the unhappy daughters of *Venus*, who was in quest of nocturnal lovers, seeing a man of respectable appearance, in that miserable situation, from motives of compassion, called a coach, in which our hero was placed, and conveyed to the lodgings of

the lady, in Britain-street. In the morning, Cooke awoke, amazed to find himself in a strange room, in bed with a woman to whom he was unknown, and ignorant of the manner in which he was transported there. He asked no questions, but began to reflect on his disgraceful situation, and resolve on an amendment of his dissipated life. Perceiving the lady was asleep, he silently got out of bed, examined his pockets and found they were rifled of his purse and watch. Alarmed at the loss of these, and doubtful how to act, he again got into bed. In a short time after, the lady awoke, and finding Cooke restless, and apparently uneasy, she anxiously inquired the cause. He informed her of the loss which he had sustained; and that in the pocket-book were £135. "Oh! think nothing of it, Mr. Cooke," said she, "your benefit last night brought you, I heard, seven hundred, so that the trifling sum you have lost is not worth talking about; but don't fret, perhaps we may find the pocket-book and watch; be cheerful and I may overjoy your heart by restoring your money and watch." She then told him of her having found him fast asleep in the street, and of her having brought him to her home to prevent his being robbed: "Here," added she, "are your watch and money, and all I require, as a reward, is your friendship." Cooke, astonished at her disinterestedness and honesty, after breakfasting with her, presented her £35, and continued during his stay in Dublin, to pay her frequent visits, and assist her with money. This woman, we believe, is still living in Dublin. The unbounded hospitality with which he was honoured in Dublin, occupied the hours that should be devoted to study, and the consequence was that Mr. Cooke's *communion* with the prompter became the subject of censure and reproach.

In consequence of his daily intemperance and his growing propensity to tippling in mean taverns, with vulgar company, the sunshine of the great was withdrawn from Mr. Cooke, and he was *cut out* of the fashionable circles of high life. The portals of respectability were closed against him, and no "pampered menial" brought him a card of invitation to dine with the Charlemonts, the Moiras, the Ponsonbys, the Fosters, or the Grattans, at whose tables, a few months before, he was the most welcome among their guests. The drunken freak, at Mrs. Byrnes', when he broke all the furniture in his room, and threw the fragments into the street, and his affray with the watchmen, (which are well narrated in Mr. Dunlap's book) gave an infamous notoriety to his failings, and capped the climax of his disgrace. To blunt the feelings of remorse, and congeal sensibility, he gave himself completely up to intemperance.

Driven almost to insanity by continual intoxication, he made a vow that he would never return to the stage, and in this fit of delirium, actually enlisted in a Regiment, destined for the West-Indies. When the Regiment was embarking, Cooke was, fortunately for the Drama, so seriously indisposed, that the Colonel gave him leave of absence for three months. As soon as he was a little convalescent he returned to England where he remained buried in obscurity for some time. In the beginning of the year 1797, a Mr. Maxwell, the manager of the Portsmouth theatre, succeeded, at Mr. Cooke's urgent request, in obtaining his discharge. The limits to which we must confine this sketch, will not allow us to follow our hero through all his extraordinary adventures. In March, 1796, he rejoined the Manchester company, with whom he stood in high favour and repute; and, indeed, it reflects no small honour on the taste and penetration of the inhabitants of that town, that among the foremost to discern, they have also been among the foremost to foster and patronise the talents of a man, whose genius exhibited the great creations of Shakspeare, Rowe, and Otway, in the most splendid light of originality, passion, and nature. At Chester he became acquainted, and enamoured with a young and pretty actress of the name of Daniels, whom, after a short courtship, he married. The chain of Hymen, which presses down many a towering crest, it was hoped, would keep Mr. Cooke's conduct within the orbit

of prudence and temperance ; but the sequel, and a narrative of the future aberrations of our hero, will show that such a hope was delusive.

In October, 1797, he made a second trip to Dublin, the management of that theatre having devolved into the hands of Mr. F. Jones, a gentleman of taste and fortune. The odium of his affair at Mrs. Byrne's, and the notoriety of his having enlisted as a private soldier, kept his talents and popularity in the background for some time, in his native city. The manager was afraid to push him forward in those characters in which he would shine. During this engagement he personated the *Stranger*, with such effect as enlisted the feelings and sympathies of his audience and promised to reinstate him in the chair of popularity. About this time Kemble visited the Irish metropolis, when Cooke, who was soon destined to snatch the tragic laurel from his brow, played the Ghost to his Hamlet ; Henry to his Richard, and the Bastard to his Lear. But these parts were unworthy of the genius and capacity of the great Tragedian ; but though they were low, he exalted them, and his picturesque acting and fine reading, invested them with interest and effect, which convinced the discerning of the transcendent merits of the actor.

The Rebellion of 1798, damped all amusements in Dublin, martial law was proclaimed, and the theatres closed.

In consequence, Mr. Cooke accepted an engagement in Cork, and after his arrival in that city, he performed *Shylock*, on the evening of the 17th of September, 1798. In this character, he was rapturously applauded, by a numerous audience, among whom were all the officers of the Garrison. Mrs. Cooke did not accompany her husband to Cork, for owing to some matrimonial quarrel with her lord and master, she left him and returned to the land of her fathers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

MARY OF ROSSTREVOR.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS OF A RECENT DATE.

(Continued from our last.)

Henry was too well versed in gallantry, and acquainted with the specious deceptions of the frail fair, not to understand the signs of love, and his heart was too susceptible not to be delighted at the efforts which beauty made to enslave it.

Unable to withstand the daily repetition of the alluring blandishments of the Siren, he at length determined to visit the object, whose fascinating charms began to have such an irresistible influence over his affections. He found her like a young Hebe, lovely and graceful, seated at the Pianoforte, with one of Moore's new melodies before her.

The moment he saluted her, she illuminated her countenance, for she had "a face taught to look by rule," with a rosy smile of timid modesty, that would have imparted graceful loveliness to the lips of a vestal, while uttering the vows of her chastity. The first salutations, and compliments over, Henry asked her how she liked the poetry of Moore.—"O, sir!" said she "I am an enthusiastic admirer of his songs ; for they breathe the language of the heart, and express the noblest passions of humanity."

"The critics," replied Henry, "are not agreed, whether we should class him, among the first lyreists, of love and patriotism, in this, or any other age." "I do not," rejoined she, "pretend to be a critic, but, in my opinion, as a songster he has no rival ; he has not, it is true, the sublimity of Byron ; but then he is more elegant in his style, and more musical in his numbers. Every page of his poetry glows with the captivations of that sentimental luxury, of which Rousseau, was so great a master, and which he arrays in all the blandishments of

eloquence. Hence, sir, the source of that admiration, which his magic melodies universally commands." "There is one thing certain, observed Henry, that Moore never had among his fair admirers, a more beautiful or a more eloquent advocate than he has in your Ladyship." This compliment crimsoned her face with a blush. Her conversation, and her beauty, had now won his heart, and chained judgment and reason to the pillar of infatuation. Poor Mary, his fond virtuous, and devoted wife, was no longer enshrined in his affections, nor dear to his thoughts. He continued to pay her frequent visits. He at length prevailed upon her to accompany him in an excursion to Tullamore park.* They set out in Henry's chariot. He was now the slave and dupe of an artful woman; he was intoxicated with her charms, and so bewitched with the alluring blandishments of her person, that the modest and retiring beauties of his lovely, and amiable wife, ceased to influence his affections, and she was soon neglected and at length despised and hated. While roaming among the beautiful pleasure grounds of Tullamore park, they stopped to admire a verdant hillock, arrayed in scarlet and gold, when she observed that it was such a pretty spot, as that suggested the fine idea of the "bank of violets," to Shakespeare.

"Let me, then," said Henry, "seat you on this flowery hillock, where you can breathe the sweet south," to which offer she assented as she fixed her fine blue eyes on his, with an expression of tender approbation, that spoke more than eloquence.

Never did he see her look so lovely and enchanting as that moment. Impelled by the ardour of his passion, and by an emotion which he was unable to suppress, he threw himself at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy and love. "Do not spurn me, loveliest of thy sex; pity me, sweet Julia, I love you to distraction, you are dearer to me than the purple drops that flow around a heart, on which the vulture of hopeless love preys." "What wild frenzy has seized thee, man! exclaimed she, with an indignant frown; do you mean to insult me? Heavens! the husband of another to make love to me! Go back to your wife, let her tenderness creep into thy heart, and hush all thy stormy griefs to peace, and then soft-eyed love and the gentle blandishments of pure affection will drive them thence, and winning thy whole feelings, make them beat in harmonious unison with hers. Oh! happy, happy task to inspire the joyless with joy, and cause the tear-charged eye once more to sparkle with rapture."

* TULLAMORE PARK, in the county of Down, is the beautiful rural residence of Lord Roden, a well known religious fanatic and prejudiced Brunswicker, in Ireland. His mansion was built by his maternal ancestor, the Earl of Clanbrassil in the beginning of the last century and its architecture therefore partakes of the ancient gothic style of that period. The rooms are hung with figured tapestry, and in one chamber, called the picture gallery, we have seen a series of pictures painted by Fuller soon after the restoration, which give the whole display of king Charles the second's escape from the royal oak, and portraits, drawn from life, of the persons chiefly concerned in that memorable event. The domain is studded with forests of venerable oaks, and spreading elms, that give it an antique aspect. There are two deer parks here, well stocked with venison, beautifully wooded, and intersected by fine vistas looking into the sea.

A romantic river glides through this picturesque manor, and tumbles over rocks and falls in cascades into an adjoining lake at Castlewellan, a contiguous romantic village, which is beautified by the house and domain of Lord Glerawly. The scenery here is beautiful, exhibiting a depth of perspective, and range of view, through mountain defiles, that would charm a painter's eye, and fire a poet's genius. On every side of Tullamore park, the mountains of Mourne seem to rise out of the sea in shelving cliffs, like the sides of an amphitheatre. These magnificent pinnacles invest the landscape with sublimity.

In the valleys at the feet of the mountains of Mourne, are many elegant villas. Tullamore park exhibits the characters of romantic wildness, pastoral simplicity, and sylvan beauty. The adjacent *Alps*, render it wild, the hanging groves on the declivities of these immense piles of nature, romantic; and the extended wood and dale, as well as the buildings, give an air of sylvan beauty to the graphic landscape.

Henry, understanding the irony of this speech, again renewed his protestations, exclaiming, "cruel and lovely Julia, thy commands are vain, no other woman on earth can sooth the heart that adores, that worships thee as its idol: think not that it will ever suffer another's image to reign where thine is so deeply impressed, that its life-blood alone will obliterate it. When I cease to love and adore thee, I shall cease to breathe. Think not, my beloved, I can forget thee! No, thy sweet idea will force itself constantly on my thoughts! "Ah! Henry," replied she, these are lover's vows, and promises that die away like the passion that prompted them. Are you so heartless as to abandon your wife and child, and fly, suppose with me, to some foreign clime? Can you make such a sacrifice to love!" "My heart acknowledges no subjection but yours; it can make any sacrifice to gain your affection. Oh! consent to be mine, Julia, and we will fly to France, and there taste the delights of uninterrupted bliss."

"Well, Henry, I shall confide in your honour, for you must have known from my conduct, that you are dear to me, nay, that I have loved you, from the first moment I saw you, so intensely that I could have fallen at your feet, in passionate rapture poured out my whole soul before thee, and snatched thee to my bosom in a wild frenzy of love; but that the remembrance of thy marriage, like an evil angel crossed my ardent transport, with jealousy which raged in my breast, on seeing you caress your wife, as furious as the burning lava of *Ætna*." The plan of elopement was now concerted. Unfortunate moment! When the threshold of vice is once passed, where shall the unhappy votarist of pleasure stop! from what point shall his retreat commence. The excursion of Henry and the pretended lady Julia to Tullamore park, was the subject of general conversation in every drawing-room in Rosstrevor. Poor Mary! who shall express the agonies of thy affectionate bosom, when the fatal secret flashed upon thy conviction? Who shall attempt to paint the poignant feelings of thy warm and sympathetic heart?

Conscious upon how many accounts she had merited his love, no wonder if pride and resentment had, for some time, struggled with her affection. But such was the effect of her strong attachment, and the softness of her nature, that she could not reproach him, in any other way than by *silent grief*. Alone she pined, and like a lily in the retired vale, drooped her beauteous form, unfriended and unseen.

To her husband she never uttered a word of vituperative reproach; but if her tongue was silent, there was a gracious melancholy in her smile—a tremulous sweetness in her voice—an appeal in her look, that spoke audibly to his feelings, and extorted from his own conscience the condemnation of his guilty conduct to an amiable and exalted woman, who concentrated in the connubial sphere, all the affecting graces and tender charities which can sweeten and enhance the pleasures of domestic life. Oh! what a heart, that such amiable qualities could not melt—that such endearing and engaging virtues could not restrain from vice! But Henry was spell-bound by the seductive charms, and the winning eloquence of the Circe, who wound the fatal chain of her delusion round his heart. His whole soul was immersed in the enthusiastic passion with which she inspired him. Indeed, the beauties of her person, lovely as they were, might be pronounced, still less alluring than the nobleness of her sentiments, which she expressed in a musical voice, that stole, in soft tones, from her cherry lips, like the sweet breathings of the Eolian harp. It was in vain to resist her power, when his feelings and affections were enlisted under her love emblazoned banner. At first, perhaps, his conscious guilt made some efforts to break her yoke, the voice of nature, and conjugal tenderness was sometimes heard, before the silver cord that bound him to his wife and child was broken, and a few pangs of remorse would now and then afflict his feelings, and mingle its bitter infusion in the intoxicating cup of lascivious pleasure, from which he drank;—but it is the nature of vice to become progressive, and one of its first efforts is to chase away these unpleasant remonstrances that cloud the horizon of guilty passion. Thus

his attachment to his wife soon changed to aversion, and all remains of gratitude and compassion were obliterated from his mind, and he became as indifferent to Mary's grief as he was insensible to her wrongs. Ungrateful and unfeeling man! how could he lavish on abandoned worthlessness, on the *chère amie* of Lord B. that wealth which love and unsuspecting innocence had trusted to his care? How could he leave the angelic excellence, and unsullied virtue of a beautiful wife, for the polluted charms, and faithless lasciviousness of a mistress, whose rose of chastity was plucked by the despoiling hand of aristocratic sensuality? How could he have the native glow of parental feelings, and behold his smiling infant suck with its milk, those grief distilling drops, which his neglected wife pours from the fountains of misery, whilst performing the highest duties of a mother, to his yet innocent offspring? Heartless husband! but what will not hardened guilt effect under the influence of a blind passion. Alas! this was but the beginning of hapless Mary's woes. His indifference gives birth to disgust, aversion, ill nature and contumely. He no longer preserves even the forms of decency, he boasts of the favours of his mistress, and glories in the triumph of his illicit love. Day after day was spent with his siren-nymph, in the delights of amorous dalliance; shameless in the sight of the world, and under the very eye of his insulted, injured and inoffending wife; but the measure of his guilt was not yet filled—passion had not yet carried him to the extreme of criminal turpitude. The gentle temper, the patient virtue, and the silent sorrow of poor Mary, upbraid him—they “speak daggers” to his perturbed conscience, and entwine his heart with the scorpions of remorse and cruelty. Her presence becomes therefore painful, and he resolves on a diabolical plan to banish her from his sight, and sever by divorce the sacred ties, which love and religion had sanctioned, and pronounced indissoluble. But what control has religion or morality over rebel passion, when daring vice usurps the throne of virtue? To effect his infamous design, he hit upon a demoniacal scheme, as atrocious as that by which the wicked son of Tarquin succeeded in dishonouring the chaste Lucretia.

His valet, a German, who had lived with him many years, was a man capable of any villany; by bribes and persuasions he prevailed upon this vile wretch to conceal himself in his wife's chamber, until she retired to bed. The plan is immediately executed; the base instrument of perfidy found means that very evening to hide himself under the bed of his innocent and kind mistress, who at her usual hour retired to rest. After committing herself to heaven, and with a shower of tears bewailing her wretched fate, and the estrangement of a husband whom she still dearly loved, she closed her eyes in “balmy sleep.”

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

CURSORY LIGHT ESSAYS.

(*Translated for this Work, from a Parisian Periodical.*)

AMBITION.

According to Dr. Johnson, the accomplished English critic, and sublime moralist, “AMBITION is the noble mind's distinguishing perfection.” We concur in the truth of the apophthegm in an abstract degree, but not in its general bearing and acceptation. That ambition is generated by genius, the history of the three most powerful conquerors, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, that ever appeared on the theatre of existence, or ever astonished the world, by the glories of their splendid and gigantic achievements, sufficiently exemplifies the position:—but then the labours it calls upon genius to execute, are so Herculean, that it generally sinks under their overwhelming difficulties.

Hercules, after performing his mighty task, and surmounting the opposition of god's and men, fell at length a victim to the perfidy of Nessus, and the jealousy of his wife Dejanira.

The Emperor Napoleon's ambition created as many labours for his mighty genius, as the envy of Eurytheus did for Hercules. After conquering two hundred millions of foes, and fixing, as it were, invincibility in the talons of his imperial Eagles, the snows of Russia effected what the world in arms could not accomplish—his overthrow, which invested his colossal power in the poisoned tunic of the Centaur of annihilation; and then the elements arrested the career of our conqueror, at the moment he was certain of making France the mistress of Europe, and of extending the pinions of her victorious eagles over a world, which his insatiable ambition figured as too diminutive for their contemplated expansion. Of Napoleon's ambition, mighty and covetous as it no doubt was, the historian must, however, say, that in its splendid career of conquest, it was neither followed, nor preceded by rapine or cruelty; for the nobleness of ancient chivalry, always marked the progress of the imperial chief of the "LEGION OF HONOUR."

Ambition, or rather the insatiable wish of rising over the ruins of our fellow-creatures,—that worm which incessantly gnaws the heart, and tears peace for ever from our bosoms, when confined to the common class of men, is disarmed of half its power of doing evil and mischief. But when it pours, as it has done, its burning spirit and poison into the soul of a military hero;—when a monarch like Napoleon, forgetting that he stands guardian over the public tranquility, prefers the dreams of glory to the love of national happiness; when he delights in conquering kingdoms, rather than reigning in the affections of his people; when shrieks of mourning and desolation are the only triumphal hymns that celebrate his victories;—when he monopolizes his regal authority, to pander to his passion, which was granted to him for the general welfare and benefit; in a word, when he wields his Ironsceptre for the misery of human kind, and like the king of Babylon, wishes to rear the accursed idol of his fame on the ruins of Empires, and the misery of millions whom he has subjected, it is then, that ambition proves the destroying scourge of the earth, let loose by the wrathful indignation of Heaven. The laurels of the conqueror's perennial wreath, it is true, shall preserve their vivid verdure in the temple of fame; but the page that records his exploits will be often stained by the bloody tears of weeping humanity. Poets and Painters may emblazon his deeds, in their imperishable works, and deck his memory with the unfading roses of their eulogium; but the blood of the victims who fell a sacrifice to his ambition will rise in judgment, and efface from pile, and pillar the adulatory inscriptions of his panegyrists. Proud monuments, enriched with the lavish embellishment of art, will be erected to immortalize his conquests; but the smoking ashes of so many cities so flourishing before, the devastation of lands, robbed of their former fertility; the ruins of edifices that have crushed the peaceful and industrious citizen;—all these will be mournful monuments, which long after the tomb shall have enclosed his dust will immortalize his vanity, and his folly.

How many literary men also might be enumerated in this essay who have fallen victims to their ambition. It drove Voltaire and Rousseau to atheism, and sunk Byron, the Napoleon of modern poetry, in an early grave.

THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY has its pleasures and its pains. The mind that is imbued with it, the feelings that are governed by its power, and animated by its impulses, are subject, in a greater degree, to the influence of joy, or sorrow; and the sensations of these passions operate with more potency on the heart that is softened by sensibility, than on that which is bronzed with apathy and indifference. The more sensibility we possess, the more susceptible are our passions. Exquisite sensibility! how shall we address thee? Believe us, kind Goddess! that we have sought thee, at the grave of Abelard and Heloise, at the tomb of Werter, and in the waters of the Hellespont. In quest of thee, we have wandered through the mazes of six octavo volumes of new novels; but could only find a mawkish young

Lady, who gracelessly wears your garb and assumes your sad air; she is called *Affectation*. We often saw your beautiful portrait in the writings of Rousseau, but never were fortunate enough to be led by thy handmaid, sympathy, to thy mystic bower. Tell us, O Goddess! whether thou art to be seen in poetry, prose, painting, music or sculpture, or whether thy soft voice is heard in lover's sighs, or in the melodious tones of Sontag? Thus we have apostrophized soft-hearted sensibility; yet she never had compassion enough to answer us. But we had a glimpse of her radiant beauty in a delightful dream lately.

On a beautiful evening, during this month, (June) after rambling about on the pastoral banks of the Seine, until the radiant Queen of Night shone in her sphere, and reflected her bright smiles in the limpid current, which rolled its crystal waves through groves of myrtles and roses, we seated ourself on a violet-carpeted bank. A spreading weeping willow extended over us its arborescent branches, and swept the surface of the gliding stream. We had been reading a mournful novel, whose catastrophe was so sad and sorrowful, that it, in strong colours, impressed itself on our heart, and led us to pity the fate of disappointed lovers, and to reflect on the instability of human happiness, and the transient existence of the bliss of true love, which is ever subject to crosses and changes. As our mind was deeply engaged in these meditations, a gentle slumber stole upon our senses, which the hushed tranquility of the scene, the modulated rippling of the river, and the sighing cypresses of an adjoining cemetery, conspired, no doubt, to produce. Scarce had our eyelids been touched by the gentle wand of Somnus, ere we imagined a celestial visitant, of the most enchanting beauty, seated herself so near beside us, that we thought we respired her fragrant breath, and gazed with delight on her heaving bosom of snow-like whiteness; her dress seemed arranged by the hand of the graces. A flowing mantle of the palest sapphire hung over her shoulders to the ground; her golden hair fell in waving curls, on her swan-like neck, and a white veil, almost transparent, shaded her face of loveliness.

She had not been long seated ere she threw aside her veil, and discovered the attractions of her countenance. A winning smile of fascinating sadness, played on her dimpled lips of coral brilliancy; her blue eyes, sparkling like diamonds, were surcharged with tears, and resembled the violets around us, drooping with pearly dew-drops: beneath her veil she wore a wreath of mingled amaranths and jessamines. Then assuming an air of the most charming modesty, she addressed us as follows. "Wonder not, mortal," said she, in sweet accents as soft as the breathing of Zephyrs on the bosom of the trembling rose, "that I manifest myself to thee, who has so long sought me, where I never resided. With Rousseau's muse, I often wandered through the elysium of sentiment; but had'st thou travelled to green Erin of harps, you would there hear my wailings on the grave of my favourite son, Ossian. In Britannia too, I can easily be found, not at the trophied piles of Westminster Abbey, but weeping over the lonely urn of the sublime and heroic BYRON. I loved the song of sorrow, which the heaven-tuned lyres of these matchless Bards breathed. I am called SENSIBILITY, and have from infancy been your constant companion. Wo is my luxury, grief my joy. My sire was *humanity*, and my mother *sympathy*, the only daughter of *tenderness*. I was born in a cavern, overshadowed with myrtles and orange trees, in a beautiful valley at the foot of Parnassus. Losing my beloved mother at a very early age, my father consigned me to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and educated me in the most graceful accomplishments. As my protectress was often melancholy and disposed to weep, she generally, to ease my mind, which sympathy inspired with her anguish, lulled me to rest with plaintive songs. During my residence in the happy valley, which was watered with the rivulets of Helicon, and musical with the melody of nightingales, love frequently approached me, under his most seductive forms, and wooed me in the most eloquent language of passion, to admit him into my heart, but I could only pity him, as I am for ever devoted to Vesta. I make it

my sole study to administer consolation to mourning affliction, and to augment the felicity of some favoured mortals, who nevertheless repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the despotic dominion of Apathy, rather than share those tears, which they themselves have caused to flow. Alas! how inconsiderate they are to prefer the iron sceptre of indifference to the flower-wreathed wand of compassion! If the rose has thorns, has it not also vermilion hues, and ambrosial fragrance? If the woodbine, that shades the bower of love, droops laden with dew drops of the morning, does not the solar beams soon brush them away, and render its balmy breath again odoriferous? So, mortal, if a heart be touched with a moving tale of sorrowful distress, it will, at the same time that it causes sympathy to unlock the fountain of pity, experience the soothing feelings of compassion? Call you this a romantic notion, do you deem commiseration a weakness,—can you with a mind alive to the influence of poetry, wish to be divested of this genuine test of pathetic tenderness, and desire the departure of *sensibility*?"

Ah! no, beauteous nymph of the streaming eye! still deign to be our attendant, teach us to sigh with the unhappy, and to rejoice with the happy. Let us taste the luxury of wo, and the nectar of joy, alternately. Scarcely had we pronounced these words, when the loud tolling of the bells of St. Cloud dissolved our illusive vision, and banished the beautiful visitant of our dream.

GERALDINE OF DESMOND.

THIS admirable and spirited Romance has reached us.—It is a work that possesses rare merits and literary attributes, that must ensure its popularity. In our last we committed a mistake, by attributing the authorship of *Geraldine of Desmond* to LADY MORGAN. The real authoress, however, is our fair countrywoman, Miss Crumpe, the daughter of the late celebrated Dr. Crumpe, of Dublin, whose literary essays, and professional skill, acquired for him not only eminent distinction, but the regard and respect of the lovers of literature and science. His essay on the best means of producing employment for the poor, in Ireland, gained the prize offered by the Royal Irish Academy, in 1826. The accomplished authoress of the work before us, imbues the stern spirit of history, with the poetic emollient of Romance. Every page is marked by the illuminating touches of fancy, and enlivened by the original conceptions of genius. Her taste is exquisite, and her style of composition so happy, that she strews flowers over the rugged path of historical narrative, and interests the passions and the feelings, while she leads them through the investigation of abstract propositions, and the mazes of antiquarian research.

The history of Ireland that records the tragic story of the Earl of Desmond, the hero of this Romance, presents a soul-sickening picture of the cruelties, and atrocities of the Ormonds, the Mountjoys, the Greys, the Perrots, the Binghamms, the Essexs, and the Chichesters; but our fair authoress has given it a greater contrast of light and shade, a deeper tint of colouring, and a bolder contour of character. The name of Fitzgerald is associated with the liberty, and identified with the independence of Ireland; and though an Anglo-Irish family, still, since the reign of Henry VII. they have been the bravest and boldest asserters of Erin's freedom, for which they bled in the field, and died on the scaffold.* The chival-

* A succinct sketch of the Geraldines, the noble ancestors of the liberal and patriotic Duke of Leinster, may serve to give some value to the above critique, and afford some interest to our readers. Maurice Fitzgerald, who accompanied Strongbow in his invasion of Ireland, was descended from Otho, a rich and powerful Lord, who flourished in the reign of Alfred, whose family were originally of the royal dynasty of Tuscany. He gained so much distinction in the conquest of Ireland, that King Henry II. made him

ric Earl of Desmond, was driven to desperation by witnessing the horrid persecutions, to which Elizabeth's government subjected his native country, and actuated with the noble motive of freeing her from the oppression of the Queen's Deputies, he took up arms in order to stop barbarous excesses and exactions.

His cousin, though rival and enemy, the Earl of Ormond, with the view of obtaining from the Queen, a grant of his vast estates in Munster, was one of the first to proclaim him a Rebel.

Of this brave and venerable nobleman, Miss Crumpe gives us the following glowing picture, which is as spiritedly drawn, and elegantly coloured, as if it were portrayed by the graphic and gifted pen of LADY MORGAN.

"Gerald, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, assumed all the pomp and pride of an Irish Chieftain. Descended from a long line of ancestors, who had enjoyed many extraordinary privileges, and who for centuries had lived in almost legal splendour, he sedulously endeavoured to preserve the peculiar customs of his progenitors uncontaminated by the innovations of modern ages. He delighted to retrace the genealogies of his high lineage, at the same time vaunting the exploits of his heroic predecessors, which the narrations of antiquarian records, the eulogiums of Bardic fiction, and the equally romantic traditions of oral testimony, had immortalized, either in the symbolizing elements of national mythology or popular legends. His personal appearance was most remarkable and imposing. Time had stamped its seal upon his brow, and had blanched to whiteness the venerable locks, which thrown back from his temples, were fastened behind in the national *cooleen*, and fell luxuriantly on his shoulders; yet age had failed to quell the spirit of his eye, that flashed with brightness on the slightest irritation. His figure was tall and robust, but eminently graceful, and dignified; and were it not for the deep lines impressed on his expansive forehead, the silvery wavings of a beard that fell upon his breast, and a slight bend in the contour of the neck and shoulders, the Earl of Desmond

grants of several estates which belonged to the conquered, and created him Baron of Offaley, and dignified him with other high honours. He died in the castle of Wicklow in 1177. His son Gerald, Lord Offaley, was chief justice of Ireland, and his successor, Maurice was raised to the court of King's Bench, in 1292. It was this nobleman built the castle and abbey of Sligo, and his son, Thomas, founded and endowed the abbey of Tralee. Thomas Fitzgerald fought so valiantly against Edward Bruce in 1316, that Edward the Second created him Earl of Kildare. His brother Maurice for military service against "*Irish enemies*," was also raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Desmond, and a great portion of the forfeited properties of the McCarthy's and the O'Mores granted to him by royal patent. This Earl of Desmond was the ancestor of Miss Crumpe's hero.

Maurice, the fourth Earl of Kildare, was in the year 1347, leader of the army of Edward III. at the siege of Calais, where, and at the battle of Cressy, he acquired great glory, and was honoured by the king with the Order of the Garter. Thomas, the seventh Earl, was, in 1454,—6, and 1471, Lord Deputy of Ireland; as was his son and successor Gerald, for a period of seven years. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant by Henry VII. who presented him the garter and a gold chain, which the Earl wore on his neck, as a mark of royal favour. He was succeeded by his son Gerald, who for a while was a great favourite with Henry VIII. but owing to the grudge which Cardinal Wolsey owed him he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he died, A. D. 1535. His son Thomas, resolving to avenge his father's death, took up arms against the king; but being defeated in battle, by the royal troops, he and five of his uncles were taken prisoners, and beheaded in London, in 1536. Thomas, the eleventh Earl, was taken into special favour, by Mary. Of the sufferings of his cousin, Desmond, in the reign of Elizabeth, the history of Ireland presents a dismal picture. How the Earl of Kildare preserved his possessions from the rapacity and plunder of the Queen's ruthless governors, we cannot divine; for these cruel men acted more like sanguinary Mussulmen, obeying the bloody mandates of a Turkish divan, rather than the mild ordinances of a Christian Queen. James I. the Charleses, James II. William, Anne, nor the two Georges, did not molest the house of Kildare.

The late king, on his accession to the throne, created the Marquis of Kildare Duke of Leinster, A. D. 1766. We believe the present Duke is the third who has borne the ducal cornet of Leinster.

might have passed for one of those heroic warriors who, in prime of manhood seem to want

"Nothing of a God but eternity,
And a Heaven to throne in."

His dress was arranged with scrupulous exactness to the ancient national costume of his country. His head was usually covered with a close green cap that, surmounted with plumes of the same colour, was studded with Irish diamonds. He wore the *Cota*, or shirt, made of fine saffron-coloured linen, which was wrapped in large folds upon the bosom, and was only partially concealed by a short purple vest, interwoven with threads of gold. This vest scarcely reached the elbows, and consequently displayed the immense sleeves of the *Cota*, hanging in loose and graceful draperies from the arm. His shirt was open at his throat, which was adorned with a broad gold collar of exquisite workmanship, splendidly inlaid with jewels. His limbs were clothed with the *Tuis*, or straight *Braccæ*, which formed trowsers and stockings in one, fitted close to the shape, and were made of west striped with various colours, running in divisions, resembling the Tartan plaid. Over all was thrown the *Cocula*, or upper garment, a kind of long flowing cloth mantle, which, like the regal robes of the east, was of bright crimson colour, embroidered round the border, and edged with yellow silken fringe. The cloak was clasped at the breast with a large silver embossed *fibula*, or brooch. Round his neck was a massive antique gold chain, and on his feet the Earl wore buskins or short boots."

Such minuteness of circumstantial description of the Earl's vesture, would be considered monotonous and weary, if it was a fancy sketch; but the authoress heightens its value by its historical accuracy, and the seal of antiquarian lore which she has impressed upon it; thus rendering it a model for the painter and the sculptor. Geraldine, the heroine, was the daughter of the Earl, and she is painted in the most brilliant colours of beauty and virtue. The elegant writer had the sanction of history for representing her in these luminous lights. Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, we are told by Walpole, was "the greatest beauty of her time." She was one of the Princess Mary's maids of honour, and while at court, her peerless beauty conquered many a heart. The gallant, but unfortunate Earl of Surrey made her his poetical idol, and in one of his sonnets bestyles her the "*more than celestial Geraldine*." In Warton's history of English poetry, we find part of an ode, by Lord Surrey, on the beautiful Geraldine of Desmond.

"Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast,
Her sire an Earle—her dame of prince's blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest
With kinges child, while she tasteth costly food.
Hondson did first present her to mine yeen,
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine her hight," &c.

If space allowed, we would willingly make many beautiful extracts from this pleasing and interesting Romance, which is fraught with graphic pictures, and eloquent historical narratives of the most amusing and instructive cast.

The following scene is sketched with a flush of language, and a flow of sentiment, that would do honour to the descriptive powers of a Byron, or a Madame De Stael. The time is sunset, when it tinged the tops of the majestic oaks, with its crimson rays, and seemed to encircle the lofty spires of the Gothic castle in a wreath of rubies.

"The evening hour was generally the signal for the commencement of that clamorous wassail, and boisterous mirth, which distinguished the revels of the chieftain, when, with feudal magnificence, he regaled, at his festive board, the numerous clansmen of his house. Of his kindred and surname alone, the Earl could enumerate above five hundred Gentlemen, who, attended by an interminable train of gallowglasses, kerns, fosterers, and gossips, formed a multitudinous and imposing assembly, of which, in later times, we can scarcely conceive an adequate idea. The banqueting hall was an apartment of prodigious extent, the walls of which were completely covered with ancient armour, pikes, spears, and battle-axes, hostile weapons of various workmanship, hunting instruments, and shields, or targets, curiously emblazoned on the outside with

the bearings of the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom. In imitation of the manner in which in former days, the triennial Parliaments of Ireland, (*See our History, in this No. page 280*) had been conducted, in the royal palace of Tara, a principal herald was appointed to regulate the order of precedency, which was ever carefully observed. Down the middle of the hall, long tables were set, that were loaded with substantial viands; such as boar's flesh, beeves, and fallow deer, as well as with quantities of fish, and the more esteemed luxuries of pheasants, and game of every description. Low forms, covered with the furred skins of beasts that had been killed in the chase, were placed on each side of the tables; and at the head of the centre one, on an elevated chair of state, and under a splendid canopy, which was looped up by the gigantic horns of the *Cervus Megaceros*, sat the Earl of Desmond. Two magnificent Irish wolf-dogs lay at his feet, and a cup-bearer and page stood on either side of their Lord. On his right his nearest of kin were placed; on his left, seated beneath their respective shields were those chiefs, who, in case the revolutionary notions of the period terminated in open war, had been appointed to hold the rank of commanding officers in the Irish army, then in process of organization. In the middle of each of the long tables, enormous salt-cellars were fixed, beneath which crowds of inferior guests, and clansmen, were indiscriminately seated. An extraordinary display of gold and silver vessels glittered among utensils of a rude and common description, some of which were made of marble, and baked clay, others of pewter and wood. The latter, however mean in the material of their composition, were often so singularly beautiful in their designs and execution, that they nearly approached the antique form, which, in the present day, is termed *classical*. Immediately facing the chieftain's throne, there was a sort of gallery, or orchestra, filled by a numerous band of musicians, over whom Cutholin, the *ollamh-re-saenacha*, or chief minstrel of the Desmond, presided with an air of conscious authority. The other bards occasionally struck their harps to swell the chorus of a national air, while celebrating with the fire of song, the fame of departed heroes, whose actions were shielded from oblivion by the banners of victory. At the opposite end of the table, the hobellers, or Irish cavalry, the gallowglasses, or foot soldiers, and the kerns, or light armed infantry, were placed according to their military rank. They presented a very martial and striking appearance as the rays of golden light, which yet illumined the western sky, darting through the high Gothic windows of the hall, blazed on the lances of the cavalry, played on the javelins of the infantry, and fell powerfully on the stern and warlike countenances of the gallowglasses. Those men were clothed in linen surplices stained in saffron, which had long and open sleeves, surcharged by a short military harness. They were armed with large battle-axes, their heads were bare, and their long curling locks flowed on their shoulders, from whence depended a loose cloak. The costume was picturesque, and aided by its strong effect the groupings of a scene which produced some portraits worthy to create the inspiration of the most exalted genius.

As Desmond surveyed his noble adherents, his heart beat high with pride and a haughty spirit flashed from his eye, when having received, from his cup-bearer, an antique goblet sparkling with piment, and he quickly circulated it, and turning to his bard, Cutholin, demanded a strain of the deeds of heroes."

The martial song, which fired the valour of the soldier, and animated his heart with the glorious throbb of inspiring liberty, while it recalled the historical remembrance of the exploits of his fathers, invoked the genius of Erin, to summon the chief of the brave, Desmond, to arise for the deliverance of Ireland. The national strain resounding from a hundred harps, and kindling in every bosom the ardour of patriotic enthusiasm, was received by the whole clan with loud thunders of exultation, the waving of swords, and reiterated exclamation of the Geraldine war shout, "*Crom a boo! Crom a boo!*" "*Crom a boo,*" says the learned and poetic JAMES S. LAW, Esq. of Dublin, "the war cry of the Geraldines, seems to convey something of a more powerfully overawing nature in the expression, than any other of the ancient Irish martial shouts." The golden threads of fiction which are interwoven in this romantic novel give a fine shining gloss to the whole historical contexture.

The strong and ardent attachment which she represents as having subsisted between Lord Thurles, and Geraldine, and the vivid description of Desmond's trial for high treason at Westminster hall are the airy creations of imagination. For the fair and historic Geraldine of Desmond was, like most beauties, capri-

cious and inconstant, as instead of wedding the chivalrous and poetic Surrey, who, "to defend her beauty, by an open challenge," fought a duel, on her account, in Italy, married the Earl of Clinton, during her champion's absence,— "a most unsentimental conclusion," observes Lady Morgan, "to a most romantic story." The brave, but unfortunate Desmond, was only examined before the council, and not tried before the judges, as stated in the tale. After the total defeat and route of Desmond's army, by Ormond, at the battle of Affane, in the county of Waterford, in 1565, the heart-broken Earl took refuge for the night, in a cave, without a single attendant. Here he was pursued by one of Ormond's vile instruments, (Kelly of Morieta) at the head of a band of assassins. "Kelly," says Dr. Curry, "entering the cave, found that all were fled, save one man, of venerable aspect, stretched languidly before a fire. The leader assailed and wounded him. He exclaimed, '*Spare me, for I am the Earl of Desmond!*'" But Kelly smote off his head, and brought it to the Earl of Ormond, by whom it was conveyed to the Queen, and impaled on London bridge.*

The foregoing historical facts are in the tale before us, veiled in the spangled drapery of romantic fiction, in order that a brilliant episode on love, and an eloquent description of Westminster hall, and the Court of Elizabeth, might add more attractive interest to the story, and afford the gifted writer a wider scope for poetic display.—In fine, this Romance will, we think, raise Miss Crumpe's literary reputation to a lofty eminence of fame, and add another splendid gem to the diadem of IRISH GENIUS. We can conscientiously, then, recommend to our readers, *Geraldine of Desmond, or Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth;* as a work in which they will find a high tone of eloquent moral feeling, combined with extensive historical information, and a graphic power of description.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY, No. VI.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"Where rocky labyrinths, stupendous steeps,
Embattled capes, dark frowning o'er the deeps
Basaltic battlements, and proud arcades;
Impending cliffs, and storied colonnades."—MC. KENLEY.

How can we say any thing original on the gigantic colonnades—on the innumerable peristyles, and "cloud capped" pyramids, which nature has erected on the coasts of Antrim? A Byron's muse, or a Salvator's pencil, alone, could do justice to that stupendous monument of NATURE, the Giant's causeway. Here the genius of art shrinks in dismay, on contemplating the sublimity, majesty, and grandeur, which are displayed in the porticoes, pediments, domes and turrets of this magnificent palace of Neptune.

A view of this immense pavilion of the sea-god, would sink the pride of an Angelo, and a Paladio; for the majesty, and magnitude of its stupendous facades, and ornamented cupolas, surpass the architectural glory of St. Peter, and all that remains of Palmyra, Persepolis, and Paestum. At a distance it looks like an immense city rearing the spires of Cathedrals, the domes of temples, the

* "His estate," says MATTHEW CAREY, Esq. in his '*VINDICIÆ HIBERNICÆ*,' a work not less distinguished for the depth of its historical research, than for the patriotism of its sentiments, and the vigour of its language, "which consisted of five hundred and seventy-four thousand six hundred and twenty-eight acres, partly seized by Government, and parcelled out among British officers, who had been instrumental in goading him into resistance. When such were the temptations to civil war, and such the rewards for desolation perpetrated, it cannot surprise us that Ireland was a constant theatre of rapine, conflagration, and devastation." We hope that we shall soon have an American edition of *Geraldine of Desmond*, from the elegant press of Messrs. CAREY, LEA, and CAREY.

apexes of pyramids, the battlements of towers, the balconies of Roman galleries, and the balustrades of Grecian theatres.* No view can be more imposing and sublime, than that which can be enjoyed by those who sail in the Atlantic ocean, opposite to the pillared front of the Giant's causeway, which exhibits a prodigious basaltic colonnade, of thirty thousand columns, beautified with Corinthian, Ionic, Doric, Gothic and Composite caps.

This colonnade is arranged along the Atlantic, occupying a line of fourteen miles in pillars of a dark brown colour, of jointed basaltes, meeting in concave grooves, at the distance of 18 inches; the formation of the column is generally of five and nine faces; the prevailing figures being the pentagonal, hexagonal, and heptagonal.† The common height of the pillar, is forty feet above the ground; the depth below has not been accurately ascertained. In the centre of what we may call the facade, there is a row of fifty of these columns so disposed and rounded, that they appear like organ pipes, above which Benmore‡ rises like a huge pediment, with its entablature and frieze piled on rows of pillars, intervened by rocky galleries, to the elevation of eight hundred feet. The summit of this mountain pediment, on account of its great height, is generally wreathed in curling mists, which look like sculptured embellishments. Artists have wondered at the exact regularity of the dimensions of the several pieces which compose the columns of this extraordinary monument of nature.

"Each column," says the *Abbe Ordinaire*, in his history of volcanoes, "is composed of distinct pieces of basaltic stone, resembling marble of an iron gray, and very like lava dug from the bottom of a quarry; the shape and dimensions of which are always equal, and exactly fit the hollow in the pieces adapted to receive the lengthened and rounded extremity of the stone, whose convex is so fashioned as to indent it with singular regularity." The famous mole, erected by Alexander, at Tyne, was the wonder of the ancients, but here, a causeway resting on an immense range of polished pillars, extends fifteen miles into a deep and raging ocean. The sides of this gigantic bridge, for so we may call it, is adorned with pilasters, whose heads form a beautiful embattled parapet. No Roman pavement was ever more beautifully streaked, and variegated, in tessellated dies, and testaceous mosaic work, than is the surface of the Giant's Causeway. The pilasters and pillars that adorn this superb ocean-terrace, which seems to have been built by Neptune as a promenade for his beloved Amphitrite, are of one uniform substance of polished crystal, and are not rough with bladder holes, like the columns of the mountains.

The leading, and prominent features of this columnar coast, are the two great hanging promontories of *Fair head*, and *Benmore*, which stand at a distance of eight miles from each other. These form a number of projecting capes, composed of a variety of different ranges of colonnades, supporting tiers of balconies, one above another, in architectural regularity and taste, as if they were intended to ornament the grand front of a Palladian palace. The peak of Benmore rises

* "It is reported, that after the defeat of the Spanish Armado, one of their stray ships coming round by the causeway, really fired at the pillars, mistaking them for a battery.—*Walker*.

† "None of the pillars consist of one entire piece of stone, but each column is made up of several joints, of 16 and 20 inches long, not jointed together by flat surfaces; but in one part of the pillar is separated from the other, one piece is always concave and the other convex."—*Dobbs*.

‡ "Now rous'd from Benmore's stupendous height,
The soaring eagle wings his rapid flight:
Through the expanse of Heaven behold him fly—
The sullen pirate of the rock and sky."

"Benmore is about seven miles west of Bally Castle which is a mountain of architecture, raised to the skies on several piles of columns. The prospect from the lofty summit is as sublime as it is extensive. That this Basaltic temple has been caused by some wonderful convulsion of nature, I think there can be no doubt."—*Hamilton*.

to the elevation of five hundred feet above the marine level, and its apex is crowned with a basaltic tiara of shining prismatic hues, which of a dark night, sparkle like the scintillations of the fire flies, and often serve the mariners as a beacon-light.

"Look from these capes, when o'er dark ocean's bed,
The sable Queen has all her horrors spread :
What beams break forth what lambent lights illumine,
When burst the winter storm on midnight's gloom."

Fairhead, also presents its forest of columns, and piles of Triton pavilions, which unite the robust elegance of Doric architecture, with the graceful decorations of a Chinese temple. The tops of the spires and pinnacles of this towering rock, are always the favourite perching stations of myriads of eagles, which make them, at a distance, appear like the white domes, and obelisks of a great city, overlooking the roofs of the surrounding houses at the height of 160 feet. The base of this rock, at whose foot the ocean-surge rages with uncommon fury, displays a rude mass of huge stones and savage wildness of scene. Scarce a single mark of vegetation has yet crept over the surface to diversify the colouring of the topaceous pile; so that it forms a fine contrast with the beautiful capes of *Benmore*, and *Pleaskin*, where the varied brown shades of the pillars enlivened by the red and green tints of ochre and grass, give variety to the scene, and cast an air of life and cheerfulness over the monotony of the objects. Perhaps *PLEASKIN* is the most perfect of these capes, because its summit of green and yellow herbage, render it more suitable for the pleasure ground of the rural deities. At the depth of twelve feet from the peak of this sylvan rock, its declivities assume a columnar tendency, and exhibit a range of basaltic pillars, which stand perpendicular to the horizon, supporting a magnificent saloon and an extensive gallery, paved in front with an elegant balustrade of polished crystal.

The portico of this saloon and gallery, formed by a colonnade of thirty pillars, sixty feet high, is approached by a flight of basaltic steps, rising from the sea, one above the other.

It has been frequently discussed by antiquarians and geologists, but never yet decided, whither there have been volcanoes in Ireland. There does not seem to be any other grounds for the affirmative, than the existence of the Giant's causeway, which was no doubt produced by some tremendous concussion of nature or volcanic explosion. We believe that no other part of the globe, can exhibit such mighty fragments of the wreck of the terraqueous elements as this great phenomenon of Ireland. The immense masses of black lava that are every where scattered on the coast of Antrim, and which are so replete with *bladder-holes*, and so void of extraneous matter, that it perfectly resembles the *scoriae* of Iron, and therefore, leaves not the least doubt of its being a volcanic production. The whole length of coast from Port Rush, to Bally Castle, comprehending a space of fifteen miles, is covered with a mass of lava.* It has been objected that if there ever was a volcanic explosion here, which had the effect of reducing rocks and mountains to a state of fusion, and casting them into columnar basalts, some remains of the stupendous crater, that vomited forth such an enormous quantity of liquid fire should still be seen. Indeed, what strengthens the hypothesis of the Giant's causeway being the formation of volcanic agency, is the existence of rocks of basaltic prisms in the Island of Staffa, in the Hebrides, immediately opposite the coast of Antrim.

"More than one half of Staffa," says, Sir Joseph Banks, exhibits elegant basaltic columns, remarkable for their polish and regularity of magnitude, similar to those

* *Bally Castle* is a neat village situated on the shore of the Atlantic, near the causeway. There is adjoining it a fine coal mine, out of which great quantities are annually raised. The harbour is deep and defended by a pier built by a parliamentary grant.

composing the Giant's causeway in Ireland. The tale which superstition has woven in her legendary loom, respecting the Giant's causeway, is that our great gigantic hero, *Fion Mac Cumhal*, the Fringal of Macpherson, erected a bridge from the coast of Antrim to the Island of Staffa, in Argyleshire, over which he was to march with his troops to chastise the Albanian, for having made an aggressive war, on the *Dalriadan* Irish colony; but no sooner was the bridge completed, than the Pictish Druids invoked the gods to save them from the impending ruin that menaced their country and religion. The celestial deities dreading the valour and ambition of *Fion*, the chief of Irish Titans, lent a favourable ear to the petition of their worshippers, and instantly broke a great breach in the centre of the bridge, and in their wrath, transformed the chief leaders of *Fion* into stone. Near Benmore, the peasantry give the history of four chieftains whose petrified forms, stand like colossal statues, in the sea. As monuments of *Fion*'s abilities, as an artist, and an engineer, his petrified organ, loom, and throne, as well as his many forts and citadels, still exist at the Giant's causeway.

OSSIAN.

The article in our last number, headed *OSSIAN and the Editor of the N. Y. EVENING POST*, has attracted the notice and called into action the pen of a Caledonian gentleman, who, under the signature of "*Alexander Macklebucket*," in the columns of that liberal and respectable paper, on the 20th of August, throws down the gauntlet, and challenges us into the lists of controversy respecting Ossian, Saints Patrick and Columba; Scotia, and the genealogy of the Bruces, Campbells, and the Fergusons. We cheerfully take up the gauntlet, and in the words of our Nials, "demand the combat," as we hope to see the *claymore* wielded against the Irish *battle-axe*, with ability and chivalric decorum.

If we conduct the controversy with temperance and historical research, we may contribute some interest to the columns of the *EVENING POST*, and the pages of the *LITERARY SHIELD*. Although the acknowledgment of the Scottish Gaelic Society,* the declaration of Hume, the arguments of Laing,† the investigation of Pinckerton, and the admission of Mr. Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1806, have set the Ossianic question at rest in Europe; yet, as the writer in the *Evening Post* wishes to conjure up its spirit in New York, we assure him we are prepared without fear, to question the phantom, exorcise its hostile disposition, and scatter into "thin air," all its shadowy terrors, by the sole agency of Scottish and English historians, whose evidence will not, we trust, be impeached by the correspondent of the *Evening Post*.

The concurrent testimony of Mr. Lhuid, in the *Welsh Archaeologia*, of Fordon and Buchanan, in their histories of Scotland, raise pillars of light round the venerable and im-

* In compliance with the request of David Hume, conveyed in a letter to Dr. Blair, all the old libraries were searched, and all the parchments that, for years, were blankets for the moths of Scotland, were sedulously ransacked in order to find originals for Macpherson's forged version of the Irish bard; but none could be discovered in the Highlands. Dr. Blair indeed sent a fragment supposed to have been written by Ossian, with Macpherson's translation, to Hume, who, on collating them, observed, as Mr. Laing records, "*Damn the scoundrel, it is he himself speaks, and not Ossian.*" While the blaze of the great explosion, with which Dr. Johnson shook Macpherson's system of imposition, and scorched the Ossianic laurel on the very brow of Caledonia, was raging in its intensity and enlightening all Europe by its brilliancy, the Scotch literati, Dr. Blair, Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Kaimes, and others, who supported Caledonia's unfounded pretensions to the Irish bard, shrunk like snails into their shells lest their horns might be clipped by the "*Colossus of Literature.*" But no sooner was Johnson dead, than Lord Bute, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, and several other Scottish gentlemen, began in 1801, to carry into effect the plan which Hume had suggested to Dr. Blair, some years before. Still, after all, their labours, as the following extract from the report of the committee of the Gaelic Society will show to the impartial American reader, proved signally abortive.—

"But it must not be concealed, that after all the exertions of the Committee, it has not been able to obtain any one poem, the same in title, spirit, or tenor, with the poems published by Mr. Macpherson. We therefore think that the readers of "*Ossian's Poems*," until grounds more strong and relative be produced, must give the credit of their authorship to Mr. Macpherson himself.—Report, page 44, Edinburgh, 1805.

And again, the report, No. 15, adds—"We could find no original documents to show how much of his collection Mr. Macpherson obtained in the form in which he has given it to the world."

† "If these advocates for the authenticity of Mr. Macpherson's version of Ossian can produce a single poem of Ossian, in M. S. of an older date than 1700, and lodge it in any public library, I shall return among the first to our national creed."—LAING.

perishable pile of Irish history, which shine with such unclouded refulgence, above the freakish glimmerings of Scottish fabricators, as to merge the latter into utter darkness, and render their faint sparklings, like Macpherson's dying meteors, "sinking in the dull mists of a stagnant Lake." The learned Pinckerton, the venerable Dr. Shaw, and other respectable Scottish authorities, have destroyed every engine put in play, and confounded every agent put into activity, to sap the foundation of our legitimate claim to Ossian, and borne out triumphantly the real fact, that Macpherson's "poems of Ossian" never appeared in his original form, before his own framing, foistening, and formation.

The arguments advanced by these able and acute writers, unfortunately for the correspondent of the *Post*, are rendered irrefutable and irrefragable, by the admission of Mr. Macpherson himself in London, to Dr. Barnard (an Englishman) the Bishop of Limerick, in 1794,—“that Fingal was an original, but that the characters were Irish.”* This confession will, in some degree, rescue his reputation from the charge of unqualified obloquy, with which, otherwise, posterity would have branded it. For his literary imposition, however, his genius, which was of a high order, must plead and extenuate, while it palliates his offences against critical morality and literary candour. He resided some years in the county of Limerick, where every peasant can recite the native poems of Ossian; and here he certainly, while engaged as a teacher, became conversant with the Irish language, and acquainted with Irish stories, and the oral traditionary legends of the heroic Finian chiefs of the Irish militia; although he never had the ingenuous or honourable candour, to acknowledge the source from whence he filched the materials of his poems. Thus far our antagonist in the *Post* will, we think, admit that we have entered the lists with him, only clad in the defensive armour of comparative fact, and merely wielding the offensive weapons which we have borrowed from the armory of Scottish history. Having broken the seal of authenticity to the satisfaction, we hope, of the readers of the *Post* and the *SHIELD*, which the writer fondly imagined, would long remain as the genuine stamp impressed on Macpherson's fabrication, we will now introduce the letter of our adversary, and then proceed to bring a historic lever, whose fulcrum is chiefly placed on Scottish grounds, to bear upon his positions.

IRELAND versus SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the New-York Evening Post:

Sir—In the last number of a very interesting monthly publication, the *Irish Shield*, I observed the following notice addressed to you, and which I hope you will have no objection to reprint in the *Evening Post*.

(Here our article is quoted in the *Post* as it appeared in the last number of this work.)

Although I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, I have not observed that any notice has been taken of the above article. The editor of the *Shield* having admitted his Ossian to be Ossian the second it was probably not your business to rejoin. I trust, however, you will permit an old Scotchman to say a few words on the above paragraph, which he deems a little unjust to the land of cakes.

With regard to the place of Ossian's birth, it matters little to the world whether he first saw light among the fertile valleys of Ireland or on the rugged mountains of Scotland—or whether, indeed, like Homer, he ever existed at all. Certain it is, that but for Macpherson, Ossian never would have been heard of, out of the dusty cell of the antiquarian. Modern literature abjures connection with any thing that may have the single merit only, of being the actual composition of Macpherson's bard. But it is not a "fact," as you are reminded that Macpherson had "no original" for his productions; and it happens, strangely enough, that the illustrious names cited as authorities for this assertion acknowledge the reverse. An acquaintance with the history of Ossian's poems and the discussions consequent on their publication would satisfy a sceptic that Macpherson had originals, and beautiful originals too, in which he expressed his own wild and graceful compositions, and known as the "Poems of Ossian." Sir Walter Scott never published a work entitled "The Scottish Borders," to which reference is singularly enough made.

I shall wait the due time for the exhibition of facts we are promised in the forthcoming history of Ireland, by the editor of the *Shield*; and it will indeed astonish more than me, should Robert the Bruce or Macculmore, turn out to have been Irishmen after all. The battle of Bannockburn I have been always taught was fought by Scotchmen, but it seems there are more things in heaven and earth than

* The following extract of a second letter written by Hume the historian, to Dr. Blair, in 1769, after the publication of his dissertations, must convince even a sturdy sceptic, that Macpherson's version of the Irish poet was as unwarrantable a piece of fabrication, as Chatterton's Rowley, or Ireland's Shakspeare.—“I have the pleasure of frequently hearing justice done to your dissertation, but never heard it mentioned in company, where some one person did not express his doubts with regard to the authenticity of the poems which are its subject, and I am sorry to add that I often hear them totally rejected with disdain and indignation, as a palpable and impudent forgery. * * * The absurd pride and caprice of Macpherson himself, who seems, as he pretends, to satisfy any body that doubts his veracity, has tended much to confirm this scepticism.”

my philosophy has dreamt of. As to the receipt of the language and name of Scotland from Ireland I shall say nothing, till the promised proofs are exhibited; but on the subject of religion, the editor of the *Shield* will forgive me for hinting that *Saint Patrick* himself was as thorough born and bred a Scotchman as ever scratched himself; although it may be argued, notwithstanding, that he was an Irishman—if the principle that “a man born in a stable is not a horse,” be applied in this case. But the worst charge of all against poor Scotland is, that it was “*Fingal*,” who at the head of the Irish militia, emancipated Caledonia from the Roman yoke.” Now, in proving this, I hope due importance will be given to the facts that *Scotland never was conquered*; and that, beyond the *Roman wall*, her sons were never slaves. Of Fingal’s “*Irish militia*” a particular description would gratify the curious, and enable them to form a conjecture how far our modern heroes of that denomination are indebted for their skill in the art of war, to the ancient legions who “*emancipated Caledonia*.” When the promised proofs are furnished, I shall write again, and trust my letter will reach you before the Greek Kalends.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

ALEXANDER MACKLEBACKET.

He asserts, “that but for Macpherson, Ossian never would have been heard of!” Wonderful! As well might he tell us, that were it not for the commentaries of Ben Jonson, and Lewis Theobald, Shakespeare’s fame would remain buried in the mine of oblivion. Does he suppose that the page of Roman and English history, and the antiquarian’s inscription could be obliterated by the necromantic pen of James Macpherson? Is it not true, that the name of Ossian is not embalmed in the works of the early historians of Scotland; it never occurs in the pages of their first historian, John De Fordun, who in his preface to his “*Scoti Chronicon*,” complains that Edward the I, carried off all the Albanian manuscripts, which obliged him “to revert to the genuine historical source of Erin, the venerable mother of Albany, for facts for his history?” Buchanan, the Livy of Scotland, however, states “that the *Dalriadan Scots*” claimed and received succors from the king of Ireland, which were sent; and they joining the Picts drove the Romans out of their territories.” That expedition was sent by king Cormac O’Cuin, Monarch of Ireland, to the assistance of the Caledonians and Picts, A. D. 259. *Fion Mac Cumhail*, was about this period, married to the king’s daughter (his second wife) and his valour in the field, and his consanguinity to the monarch, pointed him out as the most eligible commander of the Albanian army. He was accompanied by his two sons Fergus and Ossian, who at the head of the *Irish militia*† performed deeds of heroism in Caledonia which are immortalized by Tacitus in the life of *Agricola*.‡

All the personages of Irish history are real beings; not like Macpherson’s “king of Selma,” his Ossian, an untutored Bard, and several others of the aerial spirits, who are the dramatis personæ of his spurious system of oriental fabling; ours are characters on whom genealogists and contemporaneous historians have conferred immortality. Has he not to propagate his scheme of delusion committed, wilfully, the grossest anacronism’s by synchronising Cuchullin, who was killed in the battle of Mullacrew, about thirty years before Christ, with Fion, Ossian and Oscar, who flourished in the third century, and has he not made citizens of *Pictavia*, of our heroes, Poets and Generals, though their names are not to be met with in all the historical monuments of his country?

* “In A. D. 220, Carbray Riada, a very enterprising Prince, the nephew of Conroy, king of Munster passed over into Albany, where either by his relationship to the Pictish Princes, or by force of conquest, he possessed himself of large settlements called after him, the part of the Dalriada.”—*Smith’s Achaæ. Bristol*, 1811.

From this Irish leader their posterity are to this day called *Dal Rindin*, Dal in the Irish, signifying a part.”—*Bede*.

† “Cormac was passionately fond of military glory, and during his reign, he always kept a standing army on foot, with which he made frequent expeditions to Scotland, under the pretext of assisting the *Dalriada* who had sovereign sway there. This army was commanded by Fion Mac Cumhail, who is so much celebrated in the pretended poems of Ossian, under the name of Fingal, and were in Scotland so greedy of conquest and plunder, as well as so tenacious of what they had gained, that they fought with a strength and fury against the Romans, that nothing scarcely could withstand; but like fire and storm they drove all before them. In courage other nations, even at this early period, might have been their equals, and in art and discipline probably their superiors; but they exceeded the Roman veterans, in sustaining the severest fatigues of war.

The exploits of the Fingal, Ossian, Fergus, and Gol, the chieftain’s three sons, have occupied the songs of the Irish Bards and Irish annalists for many ages.”—*Warner, Stillingfleet and Fordon*.

Do not these authorities (which are not Irish) satisfactorily show that we had a *Militia* who assisted in driving the Roman legions out of Caledonia, and that Fordon, the most venerable of the Scottish annalists, bears testimony to their courage and gallantry?

‡ The Romans demanded tribute from Cormac; but instead of paying it, the monarch sent his General Fingal, and his two sons, Ossian and Fergus, at the head of the *Irish Militia* to give them steel. Fion soon expelled the Romans, and reinstated the royal Princes of the *Dal Riada* in their sovereignty, and possessions, in Albania. This colony was often protected by the kings of the parent country. The vice-royalty of Fingal, and the consequent sojournment of Ossian, in Caledonia, were the only grounds Macpherson had for claiming these illustrious heroes for his countrymen.”—*Vallancy*.

In order to set up fraudulent land marks in the historical field, he has sacrilegiously despoiled the shrines of antiquity, and invented imaginary circumstances; jumbled men and their deeds together, in a chaos of chronological confusion, who lived at distant periods, and completed his corrosive chain of fabrication, with the fictitious names of men and places. Can this be denied? Can the writer, in the *Evening Post*, adduce any historical authority, written prior to the age of Macpherson, tending to show that there ever was a king in Albania, or Scotland, of the name of *Fingal*?

As both FORDON and BUCHANAN concur in acknowledging, that it was from "*Scotia major*," (Ireland) in pursuance of a treaty, made with the Irish Monarch, Nial of the nine hostages, after he had broken the Roman wall, and stormed the Roman camp, A. D. 367, Albania had to assume the name of *Scotia minor* (or Scotland) and to agree to pay tribute for ever to the crown of Ireland, we think our opponent will not contest this point.* As to the accession of Prince FERGUS, the brother of MURTAGH, supreme monarch of Ireland, to the throne of Scotland, A. D. 503, the fact is borne out by Hector Boethius, Fordon, Buchanan, and Major, on so impetuous a torrent of historical proofs, as must sweep away every objection that sceptical incredulity can oppose to it.

That the Albanians received their language from the mother colony, is as true as America is indebted for her's to England. From the posterity of Fergus were lineally descended Kineth MAC ALPINE, the first supreme king of Scotland, the grandson of *Aodh-Finliath*, the monarch of Ireland, A. D. 850. From this royal Irish source sprung the Malcolms, the Bruces, the Baliols, the Stuarts, the Campbells as well as the Douglases, and Macculamores, and the reigning family of England, as the Irish and Scottish genealogies will prove.

We do not argue that St. Patrick was an Irishman; but we deny, in the most unqualified terms, that he drew his first breath in Scotland. The famous Apostle of Ireland, was, according to his biographers Jocelyn, Colgan and Dr. Lannagan, born in Brittany in France.

St. Columba, or *Columb Kille*, (the dove of the church) though descended from the blood-royal of Ireland, and heir apparent to the crown preferred a crosier to a sceptre, and actuated with holy zeal and religious piety proceeded as a missionary to Scotland, where he succeeded in converting the Caledonians and Picts, to the Christian faith, A. D. 561, and was the first, as Johnson has it, "to give the blessings of religion and lights of education to roving clans, and rude barbarians."

He founded the celebrated Abbey of Iona, which afterwards became so famous for the sepulture of many of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway.

Thus, we hope, we have sufficiently answered *Alexander Macklebucket*, and convolved for him a Gordian Knot of stubborn historical facts, which we trust he will have unravelled, or cut up by the Scottish claymore, "*before the Greek Kalends*." We opine he might not so facetiously chuckle, at our quoting, through mistake, Sir Walter Scott's "*Scottish Borders*," instead of the *Antiquities of the Borders*, as the error was not worth cavilling at.

ORIGINAL PATCHWORK.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. (*Translated from the French*.) In 1542 when this beautiful Queen returned to her native land to take possession of the throne of her ancestors, the Count CHATELARD, a young gentleman of family, fortune and splendid talents, was one of the chevaliers that composed her guard of honour.

He was extremely assiduous in his attentions to her Majesty, and as she was passionately fond of poetry, he soon insinuated himself into her good opinion by frequently offering the inspiration of his muse at the shrine of royal beauty, during the voyage.

Mary sought relief from the tiresome uniformity of the voyage, which in those days was tedious, in attending to the romantic verses of the young Frenchman, to which she even deigned to reply; and amused herself thus, often with the perusal of his amatory effusions, and elegant conversation. This dangerous familiarity overpowered the susceptible heart of poor Chastelard, which the charms of the Queen had now enchained in the strongest fetters of love. His passion kindled in a blaze of enthu-

* "Scotland received the name of *Scotia* from the Scots, as the ancient Irish called themselves, who ruled that country, for the space of 315 years, down to the reign of Malcolm in 1165."—*Geraldus Cambrensis*.

It was on account of his descent from the Milesian kings, that Edward Bruce was invited by the Irish Princes to ascend the throne of Ireland. James I, boasted to the English Parliament that he was entitled to the crown of Ireland by blood and progeniture.

siam that burned down, as he thought, the distinctions of rank and birth, so that one evening, while in view of the coast of Scotland, he had the daring temerity to address to the Queen, the following stanzas, which gave her great offence—

"What boots it to possess a royal state,
To view fair subject-towns from princely tow'rs,
With mask and song to sport in frolic bow'rs,
Or watch with prudence o'er a nation's fate,
If the heart throb not to a tender mate;
If doom'd, when feasts are o'er and midnight low'rs
Still to lie lonely in a widow'd bed,
And waste in chill regret the sacred hours?—
Happier the lowly maid by fondness led
To meet the transport of some humble swain,
Than she, the object of her people's care
Rever'd by all, who finds no heart to share
And pines, too great for love, in splendid pain."

The Queen's dignified rebuke dried up the lucid effusion of his poetry, but not the intoxicating current of his passion. Driven to madness by his romantic attachment to the fascinating Queen, he one night concealed himself under the royal bed, where he was however discovered by one of the maids of honour just as her majesty was retiring to rest. She esteemed the man for his genius, and on this occasion consulted equally her dignity and her natural mildness by pardoning this sally of youthful frenzy, and commanding the affair to be suppressed. But her reprehension and pardon had no effect on the mind of the incorrigible Chastelard:—he repeated the offence, and the Queen indignant at his wild presumption, delivered him up to the hands of justice. He was tried before the criminal tribunal of Edinburgh, found guilty, and sentenced to be beheaded.

At the scaffold his conduct was reckless, and romantic in the extreme. He refused to accept spiritual assistance, but read with great apparent devotion Ronsard's hymns on death. As soon as the executioner gave him notice that all was ready, he turned towards the Queen's apartments, and exclaimed, "Farewell the fairest, and most cruel Princess in the world!" He then met his fate with a degree of courage and contempt of death worthy the heroism of a Rinaldo.

BOILEAU.—The celebrated satirist was once asked by the pedantic Louis XIV, his opinion of verses of his Majesty's making:—"Sire," said the Wit, "I now see that your Majesty can do any thing;—you desired a bad couplet, and you have succeeded."

HORE.—Lord Bacon used to say, "that hope was a pleasant breakfast, a tolerable dinner, but a very scanty supper."

DR. WARTON.—This distinguished critic, whose "history of English Poetry," will remain an imperishable monument of his genius and capacity, was once present in the Cathedral of Winchester, when Dr. Balugy, a preacher highly eminent for his eloquence, and classic taste delivered an energetic and impressive discourse from the text "all wisdom is sorrow." After the conclusion of divine service, Dr. Warton complimented the preacher, in the following extemporary couplet

"If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you!"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Woman's charms have, in innumerable instances, triumphed over conquerors, and the most stern philosophers had to stoop to the condescension of offering them the incense of flattery; and moralists and sages have submitted to the yoke of beauty. In vain do they represent woman's external charms as artificial ornaments without any attraction for them; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy to prove those fascinating gifts of nature, as frail, drooping and perishable flowers. But those stubborn stoics write and speak contrary to their own feelings and the natural instinct of the predominant passions of the human heart; and although these frigid Zenos spend their days and nights in raising bulwarks of reasoning against the approach of love, they no sooner behold a lovely face dimpled with rosy smiles, than they surrender their hearts to the chains of Cupid, who with the fluttering of his pinions, dissipates all the mists of their dogmas, which melt away under the warmth of his purple light, like ice work before the rays of the sun. We were led to the preceding remarks by reading the following anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton, whose philosophy could not shield his bosom from the assaults of beauty.

A young lady it is said, of great personal loveliness, once conceived a passion for Sir Isaac, which he returned with ardour. She had all the youthful grace and play-

fulness of a Hebe, and her features were like expanding roses bursting into bloom and beauty. The philosopher acknowledged himself her slave.—He repaired one day to the house of his fair one, who received him with a hearty welcome, and paid every attention to the great genius that could make the visit agreeable and delightful to him. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were then seated as if to open the business of Cupid. The lady was preparing to “blush consent” to his offers of marriage; but Sir Isaac’s mind was then wandering in the pursuit of some object in the mazes of science;—he smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed a gain—and at last drew his chair nearer to the lady—a pause for some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac appeared still more uneasy—his tongue refused to speak the eloquence of his heart. “Oh, what bashful timidity of some men!” thought the lady; when lo! he got hold of her hand. Now the palpitation began: “he will kiss it no doubt” thought she, and “then my lips, and the matter is settled for the parson.” Sir Isaac whiffed again with all his might, and drew the captive hand to his breast, then to his head; already the expected salute had vibrated from the hand to the heart, when (pity the expecting damsel, gentle reader!) the abstracted lover raised the fair little hand to make the fore-finger what he much wanted, a *tobacco stopper*! The amazed lady screamed “my finger is burned!” The philosopher, like one aroused from a trance, hastily exclaimed, “pardon me, my Eliza! Call the chaplain to marry us instantly, as I must return to my studies.” “No;” replied the lady, casting a scornful look at him, “I shall never marry a gloomy absent philosopher like you!”

ORIGIN OF MUSIC. Music, the delectable source of sensibility and passion, owes its origin to love. Some Grecian poet relates that a fair shepherdess, in those happy days when Arcadia was the smiling scene of love, was discovered by her devoted swain, seated under a lofty myrtle tree, bewailing the death of her favourite nightingale. The bird sung its death dirge in the most mournful strain. The maiden’s tear, streamed from eyes, that resembled melted diamonds. She uttered her woe aloud, and compared the plaintive notes of the dying minstrel of the grove, to the gentle gales that move the leaves and blossoms of the orange tree, and sigh in melancholy tones, in the hollow reeds of the lake.

Lycidas, her lover was so affected by her grief, that he prayed the gods to transform him into a melodious nightingale; but Jove did not hear his entreaty. “Alas! said he,” do the gods refuse me the power of consoling the damsel I adore.—Oh! cruel Jupiter, never shall these hands deck thy altars with flowers again.

He returned without daring to speak to his Amaryllis. Studious to charm the beloved object of his affections, with the assumed voice of the nightingale, he devoted a sleepless night to meditation, on some plan of delusion to chase away grief from a heart that should be only the asylum of happy love. The next morning he drove his flocks into the pastorage of Amaryllis, and solicited her to tend them for a few hours. She accepted the charge cheerfully. The sun was sinking in purple clouds, and she observed with regret, its farewell beam, but no indication of her lover’s return. His delay added to the poignancy of her anguish. She took her station under the now silent shade of the myrtle tree where she resolved to await the return of Lycidas. With her head reclined on her arm, she was lulled by the stillness of the hour, and the melancholy musings to which she gave up the powers of her mind, into profound abstraction; while lost in the revery, she was startled by remote sounds of sweet music. “Ha! she exclaimed, the air sings in the clouds!” She hastily arose, as the notes seemed to approach her, and looking towards the top of the tree, they played upon her ear more musically audible. At length her wandering eyes beheld Lycidas, standing on a projecting branch of the myrtle, holding something in his hands, to which he pressed his lips. “Hast thou found another nightingale?” Lycidas replied but by the breathing sounds of his harmonious mouth. “Ah tell me, I conjure you Lycidas, what miracle is this, and how thou canst give such melodious tones to a hollow reed? “It is” said he, from you my beloved damsel I learned the mystery. You, sweet Amaryllis are my instructress. Yesterday as you were lamenting the fate of the Nightingale which so often heard the fervid protestation of my love; you compared the soft voice of the tuneful lyrest to the light breezes, whispering their sighs in the hollow REEDS. The happy comparison suggested the invention you now admire. I took a reed, and cut little vestibules for my breath. I then said gentle reed! I can give the air, if thou canst yield the thrilling voice of the Nightingale. Do kind reed assist love to reach the goal of its happiness—the heart of my adored Amaryllis; at that moment I breathed a sigh on it, which, in pity, it re-echoed in Music.”

ERIN'S DYING BARD.

Oh! sweetly breath'd the minstrel's tale,
As o'er him fast the wind was swelling,
And wildly to the tempest gale—
His harp its plaintive lays was telling;
While o'er it stoop'd his aged form,
Unmindful of the winter storm.

Wild was that harp's sweet lullaby—
The aged minstrel o'er it bending,
While swept the winter tempest by,
The mountain oak in fury rending;
And mingled in the trembling songs
That told his bleeding country's wrongs.

But oh! the minstrel's hour was near—
The icy chain of death was round him;
Yet still unmov'd, without a tear.
That silent hour of sorrow found him;—
With eye uprais'd in pensive mood,
In that dark dreary solitude.

Sad were the sorrowing notes that rung
O'er the trembling chords—and wild the story,
The wailing minstrel sweetly sung
Of Eoin in her days of glory;
And he to die in this bleak place—
The last of all her minstrel race.

But soon a vision'd scene had broke—
Upon the bard's enraptured gaze,
And from the chords wild murmurs spoke
In plaintive and impassion'd lays;—
His trembling frame with song inspir'd—
His fading eye with rapture fir'd.

They came; the warrior chiefs of old—
In that dark lonely hour were near him,
And to his ear the legends told
Of Erin's chivalric days to cheer him;—
The dying minstrel caught the strain,
And woke his pensive harp again.

"Weep, Erin weep! thy harp is hush'd,
The foeman's chain around it winding—
The flower deck'd bards of joy has crush'd
Its chords within its cold links binding;
And soon shall cease the burst of song,
Green Island of the sea!
That breathes the sorrowing harp along,
That now is tun'd to thee.

"Around me bend the minstrel forms
Of other days—their sorrows breathing,
Enthron'd upon the winter storms
Dark clouds of mist around them wreathing,
The voices of the buried part,
Are sounding in the tempest o'er me;
Their dim forms ride upon the blast,
And bend from out their clouds before me.

But hark! that wild triumphant sound—
The harp has burst its silent slumbers!
The foeman's chain is now unbound—
Oh sweetly breathe its psalm numbers!
Then harp of Eoin mourn no more,
For Freedom now her wreath is twining
To deck thy chords; on Erin's shore
Through dreary mists of sorrow shining.

* * * * *
The tones are hush'd, the minstrel sung—
The cold earth is his silent pillow,
And that sweet harp he fondly strung
Is hung upon the weeping willow:—

But hark! that sudden strain of song,
'Tis hush'd: again 'tis loudly swelling—
Wild are the songs that breathe along
That joyous harp—its triumphs telling!
CAROLAN.

New-York, August, 1829.

SONNET BY DERMODY,

WRITTEN IN THE FIFTEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
(Communicated by a Friend in Dublin, and never
before printed.)

Sweet pipe! adieu, with myrtle foliage bound,
Whose tender stops, to love and fancy true,
Oft bath'd in tears each virgin's eye around,
Melodious famed, and melancholy too,
Attun'd by pity's hand, sweet pipe adieu!
No more shalt thou soft pangs of absence tell
To Dalia's ear the melting ardor breathe—
Changeful as lofty lyre, or chorded shell,
And boldly claim the shepherd's envied wreath;
Thy airs all pregnant with fair Doric lore,
Shall charm the nymphs—shall fire the swains
no more.

When Delia's lip had touched thy slender frame,
Oft did I kiss, and pour superior song,
Song, swiftly kindled by subtle flame,
My amorous fingers nimbly moved along—
And Music's secret voice deep-lurking sought;
Lost in the labyrinth of pensive thought!

AN ITALIAN SONG.

Translated from Gravina, for the Irish Shield.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To ev'ry passing villager;—
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;—
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that won the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green wood shade;—
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.
JUVERNA.

Saratoga, August 25, 1829.

THE BLUSH OF SIMPLICITY.

While CHARLOTTE conscious that she loves,
Would hide the crimson's transient hue;
She veils the blush that only proves
An heart to love, and Ullin true.

In erring maids that fondly stray—
A tinge as bright as thine we see;
Yet clouded looks its source betray
Unknown to innocence and thee.

No cloud thine eyes of candour know,
To shade their sweet expression o'er;
But to the soft suffusing glow,
They kindle quick and sparkle more.
Ah! may such glances ever speak
The simple blush on Charlotte's cheek.
ULLIN.

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"What's'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE."

NO. IX.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.



CHAPTER X.

THE REIGNS OF FIONN, SLANOLL.—IRISH HERALDRY :—MILESIAN BANNERS AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—THE ACCESSION OF GIEDE TO THE THRONE :—THE REIGN OF FIACHADH III.—OF BEARNGALL—OF O'LIOLL—OF SIORNA AND ROTHACHTA.

A great Prince seldom has a great son, as the evidence of history demonstrates. The sons of Pompey and Constantine the great, neither inherited the valour, the magnanimity, nor expanded intellect of their illustrious fathers. A few years will determine whether the son of Napoleon is worthy of his renowned sire, or whether he possesses any share of the genius and heroism which reflected such unfading glory on the arms of France, and secured for the conqueror an eminence of immortal fame, that overtops the loftiest flights of the warriors of antiquity.

Our celebrated law-giver, *Ollamh Fodhla*, was succeeded by his son, FIONN, whom the Irish annalists designated *Fionn Sneachta*, in consequence of the unusual quantities of snow that fell every succeeding winter during his reign.

This Prince is represented to have been mild and condescending in his behaviour, but much addicted to amatory gallantry; so that his court exhibited a continued scene of luxury and intrigue. The cares and duties of governing the nation devolved upon his ministers, while he himself ingloriously lolled on the soft lap of beauty. After a reign of twenty years, a reign only distinguished for profligacy, and demoralizing vices, he died of a fever, occasioned by excess of voluptuous pleasures, at Tara, A. M. 3142. Leaving no legitimate issue, his brother *Slanoll* (the all healthy) was called to the throne by the unanimous wishes of the nation.

The appellation of the *all healthy* was bestowed upon him, because no virulent or epidemic distemper broke out in Ireland, during his administration. He commenced his reign by making the most salutary reforms in the system of government, from which he lopped off all the cankerous abuses, that crept into it, during the injudicious administration of his brother. He summoned the estates to Tara, and caused many plans, designed by his father, to be carried into

effect. The laws of Heraldry were put in active operation. Every noble family had to furnish an attested and authenticated account of its pedigree, and genealogies, from the days of Milesius, which after having undergone the most scrupulous inquiry from the Chronologers and antiquarian Heralds, was registered in the records of nobility at Tara. Such nobles as adduced the requisite proofs of their Milesian descent, were assigned a coat of arms, allowed to assume badges of distinction, and emblazon their shields with symbolic devices. The warriors adorned their helmets with a crest, which generally represented some savage beast, or fierce bird of prey; these emblematic figures, and high waving plumes distinguished the different leaders in battle, and served at once to encourage their soldiers and dismay their enemies. The chiefs who signally distinguished themselves by valour in a particular battle, were granted permission by the king, to delineate their banners with representations of the trees and herbage that grew in the field of fight, as glorious symbols of their gallantry.*

The royal banner of our Milesian monarchs, which displayed its emblazoned quarterings to the terrified Romans, at the battle of Cannae, and on the hills of Caledonia, and the wall of Severus, presented a dead serpent suspended from the miraculous rod of Moses. The cause of this device, on our royal ensign, is owing to the Hebrew prophet having as we have already recorded, cured the wound, which the bite of a serpent had inflicted on the neck of *Gadclius* (vide page 115) by a touch of his sacred wand.

The harp, as we heretofore mentioned, was borne on the banner of *Slainge*,

* "Our Irish annals are very particular in accounting for the arms and devices borne by several eminent persons, and the most flourishing nations. They inform us that Hector, the Trojan hero, bore sable, two lions combatant, or that Osiris bore a Sceptre-royal ensigned on the top with an eye;—Hercules bore a lion rampant, holding a battle axe:—the arms of the kingdom of Macedon were a wolf—Anubis bore a dog; the Scythians, who remained in the country and made no conquests abroad as the Gadelians did, bore a thunderbolt:—the Egyptians bore an ox; the Phrygians a swine; the Thracians painted the god Mars upon their banners; the Romans an eagle, and the Persians bows and arrows. The old poet Homer, relates, that several curious devices were raised on the shield of Achilles, such as the motions of the sun and moon, the stars and planets, a sphere with the celestial bodies, the situation of the earth, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, with other uncommon decorations and ornaments that rendered it beautiful and surprising. Alexander the Great bore a lion rampant, and ordered his soldiers to display the same arms upon their shields, as a distinguishing mark of their valour and military achievements:—Ulysses bore a Dolphin, and the Giant Typhon belching out flames of fire: the arms of Perseus was a Medusa's head; Antiochus chose a lion and a white wand for his:—Theseus bore an ox, and Seleucus a bull:—Augustus Caesar bore the image of Alexander the Great; but sometimes, he laid that aside, and used the sign capricorn; at other times he blazoned a globe, or the helm of a ship, supported commonly by an anchor and dolphin."—KEATING.

"The author of the *Leabhar Leatha*, treating upon this subject, gives this account of the coat of arms of the twelve tribes of Israel:—the tribe of Reuben had a mandrake painted upon their banners: Simeon, a spear; Levi the ark; Judah a lion; Issachar an ass; Zebulun a ship; Napthali a deer; Gad a lioness; Joseph a bull; Benjamin a wolf; Dan a serpent; and Asher a branch of vine."—O'GREGG.

"There was no nation where heraldic distinctions were more strictly regulated than in Ireland. When a chieftain distinguished himself against the enemy, his name and exploit were immediately entered into the records of his house, to be transmitted down from father to son; and by that means to inspire the several branches of the family with an emulation to imitate such a great example.

The yellow banner, emblazoned with the dead serpent, and the rod of Moses, was borne by the standard-bearer of Roderick O'Connor, when that last monarch of Erin had an interview with Henry II."—WARNER.

"The origin of Heraldry among us is undoubtedly very remote; I think it at least coeval with military institutions, and that it has preceded those of chivalry.

The business of the *Senachie*, or antiquarian, was to preserve the pedigrees of families only, whilst that of the *Bolsaire*, or Herald, was to blazon their arms, and determine their rank."—O'HALLORAN.

the Belgic chief, and first monarch of Ireland; and the Milesians continued the national emblem until the conquest of the Island. The misunderstanding that occurred betwixt the two Milesian Princes, Heber and Heremon, as related in our preceding pages, concerning the possession of a famous poet and a masterly musician, who came in their suit from Spain, on being amicably adjusted by the decision of the arch Druid, Amhergin, who assigned the musician to Heber, and the poet to Heremon. The brothers to commemorate this happy concordance and settlement of their difference, quartered the harp on their ensigns, with the serpent and wand.

For ages the standard of Erin, which spread its brilliant quarterings in the breezes that bent alpine oaks, and shook Caledonian thistles, continued emblazoned with these armorial devices of our pristine greatness. But alas! that banner of glory which dazzled Roman legions with the thunder flashes of victory, has been rent by English oppression, and the gorgeous escutcheon on which martial renown had pictured the heroic deeds of our Cuchullins, Mac Mornies, Fingals, Ossians, O'Neils, Mc'Carthy's, O'Briens, O'Donnells, and O'Connors, has been crumbled into the dust of oblivion, by the ruthless hand of the Saxon despoilers.

The provincial kings bore their own proper and peculiar arms. The king of Munster's banner, before the reign of Brian Boroihme, displayed on a field azure, three eastern diadems proper. When Brian assumed sovereign sway over the two Munsters, he caused his shield to be emblazoned with three lions passant, and his royal banner presented on a wreath of green, a naked arm issuing out of a cloud, both proper, brandishing a sword pearl, the pomel and hilt topaz, supported by two lions guardant. This is the coat of arms still borne by the Marquis of Thomond, who is lineally descended from "Brian the brave." The arms of Ulster are on a green field, a lion rampant, double quered gules; but the O'Neil's crest was a bloody hand grasping a crown, from which they were denominated the Nials of the red arm, or "*Craobh-ruadh*."—(vide page 283.) The armorial ensign of Connaught exhibited—party per pale, argent and sable; on the argent side, a demi-eagle spread sable; and on the field, sable a hand and arm holding a sword erect. The arms impressed on some of the coins of king Roderick, which are in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, differed from the above as they represent Jupiter a Cavalier completely armed. According to Sir James Ware, Malachy, king of Meath, bore a banner of purple in 1014, at the battle of Clontarf, which represented a king enthroned in majesty, with a lily in his hand, in a field *Satur*n.

Leinster's coat of arms exhibited, on a field vert, an harp strung argent. At the tilts and tournaments held in the court of chivalry at Tara, the ensign that floated over the canopy of the monarch displayed a bleeding hind, wounded by an arrow, under the arch of an old castle; but this flag was only unfurled at the chivalric games. The arms of Mac Carthy More, Prince of Desmond and Cork, were quartered on a Grecian shield, which was supported on either side by an ollamh and knight. The crest of this illustrious family was a globe surmounted by the harp and crown. Yellow, blue and purple were the royal colours of Ireland. O'Donohoe, the Prince of Killarney, bore a crimson banner, on which were painted in green and gold, a crown supported by two foxes. But it is time to close a detail that can only interest the antiquarian, who wishes to blow away the dust that obscures the brilliancy of the Milesian escutcheon, and to search the *Herculaneum* ruins of Irish history, for the antique gems and venerable monuments which lie buried in the *lava* of Danish and English devastation, and despotism.*

* "In the grand banqueting hall at Tara, every nobleman's rank and dignity were known by the armorial bearings on his shield, which the Herald fixed on the wall exactly over the seat which he was to occupy at the feast. This regulation prevented all disputes about precedence, and marked the gradation of Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen."—VALLANCY.

The nation enjoyed peace and prosperity under the wise and beneficent administration of SLANOLL; and his meekness and mildness endeared him to his subjects, from whose affections he was however torn by death, in the seventeenth year of his reign. A silly story is told by Dr. Keating, of this monarch's corpse having been disinterred, forty years after his demise, and found pure and incorrupted, though no process of embalming had been used to preserve it.

Our history is silent respecting the art of embalming; so that we may conclude the ancient Irish did not resort to the Egyptian practice of preserving the form of their departed friends in the tomb.

GIEDE, surnamed *Oll-Golbach*, from his strong, and sonorous voice, the youngest son of Ollamh Fodhla, ascended the throne of his departed brother, A. M. 3159. His reign was disturbed by the pretensions of Fiachadh, his nephew, who at length succeeded in his ambitious designs, and slew the monarch in a general engagement, which happened in the sixteenth year of his reign. FIACHADH III, after vanquishing and killing his uncle, assumed sovereign sway. As soon as the sceptre was within his grasp, he evinced a disposition to sit down under the laurels of his late victory, and cultivate the arts of peace. He erected a sumptuous palace at Kells, in the county of Meath, and became a liberal patron to commerce and agriculture.* He was the first monarch that caused wells to be opened, and marble fountains for issuing spring water, to be built in Ireland. But he was not long suffered to repose in the tranquil shades of peace;

* Kells is a large and respectable town, situated on the river Blackwater, in the county of Meath, at the distance of thirty-nine miles N. W. from Dublin. It was a place of consequence, as appears by Colgan's topography, before the birth of Christ; and several of the Irish monarchs resided there. Before the invasion of Henry II. Kells or Kenlis, which signifies the high fort, was part of the patrimony of the O'Finlans; but the Saxons dispossessed the original proprietors, and Henry bestowed Kells upon HUGO DE LACY, in 1173. De Lacy built a castle here, the ruins of which still remain. It was in this castle he entertained O'Rourke, Prince of Boffeny, when that chivalric chieftain came to remonstrate with the English Deputy on the aggressive incursions made by his soldiers, under Griffith, into the territories of east Meath.—To settle the dispute that had arisen O'Rourke, who justly dreaded treachery, insisted that Lacy, Fitzgerald and Griffith should repair with him to a hill in the vicinity of Kells, where he would alone confer, according to the custom of his ancestors. To this proposition, the English chiefs readily assented; but no sooner had the brave and noble minded O'Rourke opened the debate, than the three Englishmen seized him, and basely assassinated him on the spot. De Lacy afterwards bestowed Kells on his son-in-law, Gilbert Nugent, whose descendants in process of time became Earls of West Meath. In A. D. 550. St. Columba, the apostle of Scotland, founded an abbey in Kells, for regular canons. This town was made an Episcopal see in the thirteenth century, when a cathedral was built in it by Walter Lacy, as well as an abbey for Crutched Friars, following the order of St. Augustin, whom he richly endowed, on condition that they should for ever daily offer up a mass, in the churches of St. Mary, St. Columba, and St. Catharine, for his soul and the soul of his wife.

In 1653, Thomas Taylor was secretary to Sir William Petty, when the latter went to Ireland, to make what is called the "*Down Survey*." In 1660, Taylor purchased from Nugent, Lord Delvin, the town and vicinity of Kells. In 1713, his grandson, Robert Taylor, was created a Baronet, by Queen Anne. In 1760, his son Thomas was raised to the peerage, by the title of Baron Headfort, in the county of Meath. His descendant is now Marquis of Headfort. The fine mansion and beautiful domain of Headfort, in the environs of Kells, present architectural grandeur, and charms of Sylvan scenery, that in beauty and landscape attractions, have few equals in Ireland, or any other country. In the Protestant church, we observed, a few years ago, a very beautiful monument, erected by Sir Thomas Taylor, in 1737 (we think) to the memory of his wife. It is a large Sarcophagus of gray Galway marble, resting on three eagles claws, from it springs a pedestal supporting an altar, rearing two Corinthian pillars, which sustain a Roman urn of Italian marble, exquisitely sculptured. About a mile beyond the town, in the commons of Lloyd, there is a very lofty tower; erected by the late Earl of Bective, from the top of which a most extensive and diversified prospect can be commanded.

as his cousin Bearngall, the son of his predecessor, regarding him as an usurper of his rights, kindled an insurrection which ended in the defeat and death of the monarch, A. M. 3196, after a reign of twenty years. The success of BEARNGALL at once avenged his father's death, and gave him possession of the throne of Ireland.

As soon as he attained the summit of his ambition, he gave the rein to his despotic disposition. He banished all the adherents of his predecessor out of the kingdom; and in order to cut off all the pretenders to the crown, he commenced a fierce and tyrannic persecution against his relatives, who were of the posterity of Ith; and by terror and force succeeded in driving their chiefs to exile in Albania. But his despotism was gradually sapping the pillars of his own arbitrary power.

The rebellious arm of OLIOLL, the son of Sianoll, hurled him from the throne to the tomb, in the tenth year of his oppressive reign. OLIOLL, on ascending the throne, manifested a disposition to govern his people according to the behests of justice, and spirit of the constitution. But his intentions were blasted in the bud, in the twelfth year of his reign, by the tempest of insurrection, raised by SIORNA of the royal race of Heremon, who succeeded, once more, at the battle of Nobber,* in wresting the supreme power from the dynasty of Ollamh Fodhla. Olioll and all his leaders were killed in the engagement. Thus were the sage and benign ordinances and institutions of the great Ollamh Fodhla dissolved and subverted by civil broils, and the ruthless intrigues of ambition.

SIORNA, having obtained possession of a crown, in pursuit of which he had to wade through an ocean of blood, resolved therefore to hold in a tenacious tenure, the darling object that he gained with so much difficulty and danger. He consequently, to secure the prize, adopted such measures as he and his advisers deemed best calculated for crushing faction, and guarding his throne from the hostile attacks of pretenders. This he could only accomplish by keeping constantly on foot a military force. Having assiduously endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the army, he soon became very popular among them. His military skill, and prepossessing manners, seemed to have destined him to command, while they served to give him a preponderating influence in the camp, and in the council. Against such a monarch, treason, for a while, durst not raise a menacing finger. At length, however, he was secretly apprised, that the *Irians*, or posterity of Ir, were sowing the seeds of disaffection in Ulster. Considering that a flame of sedition was more easily extinguished than a blaze of revolt, he quickly put himself at the head of his devoted army, and marched into Ulster. The Irian chiefs hearing of his approach, lost no time in concentrating their adherents, in order to put themselves in a bold defensive attitude, and oppose a formidable front to the hostile hosts, that threatened them with slavery and oppression.

The Irians made those preparations which a brave people, who prize their liberties dearer than life, ought to make to resist an invader who would only require a tame submission, by yoking the abject dependents crouching to him, in the car of slavery. An engagement soon took place, at *Aras Keiller*,† now

* NOBBER is a pretty rural village, in the county of Meath, which will be more famous in the records of genius, for giving birth to our great musical composer, CAROLAN, than it is in Irish history, for being the scene of a sanguinary battle.

The vicinity of Nobber is rendered beautiful and picturesque by the residences, and domains of Lord Gormanstown, at Whitewood, of General Bligh at Brittas, and of Mr. Cruise, at Cruisetown, where *Carolan*, first borrowed inspiration from the lips of love, and gave his heart as a hostage to the captivating charms of *Bridget Cruise*.—Ed.

† DOWNPATRICK, the capital of the county of Down, is one of the most ancient cities in Ireland, and consequently its past glories make a distinguished figure in Irish history. The majestic and reverend ruins of its seven churches, and numerous abbeyes proclaim its pristine greatness, and architectural grandeur. It was made a Bishop's see by St. Patrick, who built the large Cathedral, A. D. 445, which is now a heap of heavy ruins, where only the owl chants the vesper anthem.

Downpatrick; but in spite of the valour and intrepidity of the gallant Irians, the military genius of the king, and discipline of his troops gave him a decisive vic-

At his own request, expressed before his death, which memorable event happened on the 17th of March 493, St. Patrick was buried in the chancel of this Cathedral. His remains were afterwards enclosed in a magnificent tomb, erected by MURTAGH O'NIAL, monarch of Ireland, A. D. 500. To this tomb, to which several kings and queens made pilgrimages of devotion, and splendid gifts of piety, were subsequently transferred the remains of St. Columba, and St. Bridget, as the inscription which was read by Geraldus Cambrens, is in 1173 recorded.

*"Hi tres in Duno tumulo, tumulantur in uno,
Brigida, Patricius atque Columba Pius,"*

Which has been thus translated by the celebrated Bishop Coyle.—

*"In Down three saints one grave doth fill,
Bridget, Patrick and Columb-Kille."*

The richness of the shrines of these saints attracted the rapacity of Turgesius, the cruel Danish tyrant, who defaced the monument, and carried off the ornaments and costly vessels of the sacred sepulchre. A. D. 851. When John De Courcey, captured Downpatrick, in 1186, he, to impress, more strongly, the Irish with an exalted idea of his sanctity, and of the reverence in which he held the relics of their saints, caused the tomb to be elegantly repaired, and embellished with all the beauties of architecture and sculpture. A solemn funeral service took place on this occasion, in the Cathedral, at which Cardinal Vivian, legate of the apostolic see; the Bishop of Armagh, his suffragans, as well as the Bishop of London, and many other ecclesiastical dignitaries assisted. Colgan and Harris say that this imposing religious ceremony, was the most sublime spectacle which had ever been witnessed in Ulster, and that it had the effect of multiplying the friends of the English amazingly in Ireland. In 1203, king John becoming jealous of the power and popularity which De Courcey possessed in Ireland, issued a commission to Hugh De Burgo and Walter De Lacy, to arrest De Courcey on a charge of high treason; but though they quickly proceeded to execute the gratifying orders of the king, with which they hoped to crush a rival, they could not effect their object without resorting to treachery. They succeeded however, by bribes and promises to corrupt the fidelity of his followers and attendants. De Courcey was in the constant habit of offering up his prayers, every morning, in the Cathedral, before the shrine of St. Patrick. While he was one day in this act of devotion, De Burgo and Lacy, with a chosen band of assassins, attacked and killed some of his retinue. The brave unarmed chieftain seeing himself thus beset with danger, immediately, with his usual prowess, wrested a large wooden cross from the aisle, with which he so heroically defended himself, that he soon killed thirteen of his cowardly assailants; but at length he was overpowered by the strength of numerical force, and conveyed as a prisoner to London, where he was confined in the tower. In its proper place, we shall relate more of the adventures of the illustrious Baron of Kinsale. The see of Down was united to that of Connor, in the county of Antrim, A. D. 1442, when the Bishop assumed the title of the Bishop of Down and Connor. The ruins of the priory of Malachy, founded by Malachy O'Morgair, Bishop of Down, A. D. 1133, those of the priory of St. John the Baptist, erected by De Courcey, 1186, as well as those of an abbey of Cistercian monks, and a friary of the Franciscan order, are still remaining as evidences of the ancient piety, and architectural celebrity of Downpatrick. Its modern buildings are very creditable to the taste of its spirited inhabitants. The court house is a large and elegant Ionic structure.

Downpatrick is a large borough and market town, agreeably situated on the S. W. branch of the lake of Strangford, at the distance of ninety-four miles from Dublin. The environs of the town, are beautified with a pleasing variety of wood and water, and the houses and cultivated grounds that are interspersed through an extensive landscape of green hills, and pastoral glens, impart the vivid tints of the picturesque and romantic to the sylvan scene.

Adjoining the town there is one of those high Raths, or mounds, which are so common in Ireland;—its conical height is sixty-three feet, and its circumference is twenty-one hundred. It is circumvested with three concentric ramparts, one of which is thirty feet broad. We must not forget to mention, that the noble vestiges of SAUL monastery, which was the favourite abode of St. Patrick, are still to be seen near the town. There is a limpid well springing up through a rock, at this monastery, which tradition re-

tory, which prostrated the hopes of the Ultonians. Flushed with success, and animated with ambition, the monarch then turned his arms against LOAGAIRE, the son of Ludhadh, of the race of Heber, who with his forces, and a band of Carthagenians, his allies, were marching to the assistance of the Irians. This army, though strongly posted on a rocky eminence, which was swept on one side by the sea, in the neighbourhood of Killough,* he spiritedly attacked, and succeeded in dislodging them. The Carthagenian chief, Ciasral, was killed in the conflict by the king's hand, and many of his soldiers, in their endeavour to escape to their shipping, were drowned.

After these exploits which reflected such glory on his arms, the monarch returned in triumph to Tara. But to prove the instability of royal power, and that the firmest throne rests but on a slippery foundation, Siorna was slain while attempting to quell a revolt in Meath by his successor, *Aillin Rotheachta*, in the twenty-first year of his reign. Our historians have warmly lauded the wisdom, prudence, and eminent martial talents of Siorna. He was designated *Saoghach*, or the long-lived, from his having, if we can credit the book of Lecan, attained the great age of one hundred and fifty years.

ROTHEACHTA, II. was proclaimed sovereign; but not by the voice of the people, who were warmly attached to the person and government of the late king, whose death they deeply bewailed. To Rotheachta II, our historians attribute the invention of war-chariots, which throws a great halo of memorable notoriety on the era of his reign, A. M. 3244. These superb chariots, being winged with sharp scythes and grappling hooks, were calculated to do dreadful execution in battle. We have already alluded to the expertness and bravery of the Irish charioteers, and knights, who fought with long spears in these kind of chariots. The Gauls, in the year of Rome, 456, employed Irish artists to build war chariots for them, which they subsequently and effectually employed against the Romans, as Cæsar tells us.

After a reign of seven years, distinguished by the progress of the arts, and the blessings of peace, Rotheachta was killed by lightning, while hunting in the forest of Tara.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—No. VII.

NAISI AND DEIRDRE, (*A Historic Tale, continued*.)

[The noble chiefs embark with Fergus; for their generous hearts were armed with confidence, against the ideas of fear, or the suspicion of treachery. But no argument

could, was excavated by the Saint's own hands. On every Patrick's day, the peasantry of Down, come a great distance to drink, what they consider, the miraculous water of the holy well.

* KILLOUGH stands on the north of St. John's Point, in the bay of Strangford. It has the advantage of a fine commodious harbour, where large ships can safely ride quite close to the quay. It is a neat flourishing town, where trade and industry accumulate wealth for the inhabitants. Their fish market is one of the best in Ireland. There is a remarkable well here, called St. Scordin's; and its water cannot be equalled for pellucidness, or lightness. It gushes out of a high rocky bank, like streams of dissolved crystal. Killough is also celebrated for a rocky oblong cavern, from whence, at the ebbing and flowing of the tide, a strange noise is heard, somewhat resembling the sound of a huntsman's horn.

In the neighbourhood of this town, there are some pretty domains and country villas, among the most attractive of which are the ornamented manor, and magnificent and superb mansion of Lord Clifford.—Here we have admired—

“The cultur'd garden, richly grac'd,
With all the labour'd charms of taste;
The calm deep grove, the limpid tide,
The verdant mead, and landscape wide.”

Ballee and *Hollymount* have also rural fascinations, that have been consecrated by the voice of song, and celebrated by the pencil of genius.

could divert the mind of the lovely Deirdre of the terror, which like an evil spirit haunted her thoughts. Nothing therefore, but the enthusiasm of her attachment to her husband could prevail upon her to return to Erin.

While the ship that bore them over the ocean, was sailing opposite the west of Scotland, where Naisi first led her to the nuptial bower, she sung the following mournful and plaintive stanzas to her harp, in which the blisses that were past, like the visioned delusions of a delightful dream, are fondly called to recollection.]

DEIRDRE. Ah! yonder is Albania of delightful hills and murmuring streams! Adieu sweet scenes of joys! that are gone like the morning mists, when chased by the sunbeams from the verdant summits of RACHLIN. It is now the lonely, solemn hour of midnight; calm are the slumbers of my beloved Naisi; may no care touch his bosom, no sad dream disturb his rest. Be still ye waves, be hushed ye winds, while my husband sleeps. Let the lulling music of the stars mix with the sounds of my harp of sadness, that they may fall like the notes of Seraphs on his ears. Some good fairy spirit* has hushed the breeze, it now

* FAIRIES. Many and wonderful are the tales which popular superstition has recorded, in our legendary romances, of Irish fairy spirits. The Druids, according to Toland, believed in the existence of these preternatural beings, in Ireland and Scotland. Even to this day, some of the Irish peasantry regard with superstitious veneration, the green hills (or lisses) caves, Cromleacs, Cairnes, and sequestered glens, which are supposed to be the haunts of the "*good people*," as they call these sprites. They are represented as pigmies, who are passionately fond of music, in which science, tradition says, they excel. The idea relative to these Genii, or supernatural beings, is not peculiar to the Irish peasantry alone: it is prevalent in France, Germany, England and Scotland. They have been created by the fertile invention of poetry, as well as the mythological polytheism of Greece. Tradition has then, opened an ample field for the imagination of the Irish bards, who have woven in the prolific loom of invention many a spangled fairy web, of amusing fiction and poetical narrative. The vivid descriptions of these aerial beings, as given by Irish poetry, are coloured with the finest tints of fancy. They define and delineate the Irish Genii, as beings blooming in the full perfection of youth and beauty, and formed as regular as if symmetry had moulded every limb, and grace adorned every feature. The elegance of the dress, in which imagination has arrayed them, gave lustre to their personal grace.

They are generally represented clothed in loose flowing garments, of blue, azure and purple, spangled with diamonds, and fringed with a profusion of gold and silver brilliants; whilst chaplets of the most beautiful, and odoriferous flowers of the different seasons, surmounted with a coronet of topaz and emerald, adorned their heads. Their necks and arms were encircled with beads composed of sparkling diamonds and pellucid gems. As to their females, their enchanting beauty and superb dresses, beggar description; for we are told, that they surpassed all that oriental romance has pictured in its poetic imaginings.

These fairies sometimes sported in living crystal waters, glassy rivers, and the limpid lakes of Killarney; while others presiding over groves, gardens, and meadows, reposed on variegated carpets of violets, daisies and primroses, in bowers of jessamine. woodbine, and roses, over whose bloom and fragrance, the seasons had no power. Another order of fairy spirits, furnished with gold plumed wings, rode through regions of the air, in cloudy chariots of the most exquisite formation, where they directed the winds, rain, and tempests. The rural class of these Elves, were called by the ancient Irish *Feadh Ree*, or woodland divinities. They were supposed to hold their habitations in caves, raths, and green eminences, which are generally fenced round with a circular row of hawthorn bushes; to these woodland genii, were assigned the care of corn, fruit and cattle; so that their special protection and auspices, were solemnly invoked by the Druids, on every first of May, and November.

On these occasions the ancient Irish sacrificed to the guardian spirits, by pouring a part of what they drank upon the earth, and making an offering of honey and flour on a rural altar, consecrated to their worship. But this homage it appears, could not always propitiate their anger, or avert their resentment, as they would, in revenge for some sacrilege committed in their sacred places, frequently dry the springs, kill the cattle, and blast the corn and fruit. We think that the origin of the hypothesis relative to guardian fairy spirits, may be traced to the tenets of polytheism, which the Druids inculcated in Ireland, before the splendid light of the gospel, dispelled the

seems to sigh in the sails, as if pitying the anguish of Deirdre. High is thy course, O Moon! on thy war-car of air, brilliant are thy beams as they fall in gleams of lustre on the waving pines, and rushing waters of Albania. Ah! Albania, sweet land of connubial love! you shall be ever dear to my remembrance. The delightful flowers of thy valleys, on which the dew of night glitters, while my cheeks are bathed with the tears of wo, are fairer and fresher than those that spring up in fairy bowers. There are no fountains whose murmurs are so musical, whose waters are so limpid and refreshing, as those that bubble in thy grassy glens. A long farewell to the peaceful groves, which have often sighed after me, in cadenced echoes of euphony, the dear name of my Naisi! How often, O Albania! have I twisted the honeysuckle, and jessamine, of thy green bowers, while my Naisi and I listened to the soft modulation of streams, whose daisied banks were enamelled with bluebells and primroses.

Oh! yes, we listened to the assembled birds chanting the lays of joy, we breathed the perfume of scented flowers and gazed on frisking lambs bounding on the green plain before us, while the little loves hovered over our grassy couch; and the Zephyrs spreading their fragrant wings, played around us. But why should memory shine on the ruins of the pleasant past? It is still pleasing and mournful to view thy receding cliffs, fair thistle-draped fields of Albany! It is joyful to think of past delights, to remember the charming flowers, the verdant plants which have been the objects of my tenderest care; though, alas! they shall droop their heads and die away like my hopes, while the thorn and the brier shall hang over the floral ruin, their fatal shade. Adieu! dear Scotland of delights! it grieves my heart to leave thee, but my love for Naisi forces me away from the bowers of Dunfin and the moss-vested hills of Dunsainvi of charming prospects.

Adieu! Glenarchon! of fair vales and shelving hills, and of soft verdure; for transporting were the nuptial endearments which I enjoyed in thy flowery glens, while sporting with my Naisi. And thou, Glendarna! of green meads, shady groves and sand-bordered streams, art present to my thoughts and enshrined in my remembrance, as my bosom cannot taste a sweeter association of recollection, than that which a thought of thy blooming scenes can awaken!

Oh! happy were my days with my love in Glendarna! which I should never leave only to obey my Naisi. Then for the last time, sea-throned Albania! I glance at thy mountain diadem, as it sparkles in the moon-beams. No more shall I hear the melting strain of the Cuckoo in thy dales, nor see thy pellucid rivers gliding over crystal sand; for fate drives me from thy charming shore of perfumed verdure.

No sooner had the dawn variegated the eastern skies, with tints of gold and scarlet, than the Emerald-medallioned hills of Ulster, rose like sparkling gems above the verge of the horizon. Naisi aroused from his sleep, by the cheerful gratulations of the seamen, on beholding their native land, hasted towards his Deirdre, whose harp was still breathing the plaintive strain of grief, and whose tear glistening eyes, were yet mournfully and intently turned towards Albania.

NAISI. Dearest Deirdre! joy of my heart, forbear, I entreat you in the name of love, these melancholy strains? Behold, my love, our own fair native Isle, smiling in all her verdant charms of green and graceful beauty! Let my darling's harp vibrate with the tones of gladness, and hail with mirthful music our parent earth.

gloomy clouds of chimeras. Our pagan ancestors not content with deriving the origin of the universe from the Eternal and Sublime Architect, delegated the works and operations of nature to subordinate divinities. The Greeks had their Naiads, Silvans and Satyrs, and in the Hebrew theology, we read of the agency of arch-angels and Seraphim. From whence, it is evident, that the current opinion of the vulgar respecting Genii, Fairies, Spectres and apparitions, arose from this ancient doctrine. Among the fairies, according to the opinion of popular superstition, every Milesian family in Ireland, is supposed to have a guardian genius.

DEIRDRE. Ah! Naisi, my harp is only attuned to sorrow, and even the sight of green Erin, cannot teach my fingers to awake its wonted notes of joy. A suspicion of Connor's perfidy presses like an incubus of dejection on my heart, and weighs down the gayety of my spirits.

NAISI. Oh! my adorable wife, these apprehensions are but the visionary creations of your imagination. Recall your wonted spirits, and rest your confidence on my love, and on the valour of my friends, the heroes of the red-branch; for when assisted by such a host of champions, what have I to fear even if Connor could oppose me with the united force of the four provinces?

DEIRDRE. Naisi thou reasonest like a magnanimous knight, whose soul is ever irradiated by the polar-star of honour; but the base and treacherous bosom of Connor, is the gloomy abode in which the fiends of revenge are couched. There they are collecting their baneful venom.

NAISI. Life-vein of my felicity! well I know that your tender solicitude for my safety emanates from your love; but let hope dissipate the fears which obscure the light of your beauty, like dim clouds veiling the sun. See! my angel! we approach the Shamrock-draped shores of Erin, and the beauteous landscape of Ulster, with its winding vales, and woodbine-arboured lawns of damasked velvet, wears a more blooming smile than usual, as if to greet my Princess with a welcome.

[As soon as they were landed, Barach, the vile instrument of Connor's vengeance, conducted them to his mansion, where a sumptuous banquet was ready for their entertainment.]

BARACH. Words are inadequate to express the joy that I feel at seeing under my humble roof, such noble guests as princely Fergus, the nation's hope, and his children, with the flowers of Erin's chivalry, the luminaries of her wars, the brave sons of Usnach, who are as welcome to my lowly hall, as they will be to the gladdened heart of the king, in the stately pavilion of Emania. As to thee, fair seraph of beauty, I wish that I had an imperial palace, worthy of thy reception, and suitable to thy exalted goodness. But the feast smokes upon the board; let me lead thee, fair lady, to the banquet.

FERGUS. I am sorry I must decline your hospitality; as I have pledged my solemn promise to the king, that as soon as ever I should arrive in Erin, whether I should have night or day, I would instantly conduct my cousins to the palace of Emania. The honour of a knight is pawned, and must be religiously redeemed.

BARACH. But I lay you under solemn bans, and shall charge you with disobedience to the king's behest, as expressed in this paper, if you refuse to partake of the feast, which his majesty expressly ordered me to prepare, for his noble cousins and you.

FERGUS. This paper, it is true, bears the signature and seal of the king. Dost thou think, Naisi, that the import of the writing is sufficient to release me from the verbal injunction of Connor?

NAISI. I think not; the laws of our order of chivalry, could not exonerate you.—They require an inviolable observance.

FERGUS. But would our refreshing ourselves with the good cheer of the chamberlain, infringe them?—What, Naisi, am I to do?

DEIRDRE. Do this;—you have your choice, either to forsake the son's of Usnach or the feast; but remember it is more conformable to chivalry, as it is more meet to forsake the feast, than to desert the sons of Usnach, for whose safety you are accountable to God, and the laws of knighthood.

FERGUS. I will not forsake them; neither shall I depart from the defined line of chivalry;—for I will send my two sons, "Illan the fair, and Buini the ruthless red," with them to Emania, where I shall follow them, after I have honoured the hospitality of my friend Barach.

NAISI. Prince! we resign your safe-guard, and from this hour abjure your

friendship;—the spear and sword of the sons of Usnach, which often opened a vista through the ranks of your uncle's foes, will be our defence in Ulster. Brothers let us away—ours are not the hearts of fear, or the arms of the feeble.

They arose, and went away burning with indignation at the conduct of Fergus, whom they left sad and sorrowful after them. They had not journeyed far, however, when they were overtaken by the sons of Fergus, who offered their protection and aid in case of danger. Naisi accepted their offer at the same time, observing to his wife and brothers, that he would retain them as hosts for the plighted faith of their Father.

DEIRDRE. I would, my Naisi, give you good advice, although I fear you may not pursue the course it points out.

NAISI. What advice is that, my dear Princess?

DEIRDRE. It is to go back to the verdant Isle of *Rachlin*, between Erin and Alba, and tarry there until Fergus quits the festive board of Barach; your taking this step will redeem the promise of Fergus, and perhaps, snatch your life from the danger which would beset you at the court of Connor.

NAISI. I am sorry, my love, that honour must disobey the commands of affection. The fear of danger or death never touched the hearts of the sons of Usnach.

ILLAN. We regret, Princess, that you have not confidence in our faith and honour, and the chivalric obligation which the vows of our knighthood have imposed on us. Besides, beautiful lady, we have our father's fame and honour to defend.

BUINI. His plighted faith we shall maintain with our lives,—Proud Princess! though we are green in years, these shields are emblazoned with exploits of which matured heroism might not be ashamed.

DEIRDRE. I doubt not your truth and valour, young warriors;—but alas! luckless was the hour that my husband consented to place implicit reliance on the faith of a Prince, who has forsaken us for a feast. [Then seating herself on a green bank, near which their steeds were feeding, she sung the following lay.] Sad was the day we sailed from Albania; treacherous were the winds and waves, that wafted our bark to Ullin, where we are now surrounded by danger, and beset with treachery. In Albania, the chords of my heart vibrated with the melody of joy;—in its native Ulster, they only resound with the discordant notes of wo. In the halcyon valley of *Drayno*, Naisi and I reposed on couches of violets and primroses, while the sweet minstrels of its shady hedges of Laburnum, and hawthorn sung the concert of love. Oh! our felicity was then too sweet and rapturous to last;—it was an ecstatic joy, such as happy spirits feel in that Elysium, where the sun never sets, nor the flowers never fade—where all is arrayed in perennial bloom, and animated with the seraph strains of perpetual music. While here in our native country, in the midst of our kindred, what is the termination of the prospect that breaks upon our view, through the dim vista of futurity;—the ghosts of our fathers bestrided on their coursers of clouds, pointing to a new made grave, to which they beckon us. Dissolved is my bliss like the white surge-foam of the ocean, when it breaks its sparkling head on the rocks of Antrim. Grief preys upon my heart, sorrow congeals my feelings. Such alas! is the bitter fruit that grew out of our confidence in Fergus Roy.

NAISI. Say not so, O! Deirdre, sweet divinity of my heart! Fergus will prove himself worthy of his order: he cannot, he will not dishonour chivalry and his Milesian lineage by betraying us. Charming daughter of the graces—thou goddess of modesty—thou angel *more beautiful* than the sun,* let compassion shed

* Mr. Macpherson, who no doubt had a copy of MAC DAIRY's poems, borrowed his poem of "*Darthula*," from the tragic tale, which we are endeavouring, as above, to translate. Mr. Macpherson has taken from Mac Dairy, many of his fine figurative expressions and striking similes. He had a fine taste, that selected judiciously all the beautiful thoughts and sublime images, with which Irish poetry is so replete. He therefore, was a most industrious and felicitous gleaner, in the wide field of Irish ge-

its soft dews, on the warmth of thy anger against Fergus, who is incapable of conniving at our destruction. His generous heart could not harbour such perfidy. Let hope wipe away the tears of wo, from thy radiant eyes, as we have nothing to fear.

DEIRDRE.—“ Oh ! Usnach's sons of graceful mein,
 'Tis sad to leave fair Alba green !
 'Tis lasting, never ending wo,
 From Alba's flow'ry plains to go !”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—No. X.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.—(*Concluded from our last.*)

What writers have frequently observed of literary characters, is in a great degree, applicable to most other grades of the human family, in which the members have been uniformly devoted to a variety of dissimilar pursuits. We recollect that the great “ colossus of literature,” some where remarked, that there is too much of the monotony of a studious life, shaded by the gloomy umbrage of every day occurrence, in the existence of an author, to supply those shining materials which the Biographer finds scattered in the solar pathway of the hero, or in the romantic adventures of a knight errant of love.

If then the “ flat realities of the life,” of a literary man are so barren of the marvellous, and the romantic, the career of a theatrical performer, is seldom more checkered with those incidents and vicissitudes, which tend to give an interest and a flush of novelty to the biographical narrative that records those many-coloured changes, which cannot fail of arresting the wayward attention of curiosity. “ The gradations of a hero's life,” says Dr. Johnson, “ are from battle to battle, and of an author, from book to book.” Hence we may observe, that the changes in the life of an actor, are from theatre to theatre, or from character to character; but still when his intrinsic genius, after many essays, suddenly rises to an elevated station, where, like the bird of the sun, that of Cooke sublimely soared in an ethereal region, above the efforts and the hopes of competition, the difficulty of the Biographer, however paradoxical it may appear, is proportionably augmented. George Frederick Cooke, stood an almost undefinable instance of the slow progress which genius makes in ascending the summit of professional fame. He too unexpectedly burst upon an astonished world, like a blazing comet emerging from the clouds, to be suffered by the malice of envy, to pursue a career of unobstructed glory. Until he made his debut in London, the vast metropolis of taste and criticism, he was comparatively unknown;—the eagle until then was hid in the egg of obscurity.

But it is time to resume our narrative. While at Cork, Mr. Cooke played some of his best characters; but the existence of martial law prevented many from visiting the theatre. Our hero and his companions, with a view of improving their untoward fortunes, went to Limerick, where the effects of the rebellion again marred their prospects. Despairing of success in the country, he returned to Dublin, in December 1799, when tranquillity and personal safety, succeeded

nus; where he gathered the finest pearls of his *Ossianic* wreath. Were it not for the Irish teachers, who taught Mr. Macpherson to write the original *Gaelic*, in its grammatical purity, CALEDONIA, the tributary colony of Erin, would no more claim the honour of giving birth to the son of *Fin Maccumhal*, than she would have dared to pretend being the mother of our illustrious MOORE. These birds of the Irish Parnassus, have dropped alas! into the ocean of oblivion, while Macpherson's name, brilliant with their stolen plumage, is perched on the highest pinnacle of fame.

terror and cruelty. Thalia again wore her gladdening smiles for her votaries, and Melpomene shed her sympathetic tears in Crow-street. Cooke was soon engaged by Mr. Jones, the manager, and on the 4th of January, 1800, he performed the part of the Stranger, with more than his wonted excellence, which confirmed the favourable impression, that his other personations had previously made upon the Dublin audience. During his stay in Dublin, from December 1799, to February 1800, he continued, with increasing success and augmented ability, to maintain some of the best characters in the English drama. His habitual propensity to intemperance, however, still clung to him like the noxious fungus that corrodes the trunk, from which it draws its existence. He almost spent his days and nights in dissipation and debauchery, at once enervating the powers of his mind, and blasting his character. About this time, a performer of the name of Davis, with whom our hero was in the closest terms of intimacy, died in Dublin. Although Cooke had his failings, he had also virtues that would have irradiated the philanthropic character of a Howard, and redeemed the vices of a profligate. He not only paid the funeral expenses of Davis, erected a tombstone over his grave in the cemetery of Drumcondra, but with a laudable benevolence, handed a sum of money to his widow. As a proof of his taste for poetic composition, and his warmth of friendship, we subjoin the verses which he wrote in the "*Freeman's Journal*,"* on Mr. Davis's death. In a letter to LEONARD M'NALLEN, Esq. in relation to his tribute to the memory of Davis, he says—"It was, dear Mac, a tribute of the heart to the memory of a dear and worthy friend, who in his public capacity as an actor was truly respectable, and in his private character (alas! how unlike mine) as a friend, husband and father, most exemplary amiable. It was this feeling alone, and not the desire of seeing my crude lines in print, that induced me to give them to Mr. Harvey, for publication in his paper."

A new and brilliant era begun now to open in our hero's life, the bushel of

* "*On the death of Mr. Davis, Comedian.*"

O'er a friend's cold remains, when we drop the fond tear,
Whom in life we respect—whom in death we hold dear,
Let stern apathy chide sensibility's sigh:—
I ask not her firmness; for I too must die,
Must leave some fond friend, my sad loss to deplore,
When I sleep in the dust, and am busy no more.
Philander, thy life, like thy temper serene,
In peace pass'd the tumults of life's busy scene,
If the day-star of genius blaz'd not on thy birth,
Heav'n stamp'd thee with honesty, virtue and worth,
Gave thee talents sufficient respect to command,
A susceptible heart—a benevolent hand;
A feeling for all, but chiefly for those,
Exhausted by want—or assaulted by woes.
Oh! lost to thy friends, in life's early bloom!
Immaturely sustaining our nature's sad doom,
Just glancing on earth, and then stealing away,
In the noontide of life—death darken'd thy day!
May that pow'r who o'er all in wisdom presides,
Who the dread dart of destiny awfully guides,
Who wounds but to heal, and destroys but to save,
And illumines with *hope* the dark cells of the grave,
In mercy assuage that keen pang of the mind,
Which bars the fond bosom left bleeding behind!
Oh! may it incline her with calmness to bear,
A loss ne'er assuag'd by indulging despair;
And till her re-union in regions above—
Fondly foster on earth his dear pledges of love.

G. F. C.

obscurity was no longer to hide that light, which was destined to eclipse all the little stars of the dramatic horizon. An engagement in Covent Garden, led him into a rich and extensive field, where his genius had only to gather a rich harvest of fame and fortune. On the 31st of October, 1800, the long wished for opportunity of appearing before a London audience arrived. He made his first appearance on the Covent Garden boards, in the arduous character of Richard III., and succeeded in making a more powerful impression on the audience of London, than any actor since the *debut* of Garrick. It was to a very thin house, such a house as is very seldom seen in the English capital; but it must be considered, that the town had then been nauseated with several wretched *first* appearances; and therefore few, but those who knew Cooke's sterling merit, attended. The sight of empty Boxes, however, by no means lowered his spirits, congealed his ardour, nor cramped those energies which flowed so spontaneously from the inexhaustible fountain of his native genius. The climacteric hour of his fate and fortune was arrived,—and on that night's performance, depended his reputation, and his name, for then the sword of his histrionic destiny was either to be assigned him by the audience, for his protection, or brandished by critical opinion in cutting down his fame for ever! "*Aut Caesar aut nullus*," was his motto, on that memorable and decisive occasion, and he entered on the stage in full possession of the idea, fully resolved to fall or triumph. How far he accomplished it may be imagined by the recorded observation, which fell from the lips of one of the first female dramatic writers of her day (MRS. INCHBALD.) After the play, he was lamenting to her, in the green room, that there were so few people to see him. "Never mind it, my dear Sir, said the lady, you will never more play to such a house." The critiques on Cooke's Richard, in the papers of the following morning, vied with each other in the warmth of their eulogiums, and concurred unanimously, in pronouncing his representation superior to any effort which was made on the stage, since the days of Garrick. The stamp of superiority was now impressed, by popular opinion, on his fame, and JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, freely resigned the tragic throne to him, at the request of the censors of criticism. The next character he personated, was Shylock, in which he displayed powers that won for him additional applause. In the great and trying scene of the third act, he astonished his auditors, and enchained their admiration. The third character that he sustained in London, was one in which he has now no legitimate successor, *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*. So much has been said on his unrivalled excellence, in this performance, that it is unnecessary for us to attempt to vary the many coloured camelion of panegyric, by our comments. MR. MAYWOOD, is perhaps the only living actor, who in *Sir Archy*, might wear the laurel crown of Cooke. Our limits will not allow us to notice, even briefly, Cooke's theatrical career in England.

During his engagement in Edinburgh, he sustained with his accustomed effect Richard, Shylock, Iago, Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, the Stranger, Macbeth, Sir Archy, Jaques, Petruchio and Hamlet. Never did the Scottish nation, award warmer encomiums, than they did to the picturesque and vivid acting of our countryman.

In pursuance of an engagement made with a Mr. Atkins, the manager of the Belfast and Londonderry theatres, Mr. Cooke played for some nights in each of these towns, during the month of August, 1804.

In the winter of 1806, he accepted another engagement in Dublin, where his representations commanded general admiration. His reprehensible love of intemperance, seemed "to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength;" so that his mental and personal faculties, were so impaired by intoxication, that he often came on the boards, not only imperfect in his part, but in a tottering state of inebriety. This exposed him to the merciless censure of his enemies, and furnished the newspaper wifings with arms to wield against himself. But neither the love of fame, the animadversive lash, nor the persuasions of friendship, could effect a reformation in his conduct. The vortex current of dissipa-

tion, swept away every land-mark from the boundaries of moral rectitude, and his fame and character were rapidly falling in public estimation. The critics of the celebrated MONTHLY MIRROR, who were formerly the most fulsome flatterers of the great Tragedian, were now among the bitterest revilers of his reputation and talents. Every scribbling ass who could raise a satirical hoof, came forward to kick the wounded lion, who was divested of teeth and claws by his own imprudence and unfortunate propensities. The shafts of sarcasm, though not shot from a strong bow, were yet tipped with a poison which festered the sensibility, and inflamed the heart of poor Cooke. That popularity, which was so lately his shield and panoply, being now withdrawn from him, the once mighty Samson stands an imbecile spectacle for the pity of his friends and the derision of his enemies. On the 5th of May, 1810, Mr. Cooke, in the hope of stemming the tide of animadversion which had set so strongly against him, in consequence of his incorrigible addiction to the bottle, appeared before the Covent Garden audience, in a new character, (Henry VIII.) in which he elicited the most luminous points of excellent acting, and displayed such a happy combination of conception and execution, as rendered the whole performance the most masterly and finished portrait of this historical character, that ever was exhibited on the stage.

The details were discriminated with so much judgment and the minor exhibitions of the part introduced with such felicitous aptitude that hypercriticism was struck dumb, and the buzz of the hornets of witticism was lost in the resounding acclaims of admiration. This performance raised him again to his vacated throne, and had he but resolution to fling away the intoxicating cup from his lips, the public would have encircled his brows with as green a wreath as they had ever awarded to Garrick. But fortitude was not the guardian spirit of George Frederick Cooke; the demon of intemperance held him in his massy chains. On the 5th of June, he, alas! for the last time appeared before a London audience, on which occasion his inimitable personation of Falstaff, more than realized the ideas of Shakspeare. Had the immortal Bard been alive, and witnessed the great magician of the tragic scene, embodying the fat knight, he would have started up in ecstasy, from his seat, and exclaimed, "That is my Sir John Falstaff!"

Mr. Cooke left London, and proceeded to Liverpool, where he was quickly engaged.

Here he went through his best round of characters with his usual felicity and force.—During his abode in Liverpool, he was frequently indisposed, and consequently a good customer to the Doctors, by one of whom he considered himself so badly treated, that, through revenge, he wrote the following epigram on the death of the son of Galen, an event which happened while he was playing in that great emporium of commerce.

"Hell, at length has got hold of the old rogue X. V.,
Whom the citizens there are delighted to see;
For they think that since he is come there to dwell,
As he sent them from earth, he will send them from hell."

This was a memorable era in Cooke's life, as it was then September, 1810, he was by the force of persuasion, and the allurements of promises, seduced by Mr. COOPER to abandon the clime of his attachment and prejudices; the scenes of his glory, and embark for America. Mr. Dunlap has laboured hard, but fruitlessly, to justify Mr. Cooper's conduct in inveigling our countryman from England, while he was ACTUALLY under the influence of intoxication. We are not, however, disposed to inveigh in acrimonious language against Mr. Cooper, for the prominent part he took in the reprehensible transaction, as the prize was too tempting to be resisted by ordinary virtue. Why would he dread reproach, bestow even a thought on the sentence of reprobation which the world would pass on him; or fear the sleeping dragon of conscience, when the Hesperian fruit was

in his grasp? Mr. Cooper should, however, have accompanied Cooke on the voyage to New-York, instead of leaving him like a *transport*, exposed to the insolence and rude vulgarity of the captain of the *Columbia*, who, from his brutal conduct to the Tragedian, we may conclude that he was more conversant in the traffic of African slaves, than in the duties of politeness and humanity. According to Mr. Dunlap's statement, the sea stores for the comfort and accommodation of Mr. Cooke, were laid in with such stingy parsimony, that they were exhausted a fortnight before the ship arrived at her destination; and thus a distinguished personage, suffering under a severe indisposition, was deprived by the miserly penury of Mr. Cooper, of the very necessities of life!! "The fare of the table," says Mr. Dunlap, "was exceedingly plain, and there was nothing ~~for~~ the glass but Thames-water, undergoing its purgation." Was not this *intolerable* privation, sufficient to kill Cooke "by inches?" No generous Englishman or Irishman can read of Cooke's vile treatment on board of the *Columbia*, without his feelings being inflamed with indignation. But indeed Mr. Dunlap tells us of the comfort he enjoyed, and fine Madeira wine, with which he was regaled at the Tontine Coffee House. Here the Bird of Paradise, after leaving his cage, was fed profusely, in order to render his plumage more lustrous, and his notes more musical for the gratification of the then *elegant* and *refined* taste of the citizens of New-York.

He made his first appearance in America, on the boards of the Park Theatre, on Wednesday evening the 21st of November, 1810, in his favourite character of Richard III. Never was the Park theatre so crowded, as on this memorable occasion; and if it were as capacious as the magnificent amphitheatre of Vespasian it would scarcely contain the immense throng that pushed forward for admission.

"On Mr. Cooke's appearance this evening," says Mr. Dunlap, "the burst of welcome was such as may be imagined to come from 2,200 people assembled to greet him with the warmest expression of their satisfaction on his arrival. He entered on the right hand of the audience, and with a dignified erect deportment walked to the centre of the stage, amidst their plaudits." The New-Yorkers, who, before this night imagined that Mr. Cooper was the peerless paragon of performers, were at once astonished and delighted by the picturesque acting, and impassioned declamation of Cooke. Prior to this night, they had only seen copies which fell immeasurably short of the great original, whose necromantic powers now wrought such wonders, and conjured up such amazing effects in their presence. Perhaps Cooke never played so impressively as on this occasion, particularly in the last act, where, if possible, the performer surpassed the author, in his graphic and sublime delineation of the defeated and dying Richard. The next character he personated on the New-York Boards, was Sir *Pertinax M. Syphocant*, in the "Man of the World." In this character, both in his conception and execution, he was unrivalled. As it would require more space than we can afford, we must reluctantly decline enumerating the different characters he represented on the New-York Boards.

While in this city, he gave himself up to his habitual propensity to intemperance: this was the evil genius from whose malignant power, nothing but the interposition of death, could disenthral him. The aggregate amount of the receipts of the Theatre, during the period of his seventeen nights' performance, was nearly twenty-two thousand dollars. Thus the genius of Cooke turned, as it were, the stream of Pactolus into the coffers of Messrs. Price and Cooper. Never did any *kidnapped* captive prove such a source of wealth to his captors, as George Frederick Cooke.

On the 29th of December, 1810, he and Mr. Price set out for Boston, where his first representation, early in January, 1811, was Richard III. to which he imparted his usual fire and force. The Bostonians, like the New-Yorkers, were enlightened and electrified by his vivid and finished performances.

One evening during the stay of the "Irish Roscius," in the "*Literary Emporium*," a young American of the name of Robert Treat Payne, who fancying

himself a poet, as Don Quixote fancied himself a heroic knight, thought that his imaginary talents and inflated presumption, should have given him a passport to Cooke's acquaintance, and sanctioned between them the familiarity of kindred spirits; but the eagle despised the society of the daw, and the Boston poetaster, whose vanity and ignorance transgressed every principle of politeness, and militated against every idea of decorum, was thrust out of the door by Cooke's black servant.

Notwithstanding Cooke's failings in the tavern, and his association there often with low company, yet in the drawing or dining room, he evinced the fashionable etiquette of the perfect gentleman. His notions were aristocratic in the extreme; and he revered kings with the servile devotion of one of the zealous devotees of *ultra* legitimacy in France. "He was certainly by nature," observes a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "arbitrary and overbearing; and when 'filled with the god,' gave vent to his feelings fearlessly and decidedly. Even amongst the tyrant-hating Republicans of America, he rode the high horse, and was allowed to ride it; and he was just as spirited and uncompromising with a Yankee audience, as if he had been calling on Blanchard for his twentieth glass of brandy and water at Wrekin."

After performing fourteen nights at Boston, he returned to this city on the 26th of January; and on Friday, the 1st of February, he played *Shylock* to a very small audience, which irritated him very much. His second, third, and fourth performances were equally neglected; though they were as brilliant with the light of the load-star of genius as ever. But the novelty of curiosity was satiated; the New-Yorkers saw the wonder once or twice, which they considered sufficient; the feats of a Jack Pudding would, for them, have more interest and attraction, than the personification of Shakspeare's heroes, or the expression of dramatic poetry and eloquence. While this inglorious neglect convinced Cooke of the barbarous taste of the citizens, it at the same time wounded his spirit, humbled his pride, and made him curse the inauspicious hour that he had embarked for America. Bitter were the anathemas he fulminated, deep and loud were the imprecations he thundered against Mr. Cooper. About this time, for some real or imaginary offence given him in Mr. Price's house, where he had for some time lodged, he quitted his residence in the middle of an inclement night, in the month of February, when the atmosphere was chilled by frost and snow, to the severe intensity of the Lapland blasts; and on that dismal night, were it not for the humanity of a watchman, whose name should be recorded in the brightest page of biography, our hapless countryman would have been entombed in the snow. He was conducted by the humane "guardian of the night" to the house of a poor woman, in Reed-street, near the hospital, where he stopped until morning, sitting at her faint fire. Here Cooke displayed another instance of his benevolent and philanthropic spirit, which ever prompted his charitable hand to relieve indigence and administer pecuniary comfort to the distressed. The furniture of the helpless and sick widow, in whose house Cooke had taken shelter from the "pitiless peltings of the storm," were then distrained for rent, by some griping compassionless *Shylock* of the name of ISAAC HALSEY, whose ruthless avarice has insured him a niche in the temple of infamous celebrity; and the constables set on by this heartless wretch, were in the act of carrying off tables, chairs, and every other article in the house, when Cooke arrested the despoiling arm of Halsey's cupidity, by paying the rent and fees, which amounted to thirty-five dollars. We have inquired, but have not learned the name of the woman who was thus rescued by the generosity of Cooke, from the griping grasp of the vile inexorable Halsey. This adventure, so honourable to the feelings of Cooke, would make a figure in Romance, and would have immortalized a pious moralist like Dr. Spring, if it were known that he gave thirty-five dollars to a distressed widow. Before Cooke left the house he gave more money and presents to the persecuted woman. After this noble affair, he played Sir Pertinax Penruddock, Sir Archy,

and Sir John Falstaff, at this theatre, and then repaired to Philadelphia, where he commenced his engagement in Richard.

Here, as in New-York, the theatre could not admit the tithe of the applicants who were impatient to see Cooke. He played twenty nights in Philadelphia, with unceasing interest and attraction. Subsequently he performed nine nights in Baltimore, where he won "golden opinions."

On his return to this city, on the 20th of June, he married a Mrs. Behn, some faded widowed sibyl, the venerable daughter of the Boniface of the Tontine Coffee House, "who," says Mr. Dunlap, "proved to him a faithful help-mate and affectionate nurse to the day of his death." At this juncture, he performed three nights at the Park theatre, to respectable houses. To recreate his health, and revive his spirits, he passed a great part of the summer in agreeable excursions through the state of New-York, accompanied by his matronly Minerva.

His description of the scenery of the Hudson river, as given by Mr. Dunlap, and of the towns which he visited, in the course of his peregrination, is a bold and spirited topographical sketch. While he was a temporary sojourner at Greenbush, in the latter end of July, 1811, his characteristic goodness of heart, and liberality of beneficence were again laudably manifested to a Mr. Doige, an English actor, whom sickness had reduced to extreme indigence in Albany. He not only alleviated, as far as attention and money could, the sufferings of Doige during his illness, but after his death generously defrayed the expenses of his funeral. In September, 1811, Mr. Cooke returned to this city full of health and spirits, having derived salutary benefit from his excursive roving. He performed at this time, *Glenalvan*, *Richard*, *Iago*, *King John*, *Clytus*, *Sir Archy*, *Kitely*, *Othello*, and *Stukely*.

On the 8th of November, he re-appeared on the Philadelphia boards, in the character of Richard, and afterwards during his engagement he personated several of his tragic and comic heroes. While playing in that city, he had a most liberal offer from Messrs. Green, Twaits, and Placide, the Managers of the Charleston theatre, but as he was determined to return to London, he did not accept it. He came back to New-York, on the 6th of December, 1811, and subsequently performed six nights here, whence he went to Boston, where his performance for seventeen nights, attracted unusually crowded audiences. So anxious was he to return to London, that he engaged, in Boston, his passage in a ship which was to sail thence in the middle of February: but a superior power decreed that he should never see the green fields of Erin, or the white cliffs of Albion.

He now remained in New-York for several months, during which period, he only played six nights.

The last night of the glorious performance of George Frederick Cooke, in this 'London of America,' was on the occasion of the benefit of a Mr. Darley, a very meritorious actor, we understand, on the 22d of June, 1812, when, though very much indisposed, he represented Sir P. M'Sycophant.

On the 13th of July, 1812, in conformity with his engagement with the Managers of the Providence theatre, he performed the part of Shylock in that city. During this engagement, he played nine nights, on the last of which he personated Sir *Giles Overreach*, which, alas! was the last theatrical effort of a man whose genius and whose powers were only excelled by Garrick, and equalled by EDMUND KEAN, on whom the mantle of Cooke has fallen, and into whose soul his histrionic talents and munificent generosity, seem to have been transmigrated.

In the beginning of September, Mr. Cooke received a letter from Mr. Harris, the Manager of the Covent Garden theatre, soliciting him in the most urgent manner, to return to London, where John Bull "would be most happy to see him again." This letter gave him great pleasure and tended to form his determined resolution of going home without delay. The absence of Cooke had made a chasm at Covent Garden, in the representation of the most interesting heroes of the English Drama. But fate ordained that his genius should never again

fill up the void or gratify and delight an English audience. Cooke's constitution was now broken down, and an irremediable category of maladies paralyzed his frame and weighed, with the benumbing and chilling pressure of an incubus, on his mental energies. The curtain was about to drop, the last scene of the drama of life was hastening to a close. The destructive diseases, generated by years of dissipation and Bacchanalian revelry had now reached an acme of malignancy that proved too formidable for that medical skill, which a Hosack, a Francis, and a M'Lean, exerted with such zeal and ability to preserve an invaluable life, in which two hemispheres took such an intense interest; but, alas! in vain. George Frederick Cooke made his exit from this scene of mortal existence, on the 26th of September, 1812, in the 57th year of his age. In his dissolution, vile *INTemperance* might boast of the greatest triumph it perhaps ever achieved over the majesty of genius; and record in the dismal calendar of its martyrology, his name as the most illustrious victim that was ever sacrificed on that demoniac altar, whose torches are lit in death, and before which hellish fiends offer as incense the tears of late repentance, and the sighs of broken hearts. We do not find that his obsequies were honoured with that pomp of funeral procession, which ought to have attended the bier of a man whose sublime genius will live in the indestructible records of *POETRY*, *PAINTING*, and *ELOQUENCE*, as long as the inspirations of Shakspeare's muse shall delight the votaries of the English Drama. The remains of the favourite child of Melpomene were consigned to an obscure unhonoured grave in the cemetery of St. Paul's church, in this city, and the hallowed spot to which future Poets and Tragedians will make many a devout pilgrimage, remained unmarked by a single stone, until *EDMUND KEAN*, the legitimate successor of the *IRISH ROSCUS*, with a spirit of munificent liberality that will ever endear his name to the admirers of genius, caused architecture and sculpture to rear a sepulchral monument over that sacred dust which was once animated by the etherial fire of poetry, eloquence, and wit. The pedestal of this monument, is a square marble pillar, rising from a base to the elevation of seven feet, and capped with an Ionic entablature, tastefully sculptured: the summit of this pedestal forms a platform, whence springs a Roman urn of Italian marble, which sculpture has beautified with Grecian lilies, in bass-relief, and adorned with wreaths of olive and acanthus leaves. The inscription, which is very badly engraven, is on the western pannel of the pedestal, in the following tenor:—

ERECTED
to the Memory
of
GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE,
By
EDMUND KEAN,
of the
Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.
1821.

—
"Three kingdoms claimed his birth,
Both hemispheres pronounced his worth."

Some vile Vandals, who would commit sacrilege in the temple of the Deity, and despoil of their trophies the shrines of Homer, Shakspeare, and Byron, have, in the true spirit of the ravaging Goths, broken part of the mouldings, mutilated the basso-relievos, and disfigured and defaced the sides and inscription of a monument that protects consecrated dust, which, like that of Pompey in Egypt, will confer immortality on the place of its sepulture.

Such is the biographical sketch we have given of our celebrated countryman, who, with all his faults and failings, had still a redeeming benevolence of heart, and a mind susceptible to the finest sensibilities of virtue, which, like splendid gems set in base metal, shed a lustre over the moral defects of his character.

In the social circles of genteel life, he shone with urbane and affable brilliancy; for the native cheerfulness of his mind always sparkled with the liveliness of playful pleasantry and colloquial gayety, which give zest to social intercourse, so that his society was sought by every one who wished to be delighted by its attractive pleasures, and meliorating virtues.

THE REMINISCENT TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED SCHOOLFELLOW.

Early in the summer of 1818, I accompanied my friend HENRY to the top of the Belfast mountains, where we sat down to enjoy the last dear moment in conversation, previous to his departure for America. We had been companions and School-fellows from our earliest years,—we had walked hand in hand, with the friendship of a Scipio and a Laelius, through the verdant fields of Classic lore; alternately chanting the heroic and energetic tale of Homer, or the melting and pathetic strains of Euripides, and now to us, the thought of separation had become in the highest degree painful.

From the spot where we were seated, we could easily see, on one side, the heaving billows of the Atlantic, and on the other the smooth and peaceful waters of *Loughneagh*. “Bless me! said Henry, how much like the storms of life are those troubled surges that dash against the rocky cliffs, while the stillness of my own dear lake resembles that peace, and gentle quiet, which only border the shores of eternal happiness.” I was about to answer in the affirmative, when poor Henry, with a broken sigh, pointing his finger in a direction to his father’s cottage, which was handsomely situated on the green skirt of the beautiful *Slievegallin*, softly uttered, “yonder! yonder! is the home of my mother, and the dear scene of my childhood!”

The thoughts of his aged father, his fond mother, and an only sister, together with all the endearments that bind the tender heart to kindred, home and friendship, rushed so powerfully upon his imagination, that a tear began to steal down his cheek, which by long study and disappointment, had partly lost its bloom. Henry had been educated with a design of entering into Holy orders, for which he was well qualified, both by disposition and ability;—but seeing the unhappy fate of many other talented young men, who had sought the same profession, he at last resolved to try his fortune in America, well knowing that in Ireland a native genius can never rise, unless he barter that genius and becomes the enemy of his country. He had learned a wholesome lesson in the shameful neglect of the immortal KIRWAN. But as this is not a proper place to touch on the Ecclesiastical polity of Ireland, I shall, with humble forbearance, overstep the subject till a “more convenient season,” with merely observing, that if a young man possessed the powers of a Tully, the purity of a Joseph, and the piety of a Simon, he can never rise to church preferment, unless he has some Cæsus with a bag of gold at his back; for this requisite recommendation, if wanting all pious and intellectual qualities, will plume his pinions and enable him to wing his way to the highest pinnacle of Ecclesiastical dignity.

After having run over the many little incidents of our life, and particularly the happy days we had spent in Moneymore, at the school of the good old *Lawrence Mc Guckian*, my poor disconsolate friend and I parted. It was now drawing towards evening, and I had to retrace my sad and lonely way to the mouldering mansion of Tullinagee, while at every step a thought glanced back, accompanied with a prayer for the safety of Henry. My heart had now been so much overcome with that grief which I endeavoured to conceal in my friend’s presence, “*premit altum corde dolorum*,” that I could scarcely proceed on my journey. I continued in this state, till on heedlessly approaching the hoary walls of SHANE’S CASTLE, I was aroused by the continued barking of dogs from

among the ruins. The sighing of the evening air through the extended branches of the aged oaks, together with the plaintive dirge of the ill-omening swan, from a neighbouring pool, all conspired to increase the anguish of my disordered and grief-saddened mind.

In this melancholy mood I had just reached the banks of the *Ban*, when the shades of evening began thickly to surround me. Then, and then only, have I felt the powerful influence that the twilight hour—or as the Sulmian bard more properly terms it—the dubious confines of the day and night—had upon a mind, alas! but too much the prey of melancholy. Few there are, who have not at times been pressed by the heavy hand of misfortune; and indeed from my boyhood I have felt that

“In all my wand’rings through this world of care,
In all my griefs, that God has given my share.”

Moving on in a state not easily described, I at length reached the dark windings of Quilly-glen, rendered still more gloomy, from the confused state of my dejected spirits, and the countless associations which the scene created in my memory. Every hazel or sloethorn bush that brushed my coat, in the narrow path, seemed to detain me as if querulous of Henry, who had often accompanied me there, when in pursuit of the nut, the sloe, or the concealed nest of the timid thrush. The darkness of the night, together with the loneliness of the place, had just called to my recollection that fine passage of Milton, where he pathetically exclaims,

“—————In solitude,
What happiness, who can enjoy alone?”

When the playful frolics of my little favourite dog, Pinkey, which never failed to welcome me to the straw-roofed cottage of my father, suddenly interrupted the recitation, and put, for a moment, a check to the oppressive working of my imagination.

To be brief, I shall only observe, that having dismissed, like many other of my school-fellows, every hope of obtaining a profession, for which I had long laboured, I remained on our little farm, with my good old father and mother, six years after parting with Henry, till the hopeless, and sinking situation, of then oppressed Ireland, forced me to seek a scanty pittance in a foreign land.

Immediately on my arrival in Canada, I went in pursuit of Henry, and at last, by the kind attention of Mr. W—K—N, I was directed to within a few perches of his habitation. There I made a minute’s pause, when thought, on thought, came rushing on, diverting the sombre current of my agitated feelings in different directions. Having composed myself as much as possible, I approached the door, and by two or three light tappings summoned the inmates. Between the moment of knocking, and the opening of the door, every nerve seemed to redouble its anxious movements, while my listening ear, and fixed eye, like faithful sentinels, were all eagerness for the discovery of what might first approach me. No sooner had I inquired for my friend, then I was directed to his apartment. On entering, I found Henry very much indisposed, lying on a couch perusing Akenside’s “Pleasures of Imagination.” He instantly recognised me, and grasping my hand, with his usual fervency of affection, cried, my dear, dear fellow! how are you? I had scarcely answered his hurried interrogations of “how are my father, my dear old mother, my sister, and all our friends and neighbours,”—when the flow of our conversation was interrupted by the untimely intrusion, for such I then felt it, of a very beautiful looking, and gaily-dressed young woman, to whom I was instantly introduced, as his dear, his sweet, his chosen one.

Henry had now been about ten months married, and this was the lady whom he had selected from the bright array of the Canadian fair. I cautiously, but strictly observed during the evening, her every look and motion, and was, for the moment, highly pleased with my friend’s choice, as far as *appearance* could justify

the opinion. SOPHIA, as I shall here call her, who had been out that afternoon "a shopping,"—a term which she was pleased to use,—shone at this time in all the bloom and beauty of eighteen. Her person tall and well formed—eyes deep jet, and sparkling—her countenance open and fascinating, but wanting that intellectual expression which so fascinatingly enhances an educated woman's worth, and renders her still more lovely and attractive.

Sophia having, in a great measure, dismissed that shy feeling, which naturally accompanies a modest woman, in her first interview with a stranger; and growing every hour more familiar, at length freely participated in our conversation. Henry's curious inquiries about home, being chiefly satisfied, he then began to call to recollection many favourite passages in the different Latin and Greek authors, which we had read together, and which he was passionately fond of quoting in their own language.

In the full warmth of his feelings, he had just recited the following beautiful expression, which the unhappy Philoctetes addressed to Neoptolemus

——— I know thee well,
Thy soft words could almost sooth me
Into ruin——

When Sophia, his "lipping love," put to flight his classic flow, by describing to him the beautiful dresses Mr. S. had just received of the newest fashion from London, and concluded by asking whether he would allow her to select one, which of course, was kindly answered with "yes my dear." A moment's pause brought Henry back to his favourite conversation, till he was again interrupted by the description of a beautiful necklace which she had, that evening, seen at Mr. N's, and hoped he would let her have it. In short, the full relation of all the paraphernalia of female nothings, (I hope the ladies will excuse me,) were so thickly interwoven by Sophia, with every new subject which we broached, that I could have a thousand times wished her absent—and although the observation of Pygmalion, whom Ovid styles the Paphian hero, forcibly presented itself to my memory, yet respect for my friend, and mindful of the wholesome advice of Sophocles,

Do not to ills, ill medicine apply,
Nor a severer anguish add to grief.

I suffered it, like a shadow, to glide unuttered through the inlet of the mind.

Happily for poor Henry, that his feelings, though in the highest degree sensitive, were of the gentlest cast; and who instead of addressing her, as Lord Byron would have done, "you annoy me damnably," or even using the less repulsive language of Abdiel

"Oh! woman, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring——"

His answers to Sophia, were such as discovered a heart of the finest mould, and a mind ripened by no common study of Philosophy. I had often heard and read of the unthinking levity of French ladies, but had never seen it verified till I met with Sophia, whose intellectual qualifications consisted chiefly in her knowledge of flounces, frills, and furbelows; and indeed I now remember that Abelard particularly mentions that trifling frivolity, which is so truly and proverbially the characteristic of the Gaul. That the French may boast of many superior women I admit, but wish from my heart that Madam De Genlis shall never be cited as an example of refined genius or literary ability, for doubtless impudence and assumption are her highest attributes—witness her criticism on Lord Byron.

Having remained for some time among the Canadian French, I can now speak from experience, and must say, that I find them all very much like Sophia, better qualified for discussing the fashions of the day, and the prices of silks, lace and parasols, than any thing that could improve the mind, or give it a relish for subjects of a sentimental or literary nature. But perhaps I have been here too rhapsodical,

and shall therefore, in begging the reader's pardon, turn more closely to the subject of my narrative, observing with the unfortunate Oedipus, that

—Sweet is the life,
That glides away without the sense of ills.

For several weeks I took every opportunity of visiting Henry, whose indisposition had now assumed an alarming appearance—yet still with a calm unruffled temper, and evenness of mind, he seemed prepared for the worst fate that might possibly befall him. I saw in every look and action so much of that heavenly wisdom which so greatly ennobled the immortal Socrates, that I could not help placing before my mind's eye, the many traits in the character of that great master of philosophy: and while I endeavoured to keep back from his memory, the recollection of his withered hopes—fearful to awake a grief half calmed to rest—in the fulness of my heart, I was ready to exclaim, *happy, happy Henry*; while I who have not endured one third of thy wrongs, could pray from my soul, that I had been born a savage, or something less civilized, rather than for a moment think that I am an exile from my friends, and aged parents, who are still dearer to me than life, all through the unmerited injuries heaped upon my tortured country, by those whom she has educated, and as Swift truly observes, by those whom she has civilized.

The Canadian, or rather the American Indian, before tutored by the politeness of the bowing and jilting French, or the charity of England, had more true notions of justice and integrity than he even now possesses, notwithstanding all the polish he has undergone—this may be easily proved, from the still remaining vestiges of his originality. My pen, I fear, is rather political and I regret it, still

“My soul is calm, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms.”

My friend, who was of too fine a texture to “bloom in this world of storm,” having now lost every hope of recovery, and sinking rapidly under a disease, evidently brought on by disappointment, begged that his last moments might be attended by me, and related to his dear old mother. With this request I complied, and though distressing as it was to me, I watched the going down of his sun at but too early an hour, and the closing of the brightest and most intellectual eyes I ever beheld in man. Yes, I grasped the hand of my dying friend till the pulse of life had ceased to beat, and the spirit that warmed one of the kindest and best of hearts had returned to its God who gave it. This, this was the hour for reflection and to me the most distressing—here in a strange land friendless and alone, gazing on the lifeless corse of one who had been my dearest companion, and with whom every feeling of my heart had been closely intertwined, filled me with sensations which can only be felt, not written. Still I was ready to ask, like the weeping Eve, could this be death! but ah! it was too plainly verified in the glazed lustre of Henry's eye which had set for ever—in the stillness of a heart, which in the language of Claudian “had no stains within”—and in the silence of that tongue, from which “truths divine,” had come often mended.

To what then does the vain ambition of man lead, which seeks but the “magic of a name?” Where then is the glory of him who is but

—“the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the mine or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form.”

Having performed the last sad office due to his sacred ashes, I could only in the silence of my grief say, farewell my Henry; and though, like CHATTERTON and

DERMODY, you have lived unheeded, and died neglected, yet thy injured name shall reach posterity, and thy memory be ever dearly cherished, as long as life shall animate the deeply afflicted, and sorrowing heart of—A. K.

QUEBEC, 1829.

MARY OF ROSSTREVOR.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS OF A RECENT DATE.

(*Concluded from our last.*)

"What is man's love?

Even while his parting kiss is warm,—

But woman's love all change will mock,

And like the ivy round the oak,

Cling closest in the storm." HALLECK.

Henry, impatient for the catastrophe of his infernal plot, rushed furiously into the chamber, and with affected rage and stentorian imprecations, demanded the adulterer. Poor Mary, like one thunder-struck, and surprised with terrors and astonishment, started from her sleep, and in a trembling voice, and an expression of features, in which amazement was strongly pictured, besought the occasion of his anger. He gave no answer to her entreaties, but continuing his assumed fierceness of fiend-like indignation, searched every corner of the room, and from beneath the bed drew out the hidden traitor, whom, with a ghastly smile of triumph, such as Satan's horrid countenance wore when he tempted Eve, he dragged close to her eyes. This unexpected sight, with the appearance of a discovery so strange and shocking, almost annihilated the astonished and appalled Mary, whose senses were for a time suspended, whose faculties were rendered torpid, while her organs of speech were fettered by the icicles of terror; happy had she never awoke to the misery that awaited her.

"Chaste Diana of virtue, paragon of conjugal chasteness!" said Henry, "is this the truth of your *innocence* and *purity* of heart, to which you so deceitfully and so artfully pretended? Is this the wretch to whom you have sacrificed your honour? Is this the defiler of my bed?—this the catiff whom you set up in my very chamber as the revered idol of your secret devotions?"

"O Henry!" exclaimed the injured Mary, in an agony that almost prevented utterance. "Can you—can you, O Henry! believe me guilty—can you suspect my fidelity, even if an angel from heaven should declare me false? Can you for a moment believe that I knew this vile wretch, or that I had the most distant idea of his being concealed here? My virtue suspected?—Good God! and by my husband too, and in the sight of that Omnipresent Being, who will attest my innocence, in spite of the vile conspiracy that has been set on foot against my fame and honour. Oh Henry! there needed not this cruel blow to wound a heart that is already writhing on that rack of unkindness, on which your cruel conduct has stretched it. Kill me, if thou thinkest the ravages of sorrow too slow! hurry me to my silent grave, but taint not my unspotted innocence!"

"Your innocence, indeed! audacious presumption!" retorted the husband; "and is it possible that you have the assurance to talk of innocence, and in the presence of this damning evidence! do not add falsehood to the guilt of the crying sin of adultery!"

Having inveighed in this brutal strain of invective for some time, he then turned from her, and was about leaving the room, when, making an effort to which conscious innocence gave strength, she caught hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, uttered, with the piteous accents of an angel of supplication—

"O Henry, my still dear husband!—if yet I may call you by that endearing name"

let me beg, on my knees, let that wife you once so dearly loved, let her entreat that you will not expose my hitherto unspotted fame to public infamy. I shall not long continue a barrier in the way of your pleasures; the grave is already open to receive me, and you may make your pathway to brighter scenes of conjugal love, than those which you have enjoyed with me, over its green turf: but I again conjure you, let me sink into it with an unblemished reputation; and thus the name of poor Mary, if it be ever remembered, it shall not be associated with a dishonourable imputation. Surely that heart which I once thought the chosen sanctuary of honour cannot be so steeled against compassion as to refuse me this request—the last I shall ever ask. As to that vile wretch, whom you employed to betray me, the hand of an offended God shall soon punish him for his atrocious wickedness."

These words plunged daggers into his heart, and relenting pity beginning to gain an ascendancy in his mind, he rushed out of the chamber, dragging with him the infamous valet. As soon as he reached his own apartment he dismissed the diabolical valet with a positive injunction that he should leave Ireland on the following morning for ever.

Few hearts have been able to resist the tears of an amiable and virtuous woman: those of Mary melted the torpid feelings of Henry to compassion, and unravelled the web of illusion which the wily Calypso had woven around his affections;—and holding the microscopic glass of reason to his eye, he could no longer see those bright colours of love which he so lately saw, through a fairy telescope, in the magical tissue. Remorse and self-reproach made him curse his mad infatuation, and despise himself for his wicked and cruel conduct to a tender and excellent wife who merited all the kindness that connubial affection could bestow; all the fond endearing attention that her purity and sensibility of heart deserved. In this mood of mind he was on the point of returning to Mary, to confess his faults, and crave her forgiveness, when his Mercury handed him the following billet from Julia:

Carlingford, Sunday night.

My dear Henry:

"Say, is not absence death to those that love?"

I am, according to your wishes, sequestered in the woodland solitude of Carlingford.* Hasten, my friend! my more than friend, my lover, beloved beyond

* CARLINGFORD, a very ancient town, in the county of Louth, is situated on the western side of the fine bay of the same name, opposite Rosstrevor, embosomed in picturesque and lofty mountains, which rise in a pile, one above another, from the sea. This place is remarkable for producing the most delicious oysters in the United Kingdom. The harbour is very deep and capacious and being protected by a crescent of mountains, ships of war can safely come to anchor in it. It is a grand arm of the sea, being four miles square. Here are the ruins of a fine castle, which was built by Ralph Pepper, in honour of King John, A. D. 1204. This Ralph was brother of Roger Pepper, who built the castle of Ardee, 1207, and of William, who also built the castle of Trim, which is still called King John's Castle. Carlingford Castle must have been a very strong pile of buildings, and seems by its situation, to have been designed to defend a narrow pass at the foot of the mountain, close by the sea, where but a very few men can march abreast; as on one side are dangerous rocks and a deep sea; and on the other, towering mountains of the elevation of eight hundred yards perpendicular. Its foundation rests on a solid rock, washed by the sea, and some of its walls are eleven feet thick, which are composed of cut limestone.

Carlingford, in the "olden time," must have been a town of castles, as it is full of castellated ruins. There are to be seen here, also, the magnificent ruins of a large monastery, and the ivy-covered remains of a church.

This town is much frequented by fishing-boats; but it has little or no trade, owing, we presume, to its contiguity to the town of Newry, the great mart of commerce, from which it is distant only six miles. We do not know of a more pleasant road in Ireland than that which runs on the verdant margin of the canal, from Carlingford to Newry, as the prospect of sea and mountain scenery is truly romantic and picturesque.

CURSORY LIGHT ESSAYS.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

Socrates said that every beautiful woman should have "a beautiful soul." But it would be endless labour to enumerate the different ideas which poets and painters, have expressed of beauty. We will, however, present the following tale, which we have translated from the Persian of the learned *Makmoud Rez.*

The sage and powerful *Kaliph Raif*, before the angel of death bore his spirit before the celestial throne of the great Prophet, called his only son to his couch, and after giving him a salutary advice on other affairs, concluded his parental admonition, in these words.—"Son," said he, "women are deceitful and vain, and therefore, to lessen the evils which many of them would entail upon you, take but one wife to thy bosom; but *Ismael*, my son, be careful in selecting a lady that is perfectly beautiful: in making a choice, if thou dost mistrust the discrimination of thy own judgment, seek the opinions of the wise and experienced, who have tasted the bitter and sweet fruits of matrimony. My son, women are the creatures of vanity and caprice, what they admire to-day, they despise to-morrow. I do, therefore, again conjure you in order to save yourself trouble and perplexity, to wed, but one *lovely woman*." The youth much affected at the admonition, bent his body to the floor in token of his religious obedience to the injunction, and the countenance of his dying parent wore the sweet placid smile of contentment, as his soul winged its flight to the third heaven.

The youthful *Ismael* had long ardently loved the virgin *Zelma*, who though she had no external charms to seduce the eye, had yet a mind richly endowed by nature, and ornamented by the graces. In all the feminine accomplishments, which render a woman estimable in the opinion of her own sex and win the esteem and admiration of the other, she excelled. The brilliancy of her conversation diffused the light vivacious cheerfulness through every society in which she mingled. One evening after *Ismael* had listened to her with rapture, he exclaimed,—ah! my father! how it amazes me, that the intellectual qualities should be so valueless in his estimation? What are the beauties of the face, which age withers and blasts in a few short years, when compared to the beauties of the mind, which like the perennial flowers of the Aloe tree, flourish under the breath of the tempest, and the mildews of adversity. But pure benevolent spirit of my father! my promise shall be fulfilled."

The words of the expiring *Kaliph* were indelibly impressed on his mind, and he resolved implicitly to obey his father's behest, although his unalterable attachment to *Zelma*, was the prolific source of many an involuntary sigh; but filial obedience sternly demanded the sacrifice of the dearest affection of the heart. Love was exiled by duty. To adhere scrupulously to the request of his father, he repaired to the khan or inn, in which merchants from all quarters of the globe sojourned, in order to consult them on the perplexing dilemma in which he was involved. *Ismael* had scarcely imparted the purport of his visit, when the guests began to give him the different ideas of beauty, entertained by their respective countries, and eagerly importuned him to place faith in their opinion, and make it the standard by which to estimate perfect beauty. An Arab of the desert lavished glowing eulogiums on the women of his nation, who rendered themselves so divinely beautiful, by smearing their chins with vermilion, and blackening the edge of their eye lids: a native of the Ladrone Islands, warmly maintained that the most winning beauty consisted in black teeth, deer eyes, and white hair; an inhabitant of the province of Cumana, said that such beauty as would captivate gods, was formed by thin cheeks, a long visage, and massy thighs, a woman with these graceful perfections of loveliness, he strongly urged *Ismael* to marry. A Chinese, dwelt with rapture on the small feet and long noses of his countrywomen; a Turk asserted that no woman could be called a beauty, who was not plump and corpulent, and adorned with black eyes and protu-

berant breasts; an honest Muscovite, declared that in his opinion, a woman whose countenance was not daubed with paint, to cover the defects of nature, looked perfectly hideous; a Frenchman admitted that the females of his country, in general, had adopted the idea of the Muscovite! Others were about offering their opinions, when the majority of the company declared that they must abbreviate the discussion, by confining it to the decision of an Englishman, an American, and an Hibernian who were present.

"Prince," said the Englishman, "if you wish to gain possession of a living Venus de Medicis come with me to England, and select her from among my countrywomen, who are as superior to the Circassians, and Georgians, as the latter are to the Amazons of Tartary. The English ladies are celebrated for their voluptuous loveliness, and for uniting to the most regular features, the clearest complexion, and the most symmetrical forms." All now seemed impatient to hear the opinion of the American, as they expected it would be expressed, with the candour and the frankness of an honest Columbian.—"Sir," said he, "I do not boast when I say, that though my country women, in beauty and elegance of form, do not resemble the Grecian models, nor express in their countenances that inexpressible charm, which the ancient artists have diffused over those of the Apollo and the Venus de Medici, yet nature has liberally bestowed upon them graces and elegancies, of which she has been much more sparing in other parts of the globe. Our women have fresh complexions, full of expression and alluring eyes, which prepossess in their favour all who look upon them: their forehead is high, their hair is silky and luxuriant; they are full sized, well made, and extremely slender waisted; but of the whiteness of their teeth, I can say nothing encomiastic. Such sir, is the picture of the ladies of my native city, New-York, and if it is not pleasing, I will give you the out line of the form of the ladies of one of our states, called Kentucky. There Prince, you will see a race of Amazons as tall as the Palm tree, and as slender as the reeds of the Ganges. Among these ladies of *elevated dignity*, you can select a Hippolyte, a Lampeto, or a Thalestria." The Prince expressed himself much pleased with the American's description of his countrywomen. The attention of the assembly was now turned to the Irishman, from whom a hyperbolical panegyric on the beauty and grace of the Irish ladies was expected. "Prince," said he, "my friend John Bull, would fain make you believe that England was exclusively the land of beauty, notwithstanding, the writers of all countries have admitted that female beauty, like the perennial Shamrocks that enamel the romantic banks of the Shannon, is the indigenous production of the Irish soil. The candid American, did not resort to such extravagant exaggeration in his portraiture of the American fair, who are pretty in *spite* of their teeth. I must be candid too, and admit that some of the Irish ladies have large feet, and legs that would suit as pedestals for statues; but let us *throw them aside*." The Irish ladies have in general a delicate complexion, in which the lily and the rose are ever blooming; their white skin so smooth and polished, that it feels to the touch like velvet; and the outline of their countenance approaches the beautiful ideal and the finished elegance of the antique. Their forehead is curved and open; a streak of the most beautiful black pleasingly defines their eyebrows; their blue eyes are large and full of fire, attempered with an inexpressible mildness and modesty that give a charm to their expression; the nose is well formed; the mouth, encompassing ivory teeth, is small and smiling with vermillion lips; and the dimpled chin such as it ought to be, to terminate the oval of a perfect face. Their deportment is graceful and majestic. In point of intellect Irish women carry away the palm of superiority; for with Lady Morgan and Miss Edgeworth, no other two ladies in the world can compete." After the Hibernian had finished his high-coloured eulogium, the Prince was in as great a predicament as ever, and quite undecided, whether to go to England, America, or Ireland, in search of a *perfect beauty*. To relieve the mind of the Prince from the difficulty which encumbered it, a holy Dervis arose, and thus addressed him. "Mighty Prince,

the most humble of your slaves entreats leave to lay his lowly mite of advice, at your feet." "Holy Dervis," rejoined Ismael, "I shall with pleasure hear thy sagacious instruction, and may Alli inspire thee with wisdom." "Then know, sublime Prince," added the venerable Dervis, "that I have carefully studied the divine language of the sacred Genii, and my endeavours to explore the hidden source of truth, have been successful; this sacred volume contains the fruits of my labour; in this you will find the solution of the question, and a description of a perfect beauty. The Judge of the faithful impatiently opened the volume, and on one of its illuminated pages found written, in letters of gold,

"IN VIRTUE ALONE IS PERFECT BEAUTY."

The Prince transported with joy, hastened to wed his darling Zelma.

VIRTUOUS LOVE.

"The virtuous, when the virtuous love,
That love is form'd to last;—
In every change in life 'twill prove
Too strong for Fortune's blast."—FELLOWES.

Pure disinterested love is the source of the most refined and delectable pleasures, and when it springs from a reciprocity of affection, and a union of hearts, it produces the most delightful sensations in the bosoms that are touched and inspired with its rapture. The pellucid skies of true love are ever serene and cloudless; and its pure emanation is never agitated with the gusts of sensual passion; there is no dissonance in its music—no acid in its sweets, nor no discordant string in its lyre. Genuine love demands a considerable degree of sensibility, of elevation, and energy of soul: the heart that would taste its delicious enjoyments, must be refined by noble sentiments, a glowing imagination, and by an inviolate attachment to the principles of honour. It cannot exist in the bosom of luxury and pleasure; there the chilling blasts of voluptuousness nips its blossoms in their first spring. To love a beautiful and virtuous woman, requires a taste for what is beautiful—a sense of the felicity which her mental and personal charms can diffuse through all the relations of life. What is termed love in the present day, is a glowing desire which assumes the name of a tender sentiment. It is an honourable passion that tends to raise humanity to perfection. Pure, generous, disinterested love is the lot of few in this venal age; few indeed, are the bosoms in which it is nurtured and cherished. The sordid worldling thinks its joys but the transient gleamings that just sparkle in the darkness of existence, and then like falling stars disappear for ever;—the thoughtless lose all relish of love in dissipation; the voluptuary in illicit amours—the sedate in business; and nothing of that romantic passion which appears arrayed in the dress of enchantment, in the creations of poetry, is generally to this class of mortals known, except what is conveyed to them through the muddy channels of mercenary interest, or animal desire. True love mingles respect with passion. In the age of chivalry, when men loved from the impulse of the heart, when the sex was adored by the learned and the brave—when poetry, painting and chivalry, bowed at the shrine of Beauty, and loaded her altars with their gifts. Woman, in those golden days of simple manners, was worshipped for her perfections and amiable qualities, not courted for her wealth, as at present; her esteem and love were the recompense of valour and virtue; her smile gave inspiration to genius, and courage to heroes.

But the "age of chivalry is gone" with the age of disinterested love; we are no longer gallant; voluptuousness, avarice and sensuality have depraved us. Since women are no longer considered divinities, they have lost their magic spells of fascination, become too human, too earthly, so that their influence on the character of men is now as pernicious, as it was formerly beneficial. To the rapturous blisses, the transporting illusions, and the ecstatic enthusiasm of pure unadulterated love, succeeded facility of enjoyment, followed by quick dis-

gust. Thus the sex has been debased by the arts of coquetry, which they employed in the endeavour to subvert the stoicism and morbid philosophy of men, who instead of seeing the fair daughters of Eve, shining in those radiant delusions of imagination, and vivid colouring, in which poetry and romance have painted them; observe realities from which they recoil with aversion and contempt; for without delicacy there is no grace, and without the veil of modesty, beauty has no power of captivation. What is a woman when she neither loves nor is beloved, a mere figure in the drama of life? For beauty without lovers, is but a tyrannic Queen without subjects on whom she might exercise her despotism. Formerly, it was more difficult to win the heart of one woman, than it is now to triumph over the virtue of many; then the reign of moral affection prolonged the power of passion, and preserved the bloom and fragrance of its thornless roses. Women were then the soft timid daughters of delicacy and modesty, to whom paint, stuffing, and padding were unknown—whose snowy busts were graced with their *own native ringlets*, and whose charms were heightened by innocence, and set off by elegant manners and the expression of fine sentiments. These were the arms with which they conquered hearts, and made captives of heroes—these they employed as Parnell says, in

“ Gay smiles to comfort, April showers to move,
And all the nature—all the art of love.”

Philosophy, sophistry, and debauchery now occupy the throne of that heroic gallantry, which was once guarded by the faithful sentinels of honour, love and virtue. Love was then the bright emanation of beauty, the offspring of passion and innocence, whose vestal fires were fanned and preserved in their glow and force by increasing desire, instead of being extinguished by voluptuous gratifications. If we be deprived of love, what remains to illumine our pathway through the desert of life?

For libertines, there is gallantry, the perpetual counterfeit of affection; for the honest and sensitive heart, there is tenderness, the balm of sympathy,—and for all the pleasure of friendship, which is less voluptuous than the bliss of love, but mingled with fewer pains; as this warmer passion either raises or depresses, refines, embitters or sweetens our existence, when we are alternately delighted with its sensations, or agitated with the tortures of jealousies, which are ever its concomitant evils. Who with a heart “made of penetrable stuff, but has felt the visitings of first love? Who can forget the thrilling ecstasies with which it electrified the feelings in that joyous moment, whose raptures are recorded by memory on the tablets of the heart, in characters which will only be effaced by death?

Many writers of experience have observed that the human breast is seldom capable of experiencing the joyous sensation of sincere love, more than once during life. Our first attachment leaves an image of the fair object in the heart to which recollection shall ever offer the homage of affection. We love to think of her who was the first idol of our bosom, who lent feathers to the pinion of our humble muse, and fired our mind with enthusiasm and ambition. But let us not look in the mystic glass of retrospection;—she is gone for ever! she died in the morning of life;—yet memory delights to dwell on the shadowy joys which have vanished, as the Irish exile in a strange clime, is fond to think of the dream that restored him for a moment to his country and kindred.

If our first love was unpropitious, if the sweet cup of hope, was dashed by parental authority from the lips, and if circumstances crossed our path, when at the verge of Hymen’s temple, we are never after capable of feeling the glowing ardour of passion, or of replacing in our affections, any other object with the same fondness and sincerity that gave existence to our enthusiastic devotion, to the hearts first elected divinity.

To constitute love as the passion that actuates the human race, sentiment must be united to sensation, and these purifying fires will divest the sexual communion of those drossy admixtures that frequently corrode while they corrupt the

bosom with their licentious desires. We never dignify the attachment of the brute species with the name of love, nor should a word in whose sound there is joy, and of which the soul of man appears jealous, as claiming a share of nature's most rapturous influence, be applied to mere animal desire.

If the load of dependence can be ever lightened,—if the cup of affliction can be ever sweetened, and the gloomy hours of sorrow and indigence be illuminated, it is by woman's sympathy, and the balmy consolation of virtuous love; by the soothing attention of a gentle, affectionate, and attached wife, who, assisting her husband to brave the tempest of adversity, reflects the halo of her virtues, on the darkness of his cares, while with the power of her cultivated intellect, she supports and adorns the amiable feminine attributes of loveliness and sensibility.

Some painters have represented love with a *bandeau*, and of all its attributes, this is perhaps the most formidable and delusive, and yet the least dreaded; it seems at first sight to have some charms for hearts really captivated. A man loves to shut his eyes on the imperfections of a beloved woman, and let imagination supply the defects of nature; while she would never wish to have discovered the infidelity of her lover:—thus it is pleasant to be ignorant of both, as fancy in that case, can roam freely through the flowery fields of illusion.

ORIGINAL PATCHWORK.

STRANGE EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.—Justina, in the charms of her person, and the lustre of her elegant accomplishments, surpassed all the Roman virgins of her time. Her suitors were numerous; but among all who were in competition for choice, Fannius, a poet ridiculed by Horace, succeeded in winning her affections.

They were married, and for a time they enjoyed all the felicities of mutual love and conjugal endearment. Their attachment seemed indissoluble, and founded on a basis, which neither adversity nor circumstance could move. Whenever Justina mingled in society, she was annoyed by the most fulsome compliments on her beauty and grace. This species of adulation gave her husband, who was naturally suspicious and petulant, great uneasiness, and succeeded at length in kindling the devouring flame of jealousy in his bosom. One evening, after coming home from a social party, where the usual adulatory incense was prodigally offered to her charms, she was in the act of undressing before her husband, who on discovering the snowy whiteness of her bosom, was in an instant seized with a furious fit of jealousy, and in the madness of his passion, he drew his sword, and at one blow severed her neck from her shoulders.

CUPID A FUGITIVE, AND VENUS'S REWARD FOR HIS RETURN.

(*A Fragment, Translated from a late French work.*)

The Goddess of Love rising one morning from the thorny couch of Vulcan, missed her son Cupid. She searched for him through all the groves of Paphos; she anxiously asked all her nymphs, if they had seen him, but her search and inquiry were fruitless. The Goddess of Beauty became inconsolable. She loudly called upon his name, but the echo of the groves only responded "Cupid! Cupid!" With a loud voice, she then offered a reward for his apprehension; and described him in her proclamation as follows:—

"If any one sees Love wandering in the public ways, he is my fugitive; the straying boy has fled from my bowers: the happy discoverer shall have a gift worthy the acceptance of Jove himself. The reward shall be a sweet kiss from Venus; but if thou bringest him quickly, not a mere kiss, but thou, O friend! shalt have something more—a bliss often sighed for by the gods!

Remarkable and singular is the boy; amongst a hundred thou mayst recognise him. His body, indeed, is not white, but resembles fire: his blue eyes are somewhat fierce and flaming; wo to the maiden who encounters their burning glances! The disposition of his nature is to beguile those he would wish to immolate on his altars. His eloquence is fascinating and deceptive; it is the mask in which he conceals his thoughts. His voice is as soft and musical as the strains of Apollo's lyre; but when he is angry, his

mind is a smothered volcano of burning rage, for he is then silently meditating on revenge and mischief.

"His head is beautifully covered with hair of golden hue; his face is pretty, but its expression is saucy and amorous.

"His hands are small and white; but they can throw his arrows far and distant, as they have pierced Pluto beyond the Acheron. His body is naked, but his mind is covered. He is ever hovering on purple wings, and watching, like a hawk, for prey. He stings every bosom in which he nestles. Round his shoulders is a golden quiver in which he carries his destructive arrows to transfix the hearts both of celestials and mortals; for with some of them the cruel boy has even wounded me, his mother!

"All his propensities and prepossessions are hostile and cruel all! but much the most his little love-lit torch, with which he has inflamed the sun itself. If thou shouldst seize him in some virgin's moon-light bower, bring him bound to me, and do not pity him. Remember that if he weeps, it will be for the purpose of deception; let not, therefore, his tears move your pity, nor his honeyed words excite your compassion. Beware of his smiles and tears; and if he should be inclined to kiss thee, avoid him as thou wouldst the embrace of the serpent, for his breath is poison, the touch of his lips will communicate the consuming and devouring fire of love to your heart."

MR. CANNING.—This eloquent and philanthropic statesman, whose recent death has not only spread the gloom of sorrow over all Europe, but touched the sympathetic chords of every American heart, when a student of Eton school contributed largely to a periodical called the *Microcosm*. In opposition to that journal, the Westminster scholars published the *Trifler*, and prefixed to it a frontispiece, in which the respective publications were exhibited, in a pair of scales, the *Trifler* weighing down the *Microcosm*. Mr. Canning, who was chiefly engaged in writing the latter, composed, immediately after seeing the caricature, the following witty epigram:

"What means ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits! of Eton jealous,
But that your rivals *soar in air*,
And ye are *heavy fellows*?"

A COQUETTE.—Diderot says, in one of his novels, that to write well, and draw a striking likeness of a coquette, it would be necessary to "dip the pen in the dyes of the rain-bow, and dry the ink with powder borrowed from the wings of the butterfly." *Miss Licia Loveless* is well known in the circle of "good society," as a mal-a-pert, affected, and loquacious coquette, on whose cheeks the rosy bloom of youthfulness has been embrowned by the sun-beams of thirty summers.

Though the graces are enshrouded in her wrinkles, and that love languishes in her age-dimmed eyes, she imagines herself as youthful as a Hebe, and plays off a battery of sighs and glances against the hearts of single gentlemen, who amuse themselves by 'whispering the tale of nothing in her ear.'

Her absurd airs and ridiculous affectation are the theme of censure with her own sex and the subject of amusement to the 'dandling dandies' who pay her attention. She is extravagantly fond of sentimental novels, and often imagines herself a Laura, a Charlotte, an Eloise, and other romantic heroines. She is a perfect adept in all the arts and modes of coquetry, and in all the embellishments of a *belle* of the first water, such as humming Italian airs, lisping bad French, and mincing the English words. She pretends to be very near-sighted, and to have very sensitive feelings; for whenever she reads of unfortunate lovers, that were crossed by parental authority, she is seized with the hysterics.

We think she is likely after all to die an old maid, for some twelve years ago she refused three offers of marriage. She was then young and beautiful, but flattery roused her ambition, elevated her pride, and transformed the innocent and interesting girl into the saucy and sophistical coquette.

It is the characteristic disposition of coquettes to reject lovers, when they are in the spring of their youth and charms, rather than renounce the pleasure they still take in making new conquests.

It is the opinion of philosophers that the force of ambition is stronger in the breast of a woman after she is twenty-five, than love, and that this ascendant passion extinguishes those pleasing sensations which she once felt. She is no longer actuated by that ennobling feeling that burns in the verses of Byron, that charms in the Lyrics of Moore, and glows the loveliest meteor of the imagination, in the romances of Scott.

Let no man then marry a coquette, who wishes to enjoy content and nuptial harmony; for she will not turn from her habitual vanity, no more than the scorpion could divest itself of its venomous instinct.

If the afflictive miseries of dependence, and the storms of adversity can ever be rendered sufferable, it will not be by a coquette: on the contrary, she seems to have been designed by Nature to increase the agony of misfortune, to mar connubial pleasure, and to rivet the chains of distress, as well as to poison the fountain of comfort.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD SACK. The term *Sack*, which has the same meaning, almost in all languages, derives its etymology, according to learned Lexicographers, from the destruction of the town of Babel. Emanuel, a Jewish poet, who wrote largely on the origin of languages, at Rome, A. D. 830, gives us the following whimsical reason why the word *Sack* remains the same in the different dialects.

"The workmen employed in building this mighty tower," says he, "had like our moderns, each a sack for holding their provisions, tools, and other little matters in: when the building began to tumble about their ears, their dismay became so alarming as to produce a confusion of tongues; every one, seized with a panic, snatched up his sack, and nothing was heard from every voice but the general exclamation *Sack! Sack! Sack!*"

LIGHT BREAD. In Turkey, such Bakers as are convicted of selling bread, under the legal standard weight, are hung up at their own doors. This law was specially instituted by Mahomet himself, who has declared in the Alcoran, that all its violaters should suffer the agony of eternal hunger, while steeped to their lips, in a burning lake.

Travellers declare, that notwithstanding executions for the inextinguishable offence of vending light bread, are so frequent in Constantinople, as that a person can hardly walk along the streets without rubbing against the bodies, yet even these severe and rigorous punishments do not still put a stop to the nefarious practice.

Oh! if our Corporation could be invested by the *city convention*, with authority to enforce the Mahomedan statute against the delinquent Bakers of New-York, what a number of *suspensions* the High Sheriff would be obliged to make, in every street in the city!

DISCURSIVE REMARKS ON PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, No. III.

Nearly allied to painting are the arts of sculpture and engraving. Though the first of these beautiful and graphic works of genius had its birth in Asia, it was from Greece, the cradle of the fine arts, properly speaking, that it derived its lustre and perfection. Attica, abounding with quarries of fine marble, and still more abundant in artists of taste, was soon enriched, with those master-pieces of sculpture, which have astonished the world by their beauty, perfection and majesty. Indeed all the gods and goddesses of the Pagans were represented by statues.

Phidias, Praxiteles, Polycletus and Lysippus carried the art of sculpture to a sublime degree of eminence, which towers far above the efforts of modern genius. The sculptures of Angelo, Canova, Winkelman, Chantry and Flaxman, though fine specimens of the art, are still defective in the expression, grace, and elegance, which the Grecian chisel could so vividly stamp upon marble. Modern statues are so *tight laced* in lines of frigid geometrical proportion, that they appear in attitudes devoid of animation, or rather if they were spasmodic, while their effect is marred by the glare of monotonous and harsh mechanism. We should look in vain among the northern nations of Europe for prototypes of the Minerva of Phidias, the *mon* of Polycletus, or the Alexander of Lysippus. These models of genius combine such rays of beauty and perfection, that they are now termed *ideal*. The statues of Lysippus were so highly valued, that in the age of Augustus, his Apollo and Socrates were bought for their weight in gold. The Emperor Napoleon brought away from Italy, as trophies of his conquest, some of the noblest remains of Grecian sculpture, among which were the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo, Grecian Shepherders, Milo Hercules, the Fawn, Gladiator, the Laocoon, Niobe, and her children, Achilles, &c. The Romans, though imitators, produced some excellent statues, but they were almost destroyed by the Goths. The *Pythian Apollo* is an exquisite specimen of Roman statuary; and yet still, it is vastly inferior to the Grecian god, in taste and execution. The Grecian statues were always exhibited naked, while the Romans covered theirs with drapery.

The most celebrated group of sculpture that the Grecian chisel ever produced is the

Laocoon, with which Napoleon also enriched his emporium of ancient genius. This wonder of sculpture, is reputed to have been the production of three several artists, who clubbed their respective talents to produce a paragon of perfection. It has been doubted by some learned antiquarians whether the *Laocoon* of the late French Emperor is the original group that the Roman historians speak of with such admiration and rapture. This doubt has arisen from the description which Pliny gives of the *Laocoon*. In one of his letters in praise of its beauties, he attributes to it among its other merits, the advantage of being wrought out of one block of marble; whereas it is now found to consist of no less than five distinct pieces, which no doubt is the cause of its identity being questioned. The fabulous history of *Laocoon*, the priest of Apollo, who was destroyed by serpents while performing a sacrifice, is familiar to the recollection of every classic reader. We never saw the original in the imperial museum of Paris, but we often saw and admired the fine cast of the *Laocoon*, in the Dublin Society, which is said to be the best copy of it extant. The beauties of this assemblage of figures, in Dublin, as they struck us, would be classed by an artist under two heads—*anatomy* and *expression*. That the sculptors have attained a high degree of perfection in the first of these, the admiration of successive generations has sufficiently proved; but in the last they have not we think been so felicitous.

Laocoon and his children, are represented enduring all the tortures of bodily agony; the devouring serpents are writhing round, and actually breaking the limbs of the unfortunate sufferers. How we would ask an artist, are the limbs of a human being, suffering under the extremes of bodily torture affected? Let us, for example, suppose a criminal expiring on the rack. Are the hands opened and expanded, or are they clinched and convulsed? Are the feet cramped or extended? For either of those effects the extreme throes of agony will certainly and universally produce. Now all the limbs of the figures that compose this celebrated group, are what the artists term in *repose*, or intimating their existence in a tranquil manner, as the hands of all the figures are nearly extended, or like those of a graceful actor, when he delivers some common-place or unimpassioned sentiment. This in our opinion is a departure from nature. A tranquil object should only show itself by its existence, it is terminated by and in itself. The *Laocoon* was intended to be a model of symmetry, and of variety, of repose and of motion, of opposition, and gradation, which should present themselves together, so as to excite in the beholder's mind, a mixture of that agreeable and pathetic sensation which would calm the violence of the passions. We have seen a painting in Dublin, copied from a Flemish master, by BARRY, which in our judgment, portrays the effect that acute torture produces on the limbs of a human victim, with more force and nature.

This picture represents king Cambyses of Persia, slaying a corrupt Judge alive. The feet of the miserable sufferer, while under this horrid operation, are exhibited spasmed and contracted, while the hands are clinched and convulsed. That such is the effect of bodily pain every day's experience furnishes examples to Surgeons and Anatomists. Beyond nature human art cannot proceed; no one yet has come up to her. If we had to explain the group of the *Laocoon*, and if we were unacquainted with its history, we might imagine it a tragic idyl. A father sleeps at the side of his two sons, they are in that state, interlaced by two enormous serpents, and at the instant of waking, they struggle hard to extricate themselves from the living cord of poison that binds them.

The *Gladiator of Borghese* is a picturesque specimen of statuary. It was found in the ruins of Antium, wanting the right arm; but even with this privation, the statue presents the noblest display of attitude, velocity and athletic strength.

In a future paper under this head, we shall offer some remarks on the origin and progress of engraving.

MR. O'CONNELL.

This pure, virtuous and disinterested patriot, has been triumphantly elected in Clare without opposition; as no creature of the government, or no Quixote of the Brunswickers had the hardihood to compete with the man of the people; or the boldness to avow himself a candidate for the representation of a county, whose spirit and independence will be blazoned by fame on the records of patriotism, in characters of light, which time cannot extinguish as long as Ireland shall be known, while showing as beacons of religious liberty, and mementos of the debt of gratitude, that they so nobly and honourably paid to the illustrious LIBERATOR OF IRELAND.

In what country or in what age was there ever achieved such a glorious and bloodless victory, over prejudice, despotism and persecution, as that which the genius and wisdom of Daniel O'Connell, gained for his country? His was not that culpable imprudence which madly raised the standard of revolt, that it might only allure the credulous portion of his countrymen to the scaffold and the gibbet;—his was not the unchecked and unregulated enthusiasm of green unripened youths, and soi-dissant Aristogitons, without legislative or military talents, who in the intoxication of their zeal, deluged their country in blood—devastated her fields with rapine, and afforded the English government a pretext for letting loose the infernal furies of conflagration, rape and murder, destroying in their destructive and demoniac career, the asylums of the innocent, and sacrificing in their vengeance, on their horrid altars, shrieking *viatus* and imploring *beauty*. But would to Heaven! that the genius of concord could obliterate the horrors of 1798 and 1803, from the page of Irish history, and consign the deeds and the names of the tragic actors belonging to both parties, who figured in the disastrous drama, to oblivion. There is no doubt but Ireland had then, honest patriotic spirits, who freely died in the hopeless, injudicious, and immatured struggle, which was got up by chimerical men who were stimulated by frenzied enthusiasm, and visionary ambition, to attempt subverting the strongest government in the world; though they "had not," as Napoleon justly observed, "a man among them fit to command in the field, or preside in the cabinet."

Never in fact, was there such an abortive insurrection so destitute of management and arrangement; or that betrayed such culpable incapacity, and want of judgment and foresight; but let us forget the occurrences of the gloomy past; let the clouds that obscure that hapless era of our history, fade away before the rising sun of Ireland's prosperity. O'Connell opens a vista into futurity, which every generous Irishman must contemplate with pleasure. The *tithe* system, that vile incubus, which has since the days of Henry II, clung with a cankerous grasp to Irish industry, and deprived the husbandman of the best fruits of his labour, the prophetic liberator promises to cut off by the legislative sword of abolition. The best informed men in Great Britain, admit that *tithe* are the greatest obstruction to Irish prosperity, and that the injustice of exacting them from Roman Catholics, to support the absentee Clergymen of the Protestant creed, should not be tolerated longer. If O'Connell emancipates his country from the oppressive infliction of *tithe*s, he will render her an essential benefit, equal in salutary importance, and magnitude of advantage, to Catholic emancipation itself. All that talent can effect, all that incorruptible patriotism can achieve, all that eloquence can accomplish may be expected from the parliamentary efforts of DANIEL O'CONNELL, the man who has given demonstrative proofs of his consummate wisdom as a statesman, his pure integrity as a politician, and of his energetic eloquence as an orator. Such is the massy pillar of the Catholic cause, such is the patriot to whom seven millions of Irishmen have unanimously accorded the first eminence of station amongst them.

PARK THEATRE.

The accomplished and liberal manager of the Metropolitan theatre, cannot be too highly applauded, or adequately remunerated for his indefatigable assiduity in entertaining the public with the most intellectual treats, that the refectories of the legitimate drama can supply. Melpomene and Thalia have been reinstated in their hereditary sovereignties, and the muses and the graces again offer their homage before their thrones.

The celebrated tragedy of the *Gamester*, was performed on the evening of the 9th of September, in which MRS. SLOMAN personated Mrs. Beverly.

Her representation of this affecting character, though by no means equal in conception, execution, or delineation of passion, to Mrs. DUFF's was yet a bold and spirited effort which merited and received plaudits.

In heart-rending scenes of sorrow, where pathetic emotions are to be expressed, and where the agonies of the heart require to be graphically pictured in the expression of the passions, by graceful action, and emphatic utterance of sentiment, this lady is rather torpid and unaffecting. In the impassioned lover she is also defective—nor is her voice musical enough to enunciate the soft cadences of lover's sighs, or powerful enough to express the bursts of rage and jealousy.

This lady, indeed, is destitute of those intellectual powers, which shine so luminously in the readings of Mrs. Duff, while she also wants the graceful deportment, and digni-

fied appearance, that give such a classic air and touching interest to the Mrs. Beverly of the most accomplished tragic actress on the American boards. If we except Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neil, perhaps Mrs. Beverly never had a more forcible and efficient representative than Mrs. Duff, particularly in the last act of the Gamester, where she affects and astonishes the audience by her powerful conception of conjugal love; proving by the severest and most seductive trials, its passion and delicacy; its glowing tenderness—its unconquerable fidelity of constancy—and its unshaken firmness, and unalienable attachment. Here Mrs. Duff exhibits a picture so potently and so naturally drawn, and so vividly coloured, that it touches the coldest sensibility, and melts the most frigid heart in the bosom of apathy.

Mr. BARRY's Beverly, was a correct and animated performance, and were it not depreciated now and then, by bellowing rant, we would pronounce it a masterly outline of that character.

We always like to see Mr. SIMPSON, in light, gay, and genteel comic characters, which he sustains with ease and fine a flow of natural feeling; but the vivid delineation of a hypocritical double-dealer, like Stukely, is beyond the grasp of his histrionic powers.

We must, however, admit that in the scene with Mrs. Beverly, in the third act, he displayed conception and respectable specimens of spirited acting. Mrs. Sharpe, in *Charlotte*, acquitted herself with her usual effect and vivacity.

We have not had before an opportunity of speaking of a grotesque and tasteless spectacle, called "*Thierna Na Oge*," or the country of youth, which has been exhibited in this house, at the expense of Irish feeling, and indignation, for several nights. This miserable farrago of nonsense, vulgarism, and stupidity, was got up in London, by the vile recreant apostate, CROKER, the wretched traducer of Lady Morgan; who, in what he termed his "*Legends of the South of Ireland*," caricatured, and burlesqued the characters and the manners of our nation. To the exaggerated and distorted portraits which he has daubed of *Daniel O'Rielly*, and the old and young *Kate Kearney*, Mr. Mercer, and the Mesdames Hilson and Wheatley, have added by their buffoon and graceless besmearing, the coarsest and the most disgusting colours of vulgar caricature and monstrous burlesque. We are sorry that delicacy alone did not deter the ladies from assuming such *modest blundering*, and *negative* characters as Dame and Kate Kearney. We would advise Mr. Mercer, not to "say more than is set down for him." Let him remember in future that the grimace of a Jack-pudding is not the smile of an Irishman. Were it not for the splendid scenery of this burlesque spectacle, and the interest and consequence which Mr. Richings gave to *O'Donoghue*, no audience of taste could endure a repetition of the trashy thing of absurdity.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Caldwell in *Charles Surface*, in which he was vivacious, natural, and impressive. This gentleman's performance, is not marred by the affectation and frippery frivolity of Mr. Barrett, who always represented Charles as a reeling drunkard. Mr. Caldwell, on the contrary, gives us the character as the author intended—a gay, pleasant table companion, who loves his bottle for the sake of his company, and who, though a generous open-hearted rake of fashion, never forgets that he is a gentleman.

Mr. Caldwell treads the stage with ease, grace, and firmness, and he seems to act from the impulse of nature. We never saw Miss Kelly so vapid, cold and constrained, as she was in *Lady Teazle*.

In the discovery scene she evinced an unusual degree of chilling insensibility. We missed there the appropriate action, and expressive gesture of Miss Rock;—her timid confusion;—and her nervous but emphatic enunciation in exposing the hypocrisy of Joseph.

Mr. Barnes's *Sir Peter*, was a childish and trifling performance. We know he can make *Sir Peter* a gentleman, when he thinks proper.

As that unrivalled representative of Scottish characters, Mr. MAYWOOD, is in the city, we hope shortly to have the pleasure of seeing *Sir Archy* in his usual flow of spirits and talents, on the boards.

Mr. Simpson always treats the audiences of his house with genius.

THE STATUE OF THE LATE MR. GRATTAN.

The nobility and gentry of Ireland, with a spirit of liberality that procures their grateful remembrance of the virtues and the eloquence of the Irish Demosthenes, have

employed Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, to make a statue of that renowned patriot. By a letter from a friend in Dublin, we understand that the statue, which is highly creditable to the genius of the artist, is an admirable likeness of the Tully of the Irish house of Commons, was erected in the Royal Exchange, Dublin, early in the month of August last. The figure is full of spirit, expression, and dignity. The sublime orator is exhibited in a graceful oratorical attitude, with his countenance so animated, that its expression seems glowing with the bright flame of eloquence that burned in his mind. The left hand holds a roll of parchment, upon which is pressed the palm of the right. The drapery is not antique, but the artist skilfully gave the statue the air of being arrayed in the classic costume, by the felicitous disposition of a flowing cloak, which hangs in loose and graceful folds upon it. This statue, which is seven feet high, and of Italian marble, rests on a pedestal of three feet square by five in height. It is situated in the western corridor, looking towards Dame-street. The inscription on the pedestal is from the elegant pen of G. CERRY, Esq. who was the devoted friend of the great original.

"FILIO
OPTIMO CARISSIMO,
HENRICO GRATTAN
PATRIA
NON INGRATA
1829."

As an orator MR. GRATTAN had few equals, particularly in keenness of invective, and sarcasm of retort, as in wielding these rhetorical weapons, he manifested a Giant's strength, and inflicted wounds that were incurable. His celebrated speeches in the Irish parliament during a most momentous period of Irish history, were always in support of the best interests of his country, and in reprobation of her foes. His style of eloquence was often grand, lucid and impressive, reflecting the brilliancy of an enlightened and classic mind, on every subject of which he treated.

The Biographer of Mr. Grattan, in narrating the events of his life, must give the history of Ireland from the period "that he rocked the cradle of Irish liberty in 1779, until he followed her to the grave," in 1800. He might be said to have been the architect of the once mighty fabric, the Irish Parliament, which, alas! in spite of all his efforts, was demolished by English intrigue, and Irish corruption. Mr. Grattan's splendid career in the Irish senate, constituted a new epoch in our history, and gave birth to transactions, in whose importance the recollection of prior occurrences were sunk, by the superior interest of existing events.

Original Poetry.

THE LAY OF THE PERI :

A FRAGMENT OF AN EASTERN TALE.*

KALMA !—the fairest vale that lies
In the blest realms of Paradise,
Can boast no lovelier, holier flower,
Than blooms in Gurga's blissful bower!
Maid of the groves of bright Chelee!
Why cease the smiles that beamed from thee?
O whither hath flown the seraph smile
We saw on thy fair cheek glowing—
And whither the notes that on Gurga's isle,
At twilight's soft hour were flowing?
Thy cheek is pale as the summer-rose, [blows:
When the chill showers fall and the north gale
Thine eye whose glance is pure as the beams
Of the fairest pearl that in ocean gleams—

Is bathed in the crystal drops of wo—
And sorrow sits in its jetty glow!

Weep'st thou the chieftain, whose martial form
Gleamed like a star through the war's wild storm?
Whose gore-stained falchion and cymitar
Glanced like beams from the clouds of war—
Whose harshest hath waved o'er many a field—
Whose shrill trumpet-note of victory,
O'er the kings of the East hath in triumph pealed,
And woke the echoes of Oman's sea!—

Weepst thou the chieftain? well mayst thou weep!
For his corse is cold in the last long sleep!
His cheek is pale, and his martial crest
Reeks in the life-stream of his breast!
—Victory's shout was his last wild knell—
And he faintly smiled as he sighed farewell!
But he wept for thee in the hour of death,
And thy name was heard in his parting breath!

* Vide "Tales of the Genii," Vol. I. p. 46—50.
London, ed. 1763.

MERVIN.

APOSTROPHE

TO THE HARP OF DENNIS HAMPSON, THE
MINSTREL OF MAGILLIGAN,* IN THE
COUNTY OF DERRY.

[For the following elegant effusion, which was called forth from the author's muse, on his visiting the residence, and viewing the harp, of Denis Hampson, one of the last of our wandering minstrels, about four years ago, we are indebted to the poetic pen of ADAM KINN, Esq. of Quebec. This talented gentleman has now in press a dramatic poem entitled the "HUNON CHIEF," of which we shall give a review as soon as it is published.]

In the gloom of repose from the hand that has often
Through transport the purest touch'd gently thy
strings,
Thou art destined, ah, never! again once to soften
The heart with such rapture as melody brings.

Ah, no! dearest Harp! bleakest ruin hangs o'er
thee, [dead,†
Thy chords are all torn— and the minstrel now
Who first through his own native Isle proudly bore
thee,
And loved from thy bosom soft music to shed.

Yet the children of Erin shall guard safe the wil-
low,
That bends in luxuriance o'er his lone grave,
And nods in the night-winds, half fann'd by the
billow,
Which loves the Magilligan shores still to lave.

* MAGILLIGAN is a rocky promontory, whose point extends three miles into Lough Foyle in the County of Londonderry. This long ridge of rocks, rising high above the marine level, is remarkable for its cascades, caverned rivers, and giant graves. The traditionary tales of the peasantry state, that a great battle was fought at Magilligan, between Fingal's Irish Militia and a band of Danish pirates who made a predatory incursion into Ireland, in which many of the Finian heroes fell before they had routed the invaders. The immense sepulchral tumuli are composed of stone and sand. The point was formerly connected with the opposite shore of Green-Castle, from which it is now separated by an arm of the sea, that is two miles in breadth.

Instead of imputing this separation to its natural cause, the violence of the raging billows, it is regarded by popular superstition as the work of a fairy, "in whose days," says the old legend, "the low land, now the bed of the sea, from the Point Rock to Green-castle, was corn ground belonging to the Good People." Some sacrilegious wight, at this time, stole a carpet from the "gentle farm," (Vide page 320) which so provoked one of the Fairy-Queens, that she cursed Magilligan, and predicted that every year the breadth of the carpet should be swept away from the land until all the heights should fall into the abyss. In one of the precipitous rocks here, there is a fine cave called Solomon's Porch.

About five miles north of Magilligan is Down Hill, the magnificent Italian mansion, which was erected by the late Earl of Bristol in 1784, when that noble patron of the arts and literature, was Bishop of Derry. The spot on which he raised this paladian temple was then one of the wildest peaks on the shores of the Atlantic, but his improvement soon opened "a Paradise in the wild." The portico and pediment of the grand front are after the model of those with which Palladio adorned the

In the sunshine of days now but living in story,
Around his thatched cot would the villagers
throng, [of glory,
When the heart felt no motion save proud bursts
And thrills of delight still awoke by his song.

Oh HAMPSON! each charm sweetest music has in it,
In soul-breathing numbers came forth at thy
touch,
And yielded fresh rapture each heavenly minute,
That the heart until then never knew half as
much.

But peace to thy shade! and while o'er thy wreck'd
lyre,
True emblem of Erin! now hush'd in the hall—
In sorrow I gaze—deep reflections inspire,
And saddest emotions my bosom enthrall.

Yet dare I but venture, loved harp! to restring
thee, [true,
With hand, though but humble, is faithful and
The zephyrs, while playing at evening might bring
thee [through.
Such music as Memnon's when sun-beams glide

But now since the night shades are closing around
thee,
My last parting wish o'er thee bending I'll pour:
Undisturbed may'st thou rest, as when first I found
thee,
Till Freedom to Erin her anthem restore!‡

theatre of Vicenza. One side of the vestibule is a bronze statue of Eurytus, and on the other that of Hercules. This Earl's collection of paintings and sculpture, surpassed in value and variety, that of the Earl of Charlemont. At a short distance from the steps of the portico, there is a superb pyramidal cenotaph of Galway marble, whose apex is "dipped in heaven," which the noble prelate elected to commemorate the memory of his predecessor, the Earl of Bristol.

He was succeeded in his property and Irish estates by his cousin, Sir HENRY BRUCE, a man of little mind and vitiated taste. This unworthy successor of the learned and munificent Earl of Bristol, despoiled the mansion of Down Hill of all its pictures, sculptures, medals, and antiques, which he sold; and before his death, an event which happened only three or four years ago, he not only deprived the old widow of Denis Hampson of the cottage, which the Earl had bestowed on the minstrel, but actually carried off the harp for arrears of rent. Such was the heir of the Mæcenas of his age; such was the heartless conduct of the modern *Hua* to the destitute relict of the Irish *Marullus*. Down Hill is five miles from Coleraine, and twenty-six from the city of Londonderry.

† DENIS HAMPSON, except O'NEIL, the late celebrated harper of the Belfast Harp Society, was the most accomplished performer on the national lyre, that ever "raised the voice of song," in the halls of the Irish nobility, since the days of our Orpheus CAROLAN. Denis, though illiterate and blind, having lost his sight at three years of age, had a mind illuminated with the rays of inherent genius, and also a memory eminent for its retentive powers.

Every event of Irish history, every deed of our ancient chivalry, and every pedigree of the Milesian chieftains, was indelibly impressed upon his recollection, and the names of the O'Neils, O'Donnells, O'Briens, McCarthys, O'Connors, and O'Moores, names that cannot be effaced from the

‡ The wish of the poet is realized—DANIEL O'CONNELL has restored freedom to Erin.

O'CONNELL'S CIVIC WREATH.

Not with the laurel wreath of fame,
With which she crowns the hero's tomb,
Erin's star! will we twine thy name—
Although it wears eternal bloom;—

adamantine monuments of their glory, by the revolutions of destiny, were consecrated in his song, and enshrined in the veneration of his heart. In 1806, LADY MORGAN, in collecting materials for her admirable and affecting novel of the *Wild Irish Girl*, visited the "son of song," in his cottage at Magilligan, and describes him thus:—"We found the venerable bard cheerful and communicative and he seemed to enter even with an eager readiness on the circumstances of his past life, while his "soul seemed heightened by the song, with which at intervals he interrupted his narrative." Hampson had the honour to be introduced to the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart, at Edinburgh, by Colonel Kelly of Roscommon, in 1744, whom he delighted by his execution on the harp. He continued in Scotland in the Prince's suit until after the defeat of that personage, whom he revered and followed as a descendant of the Irish kings, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746, when he returned to his native isle, where he found friends and patrons among the old Irish families, in whose houses he was always a welcome guest, and at whose hospitable tables he told the tale of Erin's renown, and sung of the days of the glory, and the actions of the brave of Hibernia. In 1788, General Hart caused a full length portrait of him to be painted by a celebrated Limner. In 1802, he was invited by the Belfast Harp Society, to preside at the famous meeting of the Harpers, on which occasion, he was arrayed in the bardic habit of the ancient Irish minstrel, and though he was then in the 105th year of his age, his power of execution produced such thrilling effects on the minds of all present, that the other Harpers, despairing of equalling, declined playing any Irish air after him.

The tunes he loved to play next to his own compositions, were CAROLAN'S "*Ellen Aroon*," "*Coolin*," "*Cleandubhdithis*," and the "*Dawning of the day*." If we can procure materials we shall give a fuller biography of Denis Hampson, than the imperfect sketch which we now present to our readers in this note.

He died in 1808, at Magilligan, in the 109th year of his age; and over his grave, in its church-yard, LADY MORGAN has caused a marble slab, with a suitable inscription, to be placed a few years ago. Thus has the grave of the 'last of the Irish bards,' been honoured by an illustrious lady, whose talents and patriotism, have conferred more honour and shed more lustre of genius on Ireland, than all the princesses, heroines, and authoresses, to whom she ever gave birth. During the life of the good Earl of Bristol, the venerable Amphion of Magilligan, as we mentioned in the preceding note, enjoyed every comfort which he stood in need of at so advanced an age.

We believe it was his Lordship translated into English, Hampson's inscription on his harp, which was of white sally, that was dug out of a bog hole, in the vicinity of his residence, in 1702.

"In the time of Noah I was green,
After his flood I have not been seen,
Until seventeen hundred and two. I was found
By Cormac Kelly under ground;—
He raised me up to that degree;
Queen of music they call me."

No, for its emerald gem is dy'd
With the crimson hue of the heart's young tide,
And the shamrock that grows on EMMER's bier
Is stain'd with the maiden and matron's tear!

Then bring not the myrtle, it wears the stain
Of the blood of those whom the sword has slain;
Go bring a fresh branch from the oaken bough,
And bind with its leaves the orator's brow,—
Fit emblem of glory that never dies,
The green oak that soars in the winter skies—
For such is the hallowed name that's shrin'd
In the deep pure fount of the Irish mind.

But away with both! for they would but mar
The splendour of glory that gilds his name;
As well may we deck yon refulgent star,
That illumines the eve with its silver flame,—
Go shade with the palm the warrior's urn;
But O'Connell's brow with the shamrock twine,
While the patriot's fame unclouded shall burn,
By GRATTITUDE fann'd in the heart's pure shrine.

Yet long shall the harp of his country breathe
In the song of her triumph, his high renown;
And the Genius of Freedom proudly wreathes
The emerald-garland, his brows to crown.
No blood-stain shall sully its verdant leaves,
Or dim the fulgent blaze of fame so bright;
And HISTORY'S Muse while her tale she weaves,
Shall record his name on her page of light.

And still when the deep throb of anguish breaks
From hearts that have suffered in *Ninety-eight*,
The madness of EMMER keen pain awakes,
And tortures the soul with a galling weight,—
Then, where is the MUSE that would stoop to write
An "*Epitaph*" o'er his neglected grave?
Nor own! but refuses the long-claimed rite,—
While the tears of the orphan the dark turf lave.

CAROLAN.

New-York, Sept. 22d, 1829.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY'S BOWER
IN HER FATHER'S GARDEN, AT CASHEL,
TASTEFULLY ORNAMENTED WITH MAY
FLOWERS, VIOLETS, AND LILIES OF THE
VALLEY, IN MAY, 1826.

No blushing flow'r with pride elate,
Displays its charms in conscious state,
To court each passing gale,—
But unsophisticated taste
The humble violet here has placed,
And lily of the vale.

Thus is the instructive lesson taught,
How sweetly modest worth when sought,
Repays the searcher's toils.
How minds, like violets, oft are found,
Though creeping lonely on the ground,
In richly cultur'd soils.

And thou sweet flow'r of fairest hue!
Whose bashful beauties shun the view,—
Oh tell the artless maid,
How spotless virtues all, like thine,
In pleasure's sun-beams drop and pine,
But flourish in the shade.

JUVERNA.

THE IRISH SHIELD AND MONTHLY MILESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE."

NO. X.

FOR OCTOBER, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DISSENSIONS AND INTERSTINE COMMOTIONS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH;—THEIR TRUE CAUSE DEFINED. THE REIGNS OF ELIM, GIALLAGHA, AND ART. THE ANCIENT MODE OF FORTIFICATION. REIGNS OF NUADH, BREAS-RIGH, AND EOCHADH IV. THE INTERCOURSE BETWEEN IRELAND AND CARTHAGE IN ANCIENT TIMES. THE ACCESSION OF FION, SEADHNA II., SIMON-BREAC, DUACH, AND MUIREDHEACH, TO THE IRISH THRONE. THE REIGN OF EADHNA II., AND A DISSERTATION ON THE MINES AND MINERALS OF IRELAND.

The reader who has honoured the preceding chapters of this history, with a perusal, must have been surprised at the fatal feuds and bloody strife that scattered the unnatural and sanguinary miseries and calamities of civil war through Ireland, for a period of near three centuries. But though the gloomy records of those internal divisions, and melancholy discords, detail events that shock and sicken humanity, they are not still without numerous parallels in the history of every other nation in Europe. This assertion is raised by Voltaire, Hume, Robertson, and Sir Walter Scott, to a pinnacle of truth, which is too elevated for the assaults of objection. These historians furnish us with horrid recitals, equalling certainly, in the cruelty and barbarity which they unfold the most atrocious deeds that stain our annals, of their Princes murdering each other, in order to succeed to sovereign power. We find the royal rivals of Scotland and England, even in comparatively enlightened periods, guilty of inhuman enormities and stupendous wickedness, in their sanguinary career, to the goal of regal authority, which surpass the blackest and most barbarous crimes that have been imputed by history, to the heathen kings of Ireland. The ancient Irish princes were idolatrous worshippers of military glory and heroic courage; these were the divinities to whom they sacrificed the love of life, and every selfish consideration. For the moment a chieftain betrayed a symptom of pusillanimity in the martial field, he was debased; his name was obliterated from the emblazoned record of the valiant, and the herald broke his escutcheon and trampled his banner in the dust, in the presence of all his companions in arms. To evade this degradation, the chivalric Milesians entered the field of battle fully resolved to conquer their adversaries, or fall in the struggle covered with glory; as life without victory was not, in their opinion, worth preserving. To outlive the blaze of heroic fame, after being extinguished

by defeat, was counted infamous, so that none of the Milesian Princes survived the loss of a battle.

The Irish Princes scorned to enjoy existence encumbered with the reproach of being vanquished: consequently, with a view of consecrating their posthumous fame to the "light of song," they always fought with the most desperate resolution and valour. "A coward," says Dr. WARNER, "was looked upon among the Irish, as the most ignominious of all characters; and the opinion of their chieftains, of martial valour, which was carried to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, made it extremely difficult to bring about a reconciliation after a quarrel. For each party dreaded the name of a dastard, if they made the first overtures of peace, so no overtures were made at all, but the quarrel continued from father to son, and very seldom ended but with the entire extinction of one of the families."

Indeed our chieftains were always distinguished for their "longing after immortality," and considered military fame as the only badge of honour and eminence; and hence they circumscribed their system of politics and religion, within the compass of a short but an emphatic motto, on their banners, "*GLORY IS PREFERABLE TO THE WORLD!*"* Still their wars were not the conflicts of savage barbarians, in which no character can be traced except those of revenge, havoc, and perfidy: no, they exhibited in their fights magnanimous feats of chivalry, and displayed that heroic courage which is too generous to yield to resentment, or stoop to the ignoble revenge of trampling on a prostrate foe.

But even if we had no proofs on record, to attest this chivalric prodigality of existence, the calumnies of Hume and Macpherson, would still evidently militate against the deductions of reason, and the testimony of universal history, when they endeavour to fasten on the memory of our ancestors the degrading imputation of "*savage barbarity*," and to caricature our heroes as little-minded assassins, like their own Richards, Henries, and Macbeths.† The rival pretensions of the dynas-

* Constitutional pride, joined to innate bravery, seem to have been even the characteristics of the Irish nation. This pride, constantly fed by the poems of the bards, and by the reflection of their high antiquity and noble blood, made them at all times, even to our own days, ready to sacrifice every other consideration to it. The unhappy differences that first broke out in Ireland, in the very infancy of the Milesian government, were constantly kept alive from the same cause. The line of Heber, as being the elder branch of the Milesian stock, imagined they had an exclusive right to the Irish monarchy. The other branches of the posterity of Heremon contended, on the contrary, that in a government where superior abilities were ever preferred to lineal succession, their claims were unexceptionable; as it is often the case in private quarrels between people equally brave and proud, neither will recede; so with these, it would be deemed infamy in any successor to recede in the least from the pretensions of his house, or to omit any opportunity of enforcing them.

Yet even in these civil commotions (generally the most sanguinary) there were observed a conduct peculiarly striking, which seemed to elevate their characters beyond those of their neighbouring nations. In a word, not to multiply instances, but a *single example* occurs in the whole of our history, of a Prince's surviving the loss of his diadem, and this was Malachy II. in the commencement of the eleventh century!—Thus the death of the unsuccessful competitor, instead of being a stain on our annals, only higher blazons the national character of the Irish Princes. Add to this that ancient history in general, shows that few gallant Princes died peaceable deaths, which gave occasion to the remarks of Juvenal:—

"Ad generum Cereris, sine caede & vulnere pauci
Descendunt reges, et sicca morte tyranni."

O'HALLORAN.

† The Scottish historians look at Irish failings through the false telescope of prejudice; they paint our virtues on miniature medallions, and our vices on broad canvass. They point out the mote in our eyes, while they forget having beams in their own. The path which led to the throne of modern Scotland, was as often washed with the blood, and paved with the carcases of kings, as that of Ireland, as the following evidence will testify:—

ties of **HEBER** and **HEREMON**, we must admit, like the feuds of the Houses of York and Lancaster, were for many centuries, the prolific and pestiferous source of desolation and discord in Ireland; and their jealousies and fatal disunion, not only frequently deluged the country in blood, but ultimately so debilitated her power that she was humiliated to the degradation of bending the knee of obeisance before the throne of a foreign conqueror. The posterity of Heber, as the elder branch of the Milesian race, claimed a prior right to the sovereign prerogative; while the house of Heremon proudly rested its permanent claims, not only on the rights of blood, but on the legitimate and indefeasible right of conquest, so that this indiscernible basis of the Heremonian pretensions to the Irish throne, remained unmoved amidst the tempestuous surges of ages, like the solid and majestic rocks, that raise their ponderous cliffs above the raging waves of the ocean, until intestine treason and foreign invasion dissolved the monarchy of Ireland in 1172. Thus fell the glories of the O'Neil—thus did ruthless discord crumble their throne sceptre into dust! The voice of the patriotic bard no longer kindles the soul of the Irish brave, nor hurries them to the field of fame, while burning with the inspiration of freedom. Ah, no! The soul-lifting muse of **MOORE**, the patriotic genius of **LADY MORGAN**, and the heart-moving eloquence of **SHIEL**, cannot awake the "dreamless" sleep of the tomb. The stars of the red-branch have fallen: the sun of our glory is set, and the battles of the Irish brave have terminated in English subjugation.

The reader will pardon a digression into which we were led by our desire to wipe away, as far as our humble efforts can, the reproach which foreign historians have endeavoured to fasten on the memory of our ancestors. We wish to vindicate the conduct of those who cannot speak for themselves, and extenuate their imputed faults by the enumeration of the causes which produced them. But let us return to our annals.

ROTHEACHTA II. having been killed by a flash of lightning, as related in the conclusion of our last chapter, his son **ELIM** ascended the throne of his ancestors. Our annalists furnish us with no particulars of the reign of this prince, except that he was cut off by the sword of his successor **GIALlachA**, before he had terminated the first year of his sovereign sway. **GiallachA**, who was a brave and enlightened Prince, governed the country with prudence and justice, for nine years; at the termination of which period, he fell in an engagement with **ART**, the son of **Elim**. **ART**, on taking possession of the throne, assured the estates at Tara, that he was determined to rule over his people in such a manner as would endear him to their affections. The commencement of his reign afforded proofs of the sincerity of his professions, and every act of his administration demonstrated the warmth of his solicitude for the prosperity of the nation. Under his auspices, the arts began to revive, and the spirit of the monarch seemed to have animated the whole national mind. Agriculture filled the fields with the gifts of Ceres and Pomona; education expanded the powers of the mind, and architecture beautified the country with military and civil structures.

It was in the reign of this Prince, that fortifications were first introduced in Ireland. Positions formed by nature for advantageous military stations, were surrounded by ramparts and deep trenches, and on an eminence in the area, was raised a high mound, or fort, called the *Rath*. Near the Rath were the barracks for the soldiers, constructed of wood and clay, and under it was a cave formed of stone, in which deep wells were dug to supply the garrison with water in case of siege. Another species of fortification was also invented by this monarch for the

"The nobles were often mutinous, revengeful, and ungovernable; so that they were apt to forget the duty which they owed their sovereign, and to aspire beyond the rank of subjects. Never was any race of monarchs so unfortunate as the Scottish. Of six successive Princes, from Robert III. to James VI. not one died a natural death."

ROBERTSON.

Security of his armies and kingdom. The *Dun* was a rocky eminence, which was enclosed by entrenchments formed of large rough stones, and mounds of earth, of a square or oval form. The name of *Dun* was given by the ancient Irish to any entrenchment, whose area within was raised high, in order that their archers and slingers might annoy an enemy more advantageously from its summit. All these military stations were supplied with spring water by subterraneous aqueducts. Our historians do not tell us the number of fortifications he caused to be erected; but there is no doubt that in aftertimes the *Raths*, *Duns*, and *Babhans*,* were multiplied to a numerous aggregate, as we believe there are ten of these immense mounds in every county in Ireland. From his taste in military architecture, and his skill in hydraulics, he was called *Imlioch*, or the source of water. But all his improvements in the arts, or all his parental justice in governing the nation, could not secure him from the arm of revolt. In the twelfth year of his reign, NUADHA FIONN-FAIL, of the race of Heremon, raised the banner of insurrection, and succeeded in depriving the magnanimous Art of his life and crown, at the battle of Rathlin, A. M. 3273.

NUADHA FIONN-FAIL, after gaining the crown, displayed nothing in his administration of fourteen years, of any moment. But at the end of that period he was roused from his sluggish apathy by the rebellion of BREASRIGH, the grand-son of Art. The competitors, as usual, decided their pretensions to the throne by the issue of a sanguinary battle, in which the reigning monarch was vanquished and slain.

As soon as BREASRIGH was invested with regal authority, he adopted every measure of prudence and policy to secure the stability of his government. He augmented his army, and erected many new fortresses in different parts of the kingdom, in order to be prepared for the attack of either a domestic or a foreign foe. In the fourth year of his reign, a considerable armament of Cathagenians invested the northern coasts, and ravaged many districts of Ulster.

These enterprising people, at length growing bold with success, and more avaricious of increasing their booties, made excursions far into the interior of the country. The Irish monarch, collecting all his forces at Tara, speedily marched to the camp of the invaders, which he stormed, and after encountering a brave resistance from the foe, he succeeded in expelling them to their ships. The arms and spoils which he captured in the Carthaginian camp, were of immense value. The victorious monarch returned in triumph to Tara, where he caused the people and the army to join in celebrating his success by the exhibition of public games, processions, and festivities. After these events, no occurrence of historical note happened until the ninth year of his reign, when an insurrection, planned by EOCHADH IV. of the line of Ith, summoned him to the martial field of *Carn-chluain*, in Meath, where he fell by the sword of his successor. The reign of Eochaid IV. which lasted but one year, forms a memorable epoch in our annals, by the destructive plague that then visited Ireland, and swept away half its population. But fearful and fatal as the epidemic calamity was, it did not still deter ambition from aspiring to the crown.

* "The *Babhan* was a defile or pass, secured with thick ditches of earth, impaled with wooden stakes, or the branches of trees, and surrounded with a deep trench, over which there was a draw-bridge. The *Baghail* was an inclosure, constructed of large posts and wicker-work to surround their camps and secure them from surprise: this species of military architecture, as well as the *Ingleidh*, which were barriers of large trees thrown across the roads, in order to obstruct the progress of an enemy, originated in the first century. The *mote* or *motha* was the entrenchment which encircled the *Dun*: whence *mothar* in modern Irish signifies an enclosed park, and *mota* a mound. The *Ban* was the rampart which enclosed the *Dun*, and generally situated within the *mote*. The *Uach* was the cave or cellar where the provisions were kept, and where the garrison retired in case of danger. Many of these caves are still to be seen in Ireland.' —*Hist. of the rise and progress of military architecture, in Ireland, Vol. II. page 153.*

FIONN, the son of Bratha, of the dynasty of Ir, collected a force, with which he attacked and defeated the monarch, who fell in the first engagement with his rival, A. M. 3297. The conqueror Fionn, after a reign of twenty years, undistinguished in history, was in his turn slain in battle, by his successor, SEADHNA JONORAICE, who mounted the throne, A. M. 3318. He received the appellation of *Jonoraice*, in consequence of his being the first monarch of Ireland that regulated the fixed pay of the army by a royal ordinance. He was a prince eminent for his literary, as well as his military talents. The treatise which he wrote on military discipline and tactics, was as remarkable for the graces of its style, as for the depth of martial knowledge, which pervaded that admired composition, which remained for ages subsequently, as a standard of military jurisprudence, for the Irish army.

He caused many forges to be established for the fabrication of arms, after the fashion of the lances and swords of the Carthaginians. Many of the swords of this fabric, which have been found in several bogs in Ireland, bore such an exact and surprising similarity to those discovered buried in the plains of Cannae, and now deposited in the British Museum, that several learned antiquarians before whom both swords have been assayed and analyzed, have declared that they must have come from the same mint. "They are," says the report of the London Assay Master, A. D. 1789, a mixture of copper, iron, and zinc. They take an exquisite fine polish, and carry a very sharp edge, and are firm and elastic. They are so peculiarly formed, as to resist any kind of rust, as appears by two presented by Lord Milton, which were dug up in the bog of Cullen, after lying there for many ages."*

Notwithstanding the beneficial institutions of Seadhna, and the justice of his government, he was doomed to experience the same fate as his royal predecessors, with the memorable exception that the manner of his death was signally different and unprecedently cruel and inhuman. He was, while unarmed, taken by surprise, by SIMON BREAC, or the speckled, who, with a refinement of cruelty equal to the barbarity of him who stretched his victim on his lacerating bed, caused the unhappy monarch's limbs to be rent asunder by a machine, which he had constructed to gratify his diabolical vengeance.

* "Sir Lawrence Parsons, in his learned and elegant defence of the ancient history of Ireland, observes, that at an early period of the world, the Phœnicians made a settlement in Ireland, and immediately, or by degrees, completely subjugated the country, and established in the Island their laws, religion, and language:—this elegant writer supports his hypothesis by observing, that the Carthaginians originally came from Phœnicia and spoke the Phœnician language; that a specimen of that language has been preserved by Plautus, in one of his plays, which contains some speeches of Hanno, a Carthaginian, in the language of his country, which he says, appears, upon examination to be the same dialect as the Irish.

In further corroboration of the eastern origin of the Irish, the discovery of Carthaginian swords in the bogs of Ireland, has been adduced. General Campbell is in possession of one of the swords found near Armagh:—it is made of brass, about twenty inches long, two inches broad, having small holes in the handle, supposed to have been perforated for the purpose of admitting thongs to be fastened to them; which size and marks correspond precisely with the swords found on the plains of Cannae, as I have been informed by an intelligent friend, who had an opportunity of comparing the former with the latter, which he saw in several of the museums in Italy. The facts are curious, and the deductions are, at least, ingenious."

Stranger in Ireland.

"Governor Pownall, in his account of Irish antiquities, read before the English antiquarian society, in 1774, compared some old Irish swords found at a great depth, in the bog of Allen, with those in the British Museum, and was surprised at their likeness and exact correspondence in formation and metal."

VALLANCEY.

"But as our annals particularly remark on the abundance of mines and minerals in our country, and the ingenuity of our artists, the candid reader will agree with me, I think, that the *Carthaginians imported their swords from us in the course of traffic*, as Ireland was in this reign, unequalled for the elegant fabric of arms."

O'HALLORAN.

This sanguinary and relentless tyrant, after an oppressive reign of six years, was totally defeated by DUACH, the son of Seadhna, who, in accordance with the laws of retributive justice, inflicted on him the same species of torture, to which the despot had consigned his father.

DUACH's accession to the throne was hailed by the unanimous approbation of the nation, and during a peaceable, prosperous, and salutary reign of ten years, he evinced all the royal virtues that can shed lustre on a throne, or give additional eminence to regal station. But neither the magnanimity of his conduct, nor the amiability of his disposition had, in the hour of revolt, any avail in averting the arm of aspiring ambition. MUIREDHEACH, the son of the tyrant Simon, overthrew and killed the monarch in an engagement, A. M. 3354.

MUIREDHEACH mounted the throne in direct opposition to the wishes of the Irish people, who dreaded that he would follow in the despotic and sanguinary career of his arbitrary father;—but fortunately ere he had time to give the rein of absolute sway to his tyrannic inclinations, he fell a sacrifice to the just vengeance of EADHNA II. the son of DUACH, "the good monarch," as he was emphatically denominated by the voice of the nation.

EADHNA-*Dearg*, (or the *red*, which he was called from his fresh and ruddy complexion) assumed sovereign authority under the most flattering auspices; the remembrance of his father's virtues prepossessed all classes in his favour, and rendered him the object of national reverence and regard. The subsequent conduct of the monarch indeed realized the brilliant hopes of the people, and convinced them that he inherited the amiable qualities of his royal sire, as well as his crown and honours.

To this monarch our historians impute the invention of current coin in Ireland. They state that he caused a mint to be erected at Ross, in the county of Wexford,* where vast quantities of gold and silver bullion were melted down in the royal crucibles. Ireland abounded with mines of gold and silver, in ancient times, as the various crowns, shields, goblets, and armour of these precious metals, which have been discovered in different parts of the kingdom, demonstrate, with a force of evidence that cannot be impeached.†

* "The village of Ross, which has dwindled to decay, is beautifully situated on the confluence of the rivers Suire and Barrow, in the county of Wexford, at the distance of 89 miles from Dublin. The country here is romantic and picturesque, and the prospect that the traveller, who ascends *Faithleg* hill, can command of Waterford harbour, Tramore bay, Duncannon fort, Ballyhack, and Passage, new Ross, and the extensive chain of mountains of Tipperary, Wicklow, Kilkenny, Carlow, and the Kings' and Queens' County, brings within a charming *coup d'oeil*, as interesting a landscape as Italy can present. There are several monastic ruins in Ross, particularly those of the abbey of St. Augustin, erected by Sir John Devereaux, A. D. 1213. Near Ross, at Tintern, are also the magnificent remains of the abbey which the Earl of Pembroke founded in 1200. The rich possessions this abbey were granted by Queen Elizabeth to Colonel Gore, whose descendents afterwards were created Earls of Ross. Ross was the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the deluded insurgents of 1793, and the royal army, in which more than 2,000 human beings lost their lives!—Ed.

† "In many of the Irish bogs have been discovered numerous and ponderous ornaments of gold and silver, such as *fibulae*, clasps, buckles, bracelets, anklets, sandals, frontlets, lunettes, tankards, trumpets, weapons, and cups, several of which are of elegant workmanship, and give a high idea of the wealth, skill and taste of the ancient Irish."

Stranger in Ireland.

"Herodotus affirms that the Carthaginians effected a landing in a remote *Allantic Isle*, and established a colony in it; and that vast quantities of gold, silver, and precious stones, were exported annually from it to the parent city." LYNCH.

"There can be no doubt of the early use of trade and of money in Ireland, into which it is probable it was introduced, as soon as it was frequented by the Phœnicians. Before the reigns of *Eochaidh IV.* the Irish made their payments of gold and silver in bars and ingots, with which their rich mines supplied them."

Antiquities of Wales, Vol. 1. p. 181.

We are told by Sir James Ware, that in the year 1639, an urn full of the coins of this monarch, were discovered in a Druidical cave, in the county of Wicklow. These coins were of silver, and as large as an English shilling: on one side was the impression of the monarch's head, and on the reverse, Hibernia bearing in her hand the wand entwined with a serpent. (*Vide page 314.*) Some of these coins are preserved in the cabinets of the antiquarians, and two of them are to be seen in the museum of the university of Dublin.

In 1812, some men who were digging in a field in *Glanmire*,* a fairy valley, in the county of Cork, found an ancient gold coin, as large as a guinea, which, by the inscription, appeared to have been coined in the reign of CATHAIR, who was monarch of Ireland, A. D. 151. The impression on one side was a human head encircled

"The massy gold and silver chalices, candlesticks, plate, utensils, ornaments, and images of saints, seized by the crown, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the Irish abbeys, brought more than one million sterling to the exchequer." CAMDEN.

"In ancient times, gems must have been abundant in Ireland, as some golden crowns lately found in digging in bogs, were enriched with large rubies, topazes, amethysts and sapphire pebbles of great value." *Irish Geology, London edition, 1797, page 59.*

"Long before the birth of Christ, the Irish had stamped money, and their artists seem to have been as unrivalled in the fabrication of metals, as they confessedly were in lignarian architecture, and martial music." BISHOP NICHOLSON.

* Having occasion to speak of the romantic vale of Glanmire, in the text, we think we will enliven the interest of historical narrative, by giving a topographical sketch of it to our readers. The pastoral valley of GLANMIRE is situated three miles east of the city of Cork; a meandering rivulet, after gliding smoothly through its flower-spangled meadows, drops its tributary streams into the harbour. In this secluded glen, where Byron would love to woo the epic muse, and Petrarch to whisper the soft words of passion to his Laura, are interspersed two rural villages, upper and lower Glanmire, the latter of which, seated on gentle acclivities, rising above the head of the creek, at the distance of a mile from its conflux with the harbour, present landscape features which a Poussin might contemplate with delight. Surrounded on all sides by an assemblage of verdant hills, garnished with wood, they form every rural and picturesque variety that can unite in the composition of a pleasing sylvan scene. In some places appear narrow glens, the bottoms of which are filled with pellucid water, whilst the steep emerald-banks are draped with an umbrageous tapestry of variegated tints, that throw a foliaceous shade over these grassy sofas, which the solar beams cannot penetrate. In other parts, the vale opens to form the site of a pretty cheerful village, over hung by impending hills and undulating woods, from whence the green shore gradually rises into large enclosures, speckled with white houses, like pearls set in emerald. In this charming retreat, where a pilgrim might give up his soul to holy musings, and a hermit look with contempt on the vanities and pleasures of the busy world, are several elegant villas, especially *Lota*, which stands at the termination of a fine vista, looking towards Cork, formed by rows of elm and beech trees. Before this solitary Tusculanum, is a fine, flower-gemmed lawn, fringed by a 'garniture of groves,' while the improved pleasure grounds in the rear, consisting of a domain of one hundred acres, add a new and attractive beauty to the *tout ensemble* of the landscape, and form a fine and imposing accompaniment to the sylvan woods and lawns of Dunkettle, Richmond, and Ballyroshien, on the opposite banks of the creek.

The town of Glanmire contains about fifty houses, and a church, which was originally built by John Roche, A. D. 1349. In the cemetery of this church, which serves for the sepulchral ground of the deceased of the whole parish of Caherly, is an elegant monument of white marble; commemorative of the virtues of Arch-deacon CORKE, who died rector of this parish, in 1789. On the sarcophagus of the tomb, in full *basso-relievo*, is a female figure weeping over a sepulchral urn placed on a Roman pedestal, the dodo of which bears a medallion of the Arch-deacon; under this, on a shield, are the arms of the deceased, beautifully sculptured, and above, in an oval compartment, within a wreath of laurel, is the inscription.

Glanmire and the whole district of country thence to Youghal, belonged originally to the Irish sept of the O'Lehans, who were dispossessed of their patrimonial inheritance, by the Barries, who were officers under Strongbow.

with a knight's helmet, and on the reverse, a war-horse gorgeously caparisoned. We believe that this valuable antique is at present in the hands of the Earl of Shannon. Every writer since the days of Gerald Barry, who visited our country, has admitted that her soil is stored with the most precious mines, and minerals. In ancient times, it will be seen, these mines were industriously explored and worked with unwearied spirit; the cause of their long neglect is owing to the studied misgovernment, and aggressive system of monopoly, to the evil of which England has doomed Ireland for ages;—but we hope that HE who broke the chain of religious restriction, will still farther entitle himself to the *ETERNAL GRATITUDE* of his country, and form a new epoch in her history, by instigating a research after the treasures that are immured in her mountains and plains, and draw from the bowels of the earth, those hidden sources of national wealth, to enrich the proprietary of the soil, extend commerce, promote the arts, give a spirit to industry, check emigration to strange climes; and to supply the exigencies of the empire. This glorious task, we fondly hope, DANIEL O'CONNELL is destined to accomplish.

Ireland, which was once as distinguished for her agricultural operations, and excellence in the cultivation of the arts, as for her renown in arms, and fame in literature, has, by a fatal concatenation of internal discord, and English policy, been thrown back a century behind many countries which were immersed in barbarism, at a proud era, when she was the great emporium of commerce—the luminary of science, and the school in whose splendid focus were concentrated those radiant beams of philosophy and religion, which dispelled the darkness that brooded over European intellect, in the fifth and sixth centuries. We trust, however, that English policy, can no longer wield the arms of injustice against the prosperity of Ireland, or bring the repercussive lever of monopoly to bear upon her interest and welfare. Too long, alas! it has been her fated and marked destiny, to be, in most public concerns, either cajoled by pretenders, defrauded by knaves, or distracted by chimerical demagogues, in the delusive guise of prudent patriots. But at last, thank Heaven! the able, skillful, and disinterested pilot, O'CONNELL, has steered the storm-shattered bark out of the shoals and quicksands of 1798, and the breakers and eddies of the disastrous epoch of 1803. In addition to the metallic and mineral productions, on which we have already descanted, Ireland is pregnant with coal, iron, lead, and copper mines, and the celebrity of her noble quarries of marble is known to every intelligent reader.

The most beautiful specimens of this architectival and sculptural material, are found in the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, Galway, and Meath. Blocks of great magnitude, of jet black marble, susceptible of the finest polish, are raised out of the quarries of Waterford: the characteristics of the Kilkenny marble, are hardness and brilliancy of streaks, which peculiarly adapt it for the purposes of ornamental architecture; the Galway production is distinguished for its pure whiteness, as well as for the massy magnitude of the pondrous pillars it has furnished to some of the most elegant colonnades in the kingdom; the Meath marble, of the famous quarry of Ardbraccan, near the town of Navan,* is esteemed the best in the kingdom for building; it is of a beau-

* NAVAN, a considerable town in the county of Meath, 29 miles from Dublin, is pleasantly situated on the conflux of the rivers Boyne and Blackwater, in the midst of a rich and picturesque country, whose scenery is diversified with baronial castles, monastic ruins, and waving forests.

Navan was a place of great note in ancient times. Malachy, king of Meath, erected an abbey here, A. D. 1009, and after the invasion; Hugh De Lacy erected and endowed another monastery in this town, which is now a heap of ruins, as is that which was built by Jocelyn Nangle, and dedicated to the holy virgin, in the twelfth century. In the cemetery of the latter, are the remains of many ancient tombs, whose sculptural decorations present several figures in *alto-relievo*. On every side of this domain-encircled town, the romantic banks of the Boyne and Blackwater are embellished with the castles of Ludlow, Liscarton, (the birth-place of the celebrated Lord Cadogan) Athlumny, Dun-

tiful dove colour, and when polished, it developes a variety of tints and veins. Kildare House, formerly the princely residence of the Duke of Leinster, but now the Royal Dublin Society house, the Provost's mansion at Trinity College, and the Richmond Asylum, are the Dublin edifices built of this marble.

But it is high time that we should conclude our episode and resume the thread of our historical narrative.—The brilliant reign of EADHNA II. which was faithfully devoted to the patriotic task of promoting the happiness and prosperity of people, terminated in its twelfth year, when the monarch fell a victim to the plague. The death of this wise and beneficent Prince, was deeply bewailed by the whole nation, which regarded him with reverential affection and enthusiastic devotion.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—No. VIII.

NAISI AND DEIRDRE.—(*A Historical Tale continued.*)

[SCENE—a grove of venerable oaks in the valley of Fincarn (Killeman) in the county of Armagh. Deirdre is seen reposing under the shade of a spreading tree; and the sons of Uisnach appear conversing with Illan and Buini, the sons of Fergus. Time—sunrise.]

NAISI. (*Coming towards her.*) Deirdre, my beloved! awake, as already the sun-beams tip the mountain cliffs in ruby tints, and the joyous lark salutes my Princess with his congratulatory carol, while the morning zephyr is subserviently offering her the sweet incense of the dew-drooping valley flowers. Rise, my heart-pulse! and let us hence to the palace of Emania!

DEIRDRE. (*Rising from her grassy couch.*) Oh! my Naisi! how fearfully frightful were my dreams—how terrible the visions that disturbed the broken slumbers of my rest!

NAISI. Oh! dearest Deirdre, these illusive visions, that cast such gloomy clouds over the serene sky which should always illumine the dreams of angelic innocence like thine, are but the shadowy impressions of your waking thoughts. Banish all idle suspicions from thy gentle bosom, and be happy.

DEIRDRE. Would to heaven I could, love!—But the visions of last night are too deeply engraven on remembrance, to be obliterated by thy voice of comfort. Oh! the evil-boding phantoms that menaced me with the visitation of the most dreadful calamities! Some of them held a mirror before me, in which I saw you—Oh yes, you! spring and joy of my existence! a mangled corse, transfixed by the spear of Connor, and thy gallant brothers weltering in their gore beside thee! After sickening and shocking my soul with this horrid sight, they dashed the mirror on the pavement; when other terrific fiends then came towards me, bearing blazing torches in their hands, which after flashing in my face, they flung into a yawning abyss that suddenly opened at my feet, exclaiming—“Behold! woman of fatal beauty! the emblem of thy approaching fate:—“You stand on the precipice of the gulf of death, and like those torches which we have thrown into this abyss, shall the bright hopes of thy husband be extinguished!” Then vanishing, they left me enveloped in dreary darkness: but shortly after, meteoric scintillations flitted through the gloom, which enabled me to discern at a distance, Illan the fair

more, as well as several other mansions, among the most elegant of which is the palace of the Bishop of Meath, at Ardraccan, which combines with classic taste, the beauty and lightness of Ionic architecture. The marble that composes its pillared portico and lofty pediment, was raised out of the famous quarry in its vicinity. This superb structure was built by Bishop Maxwell, in 1789, on the ruins of the old cathedral, for Ardraccan was a Bishop's see, until the tenth century. The modern cathedral of the Bishopric of Meath, stands near the prelate's residence; but it is a plain building of no architectural grandeur.

streaming with blood, coming towards me, without his head : this horrifying spectacle so terrified me that I awoke. Oh ! I shudder with fear and dismay when I think of it !

NAISI. Oh, damsel of incomparable beauty ! it affects my soul to see thee thus the victim of imagination. Summon thy fortitude to thy aid, and chase away those groundless apprehensions, which dim the brightness of gladness in thy love-enshrined heart, and damp the vivid lustre of those blue eyes, which are the guiding stars of my felicity. Behold yonder, the turrets of Emania's palace, and the lofty pinnacles of the castles of the Red-Branch, glittering like rubies in the sun-beam.

DEIRDRE. My eyes, Naisi, recoil from contemplating the domes of Emania, as those of the devoted victim do, from the burning altar of his destined immolation. Ah ! it is not the goal of triumph that rises in the perspective ; it is, I fear, the land-mark that points out the boundary of our existence ! When I turn my eyes towards Emania, I see an ominous cloud, empurpled with blood, hanging over its sombre towers. Naisi, on my knees I implore thee, in the sacred name of our love, and by the sympathy of devoted affection which amalgamates our hearts, to abandon your intention of going to Connor's palace. Do, beloved of my soul ! relinquish that design, or at least defer it until after you have a conference with the heroic *Cuchullán*, of sage counsel, at his castle of Dundalgan.* Let us fly, then, to the brave warrior, and he will protect us from the vengeance of the royal tyrant.

NAISI. As a lover, my charming Deirdre, I should fondly obey thee : but as a chief of the Red-Branch, I am sworn never to shrink from danger. Fear or cowardice cannot shake my heart, nor divert me from my purpose. When glory beckons, even love cannot detain an Ultonian knight.

DEIRDRE. Ah, Naisi, in the first spring of love, when our joys were blooming and budding, you would not, in those rapturous moments of delight, have refused me any request ; no ! if I even asked you to open your breast, that I might see my image enthroned in your heart ; but now, alas ! you can justify yourself with a plea of chivalry, and disregard the supplication of wedded affection, because your passions are no longer its listening auditors.

NAISI. Reproach me not with apathy of passion, my dearest Deirdre, for I vow, before yonder celestial throne of Bel, that the chilling ice of death must cover my heart, before its ardent and glowing love for you is extinguished. But would you have me subject myself to the imputation of pusillanimity ; would you not yourself be my conductress in the solar path of honour and glory ?

DEIRDRE. I shall say no more to dissuade you from your purpose ; but I remember the time, when *Mananan†* brought me the cup of " powerful property,"

* DUNDALGAN, now Dundalk, the capital of the county of Louth. As Dundalk was the scene of many memorable events, we shall soon give a comprehensive topographical and historic description of a town, that is endeared to recollection, by all those pleasing associations of memory, that spring from the reminiscence of school-boy days, into the sensations of the heart. Dundalk is a wealthy and flourishing town, situated on a fine bay of the same name, at the distance of 51 miles from Dublin. The port is very safe for shipping. It was in this town, Edward Bruce was crowned king of Ireland. The ruins of Cuchullán's castle, which was despoiled of its treasures, and afterwards burned, by the Irish Semiramis, *Meibha Crvachna*, Queen of Connaught, in revenge for the death of the sons of Usnach, are still to be seen at Calga, near this town.

† *Mananan* was a famed Carthaginian merchant, who often brought sweet wines and spices from the east, to Ireland, in this age, and lovers were then in the habit of presenting a cup of spiced wine to their mistresses, as a pledge of eternal constancy. Every classical reader will recollect, on reading Deirdre's sentiment, Jupiter and Juno's intercourse and conversation on Mount Ida ; but in ancient Irish compositions there is nothing borrowed from Grecian story. Our bards gave true pictures of nature, and gracefully veiled modesty in the beautiful garb of enchantment.

that you vowed never to disobey me. I now attend your footsteps to Emania Down—down in sorrow, sink my prophetic heart!

[SCENE—a Hall in Barach's house, at Donaghadee, in the county of Down. BARACH alone, in a meditative mood.]

BARACH. There is a charm in magnanimity that subdues the most determined villany, and snatches from its grasp, the poisoned bowl. Thus virtue disarms my wicked purpose. To-day I was resolved to infuse deadly arsenic in the convivial cup, and defile the very altar of hospitality, by the murder of the generous and unsuspecting Fergus; but my soul, yielding to the touch of compunction, revolts with horror, from the remembrance of the atrocious deed, which I had meditated, to please the king, and worlds could not at present tempt me to injure the noble minded and chivalric Prince, who has honoured my hall with his presence, and enlightened my mind with his conversation;—but here he comes!

[Enter FERGUS.]

FERGUS. Barach, all is ready for our departure to Emania's palace; but I cannot bid you adieu, without first expressing a grateful sense of the warm kindness and attentive politeness, with which you have treated me and my suite. Here, Barach, take this ring, as a small token of my gratitude, and retain it, and when I am seated on Ullin's throne, show me that gift; and the king of Ulster will instantly recognize the talismanic pledge, and recollect the hospitality which Prince Fergus enjoyed at Donaghadee.

BARACH. My Lord, your highness overrates my humble duty, and attention, which hospitality, the proverbial virtue* of an Irishman, would insure to you even if you were a stranger. Your highness will give me credit for sincerity, when I assure you, that I shall reckon the honour of your visit amongst the proudest occurrences

* "The ancient Irish, like the ancient Cretans, carried hospitality to the most generous perfection. It was their custom to entertain their guests for many days, before they inquired even their names. In each of the courts of the supreme, and provincial kings, were two apartments; the first of which was for the entertainment of strangers, who were always served before the king or nobles. Hence hospitality became an object of state policy; and laws and regulations were made by the national council, for its conduct. Lands, in every part of the kingdom, were allotted for its support; and the *Biatachs*, or keepers of open houses for the entertainment of strangers, were the third order in the state." O'HALLORAN.

"Even at this day, (1793) there is no nation in the world so generously hospitable as the Irish. Their houses are open for all strangers. As soon as one enters and places himself by the fire, he looks upon himself, and the people look upon him, as one of the family." Young's *Travels in Ireland*.

"Ireland is the only country in the world, where, if a stranger is shipwrecked on her shores, he can travel from north to south, and enjoy every comfort and luxury, without being asked for a shilling of money." Sir Francis Burdett.

"The rites of hospitality among the Irish, are deemed sacred. The stranger is treated on all occasions, with the utmost attention and respect, with a courtesy and politeness, which more elevated society consider as belonging exclusively to themselves. Never, indeed, did a stranger visit the "green isle," without experiencing the hospitality of the people. Even the poor labourer, who has only potatoes for himself and his children, will give the best in his pot to his guest, from whatever quarter he may come: he bestows his simple fare with a kindness that has often delighted me. Unlike the peasants of some other countries, who frown at the wandering intruder, he seems to feel a real pleasure in giving food to the hungry; for he gives the hearty welcome of his country, to all who approach his humble cot, '*Cead míle fáille duit*,' or, 'one hundred thousand welcomes to you!'"

Vide Deane's Observations on the Irish, London, 1816.

of my life, and estimate your gift as the most splendid prize that royalty could bestow.

FERGUS. Farewell, Barach! and rely on my friendship.

[Exit Prince.]

BARACH. Oh! what a vile wretch I should have been, had I destroyed a Prince of such greatness of soul as Fergus, who bids fair to be as illustrious a monarch as ever sat on Ulster's throne.

[Enter a Courier.]

COURIER. His majesty requires your immediate presence at the palace.

BARACH. Tell his majesty, I will fly to him on the wings of duty!

[Exit Courier.]

Now, how shall I dissipate the storm that threatens to burst its rage upon my devoted head?—The arch-druid is my friend;—on him rests my hope;—his intercession may appease the king's rage, and calm the turbulence of his temper. I go to my fate, be it fatal, or propitious! (Exit.)

[SCENE—a towered gateway, leading into the court-yard of the Palace of Emania; on one tower is hung a Shield—on the other, a Trumpet.—Enter NAISI, DEIRDRE, ARDAN, AINLI, ILLAN, BUINI, and attendants.]

NAISI. These ponderous brazen gates are closed; but the clangour of spear and shield shall soon bring hither the drowsy warder. (*He strikes the shield.**) Behold, here he comes!

WARDER. (*Appearing on the balcony over the portal.*) Who is the puissant chief that claims admittance to the royal presence?

NAISI. Let the herald announce the arrival of the sons of Usnach, to the majesty of Ulster.

[Exit Warder.]

DEIRDRE. Oh, sons of Usnach! I have a signal for you, if Connor is on design to commit treachery, and violate the faith of Fergus—

NAISI. What signal is that, sweet Princess?

DEIRDRE. It is—that if you are not admitted into the royal hall, where the king now feasts with the nobles, your ruin is planned and preconcerted. For heaven's sake, Naisi! refuse to enter the castle of the Red-Branch, should you be ordered by Connor to occupy it.

[Enter a Herald.]

HERALD. Illustrious Princes! I salute you in the name of our sovereign, and congratulate you on your arrival at Emania, which, I am commanded to declare is a source of great pleasure to the king, who regrets that indisposition prevents him from waiting upon you now with his personal greetings; but to-morrow he bade me say, that the noble sons of Usnach shall have the first audience: meanwhile, my lords, he desires that you will retire to the castle of the Red-Branch,

* By the laws of chivalry, the royal knights of the Red-Branch demanded admission to palaces, by striking the shield which was affixed to the gate of the royal residence, while an ordinary knight claimed entrance, by sounding the trumpet, which was suspended on an elk's horn.

where sumptuous viands and delicious wines are prepared for you. My lord Naisi, the high chamberlain is in attendance to conduct you thither.

[Exit Herald.]

DEIRDRE. Naisi, dear Naisi! lord of my heart! avoid the tragic catastrophe that seems to grapple us in its murderous fangs. Even yet, we can evade the schemes of treachery by flying to the castle of Cuchullan at Calga.

ILLAN. It would, lady, be inglorious to fly like dastards—and besides it would imply that the sons of Usnach doubted my father's honour, and disdained his guaranty. Such a stain shall never sully the reputation of the heir of Ulster's crown. Lady, time, the great umpire of events, will prove all your fears groundless.

NAISI. Though this refusal of admission looks rather portentous of evil, we will, however, for this night, sojourn in the castle of the Red-Branch; the sons of Usnach will never fly clandestinely from danger or death, neither has terror to affright us. Come, my adored wife! let us go to the castle.

[Exeunt severally.]

[SCENE—a splendid apartment in the palace of Emania, the walls of which are hung with purple and yellow tapestry.—The king is seen reclining on a couch.]

CONNOR. Now, I thank the glorious sun, and the radiant moon, that Naisi is in my power, and that I hold as it were in my hand, the powerful lever of revenge, which will crush the reptile, that has nipped the fairest rose that ever grew in the bower of beauty, to grace and bless the bed of a king!

O the once beauteous and enchanting Deirdre! in whose delightful arms, I had promised myself a heaven of ecstatic transport, to be torn and seduced by a subject, from my very embrace, while my longing lips were about being intoxicated with the nectar of her ambrosial kisses, is a deprivation of happiness—a bereavement of enjoyment, for which I can never be compensated on this earth. Would to the gods, that Naisi had a thousand lives, that I might sacrifice them all to my revenge. Oh! the deceitful Deirdre! in spite of all her unkindness, she still presides over my heart: I must possess her, or lose life and empire, in the attempt.—But here comes her nurse, who accompanied her, in her flight to *Albasia*.

[Enter LAVARCAM.]

Come hither, Lavarcam, and tell me how dost thy mistress. Are her eyes as blue, bland, and sparkling, her lips as pouting and ruby, her cheeks as fresh and glowing, and her downy bosom as white and swelling, as when she spurned my proffered love, and eloped with the abhorred Naisi?

LAVARCAM. Ah! please your majesty, she is only now the shadow of the angel of loveliness that she once was, when she found favour in your royal eyes,—the phantom of departed beauty. Now, her blue eyes are dimmed with sorrow, the bloom of her lips is shrivelled, and anguish and misfortune, like corroding insects, have blighted the lily and the rose which once smiled so fresh and redolent, upon her soft peach-blossom cheeks. Sire, her charms are faded, and the sun of love will never again beam in her glance; for the mists of affliction brood on her countenance.

CONNOR. Curse the man who seduced her from me! Curse the vile and lawless love, that could shed such blasting mildews on the sweet-blooming beauties of the fairest of women; but to-night Naisi's career will be terminated; his heart's blood shall stain the marble pavement of the castle of the Red-Branch! Another sun shall not rise upon his existence. Go hence, and tend thy mistress,

woman, but say nothing—on your life, I charge you—of what you have heard : if you do, dread my wrath !

[Exit LAVARCAM.]

I will now go to the Council chamber, and sound the nobles, whom, except Cuchullan and Connal Carnach, I will easily render pliant to my purpose.

[Exit King.]

[SCENE—a chamber in the castle of the Red-Branch. NAISI and DEIRDRE are seen playing chess.]

[Enter LAVARCAM.]

DEIRDRE. Where hast thou been, good nurse ?

LAVARCAM. At the palace, my lady, where the king sent for me. He asked me many questions relative to your highness, and my lord, the Prince Naisi.

DEIRDRE. Explain to us, what those questions were, prithee, dear nurse ?

LAVARCAM. Oh ! my lady, the king, I fear, meditates direful revenge against Prince Naisi and his brothers. To-night, Princess, assassins will assail this castle ; so that the Prince, his brothers, and the sons of Fergus, must defend themselves with valour and resolution.

DEIRDRE. Oh ! alas, if my counsel was followed, the danger that environs us now, would never exist !—but alas, too well I—

NAISI. Fear not, my charming Princess, this castle is strong, and its defenders valiant : we can repulse a legion of cowardly traitors and assassins. Deirdre, my darling, let me kiss away your tears ! (*Embraces her.*) Lavaream, attend her to her chamber, while I go and prepare for the coming attack.

DEIRDRE. Farewell, my husband ! and may the heavenly powers protect you from the vengeance of the implacable tyrant. Do not, Naisi, I conjure you, repose much confidence in the sons of Fergus.—Again—good night, and may all propitious divinities guard my love !

[Exeunt.]

(*To be continued.*)

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF IRISH AUTHORESSES AND HEROINES.—No. I.

GRACE O'MAILLY.

The heroic virtues of this heroine have long been the theme of Bardic song and romantic story in Ireland.—She was the daughter of Owen O'Mailly of Castle Owly, near Newport, in the County of O'Mayo, where our heroine was born, in June 1568.—The O'Mailly sept are lineally descended from the Royal Hy-brune race of Nial the great,* and they possessed, until the invasion of Henry II. a principality, which extended from Lough Corrib in the county of Galway, to Crogh Patrick, in the county of Mayo, and from thence to Sligo. This district of country is still designated, the *Uisles* of O'Mailly.

Owen O'Mailley, her father, was eminent for his skill in maritime affairs, and for his naval exploits in the Irish and Spanish seas, during the reign of Queen

* "So called from Brian, the eldest son of *Eochy Moymedon*, king of Ireland, A. D. 558. This Eochy was the father of Nial the great, and king of Connaught, before his election to the Teagmorian throne."—*O'Connor's Dist.*

Mary. Having lost his lady the mother of our heroine, whom he dearly loved, before his daughter had attained her tenth year, Grace, his only child, engrossed all his attention and affection, and he daily became so attached to her, that he brought her and her governess with him in his ship on several voyages. She was as remarkable for her intellectual powers, as she was for the magnitude of her stature, and the beauty of her countenance.

In 1583 she married Con O'Flaherty, the Prince of Mayo, who gloriously fell in resisting Queen Elizabeth's predatory troops at the battle of Rathkeale, in the County of Limerick, A. D. 1584. Shortly after this event, her father died leaving her sole heiress of his immense possessions. To secure her lands and fortresses from the predatory incursions of Elizabeth's army, she fortified her castle of Carrick Owly* and equipped her fleets in the bay of Newport, and in the harbour of Clare Island, in the County of Mayo. Confident of her power and the devotion of her followers, and becoming indignant at the excesses committed by Sir Richard Bingham, while that rapacious tyrant was Lord President of Connaught; she made with impunity several reprisals from the English by land and sea, which induced the Lord Deputy, Sir John Perrot, to proclaim her a Pirate, and offer a reward for her apprehension; but the Irish Omphale proudly relying on her own valour, and the strength of her fleet and army, despised the threats of the Lord Deputy.

At this period she married Sir Richard Burke, the Son of the Earl of Clanricarde, who with the Earl of Desmond and other chieftains were then leagued with O'Neil against the despotic Queen. In a few days after her nuptials she placed herself at the head of her guards and drove the English, under Sir John Norris, out of her territories. Her boldness and intrepidity astonished the Lord deputy, as did her feats of heroism on "field and flood;" and the very name of the "*Irish Giantess*" carried terror and dismay to every English heart. She thus continued to annoy and harass Sir Richard Bingham, often extending her incursions to his very Camp, and carrying away in her ravaging course the corn and cattle which were provided for his army. She carried on her desultory war of retaliation against the English for years with distinguished ability and success, and assumed, by the general consent of the Irish. Sovereign authority in Connaught. Her formidable attitude, power and exploits, filled the ministers of Elizabeth with alarm. They recalled the Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam, in consequence of his inability to subdue the Irish Bellona. Sir William Russell, who had the reputation of being a skilful General, was appointed Lord Deputy, who on taking leave told the Queen that he would "send her the Irish Giantess in chains, before the lapse of a month."

Sir William taking the command of Sir Richard Bingham's forces, quickly besieged Grace in her Castle of Owly; but she had her fleet and army ready to defend her garrison to the utmost extremity. When he approached the gates, he sent our heroine a summons to surrender. "Go back," said she to the officer who bore it,—"*and tell Sir William Russell, that Grace O'Mailly, an Irish-woman, would not surrender the castle of her fathers, though his whole army were English Lord-deputies.*"

Sir William judging from the strength of the castle, and the bravery and resolution of the *Governess*, and also dreading that O'Neil might, while he was reducing it, capture Dublin, thought proper, as the wisest expedient, to offer Grace favourable terms of capitulation. In reply to this offer, Grace decla-

* The ruins of the ancient castle of *Carriak a Uile*, (or the rock in the elbow) stand at the end of a narrow neck, or inlet, in the bay of Newport, at the distance of 177 miles from Dublin. The square tower built by Grace O'Mailly, A. D. 1586, stands on a projecting rock, and rises to the elevation of seventy feet, above the sea. It is divided into four stories, and its north and south angles are flanked by strong projecting turrets, which served for guard-rooms for Grace's troops.—Ed.

red that she would "*only treat with her sister, the Queen of England.*" After, however, some negotiation, it was ultimately agreed upon, that a cessation of hostilities should take place between her force and the army of Sir William Russell. In consequence of this armistice, Grace resolved to plead her own cause in person, before Elizabeth, and to denounce the rapacity, aggression, and cruelty, which distinguished the odious administration of Sir Richard Bingham, in Connaught. Though far advanced in pregnancy, this spirited and gallant Irish Thalestris embarked on board one of her ships, and sailed for England. Her fame preceded her to the English court, where the crafty Elizabeth received her with apparent friendship and respect. Camden says, that "she was richly and extravagantly dressed in a large mantle of yellow silk, with a golden helmet on her head, decorated with a profusion of white plumes, and golden sandals on her feet. Her appearance was dignified, but very masculine." Grace gave so glowing and true a picture of the oppression and cupidity of Sir Richard Bingham,* that the Queen instantly became impressed with a conviction of his mal-practices, and immediately in consequence, resolved to have him recalled from Ireland. After the Queen, with whom Grace soon became a favourite, had given her a patent investing her with all the possessions of her ancestors, she offered to create our heroine a countess, which she politely declined, on the ground that, as both were princesses, and in consequence, equal in rank and dignity, no honour could be conferred on either by the other; but not to decline her intended favours, she signified to the Queen, that she might ennoble, by any title she pleased, her little boy, to whom she gave birth on her voyage to England. The Queen immediately despatched Lady Nottingham for the child; and on its being brought, she took it in her arms, caressed it fondly, and then created the baby, Viscount Mayo, which dignity his descendants inherit to this day.

An anecdote is told of Grace, the circumstance of which is said, occurred while she was at the court of Elizabeth, that, if true, affords a conclusive proof of the refined delicacy that distinguished the Irish ladies of those days. Dining with the Queen one day, the ladies of the court were surprised to see the waiting maids of Grace occasionally wipe her face with a large napkin: and one of them, Lady Southampton, observing this, presented to her a beautiful silk handkerchief, which Grace took, and after applying it to her nose, she indignantly threw it into the fire. Another was then handed to her by the Queen, who desired an interpreter to tell Grace, that she was to put it in her pocket. The delicacy and feminine modesty of our heroine, were so shocked and abashed by this intimation, while it roused her pride and rendered her indignant, that Elizabeth should attempt to school her in politeness and good manners. "What! your majesty," said she, "is it possible that the English ladies are so gross and indelicate, as to carry in their pockets, the excrescence of their nostrils?"

After passing a fortnight with Elizabeth, and obtaining every favour she asked, she set sail for Ireland, and landed at Howth, at the castle of which she intended to spend a day or two with her cousin, the noble Earl.

On approaching the castle-gates, she found them shut, and upon inquiring the cause from some mendicant, who was waiting for alms, she was told the family was at dinner. Incensed at this parsimonious and unnational departure from the laws of Irish hospitality, which rendered it incumbent on the chieftain to throw open, at meal hours, his portals to the poor and the stranger, she resolved to return to her ship, without paying a visit to the niggardly Earl. As she was walk-

* "Connaught was rigidly and severely governed by Sir Richard Bingham, and the sheriffs and other officers of justice, whom he had appointed, followed the example of the Lord President, and acted not only with rigor but imperiousness. Their despotism and pillage became intolerable. The irritable spirit of the Lord Deputy, Sir John Perrot, was fired by this conduct. He despatched a peremptory mandate to Bingham, that he should desist from all hostilities against the famous *Grace O'Mailly*, alias *Grand-Uile*, or the family of her husband, the Burkes."—*Leland's Hist. of Ireland.*

ing towards her ship, she met a woman carrying a fine plump child in her arms, which, on inquiry from its nurse, she learned was the son and heir of Lord Howth. Enticing the nurse on board, whom she desired her maidens to treat with wine and sweetmeats, while she gave orders to her mariners to make instant sail, with her captives, for her castle at Carrick Owly. When the child was missed, the grief of the Earl and Countess of Howth became acute and agonizing beyond expression;—every inquiry was sedulously set on foot, and every search was made, but all proved as fruitless as the attempt to trace the pathway of an arrow in the sky. The disconsolate and miserable parents concluded that the nurse and child were drowned: but just as every ray of hope had vanished from their gloomy minds, the Earl received a letter from Grace, apprising him that she had carried off his son, in order to punish him for his inhospitality: and stating that she would send back the boy, as soon as she received a certain ransom, and a written contract, which should render it obligatory on the Earl and his successors to open all the gates of the castle of Howth, when they should go to dinner. We can assure our readers, from ocular experience, that the contract is still faithfully observed by the Earl of Howth. Grace and her husband had many castles exclusive of Carrick Owly. She built a magnificent castle in the fertile island of Clare, in the county of Mayo, which was so strongly fortified, that Cromwell ordered it to be occupied by a garrison of soldiers, during his protectorship.

Grace O'Mailly died A. D. 1638, in the seventieth year of her age, and was interred in the abbey, which she herself had erected and endowed, in Clare Island. Her tomb is still in good preservation, and on it is sculptured her arms, quartered with those of her husband. The motto which she bore on her banner, was "*Terra marique potens*," which is still retained by the Earl of Mayo.

From the preceding biographical sketch, a dramatic poet might spin out a beautiful drama. We would wish to see a RICHARD SHIEL encircling the memory of Grace O'Mailly, with a radiant diadem from the jewelry of his dramatic genius.

DESULTORY REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH DRAMA.—No. I.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Independent of the stamp of genius, which Shakspeare impressed on all his dramatic compositions, he still imparted to them another powerful recommendation—the union of historical facts with fictitious and romantic incidents. Though he could have lavished fascination on any subject—though he could, as he has done, immortalize the most obscure novel, or clothe the rolls of parliament in the spangled drapery of imagination, and adorn them with all the beauty and sublimity of poetry; yet, his having built his magnificent dramatic structures on historical authorities, has tended materially, in our opinion, to their solidity, durability and grandeur. In his plays, there are historical truths invested with the charms of romance. The great father of the drama was, indeed, inimitable in character and dialogue; but he saved himself the trouble of inventing stories, and was not always scrupulous in what he selected. He seems rather to have felt that the power of his genius was equal to the task of turning sea-sand into gold dust. Other dramatic writers borrowed, it is true, the subjects of their tragic compositions from history; but they have interwoven such a motley tissue of perverted facts, with marvellous fictions, that they are quite divested of historical interest and association. Those writers have so exaggerated characters, so clouded their pictures with imaginary incidents, that of the original scarcely a vestige remains visible but the names of "things that were." Their exhibitions are daubed caricatures of nature and truth; but they have alleged in their own vindication, that

in removing the historical land-marks, they were merely desirous to improve the fable, and cover the barren sands of flat realities, with the flowery verdure of romance, and thus conduct the mind through the mazy labyrinths of fiction. But these are bad arguments for the immolation of truth on the altars of falsehood. Rowe, who must ever hold a high rank among English tragic writers, and whose productions are at once impressive and affecting, equally charming by the interest of fable and elevation of sentiment, in imitation of his great prototype, has, in his pathetic tragedy of *Jane Shore*, closely adhered to the authenticity of history. This tragedy, though not fraught with the pathetic tenderness of *Otway*, is still affecting and attractive on various accounts. It presents a well drawn picture of domestic distress, and the instability of human hope, while it inculcates, in its catastrophe, a moral lesson, exemplifying the inconstancy and fickleness of fortune, as well as affording a proof that the friendship which courts the summer of prosperity, is blighted by the winter of adversity. Rowe must have been strangely mistaken, when he even supposed that his play bore any resemblance to the weightier productions of Shakspeare. We acknowledge, however, that he has strength and leftiness of sentiment—he has nerve, and can express an axiom of policy or morals, energetically and emphatically; but the reflex picture of the recesses of the mind, the labouring process of thought, or the retrospective anguish of guilty compunction, are mental clubs, which could alone be wielded by the great Alcides of the English Drama. Yet Rowe's productions have rare dramatic merit: they are tender and soothing; and passion and feeling always flow from them in a pellucid current. The able dramatist has indeed given us a faithful delineation of the frail, but beautiful *Jane Shore*; and only in a few trifling instances, has he violated historic truth; and where he surcharged the picture with the colouring of fiction, the fault is not very reprehensible. The legendary tale of the loves of Edward and Jane was in extensive circulation, and currently received; and no doubt Rowe drew some of his materials from that popular authority. The celebrated Bishop Percy, in his "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," presents us with a correct copy of the old ballad, which describes the winning beauties and fascinating graces, that subdued the heart of a King. Sir Thomas More states, in his "*Petty History*," that Lord Hastings had succeeded King Edward IV. in Jane's affections, and that they lived together several months. The following letter, which we extract from "*Hardwick's State Papers*," written by Richard III. to the Bishop of Lincoln, affords ground for the presumption, that notwithstanding the severity of the penance to which this Magdalene was subjected by the Ecclesiastics, her susceptible heart still was feelingly alive to love; for shortly after the death of Hastings, she promised to marry Sir Thomas Lyman, the Solicitor General.—Richard's letter is a literary antique, which we hope will prove interesting to our readers.—

"BY THE KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c. :—Signifying unto you that it is shown unto us that our servant and Solicitor, Sir Thomas Lyman, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now being in Ludgate, by our commandment, for dealing in witchcraft, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth, to our full great marvel, to proceed to effect the same.

"We for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore, my Lord, to send for him, and in that ye goodly may exhort and stir him to the contrary; and if you find him utterly set for to marry this woman of spells and witchcraft, and none otherwise would be advised; then it may stand with the law of the church: we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London, that upon sufficient surety formed of her good abearing, ye do send for her keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by warrant of their committing her to the rule and guiding of her father, or any other by your discretion, in the mean season given.—Praying God to take your Reverence into his holy keeping. I am your cousin,

"RICHARD REX."

Rowe made many felicitous efforts to attain a high place in the temple of the Muses. He has toiled most industriously indeed, in the literary mine, and has certainly succeeded in raising a considerable quantity of the pure bullion of genius. He edited Shakspeare, translated Lucan, and composed the following plays, viz.—“*Ambitious Stepmother*,” “*Tamerlane*,” “*Fair Penitent*,” “*Biter*,” “*Ulysses*,” “*Royal Convert*,” “*Jane Shore*,” and “*Jane Gray*.”

The “*Fair Penitent*,” is an affecting tragedy, that is imbued with the happiest characteristics of the author—suavity, pomp, and a deep tone of sententious morality, but without being relieved with the wailing passion, electric feeling, and animating action, which give such an attractive charm to the productions of Otway. The eloquent tenderness of Otway, wound a chord of sympathy round the heart, which vibrates to the touch of feeling, while the harmonious versification of Rowe wins the ear, but without ever enlisting the affections. Dramatically, Rowe must be considered as the eminent founder of a subordinate idea of the nature of tragic structure, which, like the composite order of architecture, has nothing original in design, but yet embraces in skilful detail, the beauties that shine in other compositions. He labours to be elegant, and is seldom successful, but he is acknowledged to be generally graceful.

There is seldom elevation of mind in his characters, they never seize upon the sympathy of the heart; they are common-place personages insipidly wearisome, and rapidly uniform; so that they may be said to sooth and satiate at once. His *Shore* is the only personage in his delineations of character, that unlocks the fount of compassion, and bathes the cheek with the tear of pity.

THOMAS OTWAY.

The works of this gifted, but hapless son of genius, who fell a victim to indigent misery and insupportable affliction, will outlive the vicissitudes of taste, and the revolutions of critical opinion, and, like those of Shakspeare, continue to attract admiration, while the genuine poetry of passion and sensibility is estimated by the lovers of the Drama. What reader of sensibility but must drop a tear on the page that records the melancholy fate of the plaintive, affecting, and soul-moving Otway,—who, by some secret magic, raises the tempest of the passions, and then, to exhibit his necromantic potency, lulls them to repose at his pleasure. He, by the exertion of his wizard-spell—the irresistible witchery of his genius, can influence us at the same moment to pity and abhor, scorn and admire, and shed the sympathizing tear over the fall of vice itself, eliciting, as it were, by enchantment, the fire of sensibility from the torpor of apathy,—the light of compassionate feeling from the darkness of frigid misanthropy. In the plaintive pathos of tragedy, in which he wields a power of sympathy, that could draw tears from inhumanity, he was, perhaps, never equalled by any other dramatic author, either ancient or modern.

It is thus he intoxicates the passions with the “joy of grief,” while the feelings of anguish it awakens in the heart, are luxuriated by that soothing and sanative emanation of pity which operates as a balsamic medicament, on the malady of sorrow. His *VENICE PRESERVED*, is, in our opinion, a striking illustration of the predominating influence which passion exerts on life. That prejudice and passion gave a bias to the genius of Otway, will be admitted by every one who has read the “Complaint of his Muse.” He was the subservient creature of temper, out of whose toils prudence, in vain, often attempted to extricate him; temper was the fatal goddess, that directed his wayward course, and while his infatuation raised his genius, it unfortunately depressed his fortune, and scattered the thorns of affliction over the devious path of his life. His bitter and unprovoked satire on Lord Rochester, his former patron, plunged him into an abyss of

misery, which the enmity of that powerful nobleman opened to swallow up his prospects and fortunes. Hence the calamities and distresses that pursued him during the remainder of his short and disastrous life, and terminated his days in want and famine. Disgusted with the world's neglect of his genius and abilities, which soared to the highest eminence of fame, and which, if governed by prudence, would inevitably have advanced his fortune to flourishing prosperity, his disposition became progressively soured; and his own passions raised insurmountable barriers to oppose his interest.

In this splenetic mood of mind, when he wrote on any subject that bore analogy with his own feelings, his distempered passion added the madness of enthusiasm to the force of genius, and then judgment and prudence were recklessly sacrificed to the gratification of resentment. In his letters, his Complaint, and his plays, the same man appears, as if he could delineate but one picture; and upon the dramatic canvass, we cannot find any difference in the feature and outline, so that in the portraits of Jaffier, Chamont, Pierre, and Polydore, we instantly recognize the likeness of the author himself. Thus he made himself the original of the "great sublime he drew." He seemed to have thought that his ideas of nature ought to be set up as a standard of infallible correctness.

Hence his characters, except the duteous, attached, devoted, virtuous, and amiable *Belvedera*, excite but little sympathy at their tragic fate. The hero of *Venice Preserved*, is a factious, disappointed enthusiast, who, like the Irish patriotic *Quizote*, ROBERT EMMET, seemed reckless of the horrid, destructive, and calamitous consequences of his mad rebellion and unholy conspiracy, to gratify his visionary ambition, is callously regardless of the sufferings, to which his flagitious treason might subject his country. The uxorious, treacherous, base, whimpering coward, *Jaffier*, whose meanness, miserable, unmanly, and contemptible, is disgraceful to our nature—after betraying his friend, lays, like a heartless suicide, violent hands upon himself. "On one side," says an accomplished writer, "of the *amor patriæ*, he is paralytic—he can support the idea of destroying his country; but poverty, the importunities of a wife, or the reflections of treachery to a friend, agonize him with compunction to despair." Our author's portraiture of the innocent *Monimia*, is an exact semblance of a love-sick, longing, romantic, novel-reading, boarding-school girl, who is ready to jump from a window into the arms of the first lover that woos her. As to *Chamont*, he is an ungrateful, hot-headed, blustering bully, who excites detestation and contempt: and the deliberate, cold, and canting hypocrisy, and atrocious deceit of *Castalio*, make us rejoice at the punishment which retributive justice inflicts upon him. But Otway, like Byron, gilds the vices of his heroes, with the insinuating enchantment of verbal delusion, and makes them speak sentiments of pathetic expostulation, in which we hear the voice of nature personified. He conceals the licentiousness, perfidy, and dishonour, of his heroes, beneath a veil of roses, and the fascinating charms of elegant, energetic, and glowing language. Otway, indeed, will ever stand in the temple of fame, an illustrious instance of the sublime pre-eminence and sad perversion of genius.

If he had prudence, he might have enjoyed the blessings of independence, but, like our own ill-fated DERMODY, he was always deaf to the unpalatable admonitions of that philosophic virtue.

We hear continually the voice of reprobation, reproaching the ingratitude of the age, which suffered so illustrious a poet as Otway, to struggle with the despotism of stern indigence, and pine under the storm of privation. But it should be recollected that he was himself the cause of the persecution, of the misfortune, and the adversity that hurried him to an early tomb. His memorable ingratitude to Lord Rochester, who was his kind and liberal friend, serves to cloud the lustre with which genius must ever irradiate his name, and weaken the claims which his hapless fate has on the sympathy of posterity.

But it is only as an author we should speak of him, without exhibiting his moral

character in a disadvantageous view of depreciation. "His plays," says Dr. Johnson, "are the works of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but of one who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting nature in his own breast."

His *Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, and *Don Carlos*, which are pregnant with the most pathetic feelings of the human heart, will hold their place on the stage, and continue to interest the finest affections of our nature, as long as the English language shall be spoken. As a dramatic writer, we may, in fine, say of him, that no author has so faithfully copied Shakspeare, or so felicitously imitated him, as Otway. His versification, it is true, is not so smooth, harmonious, and majestic as Rowe's, but it is better adapted for the stage, being more critically marked by pauses and breaks in the lines; and animated by far more energetic strength of language, and elevation of sentiment. Otway's words embody ideas and personify feelings; Rowe's polished numbers breathes musical sounds, without expressing a definite meaning.

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—No. XI.

DOCTOR THOMAS LELAND.

Doctor Thomas Leland, to whose genius and talent, English literature is more indebted, than his country to his research and impartiality as a historian, was born in the city of Dublin, in 1722. His father was a respectable merchant of that capital, and a gentleman, it appears, of fine taste and liberal education.

Thomas, at an early age, was placed under the tuition of the famous Dr. Sheridan, who is as eminent in history, for his intimate friendship and literary correspondence with Dean Swift, as for his admirable translation of the satires of Persius, the Roman poet,—where he acquired the rudiments of a classic education. He continued in Dr. Sheridan's school, so celebrated for producing literary men, until he had acquired so perfect a knowledge of classic literature, as enabled him to gain, by his Greek and Latin compositions, the prize medals offered by the Royal Irish Academy, for the best original essays in these languages. His fame as a Linguist, attracted considerable notoriety, and served to herald him with pompous eclat to Trinity college, Dublin, which he entered as a pensioner, in 1741, where he so signally distinguished himself by genius and application, that, in the course of a year after his admission, he was elected a scholar of the house. In 1745, a conviction of the abilities which he possessed, and the warm encouragement of the students, roused his ambition to become a candidate for the highest literary honour in the University, a Fellowship, and succeeded at the election, in carrying away the palm of victory from all his competitors. Dr. Leland with an aspiring genius, and a capacious mind impelled by the ardent love of fame, did not, on being thus seated on a throne of pecuniary independence, resign himself to the power of indolence; but on the contrary literary ambition gave fresh spirit to his mental faculties, and an incentive to his avaricious avidity in the acquisition of knowledge, which continued with unabated ardour to the latest period of his life. Belles-lettres he incessantly cultivated with vigorous perseverance, and also devoted his attention to theological studies, preparatory to his entering into holy orders, in which he was inducted, in 1748. At this time his judgment was matured and rectified, and his taste refined and polished, by literary qualifications, and various accomplishments as a scholar.

His happy facility of composition, in which he excelled, enabled him to enjoy as an amusement, that which to others was a fatiguing toil, so that his ready pen was always pleasantly employed, to give form and extension to the reflections of intellect. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly, how much his mind was oc-

rupted with the importance of the sacred function he had now assumed, than a discourse which he composed immediately after his ordination, "on the helps and impediments to the acquisition of knowledge in religious and moral subjects," which was as much admired for its logical and theologic deductions, as for the sententious brevity of its language, and the purity of its style.

Those who are acquainted with the arduous duties that devolve upon a junior fellow, in the university of Dublin, must be aware that they necessarily engross much time, and are calculated to abstract the attention from the studies which are requisite to supply the calls of literary eminence. But these difficulties which might arrest the career of a less gigantic mind, gave to his energies a new impulse, that surmounted obstacles under which other fellows had sunk. His thoughts were never entangled by perplexity, or obscured by confusion; they were the clear emanation of method and arrangement; so that, on every subject of which he treated, he cast a blaze of intuitive perspicuity, and unstudied eloquence. In 1754, in conjunction with Dr. Stokes, he published, at the desire of the university, an edition of all the Philippic orations of Demosthenes, with a Latin version and notes for the use of students; and the following year, he gave his celebrated English translation of the Athenian orator, who "spoke in the eloquence of thunder and lightning," which is acknowledged to be the most accurate and elegant version in the English language, as it preserves the force, fire, and fluency, which characterise the sublime original. This translation attracted general admiration, and raised his fame in the republic of letters, to a lofty summit of renown. His next labour, which still exhibited his genius in a more luminous point of view, was the "*Life of Philip, King of Macedon*," published in 1758. His intimate acquaintance with Grecian history, and his profound knowledge of the language, eminently qualified him to bring to his task, that intelligence and ability, which have deservedly conferred such popular celebrity on this famous work.

In the *Life of Philip*, he displayed a rare union of learning, research, and industry; for, to collect materials widely scattered through the historic region, to weave them into a pleasing and comprehensive narrative,—to delineate in an interesting picture, a very complicated character, and throw the light of illustration on the events of his reign, and elucidate the momentous occurrences of his age, required that powerful pen, which has hit off the spirited contour of that great work, so graphically, and embellished it with the glowing colours of florid and nervous language. As soon as he had given this valuable biography to the world, he proceeded with the translation of *Aeschines*, and the other orations of *Demosthenes*, and completed his design, in three volumes, 8vo. in 1761. In 1762, growing tired of wandering through the extended plains of historic detail, he let his genius recreate itself in the flowery meadows of romance, where fiction and fancy weave the most beautiful garlands for the muses. At this period, he produced the once popular historical romance, entitled "*Longsword, Earl of Salisbury*," This work abounds with moral reflections, refined sentiments, and vivid delineation of characters. In 1763, he was unanimously elected by a board of senior fellows, professor of oratory, in the university of Dublin. For this office he was peculiarly fitted, not only by that inherent capacity, that was fraught with the powers of fancy and the acquisitions of memory, but by the course of steady habit, and his command of those powers of persuasive eloquence, which he could wield with the most imposing rhetorical grace. He enjoyed this professorship for eighteen years. The celebrated controversy that took place between him and Bishop Warburton, on the "*Doctrine of Grace*," excited great interest in 1765, and developed a pondrous mass of theological and biblical learning. The critics in the *Monthly Review*, in 1766, bestowed warm encomiums on Leland's triumphant defence of his positions, against the attacks of the Bishop, which arrayed a force of eloquence and argument that soon silenced the controversial battery of Warburton, and wreathed the fame of our author with the laurels of victory. This defence is entitled "a dissertation on the principles of human

eloquence, which is a most masterly composition, bearing the visible impress of a philosophic mind, and the graces of elegant diction. The fame of his eloquence as a preacher, and of his genius as a writer, attracted the notice of Lord Townshend, the then (1768) Viceroy of Ireland, who appointed him his chaplain,—an office, which Leland and his friends fondly expected, would have opened for him the portals of a Cathedral, and elevated our author to the Episcopal bench;* but in these hopes they were sadly disappointed; as the Doctor only obtained, through the interest of his noble patron, the poor prebend of Rathmichael, an appendage of the Cathedral of St. Patrick, Dublin, united with the *lean* vicarage of Bray,† to which livings he was collated, in 1768.

Leland, who had been long collecting materials for a history of Ireland, produced, this year, (1773) three volumes, which comprised a comprehensive, but a false and flagrant narrative of the events that occurred in the Irish nation, from the invasion of Henry II. to the termination of the reign of William III. This libellous history, which is a vile tissue of gross misrepresentation and deliberate calumnies, will ever remain as a monument of Leland's culpable venality, grovelling sycophancy—and of his utter disregard for truth and justice. To find a parallel for so base and venal a perversion of historical candour, as debases and defiles LELAND'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, we have only to read Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, where the Scotch coronet-hunter fully equals the studied slan-

* "The late DR. LELAND is well known to have written his history of Ireland for a Bishopric, which he never attained. It is but a more polished edition of Cox, the falsities of whose work, are too rank and numerous, for specific refutation. The author never intended to publish a polemical work, to refute other false historians, but to submit to the public a genuine view of the state of Ireland, by tearing away the veil of fictitious story, and exposing facts, such as they were. Dr. Leland was amply furnished with documents for writing a true history of Ireland, by several, who were desirous that historical justice should, at length, be done to that much traduced people. He cultivated the acquaintance of, and was in habits of intimacy with, the late MR. CHARLES O'CONNOR, of Ballinagar, who was possessed of the best collection of materials, for writing Irish history down to the period to which Dr. Leland carries it, of any individual in Europe, and which is now deposited in the Duke of Buckingham's library at Stowe. The author has been repeatedly assured by two gentlemen of great respectability, now living, that they have heard Dr. Leland assure Mr. O'Connor, that he was fully aware of the false colouring and unfair tendency of his history; but that the persons, for whom he wrote it, would not relish or encourage the work, unless it supported those facts and principles, which had received currency with the English ascendancy in Ireland, since the reformation; admitting he could write a more true, which would, of course, be a less saleable history of that country.

"But truth was not the object of Leland's publication: a good sale was his only aim; and facts which would have counteracted the prejudices of those, who could afford to buy, were suppressed, for fear of blasting with unpalatable truths, the pages of his work."—*Vide Plowden's Postliminous Preface to his Hist. Review.*

† BRAY is a neat romantic town, situated on an eminence overlooking the sea, and converging on the boundaries of the counties of Wicklow and Dublin, at the distance of twelve miles from the metropolis. A clear-bubbling river, abounding with a variety of fish, glides through the town, and adds to the beauty of its appearance. There are several charming country villas in the vicinity of Bray.

QUIN'S far-famed inn here, has been lavishly praised by travellers, and indeed, never were encomiums bestowed more deservedly; for in the comfort and elegance of its apartments, the sumptuous variety of viands, which make "the tables groan with the weight of the feast," combined with the politeness of the host, and the orderly attention of his waiters, it cannot be surpassed by any house of public entertainment in the United Kingdom. During the summer months, Bray is full of fashionable strangers, who come to visit the picturesque beauties of the county, Wicklow, and recruit health and appetite, by sea-bathing and goat's whey. The houses in the town display great taste; and the fairy cottages in the vicinity, trelliced round with moss-roses, honeysuckles, and braiding eglantines, impart a charm of life and beauty to the rural scene. The Protestant church, and Roman Catholic chapel, are fine architectival ornaments in the perspective of the fair landscape which here presents itself.—ED.

ders and flagitious falsehoods of the Irish mitre-seeker. Never were there two men, who, for sinister motives and a thirst for titles, so unmercifully and dishonourably immolated TRUTH on the profane altars of corrupt avarice, as the servile and sycophantic historical toad-eaters, WALTER SCOTT and THOMAS LELAND.* But their inglorious efforts to revile and depreciate the character of a great nation, and of the most noble-minded and illustrious monarch, that ever shed the lustre of the heroic virtues on a throne,—have only collected dark clouds round their own fame, and earned for their memories, the execration of posterity.

His history of Ireland is a proof, that when a man writes in direct opposition to his own feelings and conviction, he can never bring the powers of his mind to bear with effect upon his subject.

We grant that Leland writes the elegant language of a gentleman and a classic scholar; but we never meet in his history, with those brilliant views of society—those philosophic reflections, and liberality of ideas, which give such interest and attractions to his other productions. In detailing the history of his native land, his sentiments are always of a common-place cast, his opinions narrow and fettered, and his thoughts, instead of rising as in his other works, to sublimity, are continually sinking in the debasement of uncharitable bigotry, and in the ignoble meanness of mercenary apostacy, from which we may naturally conclude that his conscience wept, while he thus yielded to avarice, and like a recreant, abjured patriotism. That he was eminently qualified to write a fair and excellent history of our country, no discriminating critic can deny; but in an evil hour for his reputation, sordid motives threw golden apples in the path of historical accuracy, and the rigid historian became the hired and romantic traducer of his country.

Instead of drawing his materials from impartial historic evidence, he wilfully drank at the poisoned fountain of slander; and Cox, Temple, Barry, Borlase, Camden, and other defamers of his country, were the false beacons that guided him in his erratic wanderings through the region of Irish history. To vilify the Roman Catholic creed—the creed of his fathers—the sublime and peace-inculcating faith of a Fenelon, of an Alfred, and of a BRIAN, seemed to have been the Alpha of his thoughts by day, and the Omega of his nightly dream. Prejudice was his guiding star, and an uncharitable aversion to Roman Catholics, was the eternal motto of his banner. There was no historian had such means of doing justice to Ireland as Leland: but the light of justice seared his optics, and the crawling mole, in perforating the hillock of his falsehood, shrunk from the luminous sun-beams of TRUTH. Hence, he made no use of the manuscripts in the Birmingham Tower—of the valuable documents in the roll-office—in Harris's collection, or in the Lambeth and Bodleian libraries; so that we have only his own poor, unsupported authority, for historical assertions. In his history, he tells us nothing of the constitution, the customs, manners, learning, commerce, coins, arts, architecture, or dress of the ancient Irish.

But hereafter, when we bring down our history to those periods of which Leland wrote, we shall not fail to expose his misrepresentations, and animadvert upon his reprehensible prejudices. If, however, we forget his failings as a historian, we must admire him as a powerful and philosophic writer.

* "Leland's history of Ireland is a heavy work, overlaid with the rubbish of barbarous and unimportant details, and disfigured with a degree of criminal prejudice and unfairness, still more objectionable. The sole design of his history seems to have been to foster prejudice, and to flatter power—a poor and pitiful application of talent."

Vide O'Driscoll's Hist. of Ireland.

"The paltry defence of so base a system of rapine and plunder, as marked the conduct of the underlings of Elizabeth and James I. in Ireland, reflects indelible disgrace on Leland, and ought to consign his history to utter oblivion."—*Vindiciae Hibernicae.*

"Whoever has given even a transient thought to Leland's history of Ireland, must be sensible, that the most striking features of it, have been generally delineated in the strongest tints of party prejudice."—*Plowden.*

We may fairly, and with pride, appeal to the literary productions of our countryman, which do honour to our nation, while they advance general knowledge, and excite popular admiration. In his elegant translation of Demosthenes, which drew forth the encomium of Dr. Johnson, who always mentioned him with cordial regard and profound respect, he unites the man of accomplished taste, with the man of profound learning, while he shows himself to have possessed not only competent knowledge of the Greek language, but that brilliant clearness in his own conceptions, and that animation in his feelings, which enabled him to catch the real meaning, and to preserve the genuine spirit of the most perfect orator that Athens ever produced. "Through the dissertation upon eloquence," observes the late Dr. Parr, "and the defence of it, we see great accuracy of erudition, great perspicuity and strength of style; and, above all, a stoutness of judgment, which, in traversing the open and spacious walks of literature, disdained to be led captive, either by the sorceries of a self-deluded visionary, (Warburton) or the decrees of a self-created despot."

This is certainly a just and flattering portrait, drawn by a master-hand, of the literary character of our renowned countryman.

Dr. Leland died in Dublin, in 1785, and was interred in the cemetery of Christ's church, where a marble monument marks the spot in which his dust reposes. We wonder that some literary gentleman does not collect his writings and sermons, and favour the world with an appropriate biography of a man, whose extensive erudition and splendid talents reflected lustre on Irish literature, and on the clerical profession, of which he was the ornament and champion.

THE SLIGO GAMESTERS.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Robert Lacy and Patrick Maguire became intimate at one of the most eminent public schools in Ireland. Their ages and attainments were nearly equal; and as the same pursuits and studies often form, at school, the foundation of a friendship, that continues uninterruptedly for life, a sympathy of congenial dispositions bound Robert and Patrick together in bonds of attachment, which reciprocal esteem rendered as indissoluble and indivisible as those which connected in the sacred ties of enthusiastic regard, Orestes and Pylades.

Their prospects in the world, however, were by no means similar: but their intimacy commenced at that happy period when Patrick's future title and hereditary wealth, were matters of the same indifference to himself and his friend Robert; their lustre never dazzled him with a fancied superiority above the competent expectations and more humble prospects of his companion. Thus they suffered no distinction of opulence to cloud the bright morning of friendship, that cast its genial sun-beams over the blooming landscape of hope. Innocent and happy were the pleasant days of their school-boy friendship!—when poetry painted every sylvan scene, on the romantic lake of Erne, in prismatic hues, an associated this classic ground with some heroic deed of Fingal, or some inspiration of Ossian.

In these rapturous moments of juvenile happiness, there was no aching void in their hearts—no cloud of care in the horizon of their hopes! Who does not fondly recollect the illusive day-dreams that played upon the fancy in the spring of youth, when a glow of spirits kindling into joy, and a sympathy with kindred souls, transported the mind into ideal worlds of bliss, and consigned all the common-place realities of unpoetic existence to oblivion? But how transient is the vivid sunshine of delight!—how soon, alas! do the flowers of juvenile illusion fade and fall, when the chilling atmosphere of adversity lowers upon them! Nature and education bestowed their endowments, and enriched with their united attri-

butes, the minds of our young friends ; so that, in the extent and variety of their literary acquirements and scientific attainments, they had for years, no superiors in the school. The rapid progress they had made, in their studies, afforded grounds for the indulgence of parental hope, which already viewed, in the perspective of their manhood, Robert and Patrick the eloquent ornaments of the pulpit or the bar—the pathetic KIRWIN, raising the ore of charity out of the cold bosom of avarice, or the patriotic O'CONNELL, fearlessly denouncing the wrongs, and zealously defending the rights of his country. Surely, if the generous, however thoughtless, school-boys could be once made sensible of the pleasing and honest exultation, the tender transport of their parents' hearts on seeing them advancing gradually in the path of knowledge, honour, and integrity,—no evil inclinations, no power of persuasion, no force of example, could incite them to the barbarous and criminal sacrifice of filial duty and parental felicity ! In the present instance, however, reflections of this nature had no influence, and probably no existence, when the poison which embittered all their future lives, was fatally imbibed. Robert and Patrick, unhappily, discovered and encouraged in each other, a similar propensity of the most alarming nature :—this growing evil insensibly betrayed itself at first, in trivial and unguarded instances—such as making small wagers with such of their school-fellows as differed from them in opinion ; so that the issue of every controversy, in which they happened to be engaged, was decided by a bet, which Robert and Patrick now regarded as the only infallible umpire in the adjustment of disputes.

So much did this direful infatuation grow upon their habits, and so deeply did it extend its baleful roots into their minds, that they gradually relinquished their usual diversions, and abandoned all amusements that could not be converted into some species of gaming.

The hours which had hitherto been passed in innocent and wholesome exercise, or usefully employed in the private advancement of their studies, were now secretly devoted to the pernicious purposes of cards and dice. Patrick's father being a man of affluence, he supplied his son too profusely with pocket-money, so that he was enabled to gratify the destructive passion, to which he was so blindly addicted ; but the limited pecuniary resources of Robert were quite inadequate to minister to his extravagance. His father was a respectable shop-keeper in Sligo, whose fortune was but little able to support even the common expenses of a fashionable public school ; but his affection for an only son prevailed over all other considerations, and he cheerfully submitted to a temporary retrenchment in his own expenses, from a generous anxiety for the future happiness of a beloved son, to whom he sedulously endeavoured to give such an education as would qualify him to attain professional eminence. Little did the fond father imagine, how soon his darling child would blast his hopes, how cruelly he would requite his tender solicitude, and sink his heart in the dejection of shame and sorrow to the grave !

Being now fully prepared for the university, they were placed in Trinity college, by their parents, the one, Patrick, as a gentleman commoner, and the other, as a pensioner. Their conduct in Dublin, where they had more opportunities of indulging in their gambling propensities, was notorious for their fatal affection for play. In the capital, they were soon initiated in the other mysteries of dissipation, vice, and debauchery. They continued two years at the university without being able to obtain a degree—for their minds were enervated by vicious gratifications, and ambition no longer fed with fuel the flame of genius.

Patrick only studied those talents, that can seduce the heart of female innocence, and shine in a fashionable drawing-room as graceful and agreeable attractions. He therefore scorned his tutors as mere expositors of Greek and Latin, as living compasses for tracing geometrical curves and bisecting angles. Robert became, also, so indolent, that he could not apply himself to dry and serious studies ; he set himself up as a man of fashion and taste, betrayed great

fondness for music, acted parts at the private theatre in Fishamble-street, and strutted about, as the Lord Foppington of Balls and fetes, and addressed sonnets, in the *Freeman's Journal*, to the reigning beauties of Dublin.

Patrick had now attained his twentieth year, and his appearance daily assumed very prepossessing attractions for a female eye. He was tall and finely formed, and his manners were graceful. At this juncture his father died, and left him, his only son, an extensive estate, encumbered only with a suitable fortune for his sister, Rosa, then in the fifteenth year of her age. After he had paid the last tribute of affection to his departed parent, he soon gave full reign to his passions, and indulged in the gratification of his tastes. He pulled down the family mansion, and rebuilt it in the form of an Italian villa; he caused his garden, which he filled with statues, Chinese obelisks, and Egyptian pyramids, to be laid out in the French style. Here he gave several fetes to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. On these occasions, the garden was illuminated with variegated lamps, when pastoral pieces were performed, and mazy dances wove on the green mossy turf. Musical performers were placed in temples, and gay stanzas from the pen of Robert, were sung in fairy bowers. Maguire-hall was the temple of Milesian hospitality; and its prodigal proprietor, while he considered himself a tasteful virtuoso, was looked upon by men of sense as a visionary extravagant dupe. Among the fashionable ladies that visited at Maguire hall, was Lady C——, a young, beautiful, and rich widow, whose talents and accomplishments were greatly celebrated among the amateurs of the private theatre of Kilkenny, where her performances as an actress and a songstress, won general admiration. She danced in a superior manner, "with spirits light to every joy in tune," and she also played charmingly on the harp, the piano, and the guitar. The alluring beauty and brilliant accomplishments of the young widow, captivated Patrick's heart. Hearing every one commend her, he secretly said to himself—"This is the woman I ought to love!" and his choice was decided. In the midst of the votaries and admirers, that always surrounded her, either at her house in Rutland Square, Dublin, or at her castle in the vicinity of Sligo,* he found it impossible to seize an opportunity

* SLIGO, the capital of the county of this name, is a large and elegant town, situated on an arm of the Atlantic ocean, at the distance of 132 miles N. W. from Dublin. It is a place of trade and opulence, and its ancient and modern architectural embellishments, render it picturesque and imposing. Its monastic and castellated ruins, are among the most magnificent in Ireland. Colgan tells us that St. Patrick, during his mission in Connaught, was so pleased with the situation of Sligo, or *Sligeach*, (which signifies the town of shells, in the Irish) that he built a church in it, A. D. 441, when he succeeded in converting its chieftain and inhabitants to christianity. But the great abbey of Sligo was erected by Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, the ancestor of the present Duke of Leinster, A. D. 1252, for Dominicans, under the invocation of the holy cross. This munificent lord also built a noble castle here, which is now in ruins. It was destroyed during an irruption which O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, made into Sligo, A. D. 1277, in order to punish, with retributive inflictions, Fitzgerald, who had before, at the head of the English forces, made predatory incursions in the Principality of O'Brien; but it was rebuilt by Richard Lacy, Earl of Ulster, in 1310, in an elegant style of Norman architecture.

In 1414, the abbey was accidentally burnt down, after which Pope John XXIII. issued from the council of Constance, apostolic letters calling on the faithful to contribute funds for rebuilding so famous an institution of sanctity. In obedience to the letters of his Holiness, several Irish chieftains made munificent benefactions for that purpose, particularly Hugh O'Connor, Lord of Sligo, and Pierce O'Timony, a wealthy land proprietor, whose statue remained in the cloister until 1650, when it was broken by Cromwell's soldiers. The abbey, under these auspices, soon rose to more than its original magnificence; and zeal and piety quickly enriched it with the most valuable endowments. Its noble and affecting ruins, are the remaining relics that testify its primeval greatness, and edificial consequence; and tend to fill the mind of the traveller with those associations and feelings of awe and reverence, which are generated by contemplating the ivy-clad fragments of feudal piles and pyramids, and the weed-clad aisles and broken altars

to make an open declaration of love. At length, the ardour of his passion prompted him to write to her. Lady C—— did not answer his letter; but she blushed, the next time she saw him, and with eyes expressing unutterable things, addressed to him two very tender verses from one of Moore's melodies, which she had sang. The lovers soon came to an *eclaircissement*, pledged vows, and appointed the happy day of their union.

The following morning he accompanied his intended bride to the rooms of the celebrated BARRY, the Painter, where the great Irish artist had just finished a brilliant portrait of Lady C——. They both extolled the faithfulness of the likeness, and the exquisite finish of the painting, which represented her in a splendid and dazzling dress, crowned with a wreath of pearls and laurel, playing on an Irish harp, and surrounded with instruments of music. A group of bronze, consisting of the Muses and the arts, supported the desk, on which a Cupid held open before her, a volume of Moore's Melodies. Behind her, on an elevated stand, were the statues of the three Graces, in the act of receiving from Hymen a nuptial chaplet.

After the celebration of their nuptials in Dublin, they retired to Castle C——, near Sligo, where we shall leave them to enjoy connubial felicity, for the present. It is time now to introduce Rosa Maguire to our readers, as the heroine of our story, whose charms made a captive of Robert's heart. In her, the utmost beauty of person was combined with an indescribable simplicity of manners, and delicacy of sentiment. The grief in which she indulged for the recent death of her father, gave a charm of melancholy loveliness to the expression of her face, which Cor-

of the venerable edifices of religion and piety. Three sides of the abbey, comprehending the cloister range, are still standing, covered with a vaulted roof. The arches are adorned with sculptured heads, and the great east window, in which fragments of the storied stained glass remain, exhibits all the scope and enrichments of the Saxon arch. The nave, strewn with mouldering urns, mutilated tombs, and broken crosses, raise in the travelled mind, vivid images of the impressive and picturesque scenes of Persepolis. The perspective, prolonged through a pillared aisle, arched and festooned with braiding ivy, and terminated by a Gothic altar, adorned with basso-relievos, is certainly imposing and romantic; while the dilapidated holy-water founts, stained glass, gilded ceiling, sequestered cells, and fretted roof, give the charm of contrast, and the air of the awful antique, and religious solemnity, to the venerable scene. The tomb of O'Connor, Sligo, is adorned with the finest skill of architecture and sculpture.

This marble monument, of which a drawing is given in Grose's *Antiquities of Ireland*, is constructed of Galway marble, from the model of a Roman tomb. On the front of the sarcophagus, in arched niches, are the effigies of O'Connor and his lady, Eleanor, the daughter of Lord Dunboyne, as large as life, in alto-relievo, in the act of prayer. The frieze is enriched with the O'Connor arms, quartered with those of Dunboyne, and the apex and battlements present the crucifixion, and figures of Saints Paul and Peter in bass-relief. We believe, except the Aylmer monument, in the county of Kildare, of which we shall give a description, in course, that O'Connor's tomb is the most superb sepulchral structure in Ireland. Sligo was the scene of the glory and of the shame of the O'Connor family; here they exercised sovereign authority, and here they betrayed their country, by basely deserting to Elizabeth; for which memorable treason, O'DONNELL effaced the arms of Ireland off their banner, and then caused the heralds to trample it in the dust. When the monastery of Sligo was suppressed by order of Elizabeth, a grant was made by the queen of all its lands and tenements, to Sir William Taaffe, A.D. 1598, as a reward for his services against O'Neil.

Borlase, in his history of the rebellion of 1641, says that Sir Frederick Hamilton entered Sligo, in 1642, and putting the garrison to the sword, and burning the town, he afterwards, with the most sanguinary cruelty, caused more than 300 of the unoffending inhabitants to be slaughtered in cold blood.

The new edifices of Sligo, are highly creditable to the architectural taste of its inhabitants, particularly the new gaol, court-house, free school, and Roman Catholic chapel. In another note, which we shall subjoin to the conclusion of the above tale, we will describe the Demesnes of Nymph-field, Hazle-wood, Belvoir, Cuming house, as well as the abbey ruins of Ballysedere, Innis-murray, and the '*Giant's Grave*.' Sligo can proudly boast of the honour of giving birth to that splendid prodigy of eloquence, CHARLES PHILLIPS.

reggio would have seized, to represent the countenance of a mourning seraph. Robert no sooner saw her than he loved: the elegance of her form, the brilliancy of her mind, and the fascinating melody of her voice—all conspired to rivet his affections on her for ever.

When he had retired to his chamber, on the evening of his first introduction to the lovely Rosa, by her brother, his mind, on ruminating on his indigent fortune, became a prey to the most afflicting ideas.—“How graceful and beautiful she is!” exclaimed he, “how happy the man who is destined to be her husband?” This thought forced a deep sigh from Robert; and a melancholy reflection on his own situation at that time, inflicted on his heart the most agonizing sensations, which were still aggravated by the bitter conviction that his disastrous fortune forbade even the hope of making the slightest impression on the heart of a woman, whose magnetic charms and innocent grace bound his affection in fetters which death alone would dissever.

(*To be continued.*)

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR. By LADY MORGAN.—In 2 vols. 8vo. Published by COLBURN, LONDON—and by CAREY, LEA, & CAREY, PHILADELPHIA.

This eloquent, lively, and witty work, abounds with that engrossing interest and attractive amusement, which can lead the mind of even an indolent reader, with increasing delight and gratification, through its vivid pages, where sentiment sparkles with Attic fire—where genius exhibits the most graphic pictures of men and manners, drawn from life—and where her Ladyship's poetic language recommends every passage to the attention, by decorating it with the flowers of pompous diction, and the radiant gems of intellectual wealth. The admirers of the *Wild Irish Girl*—of *St. Clair*—of *Ida*—of *O'Donnel*—of *Florence McCarthy*—and of *The O'Briens and O'Flahertys*, will find in these volumes, the counterparts and prototypes of the descriptive powers—the luxuriant richness of style, and the piquant raciness of lofty sentiment, which charmed a Byron, and won from that illustrious bard, who would not have “flattered Neptune for his trident,” the encomiastic declaration, that “LADY MORGAN was the most TALENTED WOMAN IN EUROPE!” They are no fancy sketches, no imaginary beings, which she presents in the *Book of the Boudoir*:—no, they are the exact likenesses of real living individuality, so boldly and vividly delineated on her glowing canvass, that the most careless observer must be impressed with their spirit, character, as well as natural and striking resemblance. The work now before us, is likely, indeed, to become extremely popular; for it is full of every attribute of genius, that can give it the charm of interest. “There is nothing,” says the critic in the *New Monthly Magazine*, “more generally welcome, than sketches and details of persons distinguished for talents, or station, or eccentricity, or notoriety, even of almost any kind. The appetite for such communication is insatiable, and mere cynicism alone can throw over it indiscriminate censure:—warnings are as didactic as examples, and amusement not to be excluded by either. Materials abound of all sorts, and on all sides—but the artist is often wanting. Two circumstances, not every day united, are indispensable—easy access to eminent persons, and intimate communion with them, with a certain facility of expression, to give life and individuality to the representation; nor would it be easy to name the person, man or woman, who has been, and is, more favourably situated than Lady Morgan, or more fitted by her mercurial energies, for making a ready and amusing use of her opportunities. To use one of her own phrases, she has been a lion in her day—not by any means meaning to hint that her day is over—and while thus the object of others' gazing, all alive and elated, she seized her advantage, and gazed to good purpose. Her early publications, while yet a girl, introduced her, in Dublin, to the notice of the leaders of fashionable life, the ladies-lieutenants and their suites;—and the same motives, partly of curiosity and patronage, and partly of real kindness and good will, threw open to her even *London* drawing-rooms. Her opinions in conversation, not remarkable for their reserve, still farther con-

tributed to extend her fame and her acquaintance; and after her marriage, her tours in France and Italy enlarged again her sphere of observation, and brought her in contact with men of 'mark and likelihood,' to an extent, perhaps, that has not been equalled by any individual of the day. She has an European, a sort of cosmopolitan notoriety; and her visiting lists, which she reviews with a pardonable triumph, contain a galaxy of names, scarcely any where else perhaps assembled together. Her intrepidity of sentiment, and some want; perhaps, of *reticence*, occasionally have subjected her to most unmerited obloquy;—so ready is the world to infer acts from words, and give the worst construction words will bear, and malignant feelings suggest. But by perseverance, she has run down most of her foes, the whole host of hornets that showed their stings, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, have sunk in the torpidity of silence; and even '*slashing Gifford*' was muzzled by the power of her cutting and overwhelming retorts. It is not, indeed, the little nonsense that now and then occurs, or the flippancy, but her bold and unflinching politics—her enthusiastic patriotism, that have drawn down upon her the fire and sword of her reviewers. Ireland, alike the country of her birth and idolatry, and its wrongs lie at the root of all her literary offences. She saw and felt the indignities inflicted on her country, and without mincing or measuring her phrases, she gave utterance to her abhorrence of the insulting tyranny."

Yes, the writer in the *New Monthly* is perfectly correct; it was the romantic ardour of patriotism, the power of eloquence, and the glowing zeal which she so fearlessly and so daringly evinced in advocating her country, that exposed her to the ruthless storm of intolerance and hyper-criticism. This was her sole fault. It was this virtue, that drew down upon her the vengeance of the apostate Croker, as well as the virulence of Southey, and the cowardly calumnies of Blackwood's hirelings.

Were she so sycophantically servile to the minions of despotism—so adulatory of the Irish officials—so prone to praise the partisans of intolerance—and so cunning and venal as to offer mercenary incense to fanatic moralists and corrupt Bible mongers, as Miss Edgeworth, then, indeed, the poetry of Southey would have burned to extol, and the eloquence of Canning to eulogize, her fine genius and feminine amenities. But she has won the admiration of the world, in despite of them; and by the strength of her own talent and the devotion of her patriotism, she has reached a proud eminence of fame, to which Miss Edgeworth can never soar. The deathless name of Lady Morgan will survive pillars and pyramids, and immortalize the country of her birth, and cast a halo of glory on the age in which she lives; it is, in itself, a patent of nobility, to which posterity shall extend a homage of reverence, that they will deny to the memory of her who has ingloriously ministered to the passions and prejudices of intolerant Englishmen.

But to turn from herself to her book, we shall but give an extract or two, from a production which bids fair to become unusually popular, as it possesses all the essentials to render it a source of amusement and instruction to all its readers.—The portrait which she exhibits of Kirwan, the Irish chemist, is felicitously drawn, and elegantly coloured.

"Born during the worst periods of Catholic restrictions, he was, perforce, educated abroad, and lived long enough in France to attain to celebrity, before he was known at home. Returning to Ireland, almost a stranger to his country, he retained all his continental predilections, and indulge in valitudinarian habits, pertinaciously cherishing his brogue, and full of prejudice and early imbibed opinion.

"Soon after the publication of the *Wild Irish Girl*, the great man volunteered a visit." [The interview is related with all the vigour and liveliness which shine in her narratives.] "The chariot drove to the door, and up came a card—'Mr. Kirwan, to pay his respects to the fair authoress of the *Wild Irish Girl*.' My stars, what a fuss! The great Richard Kirwan, the philosopher, the chemist, &c. Conversation soon became animated. He seized upon a volume of *Helvetius*, which he railed against, with more feeling than truth—sympathy was his leading dogma, and the prevalence of good his creed. During the heat of discussion, a miserable, half-starved, or rather whole-starved horse dropped down dead, within sight of the window. So much for '*the prevalence of good*!' I exclaimed. The old man's feelings were excited, and in defence of his doctrine of optimism, he insisted that animals did not suffer; that the indications of suffering were only signs, calculated to awaken sympathy for them, and check the disposition of men to tyrannize." Kirwan's bosom could not be made of 'penetrable stuff,' when it would not yield to the thrilling charms of Irish music, which is the melody of passion and sympathy. To overcome his aversion to the "sweet voice of the harp," she began to play "*Ned of the hills*," and the old and affecting tune, which was com-

posed by Edward Ryan, in the reign of James II. on the desertion of his lover, Eva Plunkett, the daughter of Lord Louth, who married one of King William's officers.*

Before Lady Morgan had finished the first stanza, tears gushed from his eyes, and seizing her hand, he exclaimed, "*Madam, I won't hear you ! 'tis terrible—it goes to my very soul ! it wrings every nerve in my body !*" "Then sir," said she, "I ask no more ; the effect Irish music produces on you, is the best proof of its excellence."

Only that the narrowness of space warns us to forbear, we would be tempted to garnish our pages with many other brilliant flowers from the beautiful bouquet of spirit and elegance, with which Lady Morgan has graced and decorated her poetical *Boudoir*. There is a glow of feeling—a sweet tone of moral passion, and a flowery luxuriance of language, spread over the luminous narratives and interesting anecdotes, with which the volumes before us are copiously filled, that indicate the exquisite skill and potent power of the authoress, in this species of composition. In every page, will be found resplendent passages, over which the very genius of eloquence seems to have breathed his happiest enchantment, and to have united wit and fancy in one lucid and deep confluence of vivacity and sensibility, as if to buoy up the attention and feelings of the reader, and bear them passively and delightfully through the pleasing perusal. Nothing can be more rich and vivid than her descriptions of scenery—nothing more felicitous than her portraits, for their splendid colours reflect the very personification of life and nature. After we had read her Florence McCarthy, which abounds with description of scenery, poetical contrasts, and inimitable delineation of character, we could never force ourselves to read through any of Miss Edgeworth's recent novels. Perhaps the specific difference that lies between these celebrated ladies, is, that one displays more genius and colouring of style, the other more judgment and familiarity of diction ; Lady Morgan often rises to the gorgeous magnificence of Dr. Johnson—Miss Edgeworth treads in the footsteps of Goldsmith ; but when the latter attempts to follow the former lady, in the high romance or in the portraiture of character, and the graphical delineation of Irish scenery, we behold the Mantuan swan toiling after the Moenian eagle. We grant, indeed, that rigid criticism might pronounce Lady Morgan's diction somewhat pompous, while admitting Miss Edgeworth's to be fastidiously colloquial.—We now take our leave of this admirable work, by warmly recommending it to the public.

* Lady Morgan has translated one of the Serenades, which Edward Ryan, who was a warrior and poet, sung to his harp, under the window of the faithless Eva. His estates in the county of Armagh, were confiscated by William, and this deprivation, and the inconstancy of the woman he loved to distraction, and who had been long his inspiration and theme, preyed upon his spirits, and soon consigned him to the tomb—the victim of fidelity to his king and his lover.

EVA. "Ah ! who is that, whose thrilling tones
Still put my tranquil sleep astray—
(More plaintive than the wood-dove's moans)
And sends my airy dreams away ?

EDWARD. 'Tis I—'tis Edward of the hills,
Who puts thy tranquil sleep astray ;
Whose plaintive song of sorrow thrills,
And sends thy airy dreams away.
Here ; nightly through the long long year,
My heart with many a love-pang wrung,
Beneath thy casement, Eva dear—
My sorrows and thy charms I've sung.

Thine eye is like the morn's soft grey,
Tinted with evening's azure blue—
Its first glance stole my soul away,
And gave its every wish to you.
Like a soft gloomy cloud's thine hair,
Tinged with the setting sun's warm ray—
And lightly o'er thy forehead fair,
In many a spiry ringlet play.
Oh ! come then, rich in all thy charms—
For, Eva ! I'm as rich in love :
And panting in my circling arms,
I'll bear thee to old *Thuar's* grove."*

* His Castle near Market-hill, in the county of Armagh.

THE USURPER, a Historical Tragedy. By JAMES M'HENRY, Esq. Neal and Mackenzie, Philadelphia.

This dramatic effort exhibits the talents of Dr. M'Henry, in a new and advantageous position; and we think that he is yet destined to gather the greenest laurel of his poetic wreath, in the tragic field. The style and versification are rich in diction, and smooth in harmony; and though they are, now and then, marred by quaintness, and dissonant by inequality; these, perhaps, unavoidable imperfections are amply redeemed by the force of expression and conception, as they are by that impress of substantial poetic character, which is stamped upon the whole dialogue. It is, indeed, a most difficult task to harmonize conception, imagery, and melody of phrase, in tragic verse, so as to preserve that facility of colloquial dialogue which the critics tell us, is one of the perfections of dramatic composition.

In attaining this perfection of dramatic simplicity and critical precision, Massinger has, no doubt, been successful; but still, his dialogue has no sentiment, nor charm of poetic beauty; and yet, one of his rough-hewn tragedies has pushed the *Cato* of the classic Addison, the *Irene* of the eloquent Johnson, and the *Junius Brutus* of the creative and fanciful Lee, off the stage. Dryden, and Byron too, whose mighty genius was inspired by every muse except Melpomene, adventured ambitiously into the dramatic field, and memorably failed in gaining honours, where men, who were poetical pigmies in comparison to them, reaped laurels and bore away trophies. Even our own *Maturin*, whose luxuriant fancy, and fascination of style, give such attractive charms to his novels, lost all his force and fire, when he wooed the tragic Muse; and the poetic eloquence of Shiel was chilled and withered, like a delicate exotic in a cold clime, under the dramatic atmosphere.

We cannot discover, or account for, the cause that thus debilitates genius, when it ventures into dramatic climates, and divests it of the passion, power, and energy, which it can so felicitously display in its proper elements. Let it not, however, be inferred, that the preceding remarks are intended to depreciate the production before us, which we conscientiously think, in vigour of language and march of versification, superior to any other drama written in this country, that has come under our observation; but still it is vastly behind that excellent romance, O'HALLORAN, in pomp of diction and loftiness of sentiment.

The events on which Dr. M'Henry has built this tragedy, occurred in Ireland, near three centuries before the Christian epoch. The story, indeed, has been happily chosen, and the fictitious incidents which the author has engrafted upon historic facts, intimately connect the characters with the plot. Cartha, a cruel and impious Prince, conspires with a wicked Druid, whom he promised, as the price of his baseness, to raise to the druidical Pontificate, in case he aided him to murder his brother Hugony, the supreme monarch, and seize the crown. They succeed in their atrocious design, and the vile fratricide mounts his brother's throne, and his flagitious associate becomes Arch-Druid. The usurper commands the Druid to procure assassins to murder all his brother's children. The person whom the Druid employed to kill Prince Mahon, then a lisping child, had a breast alive to pity, and instead of killing the infant, he conveyed it secretly to the court of the king of Munster.

Meanwhile, the king rules the nation with the iron sceptre of despotism; while his infamous minister, the Druid, adds more debasing turpitude to his crimes, by seducing the widow of the murdered monarch, whom he confined in a cave, where she had to act as the responding Pythia of his false oracles. The rightful heir to the throne, Prince Mahon, whom Cartha considered dead, grows up to manhood, and becomes tenderly attached to the king of Munster's daughter, Moriat, who returns his passion with equal ardour. The Princess is also loved by Partholan,

a powerful chieftain of Munster, but she indignantly rejects his addresses, which fires him with rage and jealousy against his fortunate rival, Mahon. Resolved to be revenged, he hastens to the court of Tara, and apprises the usurper of the existence of his nephew, and of the preparations he was making, to assert his rights to the throne. This intelligence fills the guilty Cartha with alarm—who, in order to dispel the gathering storm, raises an army, which he entrusts to the command of the Arch-Druid, and the traitor Partholan.

When they arrive with their army in the neighbourhood of the king of Munster's palace, the crafty Druid devises a stratagem to capture Prince Mahon:—Partholan and twelve warriors, disguised as peasants, conceal themselves in a grove, where, it was known, Mahon and the Princess Moriat were in the habit of walking under foliaceous canopies, sacred to "whispering lovers." The enterprise succeeds—the Prince and Princess are captured: the Prince fortunately makes his escape from his guards, and succeeds in reaching the camp of the king of Munster, and his forces, with whom he instantly marches to rescue the Princess from the licentious Partholan, who had borne her in triumph to his tent. Burning with rage and indignation, the gallant Mahon bears down all before him; the enemy's camp is stormed, and the Druid and Partholan are routed. Partholan, determined to enjoy the charms of his beauteous captive, hurries to the tent, and is carrying her off at the moment when Mahon enters: they fight, like two raging lions, mad with furious desperation, and Partholan is killed. This scene is certainly worked up with great power and effect, and the joy of the meeting lovers, is represented with truth and feeling. The victorious Prince arrives at the Palace of his fathers, Tara, just as the usurper is in the last agonies of death, having been stabbed by Mahon's mother, the druidical Priestess, who had but time to embrace and bless her valiant son, ere she died of a wound given her by the poisoned dirk of Cartha.

Such is the outline of this interesting tragedy. The character of the Arch-Druid, is a masterly delineation, spiritedly sketched, with original conception, and brilliantly shaded with the glowing colours of poetry. We think, however, he has not been equally successful in representing the hero of the piece; he might have, for he was fully equal to the task, invested Mahon with those chivalric attributes, which history imputes to him, he should have combined in this character, more of the warlike gallantry of a knight of the Red-Branch, than of the whimpering effeminacy of the love-sick Mark Antony. But he redeems this deficiency by the vivid picture which he presents of the enthusiastic fondness and reciprocal attachment, that subsisted between Mahon and Moriat.

The following scene, between the lovers, previous to Mahon's departure for the army, is imbued with a spirit of sensibility and a power of pathetic representation, that give a most touching and impressive expression to the gentle fears and tender anxieties of woman's devoted love.

- MAHON. Now duty calls me to the toils of war ;
But ere I go, to obtain one glance from thee,
My path to lighten, and one kindly word
My heart to comfort, I have sought thee here.
- MORIAT. When thou dost mingle in war's clamorous scenes,
The phantom, glory, will inspire thy soul ;
Ah ! thou'lt pursue her, and forget thy Moriat,
Then pining here, and trembling for thy safety.
- MAHON. Forget thee, Moriat ! no ;—when battle rages
In all its terrors, round me, thought of thee
Shall be the inspirer of my heart to valour :
And when I triumph, thou shalt share my glory,
Making that glory sweet. Queen of my heart !
Thou'lt then be Erin's queen, and first in rank,
As first in beauty of all Erin's fair.—
- MORIAT. Ah ! when thou sway'st the sceptre of thy fathers,
Some Princess fairer in thy eyes than Moriat,

Irish Topography.

- May share thy throne, while I lorn-hearted, wander
Where once young Mahon flattered me with love.
- MAHON. That I should see one fairer than thou art,
Impossible! The monarch of the day
As soon shall meet, in yonder vaulted sky,
A rival to his bright meridian beams.
By Heaven's great light, I swear, if e'er thou see'st
Me Erin's sovereign, thou'lt be Erin's Queen!
- MORIAT. That now thou think'st so, truly I believe;
But exaltation may thy feelings change:
Thou art but human, and the firmest human virtue,
Alas! too often overrates its strength.
- MAHON. Though I no other virtue should possess,
But perseverance in my love for thee—
Of that I'll boast; in that I'll pride myself:
My love is changeless as 'tis pure and ardent.
Oh! say thou think'st so, princess, and I'm happy!
- MORIAT. I will think so, for I know thou art
So perfect in thy honourable nature,
That what would others turn from rectitude,
Would tempt in vain thy noble constancy.
I'll cherish hope. * * * * *
And the just Gods I'll importune with prayers
For blessings on thy arms.

If we could afford space for more copious extracts, we might exhibit other interesting scenes from this admirable tragedy, which in spite of some defects in incident and character, has in it, upon the whole, more force of expression, depth of tenderness and originality of conception, than any *American* production, that we have seen represented on the Boards here; and we candidly think that if it had the *Mint-mark* of Drury-Lane impressed upon its merits, it would, with that powerful recommendation, become eminently popular. The monologues of this play are peculiarly eloquent, sustained throughout, by a spirit of poetry, a felicity of diction, a richness of imagery, and an originality of thought, which afford authentic evidence of the powers and capabilities of the author.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY, No. VII.

MONASTEREVAN AND MOORE ABBEY.

MONASTEREVAN, in the county of Kildare, so called from St. EVAN, who founded here a large and sumptuous abbey, for which the Pope granted the privilege of Sanctuary, in the seventh century, is delightfully situated on the romantic banks of the river Barrow, and the grand Canal, at the distance of 33 miles, S. E. from Dublin.—There is not in Ireland, perhaps, a more rising and flourishing town than this. Here opulence and spirit give an impulse and passion to enterprise, and improvement, as if the guardian ghosts of the O'MOORES were still the salutary and propitious genii, that with tutelary solicitude watch over its destinies. Who with a mind travelled in history, can view the mouldering ruins of Monasterevan, without having the associations of memory and feeling, wafted back to the days of other times, the era of our glory, when the O'MOORE, the proud and puissant Prince, of Leix, here opened the halls of hospitality, sheltered the wandering Bard, and dictated treaties to hostile chiefs. Here Sussex, the haughty representative of Philip and Mary, had to doff his helm, before the Majesty of Leinster, and here the oppressive Earl of Ormond, was the captive of the O'MOORE* in the days of Elizabeth. We read in Colgan, that the consecrated Bell, which belonged to the pious St. Evan, was on solemn trials used as a sacred Ordeal, to discover guilt, and remove the doubts of suspicion from innocence. After the Saint's death, this Bell of singular virtues, was consigned to the possession of the McEgans,

* "From the renowned champion of Leinster, CONNAL KEARNAUGH, were descended the O'Moores of Leix, a country now comprehending the counties of the King and Queen's, which names they received in the reign of Mary. The actions of this family, in conjunction with their allies, the O'Connors of Hy-Falg (now Offally) since the invasion of Henry II. might fill a history of considerable extent:—nor could the English pale reckon itself secure, until these enemies were removed, in the reign of Philip and Mary." *Dissert. on Irish History.*

hereditary chief justices of Munster. The Abbot of Monasterevan, had great ecclesiastical authority, and for many years after the English invasion sat as a Baron in Parliament. In the ninth century, the Danes plundered the shrine and burned this abbey; but in 1177, it was rebuilt by Dermot O'Dimpsey, King of Offally, and his son in law, Muredach O'Connor, with great grandeur of architecture. When Elizabeth, to enrich her officers, suppressed all the Irish abbeys, this Monastery was granted to Lord Audley, who by assignment, made it over to Adam Loftus, Arch-Bishop of Dublin, A. D. 1577. In the reign of Charles I, 1641, the descendant of the Arch-Bishop, Viscount Ely, the then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, held the court of chancery in the great hall of this abbey. This Viscount, and Boyle, Earl of Cork, lord high treasurer of Ireland, distinguished themselves by their rancour and despotism to the Roman Catholics. These fanatic bigots led an army to attack a fraternity of Carmelite friars, who were peaceably celebrating their religious rites in College green, Dublin; but the friars and the congregation, infuriated at the barbarian and unprovoked assault, courageously repelled their cowardly assailants. During the administration of the famous Lord Strafford, Loftus had the daring boldness to resist an order of Council, bearing the signature of Charles I, for which contumacy he was deprived of the great seal, and committed to prison.

Monasterevan possesses great local advantages for trade; situated in the midst of a highly cultivated and embellished country, full of noble domains and extensive arable lands, in the immediate thoroughfare to Limerick, and Waterford, and its proximity to Dublin, as well as the facile communication with that capital, by means of the grand Canal, which it commands, all tend to make it what it is, a prosperous and populous town, where trade and industry amass comfort and affluence for its liberal and spirited inhabitants. Here the farmers of the King and Queen's counties, find a market for their grain, and other agricultural produce.

There is a highly respectable and wealthy gentleman in this town, JOHN CASARDY, Esq. whose active spirit of liberality, industry, and extensive commercial dealings, have been the fruitful source of the importance and consequence of Monasterevan. This munificent and enterprising individual, whose philanthropic deeds deserve the eulogium of a more gifted pen than ours, has built here, a large and extensive distillery, as well as a brewery, and several other mercantile edifices. His dwelling house, the most superb and capacious residence in the town, reflects credit on the architectural taste of the polite owner. No stranger ever entered this house without being received with the national greeting—the hundred thousand welcomes of Irish hospitality.

There are three edifices for religious worship here. The Protestant church, is a large Gothic structure, and the Roman Catholic, and Methodist chapels are neat and commodious buildings. The old abbey, now called Moore Abbey, was repaired and extended by the Marquis of Drogheda in 1767. He enlarged the Gothic windows, converted the cells into apartments, and modernized the appearance, without entirely divesting it of the tints, traces, and features of antiquity. The great hall, and the ancient portal of the southern front, still retain their pristine state, the one distinguished by its Gothic windows, carved pannels of black shillelah oak; and the other by the large Saxon arch, and antique doors. There are some spacious apartments in the abbey, which are well furnished and embellished with historic and family pictures. On the turrets and balustrade of the roof, the crosses and mitred heads, with which piety adorned them, are still in *statu quo*. This Princely mansion of the Marquis of Drogheda, stands at the foot of a lofty hill, on the margin of the winding Barrow, in the midst of a walled, ornamented and wooded domain of 1400 acres. The landscape that presents itself here, is the most beautiful and picturesque that can be imagined. Though the family name of the Marquis of Drogheda, is Moore, he is not even collaterally descended from the Milesian Princes of Leix. The ancestor of the Marquis, was Sir Edward Moore, an adventuring officer under Lord Mountjoy, in Ireland, and who in consequence of distinguishing himself in the war against O'Neil, was rewarded with the immense possessions of the Abbey of Mellefont, in the county of Louth. On the accession of James I. to the throne, he was created Baron of Mellefont, and Viscount Drogheda. His son Charles was killed at the battle of Pontlester, in Meath, A. D. 1643; after his death, his son Henry became a great favourite with the Duke of Ormond. There is a traditionary story current, relative to the marriage of this Viscount Moore, with lady Jane Loftus, the heiress of the Lord Chancellor, of whom we made mention before, which partake of romance. Lord Thurles, Ormond's son, was passionately attached to the fair Jane Loftus, to whom he was in the habit of writing love letters. Being very intimate with Lord Moore, he made him his confidant, and often the

herald of love, and the bearer of those billets that convey the feelings of the heart to the object of its devotion. When he arrived at Monasterevan, and, with a grace of manner worthy of Mercury himself, produced the credentials of his embassy, with which the lady was so pleased, as well as smitten with his manly person, and engaging address, that she gave him her heart and hand. It was in consequence of his marriage with this lady, that he became the possessor of Moore abbey.

The town of Monasterevan never derived any benefits from the Moore family. The whole race have been distinguished for their bigotry, intolerance, and narrow selfishness. To the prosperity of Monasterevan the Marquis of Drogheda has been as the blasting upas of the soil from which he drew the sources of his wealth, his vices, and his luxury. At Monasterevan, the grand canal rolls its waters across the river Barrow, over which a noble aqueduct, of striking architectural elegance, has been raised in 1828. The environs of this town are beautified by mansions and rural scenery, comprising the daisy-spangled meadow, and clumped lawn, the meandering river, and glassy lake—the tufted groves, and the mouldering ruins of monasteries and feudal castles. In a future article we shall give a more comprehensive description of the vicinity of Monasterevan. We must not omit, however, at present to mention that the elegant mansion of *Hebe Hill*, the lordly residence of the talented, and independent JAMES JOHNSTON, the celebrated author of the letters of *Juvana*, in Cobbett's Register, and of the far famed essay in *Cox's Magazine*, the "PAINTER-CUT," is one of the attractive ornaments that embellish this vicinity.

The venerable ruins of the castle of LEIX, to which such brilliant historical recollections are attached, also claim now our attention. These ruins of feudal grandeur, imposing as they are even in decay, stand on a rock overhanging the Barrow water, at the distance of three miles from Monasterevan.

This famous monument of antiquity was remarkable for its strength, and before the invention of cannon, was considered impregnable. It was built by Dermot Mc Murrough, king of Leinster. It was to this strong hold that he carried the Irish Helen, the wife of O'Rourke, king of Breffny, whose fatal beauties proved so destructive to her country. After the king of Leinster's death, this castle and all the Queen's county, then called LEIX, devolved to Earl Strongbow, his son in law. Strongbow left all his immense possessions to an only daughter whom he had by the Leinster Princess. This lady, then the widow of De Quincy, married her cousin, the Earl of Pembroke, to whom she bore five daughters; to the youngest of these females the castle and territory of Leix devolved, as her marriage portion. She married Lord Mortimer, an English Peer, with whom she retired to England, leaving the Castle and lands in the hands of vassals, and undertakers. At this time the oppressions of the English in Wexford, and the Queen's County, compelled O'Moore to take up arms, with his allies, the O'Tooles and Kevenagh's, against them. He captured the castle of Leix, which he razed to the ground. The castle was afterwards rebuilt A. D. 1207, and remained in all its strength and magnificence until it was reduced to its present ruinous state by the execrable destroyer of all our architectonic monuments, Oliver Cromwell. Thus the castle of Leix, once the scene of chivalry and glory, is now the tenement of the owl whose hoarse scream its silent halls re-echo to the winds, instead of the dulcet sounds of the harp, or the warlike acclamations of the victorious brave. There is a gigantic spreading Elm tree in the little village of Leix, whose immense umbrageous canopy is capacious enough to cover a regiment of Soldiers. This "big tree" was planted in the reign of Henry VII. An Irish poet has celebrated its leafy honours, in the following stanza—

"Mark where yon Elm renews his annual prime,
Fair Leix! thy glory and the boast of time;
From age to age he looks majestic down,
Spreads his broad arms, and covers half the town."

ORIGINAL PATCHWORK.

THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER. Sir Horace Walpole wrote an admirable tragedy under this title, the materials of which he derived from a story, which had been told to him by the celebrated Dr. Isaac Watts. During the archiepiscopal prelacy of Dr. Tillotson, Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, a lady, under uncommon agonies of mind, waited on him, and earnestly besought his counsel. The shocking and unnatural affair

which she disclosed in her story, was as follows.—A fair and young damsel, who had been many years before, her waiting maid, acquainted her at the time, that she was ardently importuned by her son to surrender her virtue to his passion. The mother told the virtuous and innocent girl, to feign compliance with his solicitations; and in order to deceive him, to appoint the hour of assignation the following evening, in a grove near the mansion, where she would discover herself, and rebuke and reprimand her son for his incontinence. According to the suggestion of the mother, the coy maiden promised to meet the young gentleman on the following night.

When the hour of assignation arrived, the incestuous mother, in order to gratify her own criminal and brutal passion, met her son at the place of rendezvous, and permitted him to enjoy her person.

The fruit of this horrid and appalling artifice, was a daughter, whom the beastly mother caused to be educated very privately in the country. When the girl reached maturity, she was considered an incomparable beauty. Just as she had attained her fourteenth year, her father—brother, who never had the slightest suspicion of his relationship to his daughter, and sister, met her at a Ball, and became so captivated with her charms, that he actually married her, before his mother could prevent the monstrous union. As soon as the wretched, disgusting, and guilty mother learned what had happened, and overwhelmed with remorse of conscience, she waited upon the Arch-Bishop; communicated to him the astounding secret, and begged he might direct her how to act in so unprecedented a dilemma. The recital horrified the Prelate. After reflecting however for a while, he solemnly charged her never to let her son and daughter, who were living in love and innocence, know what had passed; as they were happily ignorant of any criminal intention, so that heaven would acquit them of all participation in her vile guilt, which was so flagitious and enormous, as to shut her out for ever from the mercy of Heaven.

PARK THEATRE.

MR. FORREST'S HAMLET.

We never had an exalted opinion of Mr. Forrest's histrionic genius; but we confess that his personation of Hamlet the other night, was so low on the scale of mediocrity, that it has thrown down the image, which a hope of his improvement had raised in our minds. The character of Hamlet suffered most egregiously in his hands. He should have known, or some kind, sincere friend, if he has any, should have admonished him, that *Hamlet* was a part with which he could not grapple, because nature and education have denied him the great requisites, that are required for the impressive representation of that difficult performance. The active genius—the cultivated mind, the energy of conception that are necessary to hit off a natural and spirited portrait, like Young's, or even Booth's—vivid with the boldness of its colouring, and animated by the happiness of its contrasts of light and shade. It is a truth, and a melancholy one for the future fame of Mr. Forrest, that he has fallen a sacrifice to the art of puffing. NATIONAL VANITY, the besetting sin of American Editors, has indiscreetly placed him at the head of the tragic school, before he has imbibed the rudiments of knowledge, that would qualify him for the station; it has "*Championed*" him to fling away the censer, and take up that heavy armour of Melpomene which is entirely too ponderous for his puny energies. Though in *Damon, Virginius, Tell, Iago and Lear* he is very far from the point of excellence, yet in these exhibitions, he makes a creditable stand, in comparison to his utter, intolerable and absolute failure in the Prince of Denmark. In this character he is destitute of the primary essentials, which are indispensably necessary to embody the author's ideas. As a lover Mr. Forrest is cold and revolting, the tenderest passion of the heart he cannot paint; his voice is too inharmonious, to breathe the euphony of the lovers sigh; or speak the language that is sweet in every whispered word, so that it never yields to the passion or feelings of Hamlet; and as for his countenance, it is in every situation, as calm as the Dead Sea, because it is never agitated by a gust of flexibility, or a breeze of expression; there sensibility drifts without a ray from the beacon of the heart to direct it. Whether he rejoices, rages, despairs, or mourns, the same dull, dreary and unmeaning disposition of features presents itself. His elocution is also incorrigibly defective; there is a hiatus in his enunciation that renders tragic verse very dissonant; where it should be highly accented in declamation it is sunk into a nasal drawl; in fine he seems to have but one string in the delivery of his dialogue; for in love, in war, in fury, in sarcasm,

and in pun, the same rapid and monotonous uniformity prevails. But let us consider his Hamlet. His reception of the ghost evinced a total absence of the powers of conception, expression and execution; at its first appearance, instead of evincing that awful terror and appalled feeling, which such an apparition would naturally produce, he started like a Maniac, after receiving a shock of electricity, and fell back into the arms of Horatio, bellowing with stentorian fury, the solemn invocation. "*Angels and Ministers of grace &c.*" His mode of swearing Horatio, and Marcellus, by the hilt, not by the blade of his sword, was one of his best points. In the scene of his assumed madness, with Ophelia, he was no more like a mad lover, than he was like Jupiter wielding the thunder on Olympus. The only tolerable air he made, in our opinion, was his sarcastic replies to Polonius, which were well delivered; but why take the wand of office from him, and describe, like a conjurer, semi-circles of enchantment, almost from one box to another.

He was not by any means effective or felicitous, in his instructions to the players; and as for his recitation of the reflections on man, and the beautiful soliloquy on life and death, we positively have heard school boys in Dublin, give them with superior grace of elocution and picturesque action. Mr. Forrest has been too long on the stage to fail altogether in his representation; in the closet scene, except his convulsive shaking fit on the entrance of the Spectre, indeed, he gave us some gleams of feeling and conception; particularly in his imposing management of the pictures. It is only in this scene he makes "*a palpable hit.*"

Mr. Forrest is in the habit, we perceive, of tampering with his author, either by alterations, that are often ungrammatical! of words and emphasis—or else by the pruning knife, which make the admirers of the Avon Muse, stare and exclaim with Sir Fretful.—"*Zounds*," Mr. Forrest "*the hatchet.*"! In the grave scene, Laertes had been calling on those assembled to "*bury him with his sister.*" Hamlet leaps into the grave, and offers to be immured with him. The Prince dares him to the performance of his wish, by uttering—"*Be buried quick &c.*" Mr. Forrest laid a strong emphasis on "*buried*," an improving innovation, in his opinion, which a Kemble, or a Young had not the daring temerity to hazard; but the American Roscius is a dramatic democrat! Mrs. BARNES, who is always efficient in the service of the tragic Muse, gave us Ophelia with pathos and grace. In the mad scene especially, she made a powerful appeal to the feelings of the audience. Mr. BARRY's ghost was a performance of undeniable merit. Laertes was not suited to Mr. Woodhull's powers: it is a trying, difficult part, being all action and bustle; so that it demands the judgment of the man with the figure of the boy; and the fate of almost the last act, depends on the spirited performance of this passionate character.

A HISTORICAL MEMOIR OF THE INSURRECTIONS OF 1798 AND 1803, IN IRELAND.

In an essay, under this head, in our next number, we will furnish historical proofs that all the actors who assumed the leading characters of the disastrous and sanguinary tragedies got up in 1798 and 1803, were Utopian men of wild ambition, visionary and deranged demagogues, whom, as honest and talented a historian as Ireland ever produced, WILLIAM PARNELL, justly denominated, "*a band of second-rate lawyers and petty adventurers.*" Where, would we ask, is the Irishman of reading and impartiality, who can impugn the truth of the Emperor NAPOLEON's assertion respecting the utter incapacity of the Quixotic patriots, who madly reared, and iniquitously fired, the funeral pile, on which the hopes of Ireland perished? Who, for a moment, would compare such enthusiastic insurgents as James Napper Tandy, Hamilton Rowan, William Jackson, Arthur O'Connor, Theobald Wolfe Tone, (whose honesty and genius, we admit, cast a halo of splendour over the errors of his compeers) Lord Edward Fitzgerald, William James Macneven, Thomas Addis Emmet, Thomas Reynolds, (the traitor) Oliver Bond, and the frantic Robert Emmet—with DANIEL O'CONNELL, the accomplished statesman, the powerful orator, and patriotic and bloodless philanthropist? Yet there are men in this city—ay, it grieves us to say—and Irishmen too! who blindly exhibit the "*patriots of 1798 and 1803.*" although their laurels are reeking with the blood, and blasted with the execrations of their country, in a comparison with the illustrious and incorruptible Liberator of our native land. But to compare these antithesis of patriotism—these antipodes of prudence, with the eloquent sage, who has earned the ETERNAL GRATITUDE of Ireland, is like exhibiting a mole-hill at the foot of the cloud-diademed BRANDON, in the county of Kerry.

Original Poetry.

THE TEAR OF BEAUTY.

TO MARY OF CASHEL.

I talk'd of the woes of the days that are past—
Of afflictions and trials severe; [cast,
How the May-morn of life was with storms over-
How the blossoms of hope were all nipt by the
blast;—

And Beauty sat list'ning to hear.
Of hardships and dangers, and many a wrong,
And of toils that beset me so near—
Of Treachery's snare, and Ingratitude's tongue—
I told:—and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong—
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty, that gladdens the soul!
Is aught as thy sympathy dear—
When thy bright beaming eyes with benignity roll,
When heaves thy full bosom at pity's control,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear? [doom,
When dark roll the clouds that o'ershadow our
When toils and when terrors appear; [sune:
When the storm-bursting waves all their fury as-
Then the sun-beam of Hope that can break through
the gloom,

O Beauty! must shine through a tear.
Yes, Beauty—thy tear, that from sympathy flows,
To manhood shall ever be dear.
'Tis the balm of all ill, and the cure of all woes;
And the heart-rankling wounds of remembrance
shall close,

That Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

JUVERNA.

Broadway, Oct. 1829.

THE CANADIAN GIRL.

I saw her by the dimpling lake,*
Just when the sun's last ray was setting,
And paused to hear her softly wake
The lover's tale of sad regretting—
Till every note that passed along,
Inspired me with her magic song.

The loveliest of the lovely far, &
She seemed in that retreat so lonely,
Bright hallowed by the vesper star,
Which o'er her then was twinkling only,
Giving a charm to that loved spot,
Which never yet has been forgot.

And, as the wood she wandered through,
Her milk-pail in her hand she carried,
Nor made one minute's pause to view
A youth, who fondly there had tarried,
The throbbings of his heart to tell,
And love's too sure enchanting spell.

Oh! never yet has pleasure wove
Around the heart such soft attraction,

* LAKE CALVIERE.—Of the many beautiful lakes that surround the neighbourhood of Quebec, there is none more interesting than Calviera. The scenery is delightful, and such as to attract the admiration of the lover and the poet. An evening's sail in a canoe, across its peaceful and shaded bosom, which reflects back the shifting figures of the forest, while the parting sunbeams are but faintly thrown among the waving branches, has often been to me the source of great and uninterrupted pleasure.

As binds me to this tinted grove,
Adorned in nature's gay perfection—
Forming a blushing arbour sweet,
Where two young hearts might gladly meet.

There is a pure—a sacred bliss,
That o'er the soul comes gently stealing,
When musing in a spot like this.
Touching the very soul of feeling:—
And oh! that I its joys could share
With my beloved Canadian fair. A. K.
Quebec, 1829.

I SAW THEE, DEAR ERIN.

I saw thee, dear Erin! in loneliness weeping—
For round thee had gathered the dark clouds of
wo; [sleeping
And the bravest, the best of thy children were
In death's torpid slumbers in coldness below!

Thy banner was low! and its green folds in sad-
ness, [brave!
Were stained in the gore of the true and the
And thy harp, that once swelled its wild numbers
In gladness, [grave.
Hung silent and sad o'er the minstrel's lone

But the faint smile of joy o'er thy pale cheek was
glowing, [eye—
And the bright glance of hope was seen in thine
For a beam of refulgence from heaven was flowing,
To gladden with brightness thy sorrowful sky!

Entwined with a chaplet of heavenly glory,
O'CONNELL! for ever thy patriot name
Shall gladden thy country—and long shall her
story, [thy fame!
Though dark with her sorrows, be bright with
HARP OF THE VALE.

Great-Barrington, (Mass.) Oct. 1829.

SONNET TO FANCY.

Whene'er my fond imagination strays
With thee, sweet maid! along thy motley bow'r,
With joy I wander through each winding maze,
And eager grasp each gay and gaudy flow'r.
'Tis then the charming maid for whom I sigh,
Without reserve comes flying to my arms,
Love's ardent passion beaming in her eye;
While I with rapture gaze upon her charms.
But when those airy visions quit my sight,
And all the gay delusive charm is o'er,
With various passions is my bosom torn:
My love is flown—my joy, my soul's delight!
O FANCY! change the scene—these cares dismiss,
And kindly realize each fond ideal bliss!

ULLIN.

Broome-street.

HAMPSON'S FAREWELL TO HIS HARP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD:

Sir—I was much pleased with Mr. KIPP's beautiful and affecting apostrophe to *Denis Hampson's*

Harp. A gentleman of the county of Londonderry, now a resident in this city, who read the poem and your accompanying note, with admiration, gave me the copy of the last song that the "*Amphion of Magilligan*" sang to his harp before his death. The following is my English version of it, which is far from conveying the poetic spirit and plaintive tenderness of the original. I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

CAROLAN.

"The Bard loved to sing the tale of other times,
and the deeds of Erin's heroes. On the cliffs of
Magilligan, he loved to listen, when the dark-robed
moon was rolled behind her hill, to the rushing
surges, as he raised the strain of wo."—LAW.

From *Albin's* hills the minstrel came,
Across the wild wave's starry foam;
Bent down with grief his aged frame—
And sought again his native home.
His lonely harp beside him hung,
But silent were its murmurings;
Its chords of gladness all unstrung—
In sorrow chain'd the trembling strings.

But at his dying hour, again
That harp its silent slumbers broke,
In pensive tones a plaintive strain
Of music wild the minstrel woke.
Sad were the murmurs of farewell,
Along that harp of sorrow pour'd,
In one deep, low, unmeasured swell
Of music from each trembling chord.

"Farewell to the strains, that so sweetly were
stealing
Thy bright chords of melody softly along!
Oh! never again, in the impulse of feeling,
Shall breathe o'er thy strings the wild numbers
of song!

Never, oh! never this sad lorn harp forsaken—
Slumbering coldly in solitude's chain,
Numbers of music shall ever awaken,
Or swell with the triumphs of *ERIN* again!

In the ruin'd halls of my sires I found thee, [old,
Where the spirits of heroes, who strung thee of
Hover'd at midnight in silence around thee,
And wail'd their complaints o'er thy bright chords
of gold.

In the hours of my youth, from those proud halls I
bore thee,
And thy sad strings again with gladness I strung
But still would a murmur of sorrow breathe o'er
thee,
And blend with the sweet notes that over thee
hung.

Then back to the ruins of thy sorrowful slumbers,
Where the owl shrieks at midnight her mourn-
ful tale;
And wake the wild plaints of thy dolorous numbers
In anthems of grief to the echoing gale.

Never again may the soft strains of gladness,
Dear harp of *ULLIN*! be chanted by thee!

Nought but the grief-breathing wallings of sadness,
Until the home of thy minstrels is free!

Soon shall the bright beams of liberty's morning
O'er thee, green *Aeiga!** in splendour arise,
Like a day-star of Hope, o'er thy sweet valleys
dawning,
Lighting with beauty thy soul-cheering skies!

Then let some minstrel-boy quickly restraining thee,
Harp of my country! to music again,
Forth from the gloom of thy solitude bring thee,
And tune thy lov'd wires unto *LIBERTY's* strain!

Farewell, to the sweet tones of music for ever!
That woke their sad sounds to thy tremulous
songs;
Those wild strains of music to breathe again never,
'Till *FREEDOM* shall blot out thy country's dark
wrongs.

Then back to the drear of the halls where I found
thee
Chain'd in the slumbers of solitude there—
Loud be thy tones, as the wind murmurs round
thee, [air!
And wafts thy wild notes through the tremulous

* An ancient name of Ireland.—Vide *Pepper's*
History of Ireland, page 36.

TO ADAM KIDD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "*HURON CHIEF*," AND OTHER POEMS.

Oh! sweetly sleeps the Huron chief
Beside his own bright native lake—
No war-whoop now, or songs of grief,
The Indian warrior's rest may break.
Beneath the towering pines of green,
That bend them o'er that starry wave,
A lonely mound of earth is seen,
That marks that silent chieftain's grave.

Nought but the flowers that sweetly bloom
Beneath the wildwood's leafy shade,
Adorn the lone unsculptured tomb,
In which that hero's corse is laid.
Unhonoured though his silent bier—
Yet many a future tongue shall tell
Of the wild hunter of the deer,
How brave he fought—how nobly fell!

Yet not neglected is his rest—
Since o'er the minstrel's chords of gold,
Beside that green lake's silver breast,
The story of his wrongs is told.
Then, muse-loved Kidd! let the numbers be,
That pour thy thrilling harp along,
The story of the brave and free,
The theme of thy undying song.

CAROLAN.

New-York, October, 1829.

THE IRISH SHIELD

AND

MONTHLY MILESTIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE FEPPER.

"What's'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE."

NO. XI.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REIGNS OF LUGHAIDH, SÍOR-LAIMH, EOCHAIDH V.—NAVAL ARCHITECTURE IN IRELAND.—NAVAL EXPLOIT AT DUNDALK.—THE REIGNS OF EOCHAIDH VI. AND HIS BROTHER CONUNG, OF LUIGHADH, AND ART II.—THE REIGNS OF FIA-CHA, OLIOLL, AND AIRGEADNHAR.—THE ACCESSION OF EOCHAIDH VII., OF DUACH, AND OF LUGHAIDH III. TO THE IRISH THRONE.

PRINCE LUGHAIDH, the eldest son of Eadhna, the late monarch, mounted the throne of his ancestors without opposition, A. M. 3397. He is distinguished in the royal genealogy of Ireland, by the surname of *Jardhoinn*, which signifies, in Irish, the dark-brown haired Prince. This Prince had a soul inflamed by military ardour, and a passion for glory; and no sooner had he grasped the sceptre of power, than he promptly resolved to carry his bold ambitious projects into execution. He raised a formidable army, with which he marched into Ulster, for the avowed purpose of compelling the Princes of that Province to pay him the usual tribute. The Ultonian chieftain, considering the demand unwarrantable, appealed to his people, who, at his call, rose *en masse*, to resist the aggressive invader. A desultory system of warfare, attended by various success, was carried on for years between the belligerents; but at length, Prince SÍOR-LAIMH, (or the long-handed) of the house of Ía, an aspirant to the supreme monarchy, warmly espoused the cause of the Ultonians, and soon turned the tide of fortune in their favour. LUGHAIDH was vanquished in several skirmishes, and obliged to retreat to CLOGHER,* in the county of Tyrone. Scarcely had he encamped here, ere he was

* CLOGHER, is a considerable town, agreeably situated on the winding river of Launty in the county of Tyrone, at a distance of 104 miles from Dublin. St. Patrick made Clogher a Bishop's Sec, A. D. 467 and ordained St. Mac Carth, the companion of his travels, as well as his fellow labourer in the vineyard of Christianity, the first prelate of it. Our national Apostle remained two years in Clogher, to superintend the erection of the Cathedral, and of the abbey, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Cathedral is still in fine preservation, having undergone within the last century, several repairs; but in 1386, the abbey was reduced by fire to the heap of ruins, that

attacked by SÍOR-LAIMH, at the head of the Ultonians. The battle, as usual, was fierce and desperate, and after a heroic resistance, in which the courage and valour of the monarch, shone with the brilliant splendour of Milesian chivalry, victory, notwithstanding, declared itself for the Ultonians. The monarch and his principal officers, fell in this sanguinary and decisive conflict. The victorious SÍOR, after rewarding his Ultonian allies for their spirit and bravery, proceeded to Tara, where the Arch-Druid placed the crown upon his head. During the whole period of his reign, this monarch missed no opportunity of oppressing the descendants of Heber; but, at length, the sword of ECHHAIDH, the son of LUGHADH, of the dynasty of Heber, terminated his life in battle, in the seventeenth year of his regal sway. The victor, ECHHAIDH UNARCHAS, or Eochaidh of the ships, was solemnly inaugurated monarch, on the stone of destiny, at Tara, A. M. 3392. The appellation of *Unarchas* was bestowed upon this Prince, because during his warfare with his predecessor, SÍOR, he was frequently obliged to embark his forces on board of small skiffs, or *Currachs*, rudely constructed of wattles and horse-hides, which enabled him, in the most stormy seasons, to escape to his large vessels, which hovered round the coast, from the pursuit of the royal army.

That Ireland, even in those early days, had ships of magnitude and elegant naval architecture, cannot be denied by any one that reflects on the fact, that the art of ship-building was carried to perfection by the early Milesians, who had ships of as great tunnage as the Carthaginians. TACITUS is a conclusive evidence, to demonstrate the fact of our having large fleets at those periods, when the still bosom of the ocean had not yet been furrowed by the keel of a British bark. But the species of small boats of which we have spoken, were found more useful in facilitating the landing of troops on insular stations, or in hurrying their embarkation, in creeks, or shallows, so as to escape the pursuing foe, than vessels of heavier burden. We are told by Caesar, that he employed cribs, or *currachs*, in transporting his soldiers over the rivers in Spain. In the days of this Prince, (ECHHAIDH) Ireland, Carthage, and Egypt, were the three greatest maritime powers in the world.

Bede has honourably admitted, in his Ecclesiastical history of Britain, that it was to us England was indebted for their naval and mural architecture.† Gildas,

now remains as the monument and sepulchre of its former architectural grandeur. The tomb of the M'Kennas, the ancient chieftains of Truach, stands in one of the aisles. James I. by a royal grant, made to George Montgomery, Bishop of Clogher, invested this see with all the lands which belonged originally to the abbey.

The suburbs of this town are enriched and embellished with the mansion and domains of the Bishop, and Dean of Clogher, and the sylvan groves of Fordross and Linnhorvie, serve to impart additional tints of beauty to the landscape.—EDINBURGH.

† "On the arrival of the Romans, the inhabitants of Britain had few vessels, except the small craft employed in fishing and piratical expeditions, to the neighbouring countries. These vessels seldom exceeded twenty tons burden, were constructed of frame timber work, cased with wicker, and lined externally and internally, with hides of animals. The sails were of skins, and cordage of thongs. They were seldom employed in commerce, which then, and for a century after, was principally carried on in Irish bottoms.

The Romans, in some respects a naval power, increased the shipping, as far as related to trade and commerce, in respect to number, but restricted the size to about seventy-eight tons burden, and absolutely prohibited ships of war; for though they had powerful fleets in the British harbours, for the protection of the island, they were either brought from Italy, or purchased from Venetian merchants; consequently, on these vessels being withdrawn, on the departure of the Romans, the Britons suffered as much in their maritime affairs, as in other respects, for their native vessels became an easy prey to the Frank and Saxon pirates at sea, and were not secure, even in their own harbours, which reduced the internal commerce to its lowest ebb, and quite annihilated the foreign trade.

"The Anglo-Saxons, in order to oppose the Danes, were obliged to have recourse

of Valentia, in his epistle on Britain, written A. D. 560, states, "that the Hibernians had large ships for the purposes of war; but that, in carrying on trade, they conveyed their commodities over a sea rough and tempestuous, in wicker boats, encompassed with a swelling covering of ox-hides." At the famous naval battle, fought in the bay of Dundalk, between the Irish and Danes, in the twelfth century, the particulars of which we will narrate in its proper place, the Irish fleet consisted of seventy large ships. Neither in the voluminous pages of Polybius, nor in the whole eloquent tomes of Gibbon, can a feat of such devoted heroism and magnificent patriotism, be found, as will parallel the romantic exploit of the Irish Admiral, FINGALL, at the Dundalk sea-fight.

DR. WARNER, the liberal English historian, after giving a circumstantial account of this celebrated marine conflict, says:—

"The contest was hot and bloody; the chief Admiral of the Irish fleet, FARRHE, fell, covered with blood, on the Danish ship which he had boarded, and the Danish General being convinced, that upon the loss of his own ship, would, in all probability, follow the loss of all his fleet, exerted all his skill and valour, in order to save it: and that he might strike terror and dismay into the Irish, he caused the head of Failbhe to be cut off, and exposed to view. FINGALL, the Irish Vice-Admiral, on seeing the horrid spectacle, resolved to revenge the death of his late commander, and calling to his men to follow him, they boarded the Dane with irresistible fury. The conflict became terrible and destructive: but there being so many fresh men, to supply the place of the slaughtered or disabled Danes, the Irish had no prospect of obtaining the victory. As unable, however, as Fingall was, to possess himself of the Danish ship, he was too valiant an Irishman to think of retreating to his own; especially, without the destruction of SITRICK, the Danish Prince, in revenge of the death of the Irish commander. He took a resolution, therefore, in this dilemma, which is not to be equalled for determined bravery or romantic devotedness of gallant patriotism, in any history. Making his way up to Sitrack, with his sword against all that opposed him, he grasped him in his arms, and threw himself, with him, into the sea, and they both perished together."

Eochaidh, after his accession to the throne, did nothing, either in war or policy, worthy of historical note, until the twelfth year of his reign, when, in attempting to subvert revolt, he died by the sword of Eochaidh VI., surnamed from his extraordinary swiftness in running, the Deer-hunter. This Prince was assisted in his insurrectionary war against the last monarch, by his brother, CONUNG-BHOGLACH, (or the intrepid youth) and in consequence, they became joint monarchs of Ireland. Like some of their predecessors, they divided the kingdom between them; but they were not suffered to enjoy the sweets of sovereignty long, without being disturbed by the storms of revolt, and the pretensions of rivals. The territories of Eochaidh were invaded by LUIGHAIDH-LAIME-DEARG, (or the Prince of the bloody hand) who, on coming to an engagement with the king, defeated his forces, and slew himself in the conflict. The conqueror then turned his arms against CONUNG, who, then unable to resist his victorious army, fled to Gaul for succours.

again to naval architecture, and king Alfred,* who had been exiled in Ireland, on regaining possession of his kingdom, invited over Irish ship-builders, who constructed for him a large fleet. Some of the vessels then built, had seventy-six oars, and were generally navigated by sixty or seventy sailors. In A. D. 957, king Edgar had a fleet of three hundred sail of small vessels."—*Vide Dandel's Inquiry into the rise and progress of the British Navy, London edit. 1799, Vol. I. page 97.*

* The Princes Alfred and Oswald, were educated in the College of Mayo, as Henry and Lingard, the English historians testify, by historical proofs, that cannot be subverted by the sophistry of scepticism.—*Editor.*

"That the Irish had letters anciently, is nothing doubtful; for the Saxons of England are said to have had their letters and learning, and learned men, from the Irish."

Spencer's State of Ireland, 1548.

LUIGHAIDH, in consequence, was raised to the throne without further opposition. He was designated the Prince of the bloody hand, because that was the symbol emblazoned on his banner, and which is still the crest of his posterity, the O'NEILS. While he was felicitating himself with the prospect of a peaceable reign, his rival, CONUNG, returned from Gaul, at the head of a formidable auxiliary force, with which he succeeded in defeating and killing Luighaidh, in the seventh year of his administration. CONUNG, having derived wisdom in the school of adversity, formed the determination of governing his people with matured wisdom and patriotic justice. He revised the laws, abolished unnecessary taxation, and adopted every expedient of policy and prudence, to aggrandize the nation.

But neither his virtues nor his patriotism, could avert the destroying arm of ambition. He fell in battle, by the hand of his successor, ART II. of the Heberian dynasty, in the tenth year of his reign, lamented by the majority of the Irish nation, who were unable to prevent his fate.—The translator of Keating gives the following stanzas, from an Irish bard, in praise of his heroic qualities :

“ CONUNG the brave, with love of glory fired,
Oppressed by force, triumphantly expired ;—
He raised his courage for the last debate,
And with a princely soul, undaunted met his fate—
Slain by the sword of ART.”

ART did not long retain the reins of power ; that which gave them into his hands, the sword, wrested the royal sceptre from his grasp, in the sixth year of his reign.—The battle that terminated his life and sway, was fought at Tallanstown, in the county of Louth, A. M. 8432.*

* TALLANSTOWN, is a pretty, rural village, situated on the shrubby banks of the beautiful river Lagan, in the midst of the domain of LORD LOUTH, on the road to LONDONDERRY, at the distance of forty-six miles N. E. from Dublin. Adjoining this rural village, there is an ancient Rath, or mount, which the late Lord Louth caused to be surrounded by a quick-set hedge, and planted by a variety of umbrageous trees and flowering shrubs, so that it is now one of the most picturesque ornaments in this highly embellished domain. About three miles from Tallanstown, is LOUTH, the little village from which the county derives its name, and THOMAS PLUNKETT, Baron of Louth, his title. This village was once dignified by piety, and renowned for its seven churches and two abbeys, all of which, like the architectural glories of Babylon, are now wasting away by the consumption of time and desolation.

St. Patrick visited Louth, or *Lugh*, as it is called in the Irish, A. D. 443, after he had converted O'CARROLL, the Prince of Uriel, his Princess *Atheria*, and all his courtiers to the religion of Christ. Here he built a church and an abbey, over which he placed St. MOETHE, as prior. In process of time, the Prior and Ecclesiastics of Louth, rendered themselves eminent by their learning and sanctity ; so that many princes and pilgrims of note, bent the knee of devotion before the shrine of St. Moethe. Several of the Archbishops of Armagh, made rich bequests to the abbey ; and the O'Carrolls, O'Hanlans, and Magennis, who were the great Milesian chieftains of the ancient principality of URUEL, now comprehending the counties of Armagh, Monaghan, and Louth, enriched it with munificent endowments. In an old vault in the abbey, is the dust of Dubtach McLoughlin, Archbishop of Armagh, who died 497—of David McGuire, 548—of Patrick Carolan, 578—of Malachy O'Carroll, 589—of Dubdalethy M^o Mahon, 778—of Donald Kearnagh, 1021—of Thomas O'Connor, 1186—of Luke Netterville, 1220—of Patrick O'Scanlan, 1262—of John Tassie, 1911—and of Nicholas Fleming, 1404. Besides the foregoing prelates of Armagh, the abbey of Louth was the sepulchral ground of the O'Carrolls, McMahon, O'Hanlans, and Tassies.

The Prior of Louth was fined 500 marks, in 1317, for entertaining, at his priory, Prince Edward Bruce, and Prince Fedlim O'Connor, Prince of Connaught, his ally. On the suppression of the Irish monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. a grant, under the great seal of England, was made to Sir Oliver Plunkett, first Baron of Louth, the nephew of Lord Fingall, of all the lands and possessions of the abbey and priory of Louth. The vast hereditaments and manors, thus conveyed by Henry, remained in the possession of the Lords Louth, until OLIVER CROMWELL bestowed some of them on the Filgates, Ruxtons, and Festers, who were noted troopers in his plundering army.

FIACHA, the son of Muiredach, the conqueror of the last monarch, succeeded to the throne, which he possessed for a period of ten years, and then fell by the hand of his successor, OLIOLL, who enjoyed the sovereignty for the space of eleven years, when the sword of Airgeadmhar doomed him to death, on the field of battle.

The oppression and cruelty exercised by AIRGEADMHAR, naturally produced discontent and disaffection; so that the moment EOCHAIDH, the son of Olioll, unfurled the standard of revolt, it was the signal of a general and simultaneous insurrection. The tyrant, not prepared to resist the danger that pressed around him, fled to Albania, to claim assistance from his brother-in-law, the prince of that country.

In the mean while, EOCHAIDH VII. is exalted to the throne, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the Irish people, who hailed him as their deliverer from the despotic and intolerable yoke of Airgeadmhar. But ere seven years had revolved, the despot returned with a mercenary army of Albanians, with which he carried terror and dismay through Munster. In his devastating progress, he was joined by DRACH, the son of Fiachadh, of the family of Heremon, as well as LUGHAIDH, and many other malcontents; so that his army became numerous and formidable. The monarch, with all the forces he could collect, quickly marched to Adair,* near

After the restoration, however, Lord Louth recovered the greatest part of his ancestral property; but subsequently, in consequence of his having held a high command, under James II. at the battle of the Boyne, four of his large estates, Salterstown, Beaulieu, (near Drogheda) Rosy-Park, and a Haynestown, were confiscated, and given to Brabazon, Fortescue, Sibthorp, and Foster, the adherents of William. In our excursion from Dublin to Derry, we shall say more on this subject.

* ADAIR makes a great figure in our national and ecclesiastical history: the learning and piety of its monks, spread the lustre of its fame over Europe. Before the shrine of its founder, St. Nessau, one of the disciples of St. Patrick, the most proud and puissant Irish warriors, the MCCARTHIES, O'BRIENS, O'CONNELLS, and O'MOORES, the princely chieftains of Munster's regal chivalry, were frequently devout and voluntary penitents.—But broken down are thy walls, O stately abode of sanctity! fallen are thy domes and towers, O rural ADAIR! of primrose and cowslip decked meadows—thou that hast stood, in thy architectural pride, contemplating the shadows of thy pinnacled abbeys and feudal castles, pictured in the pellucid waters of the lambent and majestic SHANNON, that noble sire of Erin's rivers—that Saturn, from which all the streams of Ogygia derive their existence! Thy glories are no more! they have flitted away like spectres riding on the wings of the storm. The silver-sounding vesper bell will no more summon the devout to thine illuminated altars—nor shall the sweet-thrilling tones of the minstrel's harp be heard in the castle of DESMOND, or recall in thy ivy-shrouded halls, the primeval greatness of MCCARTHY-MORE. Ah, no! Gone are thy noble chieftains! The Bard is no longer supported by royal munificence; like the monasteries, churches, and castles of Adair, he has dwindled into obscurity and neglect; and with him has dwindled and decayed the memory of the renowned days of Erin's triumphs and chivalry, except, indeed, when they were occasionally revived by a CAROLAN, a MCCABE, or a HAMPSON, who, inspired for a moment, with the renovated ardour of more auspicious times, touched and rapt by historic associations, recorded the achievements of their ancestors, in more elegiac, but not less impassioned strains, than those which once reverberated through the spacious pavilions of TARA, when brighter visions of happiness and fame—when the applauding smiles of beauty, and the praise of royal heroes, called forth the willing, but impetuous energies, of the delighted Bard, and gave a loftier tone to his patriotism, a diviner expression of enthusiasm to his soul-entrancing song. But since the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons, our misfortunes have rendered our national music and national poetry plaintive and desponding; and well and aptly did a celebrated Italian composer observe, who heard Carolan sing one of his songs of sorrow to his harp—“*that is the pathetic music of a people who lost their liberty!*”

The interesting village of ADAIR, is situated on the romantic river *Maig*, which rolls its limpid streams into the Shannon, at the distance of six miles S. W. from the city of Limerick. The magnificent ruins of its abbeys, churches, and castles, are rendered very picturesque by the drapery of ivy and holly, that hang in wreaths, garlands, and serpent festoons, over its columns, arches, and portals. These solemn and antique

Limerick, where he brought the invader to an engagement, A. M. 3460. Both chieftains entered the field of fate, with the resolution to either conquer or die. The Irish annalists say, that there never was, perhaps, a battle so gallantly and fiercely contested as this: it was heroic ambition struggling for power, with a chivalric and resolute valour, that could only be subdued by death. This murderous conflict, which was ruled by carnage and destruction, lasted from the getting up to the going down of the sun, when, at length, the brave monarch was prostrated among the slain, which gave a dear-bought victory to Airgeadmhar. His chance success in this battle, put the sceptre of tyrannic power once more into his hands, which, for sixteen years afterwards, he pressed upon the Irish, with the most galling weight of despotism. But despotism always generates the cause of its own annihilation. The oppression of this tyrant reached that point which human forbearance could not possibly tolerate; and an insurrection, headed by his former friend, DUACH-LAGMRACH, deprived him of his power and life, in the twenty-third year of his inglorious and cruel reign, A. M. 3480.

DUACH-LAGHRACH, which signifies, violent and hasty, was crowned monarch by the Druids, at Tara. Our historians represent him as a prince of the most irritable temperament; and such was the unappeasable relentlessness of his passion for summary justice, that the moment a criminal was condemned, he was hurried to execution. But this choleric disposition extinguished all the tenderer charities of humanity in his cold breast, which was never, it appears, softened by that compassionate mercy, which is the most magnanimous virtue of the monarch. His quondam friend, LUGHADH-LAIGHE, or the fawn-hunter, of the dynasty of Heber, who so materially assisted him in gaining possession of the crown, became dissatisfied and discontented, at not being, according to compact made between him and Duach, when they conspired against Airgeadmhar, associated in the regal government, resolved to have vengeance for so ungrateful a breach of faith. He soon found himself at the head of a powerful military force, which enabled him to ascend the throne, after he had vanquished and killed his predecessor, A. M. 3490. Duach's reign of three years, except the events we have related, furnish no occurrence deserving of historical note.

Lughaidh-Laighe, after thus acquiring the darling object of his wishes, gave himself up to the alternate pleasures of love and the chase, until he had completed

ruins, serve to impress the sensitive mind with awe, and to inspire the moralist with the conviction of the vanity of all terrestrial things. Yet the association which is awakened in the soul, when we walk over the graves of genius and piety, that are strewn through the aisles and cloisters of an old abbey, gives birth to a sentiment, that wafts back the heart to days of other times, and awakens it to an emotion, in which tender reverence and pensive pleasure are mournfully mingled.

Besides the ecclesiastic edifices built by St. Necessarius, John, Earl of Kildare, in the reign of Edward I. founded here a noble priory, for the friars of the order of the holy Trinity. Some large and very perfect ruins of this priory still remain; particularly the fretted roof, enriched with Mosaic paintings, which are yet beautiful, though in decay. The steeple resembles a castle, and is destined to brave the storms of future ages. In 1415, Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, erected here, on the south side of the river, another friary for Augustinian monks. The choir, stalls, and nave, which have escaped the fury of Elizabeth, and of the vile Attila, Cromwell, still remain as monuments of its primeval magnitude. Great skill and elegance of sculpture, have been employed in the embellishment of the arches of the windows and doors, with scriptural figures and martyrological symbols. The tomb of Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and Joan, his wife, who was the daughter of James, Earl of Desmond, which was erected in the Gray Friary, by their son James, A. D. 1465, to commemorate their memory, is a fine model of mortuary architecture.

The majestic mansion and extensive domain, of the late WYNDAM QUIN, Esq. impart an air of rural and picturesque grandeur, to the beautiful scenery of Adair. A large deer-park, diversified with gentle hills and sloping valleys, through which are interspersed groups of venerable oaks and old spreading thorn, extends a considerable length, like a fringe of emerald, along the edge of the transparent current of the Maig

the seventh year of his regal sway; when his successor, AODH-RUADH, of the royal line of Ir, challenged him to the martial field, where he forfeited his life and crown, A. M. 3497.

DR. KEATING presents us with a very romantic episode, relative to king Luighaidh, which the classic reader will at once trace to that fictitious loom, that wove the amours of Endymion and Diana—POETIC INVENTION.

"This Prince," says the Doctor, "it seems, as he was hunting in one of his forests," was separated from his retinue, and, in his endeavour to rejoin his suite, he was met, in a gloomy labyrinth, by an old withered hag; who, after promising to conduct him to his friends, succeeded, by her lascivious blandishments, in seducing the monarch to her embraces, who, "nothing loath," no sooner threw one of his arms round her shrivelled neck, and began to caress her, than the sibyl was metamorphosed into a blooming maiden, of the most enchanting beauty."

This allegorical representation of the genius of Erin, was introduced, no doubt, by the adulatory court Laureate, of the Irish king, by such another fawning sycophant, as "the deep-mouthed SOUTHEY." When fiction creates a NUMA POMFILIUS, she can easily bless him with the celestial charms of an EGERIA. If Southey, the time-serving apostate—the unprincipled defamer of the illustrious Byron, had lived in the days of Caligula, he would have lauded his horse as an accomplished senator, and ascribed to him "every virtue under heaven."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAMILY COALITION OF THE PRINCES OF THE HOUSE OF IR, TO MAINTAIN THE POSSESSION OF THE IRISH MONARCHY.—THE REIGN OF AODH-DITHORBA AND CIOMBAOITH, AND QUEEN MACHA.—BUILDING OF THE FAMOUS PALACE OF EMANIA, IN THE COUNTY OF ARMAGH.—THE ELEVATION OF RACHTA TO THE THRONE, AND HIS WARS WITH THE ALBANIANS.

A. M. 3497. AODH RUADH, or the red, being a wise, shrewd, and political Prince, who, profiting by the melancholy fate that attended so many of his royal predecessors, for ages, came to the determination of making a compact with all his relatives of the Irian dynasty, that would insure the stability of the regal authority, in the hands of the members of that family.—He therefore summoned the national estates to Tara, and in their presence, ratified a solemn treaty, with his principal relatives, which stipulated between the contracting parties, that himself, and each of his brothers, or each of their eldest sons, should reign in rotation to twenty-one years, and that they should cordially unite in defeating the pretensions of the houses of Heber and Heremon, to the monarchy. The national estates gave their sanction to the agreement, and this *act of settlement* was formally recorded in the great Book of the Laws.

Whether the other pretenders to the throne, were intimidated by this family alliance, or by the standing army, with which the king then garrisoned all the strong holds in the kingdom, we have no historical evidence, or data, to solve the question; but it appears that AODH enjoyed a tranquil reign of nineteen years, which was terminated by the fatal catastrophe of his being drowned, while passing a cataraet at Belleek, in the county of Donegal, which, to this day, in commemoration of the event, retains the appellation of "*Eas-ruadh*," or the red-fall.

In pursuance of the terms of family compact, his brother, DITHORBA, assumed the regal office, and after a prosperous reign of twenty years, undisturbed by civil or foreign wars, he died at Tara, of a malignant distemper, A. M. 3518. His nephew, CIOMBAOITH, the son of his brother, Fionntan, ascended the vacant throne, without dispute or molestation. Possessing talents of prime order, which

were highly cultivated by education, he commenced his reign under the most brilliant auspices. His well-known prudence and elevation of mind, presaged the happiest results from his administration. He signalized the first acts of his regal authority, by enacting wise laws, and framing beneficial institutions for the promotion of national happiness and prosperity. After laying his plans of government before the national assembly, he married his cousin, the beautiful MACHA-RUADH, or the red-haired daughter of king AODH. Though this celebrated Princess had red tresses, yet our historians represent her as the loveliest woman of her age. This monarch governed the kingdom with such justice and impartiality, that he was emphatically denominated, the second OLLAMH FODHLA.

After a beneficial reign of twenty years, rendered memorable by the blessings of peace, enjoyed by his people, he died at Tara, A. M. 3559. As soon as the honours due to his obsequies were paid, the eldest son of Dithorba, on whom the right of succession to the crown devolved, in consequence of Aodh, the father of the Queen regent, leaving no male issue, claimed the throne as his just and indisputable inheritance. But Macha, animated by a spirit of courage, that has immortalized her name, boldly entered the house of the national convention, and before the representative majesty of the kingdom, eloquently asserted that, as the daughter of Aodh, and the widow of Ciombaoith, she was the legitimate successor to the throne; that she wished to adhere to the laws of the realm, and obtain the sanction of that august assembly, in her proceedings; but that, if justice was denied by them, in contravening her legal and unalienable rights, she must in that case, resort to the sword, to enforce her claims. Druids, Brehons, and Senators, were confounded by the daring audacity of her harangue; but the constitutional law annulled her claims, and shut her out from the throne, for there was no instance or precedent, which could warrant the convention to suffer a woman to reign in Ireland. As soon as she was told that they must surrender the crown to the rightful heir, she laconically replied, "*He must then fight up to his knees in blood, before he can pluck the diadem of my fathers from my brow.*" After uttering this threat, she hastened to the camp, where a numerous and devoted army waited her orders.

The sons of Dithorba, finding that the convention of the estates could not put them in possession of power, instantly proceeded to embody a military force, to expel the magnanimous heroine from the throne. As soon as the Queen learned that they were advancing on Tara, in hostile array, she marshalled her troops in the great square of the palace and addressed officers and soldiers, in the most moving and impassioned terms of eloquence. It is easy to judge, what effect the appeal of a beautiful Queen, had on the susceptible affections and combustible enthusiasm, of an Irish army, composed, as it was then, of courage and chivalry. Every heart was inflamed, and every tongue was loud in the exclamation—"Let your Majesty lead us to the enemy's camp!" In a moment, this intrepid Amazon mounted her war horse, and at the head of her devoted soldiers, marched forward to meet the coming foe.

When she approached the eminence, in the county of Meath, where the insurgents were encamped, she immediately drew up her troops in order of battle, and, before she gave the signal of attack, she rode along the lines, and addressed the most animating speech to every corps of her army:—she reminded them of the valour of her ancestors, and the justice of her cause, "and though, gentlemen," added she, "you will combat to-day under the command of a woman, yet I shall prove that I am worthy of leading Irish heroes, and that, in the woman-heart of your Queen, there is glowing the chivalric spirit of my Milesian fathers."

Every column, inflamed with burning ardour, rushed to the charge:—the onset was terrible and destructive; for the troops of Dithorba were brave and determined, so that they stood before the spears of the assailants, like a wall of brass: the Queen, with invincible courage, rushed to every point of danger, rallied and

reanimated every retreating column, then placing herself at the head of the heavy archers,* and the household troops of Tara, she made an impetuous and irresistible assault on the strong position, defended by the sons of Diathorba in person, and the flower of their army, which she carried in a gallant style, and succeeded in capturing a great number of her opponents, and putting her rivals and their fugitive soldiers to a shameful flight;—leaving in the hands of the conquering heroine, their camp, equipage, and spoils. This most decisive victory, gained by Macha, struck her enemies with fear and dismay, while it augmented her adherents, who now revered her with a kind of idolatrous admiration. When she returned to Tara in triumph, several members of the national convention, who had opposed her pretensions to the throne, fled, and the Arch-Druid concealed himself in the sanctuary of the temple. But Macha, too magnanimous for revenge, displayed as much clemency in the cabinet, as she did valour in the combat, by publishing a decree of general amnesty, which had the effect of making former enemies, her attached friends.

Diathorba, overwhelmed with affliction, and dejected by grief, occasioned by the late defeat, died at Dundalk, in Louth, where he and his five sons, with the shattered remnant of their forces had retreated. In his last moments, he earnestly conjured his sons to make another effort to obtain the crown, and rescue the nation from the disgrace of having its sceptre wielded by a woman. As soon as they had celebrated the funeral ceremonies of their father, the five princes, whose names were *Baath*, *Buadhach*, *Bras*, *Ullach*, and *Borbchas*, proceeded to recruit their army.

When they had completed their levies, which now amounted to a formidable force, they marched to Granard,† in the county of Longford, where they encamp-

* ARCHERS.—The ancient Irish soldiers acquired great fame for their expertness and skill, in archery. No youth, however noble, would be admitted into the *Fiana Erioi*, or Irish militia, who could not, with precision, pierce a given object with an arrow, at the distance of 200 yards. These cross-bowmen did great and destructive execution in battle. Perhaps the science of archery, can boast as high an antiquity in Ireland, as in any other nation on earth. In several renowned battles, the Irish bowmen obtained the victory. When our FINGAL delivered Caledonia from the Roman yoke, his accomplished archers were the terror of the Roman legions. In 1314, at the famous battle of Bannockburn, two regiments of Irish archers, which O'Neil sent to the assistance of his brother-in-law, Robert Bruce, contributed so effectually to the success of the Scottish arms, that CHAUCER, afterwards in alluding to the defeat of his countrymen, celebrated the bravery of the Irish, in the following couplet:

“To Albion Scots we ne’er would yield—
The Irish Bowmen won the field.”

SPENCER, in a letter to Lord Southampton, dated August, 1597, extols the Irish archers for their discipline and power. He says—“They certainly do great execution with their short bows and little quivers, and their short-bearded arrows are fearfully *Seythian*.” HOLINSHED, in his chronicles, tells us that the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, fled to Ireland, in the reign of Richard I.; and that an Irishman, of the name of Lawler, excelled him in feats of archery. By an act of Parliament passed at TAIN, in the reign of Edward IV. according to Harris, it was ordained, that “every loyal Irishman, in the pale, might have an Irish bow of his own length, and one fistmele, at least, betwixt the necks, with twelve shafts, of the length of three quarters of the standard.” DR. HANMER, in recording the trial of skill and prowess in archery, between Robin Hood and Patrick Lawler, in Dublin, A. D. 1195, states that “Robin shot an arrow eleven score and seven yards, the distance from Old Bridge to St. Michael’s church; but Lawler, his competitor, sent his arrow three yards farther.”

† GRANARD is a flourishing and well-built town, environed by a very beautiful and romantic country, in the county of Longford, at the distance of 75 miles N. W. from Dublin.

Here there is a very noble *Rath*, or moat, from whose summit, a charming and diver-

ed, and instantly despatched heralds to the Queen, requiring her either to surrender the crown, or try the fate of another battle. She told the herald, she regarded the requisition to relinquish the crown, with pity and scorn; but that she was ready and willing to meet her competitors in battle, and abide by the event. The Queen, in consequence, once more took the field, and attacked the sons of Diathorba, in their camp, at Granard, and after an obstinate contest, gained a decisive victory over them.

The vanquished chieftains, with the broken remains of their forces, precipitately retreated to Ulster, whither the victorious Queen pursued them, and overtaking them, in the county of Armagh, brought them to an action, in which she annihilated their whole army, and made captives of themselves. This unexampled success, prostrated the hopes of all the Queen's enemies, and filled her friends with exultation.

When the captive Princes were brought before her, instead of upbraiding them for their conduct, or treating them with the insolence of a conqueror, she, with a superior greatness of soul, rather complimented them, on the bravery they had displayed, in their wars with her, and sympathized generously in their misfortunes. When it was announced to her, that a council of the Druids and Brehons, had passed sentence of death on these gallant, but unfortunate warriors, she indignantly revoked the sentence, observing, "that Princes of the Milesian dynasty, as well as her blood relations, should never die like criminals." The punishment she then imposed, was, that they should build a stately palace, almost equal in magnitudo and grandeur of architecture, to that of Tara, for her, which should ever after be the court of the Princes of Ulster. She then took a gold bodkin from her handkerchief, and designed the plan of the famous palace of EMANIA,—a superb structure, which for ages subsequent to this era, A. M. 3563, was occupied by the kings of Ulster. This magnificent edifice, which, for extent and beauty of architecture, was only inferior to Tara, received the name of Emania, from the incident of Queen Macha having sketched out its form with her bodkin. The Irish designation of that fabric, was, according to Dr. Keating, *Eamhnia Macha*;—for *Ea* is pin, and *Muin*, neck; which, when compounded, signifies literally, the pin of the neck. Of the immense pile of Emania, which stood near Armagh; or of the princely castle of the *Craob-Ruadh*, or Red Branch, not a vestige of its architectural splendour remains, by which the antiquary could trace out its site; for like "heaven-built Ilium," time has scattered its mural fragments in the winds of oblivion, but fame has sculptured its colossal image from the indestructible adamant of HISTORY, and placed it in the temple of immortality. The kings of Ulster were generally styled, the "Monarchs of Emania." OSSIAN frequently alludes (not Macpherson's utopian Bard) to the "stately halls of Emania;" and in an apostrophe, he says, "hail to thy pillared grandeur, lovely Emania! the seat of green Ullin's kings." When we bring down our history to the period, when the *Collas* destroyed the royal palace of Emania, we shall say more of it.

Macha, having triumphed over all her enemies, and immortalized her name, by the glory of her exploits, was suddenly seized by a fit of apoplexy, at Tara, which terminated her life and reign, A. M. 3566. The exploits of this illustrious heroine have been celebrated by the loftiest effusions of Irish eloquence and epic poetry. Prior to her death, she, by the concurrence of the national estates, appointed her

sified prospect of six counties can be commanded. The houses in Granard, are almost built of brick, and the spacious streets are well paved. The barracks are a great addition to the fine appearance of the town. Granard gives the title of Earl; to the Forbes' family, who are of Scotch descent, and were ennobled by Charles I. Castle Forbes, the elegant residence of the Earl of Granard, is at Newtown Forbes, between Longford and Granard. On every side of the latter town, there are landscape attractions for the Painter and the Poet.

cousin, REACHTA, the grand-son of king Lughaidh, of the dynasty of Heber, her successor.

He distinguished himself eminently, in the Queen's wars, and gave proofs of possessing those qualities, that dignify the royal station. He was a very ambitious Prince, and no sooner had he taken the reigns of power, than he fitted out a large armament, with which he invaded Scotland, and reduced the country to complete subjection; and afterwards assumed the title of "Monarch of Ireland and Albany." He returned to Tara, enriched with spoils and trophies. After a glorious reign of twenty years, he was killed in battle, by his successor, JU-CHWINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD:

Sir—The tenth number of your excellent work, reflects, I can conscientiously aver, credit on your talents and research.—Proceed undeviatingly, with your HISTORY OF IRELAND, and fame and emolument, will, and must, ultimately reward your labours. I cordially, as an Irishman, commend your inflexible boldness and fearless courage, in denouncing all those unthinking and lukewarm Irishmen, who would wish to diminish the merit of the successful, and unexampled efforts of a genuine PATRIOT, with whom the zealous, but imprudent personages, who, unfortunately for our country, figured in the bloody events of 1798 and 1803, are no more to be compared, than the honest and disinterested patriotism of the virtuous CATO, with the vicious, iniquitous, and profligate career of CATALINE. The idea is too absurd to be entertained. The future historian will applaud O'CONNELL, as the fortunate liberator of his country, while he shall reprobate the reckless and intemperate enthusiasm of men, who cannot, like Marius, appeal to the victories they had gained for their country. No. If they boast of their triumphs, you can remind them of the conflagrations and tortures that attended them;—if they allege that they paved the way for O'Connell to emancipation, you may tell them, that it was with the slaughtered carcasses of the best and bravest of the Irish youth;—if they demand monuments, bid them cast a retrospective glance at the bloody scaffolds of the SHEARS, the ORRS, the PORTERS, RUSSELLS, EMMETS, and the countless victims, whom they consigned to immolation.

I was greatly pleased with your biography of Dr. Thomas Leland; but I will be so candid as to tell you, that on Plowden's authority, you ascribe prejudices to him, which I think, never influenced his mind, as a historian: he was a man too enlightened, to follow in the wake of bigotry. That his history has faults, I am willing to concede; and where he censures the Roman Catholics, I have no doubt but he was led to do so, by the representations of men whose candour he unthinkingly trusted. That he was a "libellous, venal historian, who vilified his country for a mitre," is a sweeping charge, which rests only on the solitary *ipse dixit* of PLOWDEN and PEPPER. Plowden's anecdote is, I think, unfounded in fact.—"*Non vultus non color.*"

If you consider the following attempt to strike a line of comparison between HUME and ROBERTSON, is worthy of a place in your periodical, it is at your service. I am, sir, your friend,

JUVENAL.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN HUME AND ROBERTSON, AS HISTORIANS.

The task I have assigned myself, is one of difficulty, one that would, to arrive at accuracy, require the gigantic intellect of Doctor Johnson, and the acute dis-

crimination of that genius, that so long shed its critical splendour, on the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*—it is almost unnecessary to say, I mean FRANCIS JEFFREY, Esq.

An attempt to ascertain the comparative merits of Hume and Robertson—those models, next to perfection, of historical composition—will, it is hoped, be acceptable to the readers of the *Irish Shield*, and received with that indulgence, which is due to a man, hitherto not much occupied in writing philological dissertations. This collation, if exhibited by a master hand, is the more necessary, as the celebrated Dr. Blair, one of the ablest critics of the last age, when delineating, in his lectures, the characters of other historians, both ancient and modern, only gives us a brief outline of the excellencies of Hume and Robertson. He, indeed, bestows on their compositions, summary applause; but abstained from analyzing their respective merits. This arose probably from motives of delicacy towards them, as his countrymen and then living cotemporaries. The name of BLAIR, indeed, suggests every thing that is profound and precious in criticism, as well as in pulpit eloquence. His critical estimates are admitted on all hands to be orthodox; and if we except his dissertation on Ossian, which he wrote to prop up Macpherson's imposition, few will dissent from the decrees and decisions of his opinion. If NATIONAL VANITY had not led him into the *Ossianic* heresy, no oracle would have merited more deservedly general commendation, for impartiality and fairness, in delivering the ordinances of the high judicature of Apollo, than Dr. Blair.

What I intend to say of the great historians, shall be the dictation of my private sentiments. Now, after a careful perusal of their works, which have been often to me a substitute for corn, wine, and oil, and many other necessary luxuries, the following are the conclusions, that have progressively been concatenated in my own mind, concerning them. The philosophic author of the history of England, is superior in judgment, industry, and acuteness; but the author of the history of Scotland, carries away the palm in the graces of diction, in genius and eloquence. Both of these writers are eminent for political information, general erudition, knowledge of human nature, skill of narration, and facility of language—and such language, though not so polished as Gibbon's, or so pompous as Johnson's, as is drawn from the richest sources of the classic spring. Besides the fundamental and gramatical excellencies, common to the style of each—the style of Hume, rich, copious, and magnificent—of Robertson, intense, glowing, and pathetic. Here is the classic stream, that labours to flow; there is the floating mirror, that shines to the very bottom. The one is fine by apparent study; the other is fine without any visible effort. Robertson, likewise, frequently indulges himself in original and animated turns of expression, that rouse attention, or enforce conviction; Hume proceeds more uniformly and methodically in his narration, with a kind of majestic march, over a beaten track. Yet, if he want the flame and vehemence, the thunder and lightning of his rival, he has the art of excelling him infinitely, in insinuation, and irony, and all the modes of ridicule, when ridicule becomes a necessary historical weapon. This ridicule he used, it must be granted, too severely against the conduct of the Roman Catholics; but when we cannot effect our purpose, by the means supplied by reason and argument, we generally resort to the arsenals of sophistry and satire, for light missiles, to hurl at our adversaries. But when Hume wrote, there was nothing so pleasing to the voracious appetite of the popular prejudice of the time, than the defamation of the Catholic creed. Ridicule, however, is a rhetorical machine that ought not to be employed, by the historian, against the living world, since it only inflames the animosities already, alas! too prevalent.

In history, it is more admissible—where, by indirect strokes, it may prevent us from reviving the follies of our forefathers. It should be the aim of the historian, to inspire the mind with the love of goodness, and with an abhorrence of vice—to confirm the decisions of truth, and expose the deformities of hypocrisy and prejudice. Fiction, also, is another great field, where the legitimate satirist

may run, as with drawn sword of *Lucilius*, striking terror into the hearts of the wicked, and making them blush for their secret sins.

Hume and Robertson, are indeed, eminently distinguished for political sagacity—that is, for penetration into the reasons of the transactions which they record. The just exercise of such discernment, together with a faithful display of characters and manners, is what forms the soul of true history, of which the facts and the language are but the body.

Robertson has given us many fine specimens of intuition into the principles of human events, and the phenomena of the human will, as in his developements of the Gowry conspiracy—of the hostile machinations of the French government, and of the motives, which swayed in the vicissitudes of the beautiful, imprudent, but still wronged and injured Mary, the unfortunate Queen of Scots. Perhaps no historian, either ancient or modern, has painted the charms and misfortunes of a Queen, in such tender and touching colours, as he has done, in his graphic and affecting picture of the lovely and hapless Mary.

In his *Charles V.* also, his greatest work, he frequently goes to the very head of the Nile, by disclosing the latent sources of the measures of Princes and Governors; as his preliminary dissertations to that work, are a continued stream of historical and political wisdom.

But, of the two historians, the expositor of English affairs, was by far the most conspicuous for talent of this kind. He, therefore, suffers nothing to escape his unvaried perspicuity; he inserts every thing in its proper place and connexion; he traces causes in their effects, and effects to their causes; he follows a hero, or a tyrant, through all the motives of their conduct; he unravels the web of policy with a masterly hand; and, with the matters of fact, which he relates frequently, mingles the most solid and useful reflections. In questions of genealogy—in the solution of difficult points—in topographical descriptions of the scenes of battles—and in the discussion of royal claims, he is also remarkably luminous and happy. In these great essentials of history, I am glad to perceive that you follow his plan of illustration, by throwing light on the abstruseness of our KEATING and explaining the obscurities of the still learned and profound O'HALLORAN, whom you justly and appropriately styled, the "*LIVY OF IRELAND.*" Hume's details are so clear and intelligent, that we might imagine he had lived at the times, when such topics were agitated, so that his readers have no difficulty in understanding him. When, therefore, to this analytical and didactic method, we add the freedom, evidence, harmony, dignity, and rotundity of his periods, his acknowledged and eminent historical character is advanced almost to a perfection which no other historian has yet reached. It would, in my opinion, be advanced altogether to the highest point of superiority, but for some following circumstances, which have precluded him from mounting above all competitors, as the eagle above all birds.

He is blamed for doing injustice to our country: he is blamed, by grave and profound critics, for being too partial to the Stuarts, (just as you will hereafter, for being too partial to the O'Neils) and that one of his objects in writing the previous history of England, was to show that the encroachments of the royal power were not without precedent in the reigns of the Tudors. Though the question might be referred to principles of general policy and justice, yet if the mind should receive an undue bias from such representations, it may easily recover its bent, by application to the narrative of Macauley; or if that be thought too favourable to the republican party, every prejudice, (except a religious one) may be removed, by reading the truly learned and powerful Dr. LINGARD, who, if divested of his strong religious bias, might fairly enter the lists, as an accomplished historian, with any writer of modern times. It has been sarcastically observed by Voltaire, that the best history of England was written by a foreigner, Rapin; but whether Lingard's history may not wrest the laurel from Rapin and Hume, future ages will probably determine.

With respect to fidelity and impartiality—the most essential requisites in those who undertake to inform posterity of past transactions—there seems to be in the

English historian, abundant ground for believing his reports. The philosophic historian, though a philosopher, is sometimes less solicitous about the truth of his narrative, and less credible in his statements; for not to mention his unhappy prejudices against the bible and the doctrines of christianity, he has too frequently exalted and vindicated the royal prerogatives, at the expense of popular rights, and the fundamental laws of the English realm; and in particular, his blind and excessive partiality to the Scottish dynasty, though the least deserving dynasty of any in the English monarchy;—all is certainly a great drawback from his history. He poised and supported the constitution, as Atlas is said to have sustained the celestial sphere, with a relaxed effort. Yet, with all these defects, which cannot be palliated, much less justified, his history of England, taken altogether, is equal to any that has been published, of that great and powerful nation. In making this assertion, let it not be supposed, that I wish to overlook or depreciate Dr. Lingard. His history, if not so highly fermented with the leaven of religious zeal, might be pronounced a master-piece. There is one particular more, concerning Hume and Robertson, which must not be omitted in a disquisition of this kind. When the latter describes astonishing events, he, like a christian, recognizes the supreme hand of providence, because he felt as a believer and a theologian: whereas Hume, on the contrary, writes as a politician only, ascribing every revolution to the sole exertion of visible agency.

Concerning the great and predominant merit of either in history and composition, there is no dispute, but which of them was the greater master is more uncertain. When you read Hume, you willingly assign to him the historic palm; and again, when you lay down his volumes, and take up Robertson's, you are in as great a dilemma, as if you were called upon to determine, whether there is more poetic merit in the poems of BRYANT, than in those of HALLECK, and you reluctantly revoke your first decision, and transfer the laurel of superiority to Robertson. Yet, if one of them must be esteemed as the superior historian, the author of the history of England, wins the suffrage of impartial criticism, by the majority of one vote.

I cannot dismiss this article, without imagining how much students and others might improve themselves in the elegancies of knowledge, by a careful perusal of these two eminent British classics.

Except GIBBON and LINGARD, no such writers as these are, in their province, have modern times produced; they are superior even to the ancient historians, in the science of civil government, in national inquiry, and correct taste; and inferior to them only, in original genius, strength of description, and graceful simplicity. Robertson is a safe guide, that always carries a bright torch; Hume leads you through metaphysical mazes, where you will require all your judgment and discrimination, to guard you from falling into the sophistical sloughs of Miss FANNY WRIGHT. But the acute reader can feel the palpable and tangible substances of authenticity. Let, then, every one desirous of possessing a historical knowledge of English affairs, repair to these rich and balmy fountains of eloquence. The fame of Titus Livius drew to Rome, from the extremity of the empire, a generous Spaniard, merely for the sake of seeing a person so renowned and extraordinary; and yet, we may say, in a qualified sense, what if Hume and Robertson were his contemporaries, they would have eclipsed the lustre of his celebrity, and attracted an equal degree of admiration.

JUVERNA.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

If our respected correspondent will have the goodness of referring to O'Donoghue's History of Ireland, or to BARLOW's, he shall find that the "sweeping charge," of Ireland being a "venal and libellous historian," is fully sustained by the creditable and unimpeachable authorities of these recent and respectable writers, who were, he must know, sturdy protestants, and zealous supporters of

church and state. Therefore, there cannot exist a doubt, in any dispassionate mind, of Leland's having, for sordid motives, and the hope of encircling his brows with a mitre, perverted and defiled, with deliberate calumnies and flagitious misrepresentations, the stream of his stagnant and putrescent History. JUVENA must be also aware that Hume, as a historian, has been arraigned for falsehood, injustice, and calumny, by some of the ablest English writers; particularly Dr. Johnson, the bulwark of morality and literature, who broadly charges Hume with "*writing his history, to serve the interests of a party, and mislead the people of England.*" That he was the wilful and hired traducer of Ireland, is an established fact, which even our correspondent would hardly have the boldness to contravene. But it is not to Ireland alone, that he has dealt out injustice, if the following anecdote, recorded by Plowden, in his posthumous preface, is true:—"While Mr. Hume was writing his history of England, a certain lord of Session supplied him with several original documents concerning Elizabeth's cruel conduct towards Mary, Queen of Scots: they tended to render the character of Elizabeth less amiable, in the eyes of the English, than it is generally represented. Mr. Hume worked them faithfully into his manuscript, which having been perused by Mr. Andrew Millar, his publisher, he was informed that this new and less favoured portrait of the *virgin Queen*, would be, by £500, less saleable, than a highly finished copy of that, to which the British eye had been so long accustomed. Mr. Hume took back his manuscript, and complied with the prudential suggestions of his bookseller, observing, with philosophic pleasantry, 'that £500 was a valuable consideration, for settling differences between two old friends, *about two royal u——s*, that had been dead nearly two hundred years.'"

If this anecdote is founded in verity and authenticity, it must reflect eternal disgrace on Hume's memory. The moment a historian becomes venal, then impartiality, truth, and candour, are given to the winds; and the sacred deposit of historic evidence, torn, mangled, and divided, is carried, like Leland's assertions, down the rapid currents of partiality, power, and prejudice. Leland's History of Ireland, is now regarded by every liberal and enlightened man, with contempt, as the innoxious offspring of a mind, warped and perverted, by base venality; it is like the eyeless Polyphemus groping in his cave, malignant, but harmless.

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF IRISH AUTHORESSES AND HEROINES.—No. II.

CHARLOTTE BROOKE.

Charlotte Brooke, whose genius adorned every branch of poetry, and whose patriotic assiduity, in rescuing from oblivion, the lyric compositions of the Irish Orpheus, CAROLAN, has enbalméd her memory in the gratitude of her country, was the second daughter of HENRY BROOKE, the immortal author of *Gustavus Vasa*, *The Fool of Quality*, and several other works of celebrated eminence. Charlotte, the subject of our memoir, was born in the town of Cavan,* in the vicinity of which,

* CAVAN, the capital of the county of the same name, is seated in a valley, surrounded by green hills, at the distance of 70 miles N. W. from Dublin. The houses are generally old, and have a sombre and cheerless appearance. The gaol and the barracks, are its only architectural ornaments. It is a good linen and corn market, and some of its shopkeepers are wealthy.

Near this town, are the ruins of St. John's abbey, at Cloghotterwater, where the mouldering tomb of HUGH O'NEIL, Prince of Ulster, who died in Cavan, A. D. 1649, of the fatal effects produced by wearing a poisoned pair of russet leather boots, presented him a few days prior to his death, at Tyrone, by the execrable president, Coote.

her father had a paternal estate, on the 23d of May, 1762. Her nurse, MARY KIL-
 AY, could speak but little English, so that the lullabies that hushed the little Char-
 lotte to her slumbers, were the soft and pathetic strains of Carolan;—and to this
 fact we are indebted for Miss Brooke's acquaintance with the Irish, as well as for
 the English version of those melodies, which Bishop Percy pronounced equal in
 pathos, music, and expression, to any compositions that Italian love, or Italian
 poetry, had ever breathed or dictated. The most accomplished teachers were
 employed by Mr. Brooke, to cultivate and adorn the mental powers, which, at the
 early age of ten years, germinated in poetical blossoms of luxuriant adolescence.
 When she had attained her twelfth year, she could speak and write the French
 and Italian, with elegance and fluency; but her native language was that which
 was naturally the most congenial to her feelings, and she studied it with indefa-
 tigable sedulity.

The Shannon became her Hippocrene, and the hills of NOBBER,† where Caro-
 lan first breathed inspiration, and struck, with a magic hand, the harp of Erin,
 the beloved Pindus of her patriotic Muse. Perfectly conversant now, with Irish
 history and poetry, which she found imbued with a fire and nerve of language,
 an imagination rich and vivid, and a passion and tenderness, that the happiest ef-
 forts of Italian genius could scarcely equal—she determined, in the thirteenth year
 of her age, to give an English version of Carolan's Monody on the death of MARY
 MAGUIRE, his wife, which the learned author of the *Historical Memoirs of the
 Irish Bards*, has introduced into his work, with the following prefatory observa-
 tion—"For the elegant paraphrase of this monody, I am indebted to a young
 lady, whose name I am enjoined to conceal:—with the modesty ever attendant
 on true merit, and with the sweet timidity natural to her sex, she shrinks from the
 public eye."

This translation is, indeed, a very faithful and brilliant reflection of the pathos,
 flow of verse, and turn of thought, which shine so refulgently in the original.—

Were mine the choice of intellectual fame,
 Of spellful song and eloquence divine,
 Paining's sweet power—philosophy's pure flame—
 And Homer's lyre—and Ossian's harp were mine;
 The splendid arts of Erin, Greece, and Rome,
 In MARY lost, would lose their wonted grace;—
 All would I give to snatch her from the tomb,
 Again to fold her in my fond embrace.
 Desponding, sick, exhausted with my grief—
 Awhile the founts of sorrow cease to flow
 In vain—I rest not—sleep brings no relief;—
 Cheerless, companionless, I wake to woe.
 Nor birth, nor beauty, shall again allure—
 Nor fortune win me to another bride;
 Alone I'll wander, and alone endure,
 Till death restores me to my dear one's side.

Once every thought, and every scene was gay—
 Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employ'd;

At the distance of a mile and a half from Cavan, is Farnham-house and the beautiful
 domain of Lord Farnham, a mushroom peer, who is so noted in Ireland for his bigotry, as
 well as his selfishness and petty despotism, to his tenantry.—His extensive domain is
 studded with noble woods, ranged on every side of the mansion, whose deep shade is
 broken here and there by fine vistas, formed by picturesque lakes, communicating with
 Lough Erne, that open a succession of charming views, well deserving the attention
 of the traveller, who loves to gaze on interesting scenery.

† NOBBER, in the county of Meath, is a little, picturesque village, distant 47 miles
 north from Dublin, is the birth-place of CAROLAN. He was born A. D. 1670. For a
 description of Nobber, the reader will please revert to page 317, No. IX. of this work.
 In our next, we shall give a biography of Carolan.

Charlotte Brooke.

Now doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
My life a solitude! my heart a void!
Alas! the change—the change again no more!
For every comfort is with Mary fled;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.
Adieu! each gift of nature, and of art;
That erst adorn'd me, in life's early prime!
The cloudless temper, and the social heart,
The soul ethereal—and the flights sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary! chas'd them from my breast;—
Thy sweetness cheers—thy judgment aids no more;
The muse deserts a heart with grief oppress'd,
And lost is every joy that charmed before.

Every one acquainted with the Irish language, which is so euphonical with the fascinating charms of poetic harmony, and mellifluous cadences, knows the extreme difficulty of "marrying Irish melody, to English verse." The English idiom is too dissonant, to express, even in the soft harmony of Moore's elegant versification, the wild pathos, sensibility, and affecting tenderness, which belong so peculiarly to the poetry and music of our country. It cannot, indeed, be questioned, that, except the Hebrew and Greek, our music is the most ancient in the world, nor that it possesses a melody, peculiarly its own, according, as is generally the case, with the genius of the people, who never were absolutely, conquered. Treason and treachery, it is true, subjected us to England: but never could she have subdued us, if a BRIAN, or a CALLAGHAN, had been monarch of Ireland, instead of the weak, wavering, and imbecile RODERICK. England, being but lately inhabited compared with Ireland, and chiefly from having so long pined under the Roman yoke, ere she had the courage to break the chain of her despotism, or form an independent character, has *no native original music*. Scotland, no doubt, can boast of a music—but a music, transplanted by the artists of Ireland, who resorted there, during the successive ages that *Albania* was an *Irish colony*, and changed only the soil, while they brought with them their native language, poetry, and genius. The Scotch are, it is said, gifted with a *second-sight*; but we think they prove themselves very short-sighted, when they look back through the vista of ages, into their Irish origin, as all their historians know, that David Rizzio was *not* the source of their national melody. The hills of Caledonia, for ages before the accession of the Stuarts, resounded with the inspiring strains of Irish music—a music that breathes passion, tenderness, and patriotism, in an expressive and sentimental language, that is felt and understood by all nations. Instrumental music is, no doubt, as old in Ireland as vocal, both having been practised in the early ages by our Milesian ancestors, in their religious rites and triumphal processions, where, as Milton says—

“—————The hand
Sung with the voice.”

We have before adduced the testimony of Dr. Warton, to prove that we were unrivalled in the art of music, and that the Scotch and Welsh were our pupils.— But to return to Miss Brooke.

In 1786, Mr. Walker and several gentlemen of literary distinction, prevailed on Miss Brooke, to publish her translations of CAROLAN, and of the amatory songs of EDWARD RYAN. Yielding to their solicitations, our Sappho offered at the shrine of the Muses, in 1788, her *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, which may be estimated as splendid a gift, as ever female genius laid upon their altars. This publication raised her fame to the Parnassian summit. The *London Review*, for January, 1790, passes a high eulogy on her poetic powers. The *Critical Review*, for the same year, also landed her translation; and in the conclusion of
VOL. I.—52.

the critique on the work, says :—"To the poetical talents of her Gaelic ancestors, and her own, we pay respect. We have been entertained with her elegant translations from every different species of composition mentioned in the title-page, and cordially recommend her performance to the lovers of poetry, as well as to the antiquary and man of genius. We are sorry we can spare room only for the following beautiful song of Carolan, the celebrated Irish bard and musical composer."—

TO THE FAIR MABEL KELLY.

The youth whom fav'ring heavens decree
To join his fate, my fair ! with thee—
And see that lovely head of thine,
With fondness on his arm recline :—
No thought but joy, can fill his mind,
Nor any care can entrance find ;
Nor sickness hurt, nor terror shake ;
And death will spare him for thy sake !
For the bright flowing of thy hair,
That decks a face so heavenly fair,
And a fair form, to match that face,
The rival of the cygnet's grace :
When with calm dignity she moves,
Where the clear stream her hue improves—
Where she her snowy bosom laves,
And floats majestic on the waves.

Grace gave thy form, in beauty gay,
And ranged thy teeth in bright array,
All tongues with joy thy praises tell,
And love delights with thee to dwell !
To thee, harmonious powers belong,
That add to verse the charms of song—
Soft melody to numbers join,
And make the poet half divine.
As when the softly blushing rose
Close by some neighbouring lily glows—
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
And such their bright and blended hues :
The timid lustre of thine eye,
With nature's purest tints can vie,
With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
That droops upon its modest stem !
How blest the bard, O lovely maid !
To find thee in thy charms arrayed—
Thy pearly teeth, thy flowing hair,
Thy neck beyond the cygnet fair.
As when the simple birds at night,
Fly round the torch's fatal light,
Wild, and with ecstasy elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate—
So the soft splendours of thy face,
And thy fair form's enchanting grace,
Allure to death unwary love,
And thousands the bright ruin prove !
Ev'n he, whose hapless soul no ray,
Admit from beauty's cheering day—
Yet, though he cannot see the light,*
He feels it warm, and knows it bright
In beauty, talents, taste refin'd,
Add all the graces of the mind,—

* Alluding to his want of eye-sight.

In *all* unmatch'd thy charms remain,
Nor meet a rival on the plain.

Oh, blest be the auspicious day
That gave them to thy poet's lay!
O'er rival bards to lift his name,
Inspire his verse, and swell his fame.

Well might the writer in the *Critical Review* style the above verses "beautiful," for never did the love-inspired muse of a Tasso pour out, in impassioned song, a more thrilling and exquisite spirit of poetry, than that which breathes in these stanzas. Our own great and gifted Moore, could not use more eloquent ideas, more poetic imagery, nor strike the amatory lyre, with more feeling, boldness, and success. All that Waller wrote on his *Sacharissa*, is cold, uncomplimentary, and insipid, in comparison with the refulgent sun, that will ever beam its poetic rays on the memory of MABEL KELLY. Akin to the preceding brilliant effusion of lofty sentiment, vivid imagination, and charming poetry, is the following elegant address to MISS GRACE NUGENT, the daughter of the Earl of Westmeath. This production is fraught with the fervid feeling, and the thrilling sensibility, which characterize all the lyrical compositions of Carolan.—

The fairest flow'r of beauty's spring,
Now softly prompts the swelling string;
Oh! Gracy, born of generous race,
Too happy in each nameless grace:—
Who meets thy presence, sure is blest,
No more by anxious sorrow prest;
If fortune frowns, one single ray
From thy bright eyes effuses day.
Thy hair, in beauty's fingers spun,
Dipt in the gleam of setting sun,
Sheds on thy neck in wanton play,
The mimic drops and pearls of day.

The specimens we have taken from Miss Brooke's *Reliques*, will convince our readers that she possessed a poetic genius of no ordinary stamp. Her translations of Irish poetry were so warmly received by the public, whose praise gave new vigour and fresh plumage to her pinions, that she resolved to soar to the regions of originality. In the year 1791, she published in London, a moral work, entitled the "*School for Christians*," which still enlarged the sphere of her celebrity, and attracted the notice of distinguished characters, who honoured her with their patronage and friendship.

Anxious to do honour to the memory of her father, who died in 1783, she collected, shortly before her own dissolution, all his writings into six octavo volumes, to which she prefixed a copious preface, and biographical memoir, written in all the graces of her spirited and forcible style.

Miss Brooke was never married, though often wooed, and warmly entreated, by men of merit, to make her vows at the altar of Hymen. It is said, that in her youth, she was tenderly attached to a young gentleman, an officer in the army, who fondly loved her for her talents; but he died, while absent with his regiment in England. His death inflicted a pang of affliction on the delicate nerves and sympathetic heart of our heroine, which produced a slow consumption, that terminated her life, at her rural cottage, near Longford, on the 10th of March, 1793, in the 31st year of her age.

Her miscellaneous essays and fugitive poems, have never yet, we believe, been published. Had she never produced any thing but her admirable translations, which are lustrous with poetic light, our national literature must register

her name amongst its most eminent ornaments, and prolific benefactresses. Her works are her monument,—as Irish patriotism has not, as yet, honoured her lonely grave, in the abbey of Longford, with any sculptural or architectural memorial; but the sympathetic genius of Erin's lamented bard, THOMAS DERMODY, has consecrated her virtues and memory, in an elegy, more honourable to her fame, than either pyramids or pillars.—

"TO THE MEMORY OF MISS CHARLOTTE BROOKE, THE AUTHORESS OF THE RELIQUES OF ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

"Let tow'ring PRIDE erect the sculptur'd shrine,
And venal flattery garlands twine, to deck
The vault where grandeur lies:—but come, Oh, Muse!
And seek the lowly grave where CHARLOTTE rests,
Lascivious grave, and faithless!—verdure gay,
And ev'ry springing flow'ret of the year,
Adorn thy surface;—yet thy envious depth
Veils from my aching sight the fairest flow'r
That grac'd our clime.—Alas! for ever hid
From mortal eyes, dear maid! the sweetness blooms
In radiant spheres beyond our feeble view.
Oh! early lost and sudden!—Mighty powers!
Are virtue, genius, talents, only lent
A little moment, just to raise our hope,
And vanish, transient as the painted cloud
Which quick dissolves in tears?—Is life no more?
And cannot worth superior ward the dart,
Or bribe a lengthen'd hour from ruthless death?
Ah! no:—could worth prolong the floating date,
I had not wept o'er CHARLOTTE's timeless urn.
Though sad my heart, no single mourner I:
For drooping friendship, in dejection fix'd,
Points the mute sorrow lab'ring for a vent;
And gratitude, with lifted eye, pursues
The shade of her, whose gen'rous bosom felt
For every human wo:—nor felt alone,
But with delighted readiness relieved:—
Religion too, and filial piety—
Their vot'ry's pale remains, exulting, own,
Though shrouded in the dust. And lo! reveal'd
To fancy's wond'ring gaze, a thousand shapes,
Air-drawn, advance, bright evanescent forms,
Attuning heav'nly harps to solemn dirge;—
And shadowy choirs of time-ennobled bards,
Whose songs, by her from dark oblivion snatch'd,
And failing language, charm the ear again.
While kindred genius and congenial worth
Endure, Erin's Muse! ne'er will be forgot:—
Returning seasons still shall find thy grave
With heart-felt tears, and tributary wreaths
Due honour'd:—hands unseen shall dress the sod:—
There pensive contemplation, too shall steal
From scenes of thoughtless levity, to plume
Her wings for flights sublime, and learn of truth
O'er earth-born ills triumphant to arise,
To live with VIRTUE, and with HONOR to die."

The intelligent reader of the preceding biographical sketch, will easily perceive that our materials were very scanty, and that, even if we had the ability, we had not the scope, of doing justice to the merit of a lady, whose genius, called up, as it were, from the tomb of forgetfulness, the spirit of the Irish language, and thus endeared her memory to the reverential regard of her country, and identi-

find the name of CHARLOTTE BROOKS—a name, that shall live in immortality, and serve as an evoking spell, to conjure up our past glory, with the ancient literature of Ireland.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE DRAMA.—No. 1.

Under this head we shall, occasionally, write a series of Essays, in which we shall endeavour to trace the source from which the drama originally emanated—follow its progress through the ramifications of history, and illustrate its present state here, and in England, in as comprehensive a detail, and as extended a scope of research, as our ability and observation can grasp.

It is to Greece, the world is indebted for the triumphs of the arts, the inspirations of poetry, and the richest trophies that deck the altars of the drama. The muse of Homer, the pencil of Apelles, and the chisel of Phidias, have left us the sublimest creations of genius.

The munificence of Pericles, stimulated Æschylus to elevate the drama to the most heroic dignity: and the same liberal impulse caused Sophocles to imbue it with pathetic tenderness, and soften it with harmonious sweetness. But let us proceed to inquire into the origin of dramatic representation. Tragedy and comedy, which now administer such intellectual delights to our senses, were nothing more in their infancy, than the hymns which the votaries of Bacchus chanted at their orgies. The mythology of the Greeks was generated by the luxurious imagination of romantic poetry. The Grecian system reduced the gods to the human form, and raised the powers of inanimate nature to the same standard,—as its very religion was but an emanation of poetry, being material and definite. The painters depicted on canvass, and the sculptors carved out of marble the images of their gods, and it became the favourite employment of the poets, to personify all the objects of their religious worship, and to represent the actions and loves of their deities, in a kind of dramatic exhibition, which they generally held, like the Irish Druids, in consecrated groves. All was subject to the senses, and in imitating the exploits and gallantries of their gods, they thought they were performing acts of religious obligation. That these were the origin of theatrical representations, cannot be doubted; or perhaps they may be more justly traced to the following incident.—

The worshippers of Bacchus happened one day, accidentally to find a goat browsing in the sacred vineyard of the “rosy god.” The poor goat, not aware of the sacrilegious enormity of its offence, was seized, and instantly offered as a sacrifice of expiation, to the offended deity. The flesh, after smoking on the altar, served as a feast for the Bacchanalians, who, on becoming disordered with the juice of the grape, called in their neighbours, whom they initiated in their mysteries, and then joined them in wild revels and licentious debaucheries. These festivities, affording great pleasure to the *elect*, were converted, by the popular voice, into an annual solemnity, which was celebrated by both sexes, by dances, songs, and profuse libations. The persons who sung the hymns in praise of love and wine, were in succeeding times called the chorus. This custom soon extended itself to several cities, and the subject of it became every day changed; for the composers of the songs, having perceived that a repetition of “thrice told tales,” had not sufficient interest to attract the attention of the people, began to give more dignity and diversity to their themes, and to clothe their heroic characters in all the glare of splendid attributes, and in all the grandeur of poetic imagination.

Thus the drama continued glimmering until the days of *Thespis*, when it suddenly broke out with a greater degree of lustre. Still his representations were rustic and indefinite. He, we are told by Schlegel, in his celebrated lec-

tures on the drama, improved the scheme, by introducing just and regular entertainments of his own composition. To relieve the chorus, he brought a single actor upon the stage, who, at proper intervals, came out from the rest, and recited a poem extolling the gods, and praising the exploits of Hercules, Theseus, and other heroes of celebrity; he then made his exit, when the chorus came forward, and "raised the voice of song" in swelling harmony. Thespis, finding his dramatic corps increase, took several journeys through the country on large carts, which served as a stage. It does not appear that he had the addition of scenery. When his players appeared on the stage, they smeared their faces with the lees of wine; but we have no account, that their dresses corresponded in any degree, with the exalted characters that they represented.

The prize of competition in tragedy, was a goat, and in comedy, a basket of figs, with a flagon of wine. During the life of Thespis, the players had no regular edifice for representation, but contented themselves with exhibiting on the moveable stage, which we have already mentioned. Solon, the celebrated Athenian law-giver, foreseeing, as if through the mystic glass of divination, the revolution, which theatrical entertainments would produce in the social and political dispositions the people of Athens, resolved to suppress them in their infancy. To effect, as he had hoped, his purpose, he obtained a positive prohibitory decree of the court of the Areopagus, which declared the performances of Thespis dangerous and inimical to the well-being and prosperity of the state. But this legislative enactment proved utterly fruitless; its thunders shook, but could not shiver the solid and majestic oak of the drama. The opposition of the stern Archon only gave a spring, passion, and impulse, to the rage and boundless desire of the Athenians for dramatic representation. As soon as Solon resigned his authority, and set out on his travels, *ÆSCHYLUS*, the poet-hero, and the father of tragedy, was, in recompense for his valour and genius, invested with the supreme magisterial power in Athens.

Now the drama was to flourish into maturity, under the fortunate auspices of the new Archon. The first act of his administration, was to procure the abrogation of the decree against the drama. He then employed Agatharcus, an eminent architect and fine scenic painter, to erect a grand Doric theatre, at the public expense, and to embellish it with decorations and scenery, corresponding with the dignity and importance of the drama. The architecture of the Grecian theatre, differed materially from that of our modern structures, in every part of its mass and details. The Athenian dramatic edifices were quite open above, and the representation always took place in the day time, under a beautiful canopy of sun-lit skies. The front of the building was adorned with a portico of white marble columns, supporting an entablature and frieze, gorgeously enriched with sculptural representations of the actions of the gods. Before the marble flagged terrace, or stage, that extended from the colonnade of the pediment, there was a circular area, studded round with marble benches, rising amphitheatrically, one above the other, for the accommodation of the audience. Whenever a shower of rain fell, or the gust of a storm chafed, the actors retired within the pillars of the pediment, and the audience fled for shelter to shady arbours, formed by the interwoven branches of long rows of orange, olive, and fig trees, which were the *lobbies* of the Grecian theatre. The interior of the portico was niched and filled with exquisitely sculptured statues of the Muses, as well as with the breathing images of warriors and philosophers, to which the chisel of a Phidias imparted grace, majesty, and beauty. The Grecians could not think of shutting themselves up in a covered, close, and crowded house, where the rays of the sun could not give dignity and lustre to the serenity of a religious ceremony, which their plays certainly were. To have exhibited their homage to the gods in a dark and roofed edifice, unlit by the sunbeams, would have been regarded as impiety.

The Romans, at an after period, endeavoured, by a covering, to shelter the audience from rain and the burning rays of the sun. They built magnificent theatres,

in the form of temples, with long porticoes, covered galleries, and extensive saloons, in the latter of which the people amused themselves until the performance commenced. The Roman theatre was divided into three compartments:—the first, the scaffold, or the scene, which we now call the stage; second, the orchestra—and the third, the area, or pit, from which rows of seats or benches rose in regular gradation, like our boxes.

But we are wandering in a digressive maze, from Æschylus. As soon as the architect had finished the theatre, Æschylus proceeded to elevate the drama to that height of perfection, to which he ultimately carried it. He deviated from the plan of Thespis, so far as to introduce two actors, who recited dialogues in heroic verse, and diversified the play by plot and fable, which he borrowed from the mythological stories, then current in Greece. Observing also the spirit and noble sentiments with which the Homeric dialogues were fraught, he resolved to make the performers assume the attitude, and speak the language of real life. He removed the chorus from the stage, but had them placed so near it, that they could act as accessaries, and enliven the representation by their music. Carrying his improvements still farther, he arrayed his actors in robes of tinsel and silk, and caused them to wear masks during the performance. These masks were an entire head, like a helmet, with a painted visage, and a large mouth so disposed, that it greatly swelled the voice. To express the alterations of the passions, the actor put on a mask, which, when beheld in profile, represented joy on one side, and sorrow on the other.

Some of the dresses of his performers were, we are told, rich, showy, and gorgeous. By causing the performers to tread on the stage in buskins, he raised their statures to the elevation of a Hercules or a Theseus, so as to resemble, in their personations, those heroes. In doing this, he accommodated himself to the vanity and national pride of the Athenians, who were so fond of magnifying their heroes to the dimensions of giants.

OSSIANIC FRAGMENTS.—No. IX.

NAISI AND DEIRDRE.—(*A Historical Tale continued.*)

[Scene—*a private apartment in the Palace of Emania.—The king seated on a couch, in a meditative mood.*]

CONNOR. (*Rising and coming forward.*) Yes—I am determined to be revenged on him that stole away the prized treasure of my heart—Oh! my now dreary and desolate heart! that once enshrined the splendid diamonds of hope—but now it is only a casket containing the base metal of sorrow. O Deirdre! false and lovely as thou art, I cannot help thinking of thee still, for thy peerless beauties were moulded by love, for a monarch's enjoyment. Possess thee I must—even if my throne and sceptre shall be wrenched from my grasp, by the sons of Usnach. In spite of pride and prudence, I still adore Deirdre, though another has exhaled the sweets, and plucked the flowers of first love from her virgin heart. O vile Naisi! must your king be now content with the autumnal roses of Deirdre's charms, after you have blighted the bloom, and sipped the honey of their vernal blossoms. The very thought is torture to my soul, and a paralytic blow, that benumbs the sensibilities of my bosom, which I here, before the majesty of heaven, consecrate to the furies of revenge and jealousy; and those fiends shall rule and reign in it, until—ay, until my eyes behold the blaze of Naisi's funeral pile, irradiating the tops of yonder mountains—Ha! here comes a needy man, that may prove a useful instrument. (*Enter Trendorn.*) We summoned you hither, Trendorn,

as we want to confer with you, in confidence, as we think we can trust to thy fidelity, zeal, and loyalty.

TRENDORN. Sire, would to Heaven! that the kind fates would give me but the opportunity of devoting my life to your majesty's service, then —

CONNOR. Enough, Trendorn! loyalty like yours, requires no professions. Knowest thou who slew, at the battle of Ardmacha, thy father, and thy three brothers?

TRENDORN. Ah! Sire, too well I know that they fell, in that bloody conflict, by the ruthless arm of Naisi. Oh! my beloved father and my dear brothers (*weeps*) were gored by Naisi's spear, which like a thunderbolt, on that fatal day, overwhelmed all that came within its destructive reach.

CONNOR. (*Aside*) This man will undertake any deed. He is armed against pity; the weeping of an angel would not affect his callous heart. He is a pliant tool, that I may depend upon. Then, (*aloud*) Trendorn, as your father and brothers were so dear to your feelings and affections, you would of course, I presume, wish to avenge their deaths.

TRENDORN. Yes! please your majesty! and I have vowed before the high altar of Bel, to avenge it. Their spirits hourly call upon me to do so, or renounce all claims to filial or fraternal piety.

CONNOR. The season is at hand, when you shall have an opportunity of discharging the obligation of your solemn vow. Wait upon us to-morrow, when we shall entrust you with a high commission; but, in the mean while, go and visit Naisi's wife, thy cousin; examine well her countenance and form, and bring me a correct report of her present appearance.

TRENDORN. I shall, please your majesty, acquit myself in this affair, to your satisfaction. *Exit.*

CONNOR. If Lavarcam told me truth, Deirdre's beauty is only the shadow of the blooming blossom it once was; but if Trendorn should assure me that she is as fresh and fair as ever, then the doom of the sons of Usnach is sealed; their fate is definitively fixed. But they wait for me at the Council chamber. *Exit.*

[SCENE—a Hall in the castle of the Red-Branch, lit with grated windows, and hung round with shields, banners, and armour.—NAISI and DEIRDRE are seen seated at a chess-board.]

NAISI. This castle, dearest Deirdre, is now impregnable, and capable of biding defiance to Connor's arms, should he be mad enough to invest it.

DEIRDRE. It still behooves you to use the greatest caution and vigilance to prevent treason or surprise, from effecting Connor's purpose. Oh, my beloved! before we fall into the tyrant's hands, let us die together, and find one grave in the smoking ruins of this castle. All I ask of the gods, is that we may never be his prisoners. My soul shudders at the thought! Death, noble and honourable death, before ignominious captivity!

NAISI. No, my beloved angel! we never shall be his captives: here I shall conquer Connor's vengeance, or fall with you, my heart's counterpart! entwined in my embrace, under the tumbling battlements and crushing turrets of this structure.

DEIRDRE. Yes, my own dearest Naisi! nothing but death can dissolve our fond, mutual, and enthusiastic love; and is it not pleasing to think that one grave shall entomb our remains?—and if we are destined to die here, by Connor's cruelty, that many romantic and devoted lovers, in future days, will visit these ruins, and as they raise the plaintive voice of grief, they will exclaim, "This is the spot that enshrines the dust of Naisi the valiant, and Deirdre, the wife of his heart."

NAISI. Nay, my love! the admiring bard of future times, who shall sing our sad story, as he wanders here, while the moon-beams shine on the ruins of the

castle of the Red-Branch, will mournfully say—"Here sleep Naisi and Deirdre, who loved so fondly and died so nobly, in these ruins: his fame shines in song, but no bard has the genius to strike the heavenly lyre, that would be adequate to praise the angelic beauty and heroic virtues of the maiden, who spurned the heart of a king, and married the man she loved."

DEIRDRE. Ah, Naisi! these are sad and sorrowful reflections, that tinge with their dark hues the brightness of hope—*(looking towards the front window)* but ha! the shadow of a man darkens the window! *(They both rise.)* It is Trendorn! he is here for no good purpose.

NAISI. *(Darting a chessman at Trendorn)* Away! thou wretched spy!

TRENDORN. *(Without.)* Oh, Lord Naisi! my eye—you have put out my eye, by your cursed missile! But I am the bearer of a message from the king, and I demand admittance to your presence.

NAISI. Declare the import of that message.

TRENDORN. That I am not warranted to do, until you admit me into the halls of the castle.

DEIRDRE. Though you are, Trendorn, my relative, I know thee to be a traitor. Get thee hence! and tell the king, we shall hold no parley with his spy—

NAISI. Vanish, wretch! or I shall make one of the archers deprive you of your remaining eye.

TRENDORN. Remember, my Lord, I am the representative of your sovereign, and any indignity you offer to me, he shall consider as an insult to himself. You will deeply regret this conduct, my Lord. *Exit.*

NAISI. The storm is, I see, about to burst, and we must encounter its rage, with a heroism worthy of the sons of Usnach. Deirdre, adored divinity of my heart! let me conduct you to your chamber; so gentle a flower as my love, should not be agitated by the tempests of war.

DEIRDRE. I go, dear husband! but remember your promise; if this castle is whelmed in conflagration, and that hope is fled, let us then, Naisi! nobly rush together under the crackling fragments, which shall be our funeral pile.

NAISI. I swear by our love, that while I have life, the castle of the Red-Branch shall not be surrendered.

DEIRDRE. I shall watch the progress of the besiegers, from the lofty battlements, and if I see the devouring flame mount to the turrets, then I shall light our funeral torch. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE—the private apartment of the King of Ulster, as before.]

CONNOR. I would Trendorn were come. I am impatient to know whether the lily and the rose still bloom, under a sun of dimpled smiles, on the cheeks of Deirdre. If they are withered and faded, like the blossoms which have been nipped by the brumal blast—in that case, I may temper my provoked cruelty with mercy. But here comes Trendorn. *(Enter Trendorn, holding a handkerchief to his eye.)* What is the matter, Trendorn, with your eye?

TRENDORN. Ah! Sire, I believe all that exists of our devoted family, are destined to die by the hands of Naisi. Behold, Sire, *(taking the handkerchief from his eye)* what injury I have sustained in your majesty's service.

CONNOR. What! has Naisi dared to play the rebel, and thus insult my messenger?

TRENDORN. Please your majesty, when I claimed admission into his presence, he and his wife, the lovely Deirdre, loaded me with the most opprobrious abuse; and as I still boldly insisted on executing your majesty's commission, Naisi flung a chess-man at my head, and thus deprived me of my eye.

CONNOR. This audacious act of high treason, puts him out of the pale of the

law; and he must suffer, forthwith, as a flagitious rebel. But tell me, how did his wife appear?

TRENDORN. Sire, she surpasses in grace of form, and beauty of face, the ideal picturings of a poet's fancy. O, please your majesty, her fascinating countenance was like the snowy down of the morass,* her ivory teeth brilliant as the pearls of your crown, and her blue sparkling eyes resembled the herald-stars of the harvest moon; in fine, Sire, she appeared in the lustre of her loveliness, like the sun-beam that illuminates the wanderer's soul! There is not, on the ridge of the world,† so charming—

CONNOR. Enough, enough! your description inflames my passion and desire to madness, I cannot exist, without enjoying her beauty. To-night, I swear by Bel! she must bless my bed. Come, Trendorn, and show the soldiers what you have suffered from the rebel: I will lead them on myself, in person, against the lawless sons of Usnach. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE—an antique Castle, flanked with lofty towers. A Portcullis barricades the chief portal.—NAISI, ARDEN, ANLI, the sons of Fergus, and soldiers, are seen on the parapets of the Castle.—Enter the King, in full armour, followed by a strong military force.]

CONNOR. Before we attack the rebels, let the heralds, by sound of trumpets, summon Naisi to surrender the castle of the Red-Branch to his liege sovereign, on pain of death and confiscation of property.

HERALD. (*With a flourish of Trumpets.*) Hear ye! hear ye! Naisi, son of Usnach! and listen to the commands of the high, mighty, and puissant Connor, king of Ulster, your dread sovereign, against whom you make war, contrary to your oath of fealty. Hasten, hasten, and open wide the gates of the castle of the Red-Branch, and give yourself and your wicked followers, to the mercy of monarch—else you and they shall be punished as rebels and traitors to your king and country.

NAISI. (*From the battlements*) Proclaim to king Connor, and the chieftains of Ulster, that I abhor the name of traitor. Can it be treason to defend my life, against Connor's tyranny and unjust violation of Prince Fergus's guaranty? I can place no faith in his assurances, therefore I shall only surrender this castle with my life.

CONNOR. There, soldiers, is the haughty defying language of the bold and wicked rebel; but we will soon clip the wings of the hawk, and make him as tame as a household bird. Let us on to the charge! (*The Soldiers, shouting Connor's war-cry, rush towards the portcullis, through the bars of which a heavy shower of arrows is poured out upon them, that checks their career.—Cheers of exultation are heard within, as the royal army begin to retreat.*) By Heaven! they fight with desperation, and every arrow kills its man. If we remain thus exposed, we shall be feathered with their destructive shafts! (*a retreat is sounded, and the king and all his army run off the stage—a shout of triumph is heard within.*)

[SCENE—the great hall in the Castle, opposite the portal.—Naisi's archers headed by Buini and Illan, the sons of Fergus, are seen marshalled in defensive array.—Enter NAISI, leading in his wife, followed by ARDEN, ANLI, and soldiers.]

NAISI. Brave Buini and Illan, and gallant soldiers—nobly have you signalized your valour to-day—your heroic exploit will live in song and story.

DEIRDRE. The chivalric youths have proved, indeed, that they are too noble to act the treacherous part of their father.

* A species of wild cotton, remarkable for its whiteness, that grows in the Irish bogs.

† A literal translation of the original phrase.

BUINI. If he be charged with treachery, we will not leave grounds for even suspecting our honour.

[Enter a Soldier, hastily.]

SOLDIER. (*To Naisi.*) My Lord, the enemy are rapidly marching on the rear of the castle.

NAISI. Quick, my gallant comrades, to the point which they menace.

BUINI. My Lord, entrust me with a band of fifty spearmen, and as many archers, and I shall sally out and repulse the foe.

NAISI. I grant your request and expect success, from your courage, bravery, and skill.
(*They all hastily retire.*)

[SCENE—the rear of the castle.—Enter King and soldiers.]

CONNOR. Now, another intrepid and bold assault, and the victory is ours! The rebel foe will soon strike his banner and surrender. (*Buini and his battalion issue out of the castle.*) By Bel! they come to fight on our very vantage-ground, and their arrows already make roads through my ranks, like the lightning that blasts the heath—but they come to their fate. (*Both armies contend furiously—the royal troops give ground, and Buini cuts his way through the royal guard, and approaches the King.*) Who art thou, in the glittering armour, that hast swept away my ranks with the besom of death?

BUINI. I am Buini, the ruthless red, the son of thy cousin Fergus, for whose faith and guaranty, I and my brother are hostages, with the sons of Usnach.

CONNOR. And can you be so disloyal, Buini, to your king and father, as to pluck the crown from my head, and cut off his succession to it, by aiding the ambitious Naisi, who aspires to the throne of our family. Desert, Buini, the rebel cause, and I shall reward you with a rich gift, and honour and distinguish you with my special friendship.

BUINI. As Naisi aspires to the throne, then this moment I renounce his cause! But what is the rich gift, with which your majesty preposes to reward me?

CONNOR. All the fertile manors that stretch their fair fields along the mountain of Foad.*

BUINI. Then I and my army are at your majesty's disposal. Comrades! (*to his soldiers*) join the royal ranks! let us courageously combat for our good king, and not for recreant rebels!

CONNOR. Now, my dear and gallant cousin, let us quickly assault the castle.
(*They march off at a quick pace.*)

[SCENE—the great Hall in the castle.—Enter NAISI, DEIRDRE, Officers and Soldiers.]

NAISI. From the battlements, I have discerned Buini's prodigies of valour, and the royal army flying before him, like timid doves before the hawk—(*enter a Soldier hastily.*) Speak! thy countenance is more expressive of disaster than victory. What of Buini?

SOLDIER. My Lord Prince! Buini with his forces has deserted to the king, in whose battalions they now advance to assail the castle.

NAISI. O treason and perfidy! Arden, fly and array all the garrison! We must drive back the foe. (*Exit Arden.*) Buini shall die by my hand, or I by his!

DEIRDRE. Now, Naisi, you are convinced you should have listened to my advice. You see Buini is a traitor: but why should not the son have the baseness of the father?—the corruption pervades the blood!

* This district of the county of Armagh, is still called in Irish, "The Bribe of Buini."

ILLAN. My Lord! that my brother acted ignobly and perfidiously, I am ashamed to acknowledge: but if he has forfeited his honour, (*kneeling*) here I call on the sacred Gods to witness my oath, on those arms of chivalry, that I never shall betray the sons of Usnach, or never play the craven coward in the combat.

NAISH. I believe you will not dishonour the order of the Red-Branch, by the vile infamy of perjury. Therefore, go and take your station at the head of your band. (*The sound of a martial trumpet is heard without.*) Ha! Connor is at the gates—let us away to meet him! (*They all hastily retire.*)

O'CONNELL AND SHEIL CONTRASTED.

An article, bearing this title, and possessing all the energy, force, and elegance, which always cast such a halo of interest and attraction over the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*, exhibits a fair and spirited contrast of the illustrious Irish liberators—of DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Corinthian pillar of IRELAND'S HOPE—the pious and patriotic Æneas—and of his devoted Achates, RICHARD SHEIL.

The style of oratory of these illustrious patriots is as different, and far apart, as the poetry of Lord Byron and Thomas Moore. They are both refulgent stars in the firmament of eloquence, but as distant and dissimilar as Saturn and Mercury. O'Connell's speeches, like the paintings of Michael Angelo, in the Vatican, astonish us by the boldness of his design, and the beauty of his outline; he gives us, if we may so express it, the very statuary of eloquence, exhibiting the bones, limbs, and joints of his subject, with every muscle and feature distinctly marked and naturally modelled, so as to enable the most careless and cursory observer to recognize his representations.

Sheil's harrangues—the splendid emanations of a poetic mind—like the pictures of Raphael, are embellished with gorgeous drapery, and all the diversified beauty of the light and shade of eloquence; nothing can be more graceful than his narrative, or more rich and florid than his language; and his originality of conception fling out in his orations, pure and poetic diamonds of sentiment, that appear to have been sublimated in the refining fires of a daring imagination. Mr. Sheil is, in our opinion, the most elegant and electric speaker of the age.

O'Connell is the great architect, who has quarried from his own mind, the noble masses of exquisite marble, and fashioned the colonnade, dome, and pediment of the temple of Catholic emancipation; while Shiel, like a skilful sculptor, has enriched the frieze and entablature, with beautiful basso-relievos of fancy, and adorned the shrine with those precious gems of peerless eloquence, which reflect so much lustre on his rhetorical fame. O'Connell wins the judgment and enlists the conviction of his auditory, by his deep logical deductions and forcible arguments, Shiel appeals to the imagination and the passions in eloquent strains, that soar to the highest "noon of splendour," while they make our hearts vibrate with a melody of admiration, to which the feelings and affections respond in unison. It is then he obtains, like a magician, a complete dominion over the attention, bears his auditory on the rapid and impetuous current of his impassioned declamation, wherever he pleases, and, like Curran, "ascends from man to the deity, and again almost seems to call down to earth, fire from heaven."

But let us proceed to made our extracts from the admirable delineation, which the able writer in the *New Monthly*, exhibits of O'Connell and Shiel.

"The names of the celebrated individuals who give a title to this article, have become almost relative and correlative terms, as the grammarians would say, in the English language; the mere mention of one immediately suggests the other, and it would require something more than an act of parliament, to dissolve this association. As a natural consequence of being thus brought together, a comparison of their respective merits, has long since been instituted. The

joint career of O'Connell and Sheil had, from its commencement, furnished an occasion for this species of criticism, and, as such has not been overlooked, especially in these stages of it, when the expectation of their being tried in the highest ordeal of talent is most likely, at no very distant period, to be fulfilled.

"In making the following remarks, however, we shall not use the language of advocacy. A true estimate of talent must furnish the gross amount, and exhibit the items both of profit and loss. Speaking in the general, with respect to capacity, we believe prevalent opinion has allotted to Mr. O'Connell a supremacy, at the same time that the sentiments of a very considerable party, are more favourable to the claims of his colleague. Now, we are more disposed to strike a balance between the parties. We think that the talents of both differ more in kind than in degree, and that, on the whole, there does not exist any material disparity. Talent is a very wide word; it comprehends many grades of intellect, from ardent reasoning, up to cold calculation. There is nothing which shows so little insight into the structure of the mind, as to pronounce a sentence of general incapacity, upon those who fail in any of its departments.

"Mr. O'Connell had been heretofore presented to us, in that sphere of action, which was perhaps better calculated than any other, to develop to the best advantage his highest powers. As the bold, dauntless, and talented reformer, he has, perhaps, but few equals, and is fully deserving of a place beside the great German heretic, astonished as the learned gentleman may be, to find himself in such company.—The question has been mooted as to who obtained Catholic emancipation. We think it might as well be asked, as does the worthy in the farce,—"Who wrote *Shakespeare*?" We do not seek to detract from the gracious prudence of royalty, or from the manly, straight-forward, and statesman-like policy of the "great Duke;" who, though he might not have been enlightened as to the full benefit of the contemplated change, was thoroughly persuaded of its expediency, and whose dignified demeanour throughout, was strongly contrasted with the wretched obstinacy of the Eldons and the Wincheseas, refusing to yield up the object of their bigotry, without tears and uproar; but if we are asked to point out the man, who was the ORIGINATOR of that measure, who awakened that "gracious prudence,"—who heaved the stone up to the top of the mountain, and held it on the summit, either to be planted there as its proper site, or if not, to be hurled back again, bearing destruction and desolation, until moral force had fulfilled political right,—if we are asked to declare this man, we shall lay our finger on that tall Irishman, who is to be seen in the Four Courts, robed in the humble folds of a stuff gown, and who is emphatically denominated the 'member for Clare.' We think the voice of the empire will, sooner or later, echo this opinion,—the voice of posterity always responds by anticipation, to the prophetic inspirations of unbiassed minds. These observations bring at once under consideration, the most prominent and characteristic of Mr. O'Connell's numerous talents, and that one we would denominate under the general name of CONDUCT. It was not his energy of declamation—his powers of reasoning—his knowledge of the law, that won the day;—it was what we call his 'conduct,' the practical tendency of all his speeches, the business-like measures that he devised and put in execution, the vital principle of action which he infused into all, the machinery of facts, the moral tactics that he brought into play, the strong holds, the redoubts, the fortifications, and the batteries, which he erected and planted throughout the land. It was that unquailing and undimmed spirit, that step which never faltered, that erect port which never bent—that skilful, talented, and energetic application of the substantial realities of practical conduct—these drove the vessel on its course. Pitt was an able advocate of emancipation; Grattan spake in its cause with the tongue of the archangel; Canning, Plunket, Grey, all, all were inspired on the theme; but though the preachers were powerful, "the word" availed not, and its execution was left for an humble apostle of the mission.

"To Mr. O'Connell, then, be imputed that posture of affairs—to him be ascribed the splendid iniquity of that glorious machination."

In the foregoing extract, the readers of the *SHIELD* will perceive that the able writer exactly coincides in the opinions we have uniformly promulgated respecting the Irish Liberator, virtually recognizes the very principles for which we always contended, and gives a more elegant expression to the very ideas that we advanced, in claiming for Daniel O'Connell, the praise and pre-eminence due to the most virtuous and successful patriot that Ireland ever produced.

The article then enters into a speculation on the brilliant figure O'Connell will make as a Parliamentary speaker, and then opens its luminous comparison of the rival orators as follows:

"We now turn from the 'Great Agitator' to his colleague. Laying claim to a more lofty and transcendental order of intellect than his learned compeer is possessed of, Mr. Sheil demands a proportionably higher order of analysis to form an estimate of his powers.

"As far as our fiat goes, we for the most part acknowledge the claims of Mr. Sheil; at the

same time, we think it only fair to give him notice, that we shall have to qualify somewhat this decree when we come to speak less abstractedly. We think there is more of the philosophy of eloquence about Mr. Sheil than is usually suspected. Of a very inflammable temperament, like most of his countrymen—embarked in a spirit-stirring cause, his political liberty the prize contended for, it was natural that the dictates of a higher order of reflection should have been laid aside, in his famous oration at Penenden heath, ere they were matured for the impulse of his feelings. Placed in the front of the battle, an object of obloquy, contumely, and scorn, the same elements of declamatory strife were consequently elicited from him in return.

"The occasions on which Mr. Sheil has hitherto been brought before the public, were such as required a highly animated and impassioned speaker, and as such he supplied that want. The notion that a fervid enthusiasm, and a strong imagination, are incompatible with the highest exercise of the understanding, is now classed amongst the exploded hypotheses of former times; and experience has shown, that intellect is inert until impregnated by the fires of the soul. If naturally destitute of these, we in vain, like the sacriligious pilferer of old, endeavour to filch them from heaven. Chatham, Grattan, Canning, Plunket, Grey, Brougham, all possessed, and possess these kindling principles; the first two more apparently, as being more frequently engaged in measures which were calculated to fan them into a flame. The absence of passion and enthusiasm on the part of a patriot, struggling in the same cause that Mr. Sheil did, would have formed a strong presumption of impotence in his temperament, as destitute of those qualities, or misconception in his judgment in coercing them; and on the few occasions on which circumstances required a different conduct in his speeches, we find our opinion of his graver powers fully verified by the chaster, more argumentative, and more philosophic tone. But at this or at any other time, we unreservedly give as our verdict, that the nature of Mr. Sheil's talents is by no means indicative of their insufficiency, but of their vigour and strength."

The writer follows up his critical investigation of Mr. Sheil's qualities as an orator, and then proceeds to wind up his comparative estimate of the distinct merits and correlative talents of the master spirits of the Catholic Association :

"We imagine that it is pretty generally conceded, that whatever value we may place upon Mr. Sheil's abilities, as tending to aid emancipation, we must estimate Mr. O'Connell at a considerably higher rate. His powers of conduct at once stamped him as the great leader. The machine once set in motion, Mr. Sheil, by the potent energy of his eloquence, added abundantly to its momentum; but his was not the sinewy and brawny arm that gave it the first impulse. It was with the *vis inertia* of the question that Mr. O'Connell had to contend. On every relapse to inactivity, it was the lever of his mind that forced it on again. He was the master mover, who would have procured emancipation without the aid of Mr. Sheil.

What we would assert is, that with respect to the cause in which they were embarked, Mr. O'Connell possessed more of those useful powers, more of that business-like conduct, the application of which was necessary for its advancement. Cast in a rougher mould than his colleague, less sensitive, less fastidious, less morbid, more anxious about the end than the means, desirous of resting his reputation and the question on some tangible basis, and comparatively careless of occupying an eminence in the ideal world, preferring to be an object of sight rather than of faith, Mr. O'Connell descended at once into the paths of literal life, and forcing his way through the crowd with the earnestness of a person intent on arriving at a certain and definite goal, he was wholly unconcerned whether the bystanders should remark the slovenliness of his gait, or the rustic violence of his speed, provided he at length reached the object that he sought.

"This singleness of purpose, this unity of design it was that rendered such service to his cause, and impelled it forward in a rectilinear course. There was no complication of views or interests in his system to create any divergency. The resting-places of his ambition were also the pivots of the Catholic question. This was the line of conduct that declared the first Clare election; this was the spirit in which it was undertaken.

"Now this manner of 'roughing it', as the phrase goes, does not suit Mr. Sheil's taste. His turn of mind is more aristocratical than that of his colleague; less fitted for the plebeian contact of matter-of-fact and practical life. He may desire to place himself and the cause on a summit, but then he is also solicitous that the ascent should be tracked with glories. His course was rather circuitous than direct. Yet here the transcendent spirit is apparent. The poetry of conception, and its utility, evidently strive in his mind for masteries. At one time he compares them to 'Briareus upraising his hundred hands'; then again he contemplates with enthusiasm 'the universal genuflection,—the common cry of liberty, issuing from the altars of God!' and then winds up with the practical effect, 'two thousand three hundred petitions signed upon two thousand three hundred altars, and rushing at the same time into the councils of the legislature, may not excite alarm, but cannot be treated with contempt.' But while Mr. Sheil was giving utterance to this energetic passage, and certainly demonstrating most powerfully the efficacious results that would follow from the project, Mr. O'Connell

was very probably drawing up a plan by which it was to be matured into fact, and absolutely setting the wheels of the engine in motion. In fine, Mr. O'Connell was the labourer, Mr. Sheil was the sculptor; but inasmuch as the skill of the one is useless without the energy of the other,—since this is necessary, that indispensable,—we must pronounce that the first of these gentlemen was best calculated to further Catholic emancipation, and confirm the sentence of the public, which declares, that on this occasion Mr. O'Connell's talents and general capacity were paramount.*

In the preceding well written parallel, the judicious reader will admit that its contrasts and distinctive lines have been drawn with impartial justice and critical discrimination.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY, No. VIII.

EXCURSION FROM DUBLIN TO LONDONDERRY, *Continued.*

SWORDS.

It was in this town, that the famous remonstrance addressed to the Lord Chief Justices, denouncing the sanguinary cruelties inflicted on the Catholics by Sir Charles Coote, was drawn up in December, 1641, by the Lords Fingall, Gormanstown, Slane, Turvey, Dunsany, Louth, Netterville, and Trimblestown.† There is a gentleman of the name of RUSSELL, the legitimate descendant of the celebrated Robert Russell, of Dryham, in the county of Dublin, who was the member for Swords, in King James's Parliament, A. D. 1689—residing here, whose patriotism is an honour to his country, and whose elegant house and tastefully embellished domain, are the grace and ornament of this village.

After leaving Swords, the road for two miles runs through the rural domain of Lissenhall, which presents fine lawns and gently rising hills, clothed with arborescent shrubs. When you ascend Turvey-hill, you behold an extensive tract of country, enlivened with the most picturesque scenery. The view on the right, terminated by the billowy pillars, that seem to totter under the verge of the azure dome of the horizon, is gemmed and speckled with stately villas, embosomed in undulating groves—and comfortable farm-houses, interspersed through cultivated plains, on which droves of oxen and snowy flocks of sheep were pastorally grazing.

In the back-ground of this cheerful perspective, are seen the turrets of the feudal castle of Malahide, the lofty steeples of St. Doulough's church, and the sombre pinnacles and round tower of the monastery of Lusk, which appear at a distance, like Leviathans elevating their crests above the waves. The hoary yet magnificent castle of Malahide is the residence of the patriotic member for the county of Dublin, RICHARD WOGAN TALBOT, Esq. a distinguished gentleman, who possesses the inherent virtues of his noble family, and who, like his illustrious ancestor, Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, is and was ever ready to unsheath his sword, and wield his pen, for his beloved Ireland.

Under the encouraging auspices of Colonel Talbot, the village of MALAHIDE has grown to the maturity of comfort, opulence, and edificial respectability. Large cotton-mills, and several other structures for manufacturing operations, have been built here; so that the village is a scene of industry, activity, and neatness. Malahide is seated on

* "They added, that they had received certain advertisement that Sir Charles Coote, at the Council-board, had uttered some speeches tending to a purpose to execute upon the Roman Catholics a general massacre."—*Curry's review*, p. 239, vol. 1.

† The gallant Colonel Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnell, feeling indignant at the Duke of Ormond's conduct, in lending the sanction of the king's name to the decisions made in the court of claims, which confirmed Cromwell's grants, and deprived the devoted adherents of the two Charles's of their patrimonial estates, challenged the Duke to a single combat in the presence of Charles II.; but the patriotic gentleman, instead of obtaining the satisfaction he required, was sent to the Tower, from which however he was speedily released; and being reinstated in the King's favour, he continued with manly firmness to vindicate Ireland, in whose cause his sword and his pen were often employed."—TAAFFE.

Richard Talbot was familiarly called by the Courtiers, "*Dick Talbot, the brave Irishman.*"

CARTER.

"Charles II. called Dick Talbot the most gallant gentleman in Europe, and said, 'That if courage had forsaken every other person, it would find an asylum in his bosom.'"—*Vide notes to Lord Clarendon's Hist.*

an eminence rising above the sea, at the distance of twelve miles from Dublin. The castle—the noble feudal pile of the Talbots, that preserves all those antique features of Gothic architecture, which a Byron would love to describe, and a Rosa to delineate—is a structure of magnitude and majesty. It stands, like the moralizing giant of the scene, on a rock, and elevates its lofty grey turrets and balustraded battlements, above the tops of the stately oaks, that encircle it with their awful shade. The grand portico, on the east front, is ascended by a flight of marble steps. On entering the spacious Gothic hall, whose niches are filled with the statues of warriors in ancient armour, and whose walls are decorated with historical and family pictures, the mind is insensibly impressed with reverence, and borne back, as it were, on the pinions of a pleasing association of reminiscient feelings, to proud periods and triumphant epochs of Erin's story,—when the creed of our fathers wore no manacles of restriction—when the solemn rites of religion, and the inspired effusions of poetry, gave the Friar and the Bard an illustrious character, in the civil and military affairs of our country. Some of the rooms are furnished in all the beauty of modern elegance. But there is an *antiquarian* parlour, communicating with the Gothic hall, which remains in the same state it was, when the Duke of Tyrconnell entertained in it James II. and all his suite. This venerable room is wainscotted with thick pannels of oak, exquisitely carved and figured; and the tapestry which decorate the walls, narrates the heroic deeds of the Talbots in the martial fields of Palestine, France, England, and Ireland. Colonel Talbot's extensive manor also wears an antique drapery. The wood, the dingle, and dell—the lake, the grotto, the cave—as well as the additional solemn features of the druidical, and monastic ruins—all tend to give a hoary air of antiquity to the scene; and the fairies and genii of the woods, can dance under the spreading shade of beech, elm, chesnut, and hawthorn trees, which have been sacred to their rites and mysteries for two centuries. The domain of Malahide has all the accompaniments of ancient grandeur; the tower, the terrace, the parterre, the aviary, and the park;—all the romantic attributes, which the antiquarian can desire, in the ideal perfection of a picturesque landscape. Colonel Talbot's garden is laid out in all the sylvan beauty of the Italian style: it is ornamented with Floral arbours, fountains, graperies, serpentine and terraced walks, which are ornamented with statues and vases. In a deep recess, approached by a foliage-shaded path, in the bottom of this garden, under a canopy formed by the entwined branches of four patriarchal yew-trees, is the oratory, from which Dr. Peter Talbot, the pious and venerable arch-bishop of Dublin, was violently dragged, while at his devotions, by the myrmidons of the Duke of Ormond, on the charge of being concerned in the gunpowder plot, A. D. 1678.*

At the distance of two miles south from the village of Malahide, are the magnificent ruins of St. Doulough's church, which was built by that saint, in the eighth century, after his return from a mission to Rome.—This superb structure possesses none of the architectural characteristics of St. Patrick's sacred erections; it partook more of those of the Grecian temples. This imposing pile of ecclesiastic architecture, which is highly deserving of the notice of the antiquary, was covered with circular stone arches; from whose convex an Ionic pediment arose, and projected over a Corinthian colonnade, that formed the portico. The entablature of the remaining columns and pediment is richly sculptured. St. Doulough's well, which bubbles its sparkling waters through the fissure of a lime-stone rock, near the portico of the church, is annually visited by a vast concourse of devotees, who expect to derive spiritual and physical benefit from quaffing the balmy draughts of this consecrated fountain.

The little village of Lusk, which is situated about three miles north from Malahide, on a narrow promontory that is washed by the waves of the English channel, has nothing to boast of, but its monastic ruins and round tower. There is a fine mansion, called Lusk-house, standing in the midst of an extensive domain, adjoining the town. Though Lusk is now only inhabited by fishermen and hucksters, it was formerly a Bishop's see. The originality of its consequence, is dated from A. D. 694, when St. Colgan founded in it an abbey, and built a superb cathedral in its vicinity. The mouldering tomb of Patrick Russell, who died arch-bishop of Dublin, in 1691, is still standing in the abbey, like some dilapidated relique of an ancient sepulchral monument in Rome, which had escaped the ravages of the Goths. After the eye is pleased and gratified by the pros-

* "This prelate was too old, and too much exhausted by an afflictive indisposition, to take any part in the conspiracy. The officers who arrested him at his brother's castle, on searching his papers, found nothing in his cabinet, (notwithstanding his extensive correspondence,) but a few letters of controversial divinity."—LELAND.

pect on the right hand, which we have faintly described, let the traveller, as the coach attains the summit of the *Man of War* hill, turn to the left, when a most expansive prospect of the Champain meadows, and far-stretched corn-fields of Fingall, and the green hills of Meath, crowned with white houses and waving groves, bursts, like a panoramic scene of rural beauty, on the view. The barony of Fingall is so rich in soil, and so well cultivated, that it is famed for producing the best wheat that is offered for sale in the Dublin market; and its flowing pastorage, fruit-bearing orchards, and prolific harvests, might convince a Grecian philosopher that it was the chosen abode of Flora, Vertumaus, and Ceres.

From the descent of the hill, your eye lights on the little town of BALRUDDERY—its neat white houses, church steeple, and abbey ruins. The vicinity of the natal spot of our friend, *Denis Balruddery*, of the play, is ornamented with the country seats of several gentlemen. Among these is Prospect-house, encircled with lawns and fringed with plantations,—and Hampton-hall, the princely residence of Haas Hamilton, Esq.

About two miles east of Hampton-hall, is the famed fishing-town of *Rush*, whose ling is esteemed all over Europe for its delicate taste and palatable flavour.

At the distance of three miles north of Rush, the bold and prominent range of precipitous rocks, the terror of the mariner, called the *Skerries*, commence, to oppose, as it were, the progress of the invading waves. The town of Skerries is inconsiderable; the inhabitants subsist chiefly by fishing and making kelp. It was on one of these rocks, which extends like an isthmus into the sea, according to Colgan, St. Patrick landed, on his first visiting Ireland, A. D. 432—from which memorable event, it still retains the name of *Holm-Patrick*, or Patrick's harbour. One of the Saint's disciples built a small abbey here for regular Canons, under the invocation of the Holy Virgin, in the beginning of the sixth century. In 1089, *Sitricus Fitz-Murchard*, king of Dublin, erected a large and superb priory in Skerries, which for ages after, was renowned by the learning and piety of its numerous Monks. In 1148, as the learned and profound Dr. LAMAGAN, in his valuable ecclesiastical history of Ireland, lately published, tells us there was a synod of fifteen bishops, and two hundred priests, held here, at which the Saints Malachy and Gelasius presided. John Cogan was its last prior, who was compelled to surrender the priory and its possessions, in obedience to the orders of the tyrant Henry VIII. to Sir James Fullerton. Its ruins serve now for a cemetery, and there are some beautiful sepulchral monuments among them. On the tomb of the Forrestale, is inscribed the following epitaph, which is more remarkable for the moral reflection it conveys, than for its poetry or harmony of verse.

"Good traveller, who chance to pass this way,
Fail not for my departed soul to pray:—
Here also mark! (perhaps now in thy prime),
The stealing steps of ever fleeting time!"

ORIGINAL PATCHWORK.

ORIGINALITY.—Several articles have been cut out of the tissue web which we have woven for our readers, under the above title, without the editorial *filchers* having the candour and ingenuous fairness of giving credit to the source that supplied their scissors. For the substance and crude materials of our patchwork, we are indebted to our research in books; but for the gilding of thought and the drapery of language, with which we have adorned and set it off, we are justly entitled to the credit of originality, as we would be, if we were to give an *Irish* version of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.—Every one acquainted with Scottish history, knows that, in the reign of the second Charles, severe and oppressive laws were passed against the religious sect, which make such a figure in the Waverly novels, called the *Covenanters*. Like the Roman Catholics of Ireland, in 1641, "despotism drove them mad." To avoid falling into the hands of the royal army, many of the covenanters, with their clergy, concealed themselves in the solitude of the mountains. Among the hapless fugitives, was the Rev. DAVID WILLIAMSON, who by his bold and eloquent preaching against the wickedness of religious persecution, rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Government—as his extraordinary zeal and brilliant talent, were considered by

them the grand pillars that supported the cause and dissection of the Covenanters. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension; so that he was continually hunted by the English dragoons, like a stag upon the mountains.

One night, he was so closely pursued, that he had only time to rush into the house of a respectable lady, one of his hearers—and ere he had crossed the threshold, he heard the shouts of his enemies. The lady, who had a high respect for the preacher, was plunged into great perplexity of apprehension, as to the best means of saving the life of so distinguished a champion of her creed; but as the fair sex often possess astonishing presence of mind, the first expedient that presented itself to her, was to put him to bed with her daughter, blooming a beauty of sixteen.

Here, alone, thought she, will he escape the vengeance of those who thirst for his blood. Having no time for deliberating, the Rev. Doctor, putting on a woman's night-cap, darted into bed with the astonished young lady. The troopers carefully searched every corner of the house, and then coming to the door of the lady's room, which they found locked, they instantly broke it open with a crow-bar. The mother, then, with admirable prudence, and cool address, told them that her daughters were in bed, and that she trusted, as they were English soldiers and gallant men, they would not terrify or offer rudeness to two unprotected girls. This appeal had the desired effect; for after drawing aside the curtains, and searching the presses in the apartment, their officer desired the troopers to withdraw. But as they were quartered in the vicinity of the house, she was compelled by her sense of humanity, and solicitude for the fate of the Divine, to let him remain all night in bed with her daughter. Indeed, she concluded from the sanctity and self-denial of the preacher, as well as the terror of his heart, that an incontinent thought would not enter his mind at such a dreadful crisis, and that her daughter would rise from his side, in the morning, as pure and innocent as a vestal virgin. But female beauty has made a sinner of many a saint, and the virtue and morality of Dr. Williamson, could not hold out against the charms of his lovely bed-fellow—whom the confiding mother, in the lapse of nine months, found “in such a way as women wish to be, who love their lords.” To evade public scandal among the elect, the enraged mother consented to the marriage of her daughter with the parson, who soon, through her interest, obtained his pardon from the king.

In a year or two after this occurrence, the Doctor was sent to London, as one of the commissioners from the General Assembly of Scotland to Charles II. The merry monarch, who heard the story, did its hero the special honour of shaking him by the hand, declaring, that “while he was concealed in the oak-tree, after the battle of Worcester, the loveliest female in England would have been in no danger from him.”

DRYDEN.—This great genius was passionately fond of rural scenery, for he imagined that he heard the song of the Naiades in the babbling brooks, and voice of the Muses whispering in the breezes of the groves. He loved to explore the volume of nature with his own eyes, not through the “spectacles of books.” To avoid the dust, bustle, and noise of London, he frequently retired to the beautiful and romantic mansion of his friend, Lord Cullen, (Rushton Park, in Northamptonshire) a place rendered celebrated, not only by the residence of the illustrious Bard, but by its affording a refuge to the unfortunate Charles I. after the battle of Naesby.

In this sylvan solitude, under the unbrageous canopy of stately Elm trees, he, it is said by Spence, translated a great portion of Virgil, and composed his excellent poem of the “Hind and Panther.” At that soft tranquil moment, the hour of the setting-sun, when the hushed Summer twilight diffuses serenity and sober calmness over the mind, Dryden would pace to and fro, while indulging his poetic fancy, through a shady avenue adjoining the Castle. Here he was wont to exclaim—“Welcome ye green shades—ye Bowery thickets hail!” At the termination of this walk of columnar oaks, in front of a pavilion, the late Lord Cullen (the grandson of him who was the Bard's patron) caused an Ionic pedestal to be erected in order to commemorate the visits of as sublime a poet as ever adorned English literature, to this classic ground, which will ever remain consecrated in his genius. The pedestal is surmounted with an exquisitely sculptured urn of Italian marble, bearing the following inscription:—

“This walk is dedicated
To the memory of the Poet DRYDEN,
As he oft frequented these shades
And is said here to have written
The Hind and Panther.”

Zeno, being once told by a young man, who piqued himself more on the prepossessing attractions of his person, than on the graces of his mind, that the noble passion of love

was unbecoming a philosopher.—“If this were true,” replied the stoic, “the fate of the fairest portion of the creation would be lamentable, not to be loved, but by frippery fops and fantastic fools.”

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.—The poet Spenser was struggling with haggard indigence, while engaged in the composition of his charming poem of the Fairy Queen. As soon as he had the last stanza written, he repaired to the house of the Earl of Southampton, who was the English Mæcenæ of his age, and on reaching his lordship's anti-chamber, he was fortunate enough to prevail on one of the “pampered menials,” to carry the manuscript to the Earl, who no sooner read a few pages, than he ordered his servant to hand the poet twenty pounds. Reading on, he found every passage increasing in beauty and energy: he again called the servant, and said, “Go and give that man twenty pounds more.” As he proceeded, his delight and admiration was duly augmenting, so he again cried out, in rapture, “John, carry the poet another twenty pounds.” But at length, he lost all patience, and said “Sirrah! go and force that author out of my house, for if I read farther, he will leave me without a shilling.”

VOLTAIRE.—On the first night of the representation of the celebrated tragedy of *Mahomet*, several of the poet's friends, after the brilliant performance was over, waited on him to congratulate him on the signal success of the play. Some of them suggested alterations in the text and incidents; but Voltaire, who disdained dictation, listened to them with perfect nonchalance, as he knew they were babbling connoisseurs, that had neither taste nor judgment.

Like a cobbler who found fault with the painting of Apelles, the king's physician, to show his critical ability, remarked, that the existence of Alcanor after his death-wound, was too long protracted. He then entered into elaborate arguments, and cited the opinions of Galen and Hippocrates, to maintain his position, that it was physically impossible for him to survive, for a second, a wound so mortal as represented by the actor. ‘True,’ replied the sage philosopher, rather drily, ‘but you are to recollect, sir, that he was not attended by a physician; and the prescriptions of *Æschylus* do not extinguish the vital spark, so quickly as Galen's.’ The doctor never after attempted to hazard a criticism on the drama.

MR. CURRAN.—This honest patriot, whose splendid eloquence shed such lustre on the genius of his country, was once examining a tailor, who was a material witness against Curran's client. ‘Pray,’ said the Advocate, ‘where were you when this circumstance happened?’ ‘In the parlour adjoining my shop, where I was walking to and fro.’ ‘Aye, ay,’ rejoined the wit, ‘you were just taking a stroll in your cabbage garden.’

THE MORNING COURIER, AND MR. FORREST.

The critique in our last, in which we gave expression to our free and unbiassed opinion of Mr. Forrest's performance of *HAMLET*, has drawn forth a coarse and scurrilous paragraph from one of the three wittlings, who daily spawn their cimmerian brains in the rapid columns of the *Morning Courier*. The commendation or censure of a paper that is, notoriously, neither popular nor profound—we would equally estimate—with perfect contempt. The hissing of a puling Poetaster, who is destined, during his life, to crawl in the slough of Parnassus, has no terror for us;—we hear it with as much indifference as the lion does that of the reptile, which he tramples under foot. Where, we would ask, did the “bayless Bard” of the *Courier*, learn the rudiments of dramatic criticism—where has he been qualified to fulminate the ordinances of Melpomene, and utter with such dogmatic pertinence, the oracles of *Thalia*? It was not surely on the banks of the Thames, the Liffey, or the Clyde, that the *Aristarchus* of the *Courier* inhaled inspiration,—oh no! this *Mocking Bird* of the *Forrest*, first cheruped its “wood notes wild,” in unison with a concert of Bull-frogs, in the swamps of that *Bœtia* of America—New-Jersey. Is it such a man, as this Longinus of the wood, who never saw an European Theatre, that would pronounce our fair and impartial critique on Mr. Forrest's performance, “ignorant and illiberal?”

National vanity, and self-conceit have championed the Sonnetteer of the *Courier*, to seize with the puny hands of a Lilliputian, the arms that can only be wielded by a Giant; without thinking of his own mental imbecility—without thinking that dulness had its leaden mace pressed upon his faculties, he has rashly attempted to wing the daring flight of the Eagle on the pinions of a goose. An unsuccessful attempt at satire

and ridicule, always renders its author ridiculous. When the postmaster of the *Courier*—the step-son of the Muses, essays to assail the *Irish Shield*, with weapons he cannot handle, he resembles an angry wasp crawling up a massy Corinthian column, and finding fault with its proportions and embellishments. There is no mental power in the organization of the *Courier*;—two of its scribes are noted versifiers—*disowned* at once by the tragic and epic muse; and as to the *Caledonian* wight who “pimples,” it with insipid paragraphs, grammar was written for him in vain.—

Therefore this trio of literary Thersiteses, on whose championship we congratulate Mr. Forrest, have not the intellect to give vigour to the bow, or impart venom to the shaft of sarcasm. As to the silly assertion, that we did not witness Mr. Forrest's representation of Hamlet, we can, if it were necessary to prove its falsehood, adduce the testimony of three gentlemen, who were in the same box with us, who had often seen the graphic delineation of that character, by the first performers in Europe; and one especially of these gentlemen, a highly respectable histrionic performer, and an accomplished Critic, fully concurred in the accuracy and justice of our strictures. The respectable Editor of the *United States Gazette*, of Philadelphia, has also, we understand, played off a *masked* battery against the *Irish Shield*. Why did he not send us his paper? We positively have not seen this article, but we surely think better of him than to suppose he would attack us from the ambush of a vantage-ground, and thus furnish Captain Hall with another hint for the illustration of American character.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

MR. FORREST'S LEAR.

On Thursday evening, the 26th of November, Mr. Forrest attempted the arduous and trying character of King Lear, at the Park Theatre. The house, notwithstanding the astonishing genius of the great tragedian, was as thin, as if some mere English or Irish performer was on that occasion to “fret his hour upon the stage.” But perhaps the inclemency of the night tended to keep the admirers of the American *Roscus*, the idolians of “native talent” at home. We will speak of Mr. Forrest's performance of this difficult part with a candour, which is neither warped by prejudice, nor biased by prepossession.

We are indeed well aware, that his faults and perfections have been exaggerated; and that envy magnified his failings, while on the other hand, the fulsome and ruinous puffs of the news papers, have fanned his vanity, and fertilized as it were, the soil of his faculties, for the growth of the rank weeds of affectation, and inflated conceit.—But to the point. His Lear, notwithstanding the embarrassed action, and deprivation of unctious flexibility of countenance, and the dissonant delivery which slurs tragic sentiment, is a performance as superior to his *Hamlet*, as Kean's Othello is to Mr. Cooper's.

The fungus that seems to fasten with cankering tenacity to his acting, is *monotony*; for nature has denied him the Proteus art of transformation. He cannot change the expression of his face, with the change of character, or exhibit in his countenance, a clear mirror, in which the audience might see all the passions of the heart, reflected in their proper personification. His face indeed, is not an index of the mind. Who but must admire Kean, for the force, identity and spirit which he can display, in his various assumptions? For, like the Prince in the Arabian fiction, he leaves, with a celerity that amazes us, one character and shape for another, and another, twists his face into a thousand forms, animating each, and all by turns, and giving them embodied vitality, distinct complexions, and individual tones of voice, which are as opposite and different as light and darkness.

Mr. Forrest, throughout Lear, tottered and shook as if he was *acting* at one of the religious ceremonies of the *Shakers*. He was not at all like the feeble but dignified old man, to whom we are accustomed, retaining all the air of royalty, and evincing by expression, deportment and majestic gesture, that “he was every inch a king!”

Kean, since comparisons must be made between mountains and mole-hills, after experiencing the ingratitude of his cold-hearted daughters, never disfigured his picturesque attitudes by convulsive starts, unnatural grimaces, or redundant gesticulation;—his deportment was the grave, solemn movement, of a sad and sorrowful monarch, in whose looks, afflictive grief, and mental agony of emotion, were strongly pictured, while the very pathos of sensibility seemed borne, in Lear, on the tears of dejection that furrowed his pale wrinkled cheeks. When the great magician of English tragedy, is insulted by the

impious ingrate, his eldest daughter, who requires him, with an air of impudence and maddening rudeness to dismiss half his train, his flexible and speaking countenance assumed an expression of withering indignation, and his flaming eyes seemed to have darted on his daughter, electric fire as he bursted out in the raging ebullition—

“Darkness and Devils!
Saddle my horses, call my train together—
Degen’rate bastard, I’ll not trouble thee.”

Can any dispassionate critic, apart from the babbling and pur-blind Connoisseurs of the *Morning Courier*, say that Mr. Forrest irradiated the passage with a single gleam of force or feeling? No, here he ranted and prosed, and the words of Shakespeare fell as cold from his lips, as dew drops from the autumnal rose. Again, as the good old king is agonizing amidst all his indignities and woes, he informs Regan, whom he believes to be incapable of such base ingratitude and filial impiety as her sister, of his wrongs; he breaks out in the following pathetic supplication, which as uttered by Kean, would have charmed the demon of frigid cruelty into an angel of pity.—

“Beloved Regan,
Thy sister’s naught.—O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp tooth’d unkindness like a vulture, here.
Dear daughter—
On my knees I beg
That you’ll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.”

This scene, in Mr. Forrest’s representation, had not a vein of tenderness, or a streak of imploring sorrow to excite the feelings, or to enlist compassion. When the two daughters endeavoured, by sophistical arguments, to persuade him to lessen the number of his knights, his upbraiding, and poignant answer was certainly given by Mr. Forrest, with more touching and emphatic effect, than any line which we ever heard him enunciate—

“I gave you all!”

But in pronouncing the terrible curse his powers failed, and his inability to express the quick succession of the conflicting passions raging in Lear’s breast, was manifest. What a dreadful and awful sensation did Kean’s delivery of this blasting execration produce in the minds of the audience! Here he never gave us rant for energy, or pompous unnatural inflation, for impassioned declamation. In this curse he imitatively blended rage, and all the attributes of revenge and scorn; and his indignant imprecation seemed to breathe the appalling voice of these personified passions. Lear’s mad scene, in which he was cold and tricksome, is too much for Mr. Forrest’s mastery; there he cannot “call spirits from the vasty deep;” in this he shows us that his strength is not adequate to the task of bending the stubborn bow of Ulysses; though, to do him justice, in one or two points, he hit off good miniature imitations of Kean’s magic picture. Upon the whole, Mr. Forrest has a fair conception of the part, and he goes through it with some credit; and we cannot but commend the comparative felicity of the effort, while we must decidedly censure his failure in Hamlet; a part which, if he values his own fame, he should never more attempt, because nature has not given him the requisites to shine in it.

We really acknowledge, that Mr. Forrest has rare and radiant capabilities; but unfortunately for himself, editorial adulation has damped the latent fires of his genius, and thus he has been seduced into deep water, through which great genius and matured judgment can alone wade. Let Mr. Forrest go through the ordeal of *Drury Lane*, and he will then acknowledge the truth and justice of the admonitory criticisms of the *Irish Shield*, and that they were the legitimate offspring of honest candour, and the dictates of impartial judgement, and uninfluenced opinion. We are no actors, we never wore the “tinsel buskin,” or the waving plume of the tragic muse, so that no one is warranted to attribute to us the unworthy motives, of prejudice or envy, therefore—we can derive no benefit from depreciating the positive or negative merits of Mr. Forrest.

“What is Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba?”

Messrs Barry, Simpson, Placide and Richings sustained their respective parts with vigour and effect. And the Mesdames Hilson, Wallack and Sharpe, brought feeling and spirit into their performances, and succeeded in painting some scenes, with vivid touches of interest, and warm tints of passion.

THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

We received, only on Saturday morning, the 28th of November, just as our last form was going to press, from some "damned good natured friend," (as Sir Fretful has it) in Philadelphia, the respectable paper, whose name gives title to this brief article; for brief time and space compel us to make it. The learned and candid editor, in his paper of the 12th of November, in bold, broad, and direct terms, charges us with having yielded to the dictates of national prejudice and partiality, in writing, in the last number, the critique on Mr. Forrest's performance of Hamlet. Now, while far from denying our fallibility of judgment and discrimination in that critical estimate, we declare most solemnly, that in criticising on Mr. Forrest's personation, as we did, we only gave an adequate expression to our honest and UNINFLUENCED OPINION, and that neither prejudice nor partiality swayed, or gave a tinge or a tone to the sentiments in which it was conveyed. This charge we, therefore, must rebut with a positive and unqualified denial of its justice. Had either Quin, Barry, Mossop or Cooke, who were all our countrymen, played Hamlet with the same want of spirit, force, and conception, as Mr. Forrest did, on the occasion in question, we would have most certainly decried and derided the absolute FAILURE. We would thank our respectable cotemporary, to point out in the *IRISH SHIELD*, the article in which he alleges we "censured, without discrimination, American literature." If we had said indeed, that America was two or three centuries behind England, in literature—the social elegancies of life, and the fine arts; and that a millennium might elapse before a BYRON or a MOORE would spring up in American poetry—a GRATTAN or a CANNING in American eloquence—a KEAN in the American drama, or a REYNOLDS in American painting, we candidly admit that we uttered what we really think. American genius must always go to England, for the inspirations that shall irradiate its SECOND-HAND LITERATURE; as the little rivulet can never become as great as its ocean-source. In the whole literary horizon of the United States, there is but one shining star, whose brilliant scintillations are hailed and admired in Europe—we need scarcely name WASHINGTON IRVING. The true characteristic, and impressive pictures which the novels of Mr. Cooper exhibit of Indian manners, and nautical scenery, redeem the inelegancy of the dull and denuded style of composition, and the mawkish puerility of the grovelling sentiments that debase them. Irish poetry is too refulgent a luminary in the hemisphere of fame, to require our humble light;—as the names of Ossian, Mc Dairy, Carolan, Swift, Goldsmith, Dermody and Moore, while they encircle it in the splendour of inextinguishable glory, shall stand as fiery pillars in the colossal colonnade of POETIC IMMORTALITY. The talented editor construes the meaning and import of our remarks on the "USURPER," as erroneously as if they were as ambiguous as the divinations of the Delphian Oracle. The author of that tragedy, though a gentleman of eminent talent, and fine poetic properties, is as inferior, in the strength and majesty of dramatic genius, to Dryden and Byron, as that *female Quixote*, the heroine of American literature, MRS. ROYAL, is to Lady Morgan. If we ascribed to Dr. M'Henry, "felicity of diction," and fertility of fancy, it is not to be inferred as a consequent conclusion, that we "placed him far above Byron and Mar-tin."

In our life of the gifted, but unfortunate G. F. COOKE, we spoke of Mr. Paine's intrusive annoyance of the tragedian, and his company in such terms of reprehension, as such a violation of etiquette, and good breeding called for. If the editor of the *Gazette*, (let us suppose) was enjoying his wine and wallnuts, with two or three friends, in a private room, and an utter stranger, without introduction, invades the social circle, seats himself at table, and then obtrudes questions on his attention, we think he would act as Cooke did, nor would any gentleman reproach him for doing so, with "DRUNKEN BESTIALITY." For our opinion of Mr. Forrest's personation of Lear, a personation that was marked and marred with his habitual inanity and unbroken uniformity, we beg to refer the manly and ingenuous editor of the *Gazette* to the critique, in this number. Should he honour that article with a notice, he will be so polite as to send us his paper.

If Mr. Forrest's histrionic genius is of that pure and refined bullion, which the American critics, with such national enthusiasm, represent, why has it not, ere this, been sublimated in the crucible of Drury-lane, and rendered current coin, in the world of dramatic fame, by bearing the impression of the mint-mark of that theatre? The soaring American Eagle should not fear to pluck bristles from the proboscis of the London lion.

Original Poetry.

SOLITUDE.

"Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd."—BYRON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH SHIELD:

SIR,—I have been so frequently pleased with your interesting topographical descriptions of the scenery of Ireland, that my desire to see my native city, (*Kilkenny**) shining in the bright pages of the *Irish Shield*, induces me to solicit from your patriotism and politeness, the compliment of "*A local and Historical description of Kilkenny*." If you should consider the following juvenile effusion of an untutored Muse, worthy of being interwoven in the Parnassian wreath, that glitters with the fancy-flowers of the Bard of Quebec, of the elegant *Juvena*, and the tuneful *Carolans*—please to insert it and oblige
MARY.

Utica, (N. Y.) 24th November, 1839.

Far from the busy and the gay,
Young Strephon sings his artless lay;—
His oaten reed he oft employs
To sound in sweetest notes the joys

Of Solitude.

No anxious doubts, no jarring strife,
Annoy the quiet of his life;
His days with heartfelt peace abound,
By health and true contentment crown'd

In Solitude.

Within his lowly straw-roof'd cell,
Unsolied love and virtue dwell;—
Ner pride nor avarice molest
The peaceful undisturbed rest

Of Solitude.

At early dawn he quits his sleep
To tend his flocks of bleating sheep;
With care avoids the noon-tide heat,
And seeks a silent cool retreat

In Solitude.

When Phoebus flies to Thetis's bed,
And pallid Luna rears her head;
Then Strephon leaves his fleecy train,
And hies him to his home again

In Solitude

More blest is he than sceptred kings,
Whose highest joys are mix'd with stings;
More happy than the envy'd great
Is Strephon in his humble state

Of Solitude.

Lyrath Co. Kilkenny, May 1823. MARY.

A FUGITIVE GARLAND,

TO BE STREWN ON THE STRANGE GRAVE OF
GEORGE F. COOKE, THE "IRISH ROCIUS."

For this elegant sepulchral garland with which
kindred genius would decorate the monument, that

* We feel honoured by the correspondence of MARY, and we hope, that her graceful Muse will often twine flowery garlands for our "*Parnassian wreath*." We shall, if possible, in our next number, comply with her wishes.—In describing *Kilkenny*, that majestic and venerable city of cathedrals, abbeys, castles and towers, which is associated with the proudest events in our history, our subject must warm our mind with enthusiasm. Never on the pastoral banks of the Arno, or the Adige, did female beauty appear more attractive, or decked in such radiant smiles of seraph-loveliness, as that which is reflected in the limpid waves of the Nore, by the fascinating sylphs of *Kilkenny*. Every Traveller has spoken with rapture of the virtue, grace, and charms of the ladies of this *Ionia* of Ireland.

the generous and noble-minded monarch of English tragedy, KEAN, erected to the memory of our immortal countryman, we have to express our grateful acknowledgements to ADAM KIDD, Esq. of Quebec.

*Non ego te meis Chartis inernatum silebo,
Totus tuos patriar honores impune, carpere lividas
obliviones.*—HORACE.

Here have I come, with reverential tread,
O'er many a grave that throngs this sacred spot,
To seek thy Tomb, among the unknown dead,
Who sleep around—unmourned—and long forgot.

And there's a feeling—such as hearts like mine
Alone may feel—comes trembling through my frame,

While now I trace the Demon-defac'd line
That bears, Oh! Cooke! thy much insulted name!—

But though some impious hand has dared to touch
The marble block thy *mausoleum** erected here—
There is a Pyramid to thee—and such
As pale faced envy never can come near.

That Pyramid is Fame's—and her great hand
Displays the banner Gaius o'er thee hung,
When in obedience to her high command,
Nations were captives to thy magic tongue!

Yet, I've a hope, that ere a distant day,
Some spirit prompted by indulgent heaven,
Will safely to that *Isle*, thy bones convey
Where first the mountain-breeze of life was given.

And this exotic plant—this lonely one—
Sole verdure, budding on this naked mound,
I will translate—that e'en when I am gone
It may, to deck thy future grave, be found.

Where it will flourish long in honoured rest—
No foot to bruise, or soil its tender frame—
Nor folded reptile slumber on its breast,
But freshly bloom with Cooke's undying name!
Quebec, 1823.

TO EDMUND KEAN, ESQ.

Why slumbers the spirit—whose wild magic steal-
ing—

In tones of delight, on the ear could controul
The chords of the passions—the fountain of feeling,
And charm in soft raptures the wondering soul?
Though ENVY and MALICE have hovered around
thee,
And sung their dark veil o'er thy fame's early bloom,

* Vide Biography of George Frederick Cooke, in page 331 of this work.

† The only verdure I could find on the hallowed grave of Cooke, was one solitary Shamrock, which seemed to have taken shelter, close by the corner of the monument, as the faithful representative of the tragedian's country. Unwilling, therefore, that it should be exposed to such wreck and abuse as some foul hands have already inflicted on the monument. I have deprived *St. Paul*, of New-York, of this respected emblem of *St. Patrick*, by conveying it to my own temporary abode, and shall finally plant it on the green summit of the flowery mantled *Shiragallin*, in the county of Derry, where it may once more, imbibe the dew of a friendlier sky, and spread forth its little blossom to the fairy breezes of its native mountains.

The laurels of Genius, whose verdure has crown'd
 them,
 Light up with their beams the unhallowed gloom.
 Oh! who that has heard—in the days of thy glory
 The strains of the muse from thy eloquent
 tongue,
 But awed and enraptured has wept o'er the story,
 The chords of the heart to thy wizard-notes
 rung?
 Oh! who o'er the sweet harp of Avon forsaken,
 Shall bid the wild numbers of melody roll—
 The deep-thrilling tones of the passions awaken,
 Or lull into transports the bliss-ravished soul?
 Though bright is thy fame, like you star that is
 sleeping,
 Lovely and lonely above in the sky—
 The tears which young beauty is silently weeping,
 Like rain-drops of pearl from her dark shrouded
 eye,
 O'er the cold tombwhere Cozz, on his lone bier's
 Shall hallow thy name with a magic more bright
 Than the world ever gave thee, the fond heart en-
 shrining
 Thy name on its tablet in letters of light!
 Though dimm'd are the lines on the marble con-
 cealing,
 Those hallowed relics his mem'ry shall burn
 In the shrine of the loud heart, while genius and
 feeling
 In sadness shall weep o'er his mouldering urn!
 And bright in the chaplet which Hist'ry is wreath-
 ing [bloom;
 To deck his dark grave, shall thy name proudly
 And sweet in the lay which the minstrel is breath-
 ing—
 With his shall it sound o'er that desolate tomb.
 CAROLAN.

November, 1829.

TO O'CONNELL,

THE LIBERATOR OF ERIN.

Through the mists which are darkling
 Above thy green wave,
 A rainbow is sparkling—
 Proud land of the brave!
 In the clouds of the west—
 With its height-vestured form,
 Like a seraph at rest!
 On the brow of the storm,

And a gem shines afar,
 In its home upon high—
 Horri's patriot star!
 In thy cold winter sky;
 Like that rainbow of light—
 It is beaming alone,
 In loveliness bright,
 From its cloud-circled throne.

Thus, O'CONNELL! thy glory—
 And thy hallowed name,
 On the page of our story,
 The wreath of our fame—
 Unclouded shall bloom;
 While around thy cold urn,
 Like a star o'er thy tomb,
 Thy proud mem'ry shall burn.

Oh! bright as the beacon of hope in the skies,
 Are the patriot virtues around thee which shine;
 No shade of ambition their brilliancy dyes—
 Embalmed in the fount of the heart's holy
 shine.

Then onward, sage chief! let thy future deeds be
 As great and as glorious, 'till ruinous is won;
 And thy country and senate shall hail thee when
 free,
 In words of high triumph, their hero and son.
 CAROLAN.

STANKAS,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS DERMODY.

Erin! the brightest flower that bloomed
 Upon thy fair poetic wreath,
 Is darkly withered and entombed,
 Blanched by the whirlwind's wintry breath.
 O DEATH! the fairest and the best
 Own earliest thy relentless power;—
 Thy shaft has thrilled the noblest breast
 That ever braved thee, in thine hour!

Rest, hapless Minstrel! though no more
 Shall Erin listen to thy strains—
 Yet Erin weeps in sadness o'er
 The grave that shrouds thy cold remains.
 Thy harp is silent! o'er thy sleep,
 Hung on the withered willow-tree,
 Its sadly sighs in murmurs deep,
 Its note of woe—the fate of thee!

Peace to thy rest! but memory
 Shall record on her living scroll
 Thy name—thy fate—your DERMODY!
 And the wild strains that swelled thy soul!
 But may thy soft—thy transient light,
 Lone star! in proud resplendence rise,
 Enrobed in glory far more bright,
 To shine in higher, purer skies!

F. M. P.

Litchfield, (Conn.) 1829.

TO A COQUETTE.

Go, muse, and tell you faithless fair,
 Whose smiles have filled my soul with care,
 The struggle's past—the danger's o'er—
 My flame is quenched—and love no more
 Shall burn my breast with glowing fires,
 Or mad my brain with fierce desires!
 The cold—the icy hand of death
 Now grasps my heart, and stops my breath!
 The man who from thy beauty fled—
 Overtaken by thy voice he dies.

But think not—ah! too cruel maid!
 When in the clay-cold grave I'm laid,
 That thou shalt long enjoy repose;
 To triumph o'er thy lover's woes!
 My angry ghost shall thee attend
 As closely as thy bosom friend—
 And in the silent hours of night,
 Fill thee with terror and affright!
 Within thy chamber, left alone—
 'Twill pierce thine ears with piteous moan!
 And when thy eyes are lock'd in sleep,
 Raise visions from the "vasty deep!"
 The church, the play, the massey ball,
 Henceforth shall yield thee nought but gall,
 For still my vengeful spirit there,
 Shall sting thy bosom with despair,
 And teach thee, when it is too late—
 A truth as clear—as fixed as fate—
 That she, whose voice *is false to me*,
 Can be sincerely *true to none*.

WERTER.

Moore's treat, Nov. 1829.

THE IRISH SHIELD

AND

MONTHLY MILLESIAN,

A HISTORIC, LITERARY, AND DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

EDITED BY GEORGE PEPPER.

"Whate'er may be our humble lot,
By foes denounc'd—by friends forgot—

Thine is our soul—our sigh, our smile—
GEM OF THE OCEAN—LOVELY EMERALD ISLE."

NO. XII.

FOR DECEMBER, 1829.

VOL. I.

HISTORY OF IRELAND.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE REIGN OF JUGHAINÉ THE GREAT.—HIS CONQUESTS.—PARTITION OF IRELAND INTO TWENTY-FIVE MILITARY DISTRICTS FOR HIS SONS.—HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

JUGHAINÉ-MORE, or Hugony the Great, of the House of Heremon, having triumphed over his predecessor as related in the last chapter, was solemnly invested with regal authority, at Tara, A. M. 3587. He had a mind enlightened by genius, and elevated to the loftiest aspiration of military fame, by a daring and insatiable ambition. As soon as the rejoicings and festivities of his coronation had subsided, he passed over into Albania with a military force, chastised the Picts, who then had manifested disaffection to his government, and levied large contributions from the entire colony. The fame of his power and exploits, spread over the continent of Europe, so that all the sovereigns, of this epoch, were desirous of his alliance and friendship. He shortly afterwards, with a splendid retinue of knights and minstrels, visited the court of Gaul, where he married the fair *Casaria*, surnamed *Crotack*, or the lovely, the daughter of the monarch of that country.

When he returned to his kingdom with his beautiful Queen, he summoned the national estates to a solemn convocation at Tara, to whom he announced his projects of conquest, and his plans of enriching the empire by the accession of foreign territory. The devoted senators hailed his propositions with acclamation, and immediately gave the devised measures of the ambitious monarch their sanction. Availing himself of their pliant subserviency, and the ready disposition they had manifested to approve of his designs, no matter how unconstitutional, he boldly exacted from them a most solemn oath, which they swore on the smoking oblation, on the sacred altar of the sun, by the throne of that great deity, "*by the moon, stars, and by Neptune—to bear true and undivided allegiance to him and his posterity, in exclusion of the other royal houses of Ireland.*"

Vol. I.—55.

When this illegal and unwarrantable procedure on the part of the king^a was duly confirmed by the acquiescence of the national assembly, Jughaire, previously appointing his wife Queen Regent of Lreland and Albany, embarked with a large fleet, and after a short passage, effected a landing in Sicily.

The inhabitants of this island, not being able to resist such a warlike invader, submitted to whatever terms the conqueror thought proper to dictate to them. After leaving a colony in the island of Sicily, he thence sailed to Carthage, in order to assist the Carthaginians, his allies, in their wars with the Romans.† Our annalists speak in glowing terms of eloquent enthusiasm, of the heroic bravery of the Irish monarch and his soldiers in several battles with the Romans, and assert that the Carthaginian chiefs, as a reward for the valour and services displayed by Hugony in their cause, ceded to him the islands of Sardinia, Majorca, and Mi-

* "This was a memorable revolution in the form of the executive government. The kings of Ireland derived no rights from genealogical succession, by primogeniture:—nor was it sufficient to be of the royal line, unless they made their way to the throne by what the world too frequently denominates great actions, without entering into the worthiness of the motives. The ancient government of Ireland was a mixed monarchy, wherein the kings were elected out of a certain royal family."—*Dissertation on the History of Ireland*.

"The government of Ireland was at first divided after the manner of the ancient Gauls, into several petty states, with a head king elected over each of them. This was a kind of government which they derived, probably, from the Patriarchs, and was extremely consistent with the essence and genius of true liberty. But during the successive reigns of many Milesian kings, the chief in abilities, and martial skill, of the royal family, was elected to govern, as absolute monarch, the whole nation, with the aid and concurrence of the provincial kings."—WARNER.

"There were two great requisites to entitle a prince to the throne of Ireland; the right of Milesian blood, and the right of popular election."—HARRIS.

"No matter what virtues or qualities an ambitious leader might possess, the want of the royal Milesian blood would exclude him from the throne."—*Vind. of Irish History*.

"There were two things to be considered—hereditary right, and popular election. By hereditary right, any male relation to the deceased monarch, was qualified to administer the chief government of that principality, the founder of which any of his ancestors had been: but by election, one man was invested with that dignity for the period of his life. Nor could those, in whom the power of choosing was centered, elect an alien, but he should be either the uncle, brother, son, or some other relation of the last reigning king. This law being strictly attended to, the sovereign power was conferred on the senior person, as he was thought to be more worthy to fill this elevated station."

O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*.

† "We have already shown the connexions between the Irish and Carthaginians; and there is a passage in Plutarch's life of Timoleon, who was nearly a contemporary with the Irish monarch, which is worthy of attention.

"He tells us, that at the siege of Syracuse, the Greek mercenaries in the Carthaginian army, in times of truce, frequently met and conversed with their countrymen under Timoleon. That one of the Corinthians addressed his countrymen in the opposite army thus:—'Is it possible, O Grecians, that you should be so forward to reduce a city of this greatness, and endowed with so many great advantages, into a state of barbarism, and lend your aid to plant Carthaginians so much nearer to us, who are the worst and the bloodiest of men? whereas, you should rather wish that there were many more Sicilies to lie between them and Greece. Have you so little sense, as to suppose that they came hither with an army from the Pillars of Hercules, and the Atlantic sea, to hazard themselves for the establishment of Ictas?'"

"From the whole, I think we may reasonably conclude, that the Carthaginians procured powerful assistance from Ireland, as well as from Spain and Gaul, at this period: nor do I think I should be censured for rashness, if I were to offer a conjecture, that the *Sacred Cohort*, mentioned by Diodorus, was a select body of Irish troops, whose fidelity and intrepidity could be always depended on. To strengthen this conjecture, as our legions in Gaul were called *Finne-Gall*, and in Albany *Finne-Albin*, (or the militia of Albin,) we may well suppose that the *Fiune-Tornharaig*, or African legions, so often met with in old MSS., means no other than the *Irish Militia* in that service."—O'HALLORAN.

merca, and bestowed upon him the glorious appellation and title of "*Monarch of Ireland and Albany, and all the Western Isles of Europe.*" We cannot, however, adduce any cotemporary evidence, to prove that Hugony performed the brilliant exploits, which some of our historians so confidently attribute to him. We are not aware that any Roman writer, who has narrated the occurrences of the Punic wars, makes mention of an Irish legion among the auxiliaries of Carthage.

But even if the imputed exploits of Jughaine had been all performed, and that, in honour of his victories, his statue stood in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and that his martial deeds were emblazoned on the records of Carthage,—still the devouring conflagration kindled by the second Scipio, would have reduced the marble and the vellum to ashes. The Pyramids of Egypt are but the oblivious sepulchre of that unknown fame, which, it was vainly expected, they would have consecrated to immortality. It was always the policy of the Romans to destroy the monuments and registers of every country, which they had subjected to their arms, lest the momentos of past glory might inspire present insurrection. Hence we may fairly conclude that when they destroyed Carthage, at this juncture, they did not depart from their uniform practice of annihilation, by saving her archives, and writings from the fiery and devouring element.

The discord kindled in Ireland by the rivalry and jealousy of the conquering monarch's twenty-five sons, obliged him to abandon foreign acquisitions, and return to his own kingdom, which he found convulsed by anarchy and dissension. But the presence of the King soon restored order and tranquility. Abuses were rectified by salutary remedies, grievances were redressed, the causes of discontent removed; and thus concord and confidence resulted from the firm, but conciliatory measures which the King had put in active operation.

The better to secure the internal peace of the kingdom, and obedience to the established laws, this monarch, by the advice of a council of Druids and Brehons, parcelled out the nation into twenty-five Vice-royalties, over each of which he appointed one of his sons; to whom he delegated magisterial power, to be exercised at his discretion. By this measure of precaution, the King extended the sphere of monarchical influence, established a safeguard against the plots of disaffection, and held in check the intrigues of the provincial kings. Each of the twenty-five Princes, on setting out for the the district allotted to him for government, was accompanied by a learned and sage Brehon, whom he constituted his prime-minister and supreme judge. But soon after these princes had been thus invested with authority, they began to play the parts of rapacious despots, in their respective districts. Their amercement and rapacity set every principle of justice and equity at defiance. They quartered their soldiers on the inhabitants, and not content with imposing this oppressive burden, they also exacted from

* "Oral jurisprudence prevailed in Ireland in the most remote ages. The distribution of legal justice was for ages engrossed by the Druids and Brehons, who often made laws that were subversive of the rights and immunities of the Irish people, until, after ages of oppression, the great *Ollamh-Fodhla*, penetrating the tyranny which corrupted the stream of justice, gave the Irish a constitutional shield to defend their lives and properties from the aggression of Druidical tribunals. But the most glorious reformations in the legislative code of Ireland, were effected by *Royney Rosgadhach*, the son of Hugony the Great, about 200 years before the Christian epoch."—BISHOP NICHOLSON.

"Before the introduction of written laws among the Irish, when any controversy was to be decided, the Brehon, or vice Druid, used to sit on an immense pile of stones, raised on a high eminence, without canopy or covering, and without clerks, registers, or records, or indeed without any formality of a court of justice; and this afterwards came to be called the Brehon tribunal: and strange as it may appear, the decisions of these rural courts were observed with inviolable sacredness."—WARNER.

"At this era, the revolutions in government were frequent, and the Druidical Brehons applauded every new change with seditious virulence; and, in their judicial capacity, as Brehons, silenced or oppressed, but too often, the voice of justice. They sought every means of imposing on the public, and of rendering their knowledge as dark and cabalistic, as their decisions were violent and arbitrary."—O'CONNOR.

them contributions of money and oxen. The galling inflictions of their grievous dominion became so insupportable, that the people were, at length, emboldened to represent the aggressions of the petty despots to the monarch, who promptly attended to the appeal of his subjects, and had immediate recourse to the most effectual means of suppressing the evils that pressed so heavily on their liberties and fortunes. Such of his sons as were notorious for their despotism, he removed from their stations; and such as he found only partially guilty of the imputed delinquency, he reprimanded in severe terms of admonition, and then, on their making a solemn promise of amendment, suffered them to resume their lieutenancy. Having thus redressed the grievances and remedied the wrongs of which his people complained, the wise monarch proceeded to make a tour through his kingdom. Benificence and improvement marked the footsteps of his progress on this occasion. He every where relieved the wants of indigence—opened a sphere for industry and employment, by ordering the erection of bridges, roads, and fortifications at all places that afforded sites for them.

This laudable conduct of the sovereign, not only set the spirit and genius of the nation into action, but contributed to concentrate around his throne the hearts and affections of his subjects. The good and glorious monarch continued for a series of years to witness, with delight, the growing greatness and happiness of a people, whom he loved as a parent, and by whom he was beloved with the filial feelings of children.

But, notwithstanding the virtues that adorned his reign, and the hold which his amiable character possessed in popular opinion, ambition resolved to use that means which had placed the crown upon his head in depriving him of it—the sword. The feuds and bloody discords that unhappily raged, with unnatural animosity, among the sons of Jughaine, and to which they had all fallen victims except two, encouraged his own brother, *BADHBHCHADH*, to raise the standard of revolt. The event ended in the death of the monarch, in an engagement which ensued, in the fortieth year of his reign, and the seventieth of his age.

But scarce had the conqueror received the druidical benediction, after his coronation, when the two sons of Jughaine, *Laoghairc-Lore* and *Cobhthaigh-Caolnaberg*, effected a counter-revolution, and deprived the uncle of life and throne, in the second day of his reign.

The historic relations which have come down to us of the alleged conquests and chivalric gallantry of Jughaine-More, are no doubt impregnated with the spirit of fiction, and embellished with the glowing colours of poetry; yet, while we would strip the warrior's fame of the fabulous plumage, with which bardic enthusiasm has so lavishly decked it, we must still admire the patriotic King and just Legislator, and accord to him that eulogium, which the highest deserts of regal station, justice, philanthropy, and mercy, emphatically invoke from us as an impartial historian of Ireland.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ACCESSION OF LAOGHAIRE II.—IS MURDERED BY HIS BROTHER, WHO ASCENDS THE THRONE.—THE MURDER OF HIS NEPHEW, AND HIS HORRID CONDUCT TOWARDS HIS GRAND-NEPHEW.

The genius and bravery which *LAOGHAIRE* so conspicuously evinced, in deposing and despatching the regicide, enlisted the good opinion and partiality of the nation in his favour, to such an extent of enthusiasm, that the general voice called him to the throne to the exclusion of his eldest brother. The Druids and Brehons finding it unavailing to stem the irresistible tide of popular prejudice, like the Roman Pontiff, in the case of *NAPOLEON*, had to make a virtue of necessity, and freely give all the solemn pomp of religion to the inauguration of the prince of the people. His elevation implanted in the bosom of his brother, the

most rancorous feelings of envy and jealousy; but he endeavoured for the present to smother the latent fires of malice that wasted his personal and mental energies. On every occasion, he endeavoured to sustain the character of an affectionate brother, in the hope that kind destiny might yet afford him an opportunity of appeasing the angry passions which, in his heart, turned the "milk of human kindness" into the poison of revenge. "But this concealed spirit," says O'Halloran, "sensibly affected his constitution, which increased on hearing of the birth of a grand-nephew; and he became at length so emaciated, as to take to his bed."

The noble-minded King, on hearing of the indisposition of an only brother, whom he sincerely loved, was sensibly touched with affliction, and lost not a moment in paying an affectionate visit of condolence, in which, to make it more respectful and imposing, he was accompanied by his guards and nobles, to his dear Cobhthaigh. When the monarch entered the chamber of his brother, and beheld the ravages which indisposition had made in his face and frame, the tears of fraternal anguish flowed involuntarily through his eyes, from the fountain of a sincere heart. The artful Cobhthaigh, pretending to be moved by the generous concern of the King, said—"Brother, this tender affection wins my heart, and makes me regret that my approaching death will deprive me of an opportunity of testifying the attachment which animates me towards your Majesty; but still, as this may be the last meeting we shall ever have in this world, I am sorry, dear brother, that courtiers should hear the affecting and mournful words of an eternal farewell, or witness the last sad embrace of brothers."

"Dearest Cobhthaigh!" said the confiding monarch, "believe me that my motive in bringing my royal train, sprang from my desire of imparting pomp and eclat to my visit to a brother who shares equally with my Queen and son, the warmest love of my heart; but console yourself with this assurance until to-morrow, when I shall again come to see you, alone and unattended."

Accordingly, on the following day, the unsuspecting King repaired early to the chamber of his brother, and seating himself on his bed-side, he began with the most tender solicitude, to inquire how he had rested the preceding night; but receiving no answer, he was in the act of bending his body over his brother, to ascertain whether he slept, when the villainous Cobhthaigh, suddenly rising, plunged a poignard into the breast of the monarch, who had only time, before he expired, to ejaculate—"I am murdered!—but Bel shall punish you for the treacherous deed!"

The cruel fratricide, with his infamous accomplice, the Arch-Druid, having previously won over the interest of the army, found no difficulty in silencing the murmurs of the people. The assassin was crowned on the stone of destiny, at Tara, by the hands of his iniquitous minion, A. M. 3619. But the flagitious fratricide had still to wade deeper in kindred blood, before his guilty mind could reach the resting-place of imagined security.

His nephew, Oilliol, and his infant son, *Maon*, (or Mahon) were still living: and he thought that while they had existence, his throne tottered on a slippery foundation, and that he only held the sceptre by a supple and tremulous grasp. To remove this cause of terror and apprehension, he and his diabolical minister, the Druid, hired villians, who inveigled him to the top of the mountain of *Magh Breag-Didkiod*, (now the Dargle*) in the county of Wicklow, whence they precipitated him in the yawning chasm below, where he was drowned.

* POWERSCOURT, the princely residence of Viscount Powerscourt, is situated in the county of Wicklow, at the distance of twelve miles from Dublin, and presents to the admiration of the traveller a charming combination of picturesque and romantic scenery. Powerscourt, and all its manors, formed part of the immense possessions of the O'Moore, of Leix. The Virgin Queen made a grant of Powerscourt, and its dependencies, to Sir Richard Wingfield, the ancestor of the present noble proprietor, who was marshal of Ireland at the accession of James I. Powerscourt House is an elegant spe-

The infant Prince, Mahon, was now the only obstacle in the bloody road of atrocious ambition. His horrible treatment to this Prince was marked with such a refinement of cruelty, that we shall detail it in the language of the venerable Keating.—

“When the sanguinary tyrant sent for the child, he forced him to eat part of the hearts of his father and grand-father; and to torture him the more, he caused him to swallow a living mouse, and by such inhuman methods, resolved to destroy him; but, by a strange providence, the child was so affrighted by these barbarities, that he seemed deranged; and by the convulsions and agonies he was in, perfectly lost the use of his speech—which, when the usurper perceived, he dismissed him with his life, for he thought he would never recover his senses, and therefore could not be able to assert his right to the crown, or give him disturbance in the government.”

The ruthless usurper came to this conclusion by the advice of the wicked Arch-Druid, who exercised with impunity the most domineering ascendancy over the weak but vicious mind of the tyrant.

But the sequel of the next chapter will furnish another exemplification of the omnipotence and omnipresence of that watching providence, that never fails, sooner or later, to smite guilt with the bolts of retributive vengeance, and to light for justice a torch, by which she can discover the perpetrators of murder in the darkest recesses of concealment.

The friends of young Mahon secretly conveyed him to the court of *Scorial*, King of Munster, where he found a safe and friendly asylum—and where the sympathy and kindness of that monarch bestowed their assiduous solicitude in

cimes of Ionic architecture; and, like the Bank of Ireland, the Lying-in Hospital, and the Dublin Society House, stands as a lasting monument of the Palladian taste of Mr. CASSELL, the famous architect. This edifice stands on the acclivity of a mountain, which elevates its oak-plumed crest far above the embattled turrets of the castle. The plastered front, of chiselled stone, embellished with window-frame mouldings, sculptured architraves, and entablature decorations, at once pleases the eye, and fills the mind with admiration. The garniture of groves, and the grassy glades that spread flower-embroidered carpets beneath the waving shade of vivid foliage, overhanging a winding river, finely contrast architectural pomp with floral beauty. The Egyptian banquetting-hall, in this house, is as spacious as it is unique and magnificent. Its superb furniture, its figured draperies of damasked crimson, its living pictures, its breathing statues, its Grecian carpets and Mosaic ceiling, as well as the reflective flood of coloured light that its mirror-constellated walls pour over its imposing *tout ensemble*, all tend to impart the radiant air and illusive enchantment of eastern splendour to the scene, and make the delighted beholder imagine, that he stood in the gorgeous pavilion which Cleopatra had fitted up for the reception of Cæsar. At each end there is a gallery supported by Corinthian columns, and beautified by a gilt balustrade. The immense park intervening the house, and the water-fall, is as it were divided by rows of stately oaks, into rural aisles and choirs. You enter it through a portal, formed by a mountain chasm, opened by some concussion of nature, and arched by the knitted branches of trees. On every side of the vale, through which a meandering river winds its devious course over a rocky channel, mountain cliffs, clothed in forest vesture, elevate their summits to the skies; and, as you advance, the scene that opens to your view is terminated by a huge amphitheatre of wood, from the impending eminence of which, at the height of many hundred feet, the limpid cascade of the Dargle rushes stupendously out, like a torrent of molten crystal, dashing its impetuous waves over rocks and precipices of emerald, and then tumbling down headlong into the abyss below. The traveller who ascends the towering peak called the *Lover's Leap*, shall be repaid for his trouble by the picturesque prospect he will enjoy. The expansive sheets of undulating wood outstretched before him, the rocky spires capped with sky-mists, the distant limits of domains of Tinnahinch, Miltown, and Charleville defining the outlines, while the round-towers of Glendalough, the castle of Rathdrum, and the gray cliffs of the Scalp, fill up the body of the landscape picture with the vivid tints of animation and form. To look down from the elevation, on the turbulent chasm at the foot of the rock, is truly fearful; so that the romantic maiden, who, in the madness of disappointed love, precipitated herself into its yawning depths, has as great a claim on immortality as Sappho.

contributing to his happiness and comfort, and in perfecting his mind in all these solid and graceful accomplishments of education, which alone give lustre and eminence to the character of a Prince.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.—No. I

MICHAEL ANGELO.

"Surely," observed a friend to us the other day, "you are not going to claim Michael Angelo, for your countryman?" "Certainly not!" said we, "but as genius, like the sun, is the property of all climes which it cheers and vivifies, we wish, in consequence, to raise our humble statue of the immortal Painter of the LAST JUDGMENT, to one of the biographical niches of the 'IRISH SHIELD.'"

Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, the master-spirit of design—the matchless sculptor—the creative architect—whose mighty genius reared the dome of St. Peter's to the skies, and diademed the Christian cross with the jewellery of heaven—was born in the castle of Chiusi, in the territory of Arezzi, in Tuscany, A. D. 1474.

His father was a gentleman of family and respectability.—He, immediately after his birth, was sent out to nurse, to a woman at the village of Settiniano, whose husband was a sculptor, a circumstance which gave origin to the noted saying, respecting the illustrious subject of this memoir, that "*he sucked in sculpture with his milk.*" As soon as little Michael was able to walk alone, the workshop of his foster-father was his favourite resort, and the mallet and the chisel became his favourite and amusing playthings. Here he manifested the first indication of that mighty genius which afterwards astonished the world,—here the child carved baby-heads from splinters, who was the destined gigantic sculptor to impress the colossal image of the gods upon rocks of marble!

When he returned to his father's house, in his sixth year, he became so unhappy by the deprivation of his wonted delightful amusement, that his parent and his tutor dreading the effects of melancholy on his mind, judged it prudent to permit him to spend an hour every day in the sculptor's shop. In the tenth year of his age, he made such a progress in the art of sculpture, that he cut out of marble several human and animal figures; consequently, we may assert that his love of sculpture was instinctive. In order to indulge his enthusiastic propensity, his father procured some antique models for him—one of which, the *Fawn*, he copied so successfully, that the celebrated Lorenzo de Medici, on seeing the felicitous effort of the young artist, prevailed on his father to let him devote his future life to sculpture. In consequence of this entreaty, he became the disciple of Dominico Ghirlandaio, who was principal of an academy of Painting and Sculpture, at Florence. Under the instruction of this artist, and the encouraging patronage of Lorenzo de Medici, he made so wondrous a proficiency in the sister arts of painting and sculpture, as not only excited the admiration of his master, but the envy and hostility of his fellow-students, whose fame he had eclipsed, and above whose competition his genius towered. The jealousy and deadly resentment of one of them, Torcigiano, drove him into so ungovernable a rage of passion, that he inflicted a deep wound on Angelo's nose, which left a disfiguring mark on it that he carried with him to his grave.

While he was making gigantic strides in the career of improvement, the disturbances and dissensions of the house of Medici, compelled him to remove to Bologna, where he did not sojourn long, but went to Venice, and there studied for some time, and furnished the design of the bridge of the Rialto. Tranquility being restored in Florence, he came back to that city, then the emporium of the fine arts, where he continued his application to painting and sculpture, with unwearied diligence. It was at this period, in order to ascertain whether he could imitate the *antique*, so as to deceive the incredulous critics, that he made his celebrated image of

Cupid, which he carried with him to Rome, and after breaking off one of its arms, which he retained, buried the mutilated statue in a place which he knew would soon be excavated. As he expected, his Cupid was shortly afterwards disinterred, and brought by the workmen who found it, to Cardinal St. Gregory, a great lover of the antique. No prize could have been more acceptable to his Eminence than this—as he thought it could be no other than a *chef d'œuvre* of Phidias or Praxiteles, so that he cheerfully paid to the fortunate finders, a large sum for the little god. But the happy exulting artist, as soon as the first transports of the credulous Cardinal had subsided, produced, as much to his Eminence's confusion, as to the sculptor's credit, the deficient arm, which caused the silly pretension of the Cardinal to judgment in the antique, to be a butt for laughter and ridicule during his subsequent life.

This artifice attracted great fame and notice to the talents of Angelo. Pope Julius II. employed him to lavish all his skill on the sculptural embellishment of his tomb. After completing this structure, he was reluctantly obliged to commence adorning the walls of the Sistine Chapel, and of the chambers of the Vatican, with fresco paintings, which, though his first efforts in that branch of the art, are its glory and miracle. It is said that Raphael, growing envious, instigated the Pope to assign this task to Angelo, as he dreaded his rising celebrity, and hoped that his failure in fresco painting, with which he was very little acquainted, would cast him into the shade of obscurity and neglect. But his envy only gave new plumage to the pinions of his rival's fame, and served to light a splendid torch in the sublimity of his genius, whose discriminating blaze convinced the Roman critics, that in originality of conception and grandeur of design, Angelo bore away the palm of perfection from his competitor, Raphael. Raphael, no doubt, excelled him in the play of light and shade—in elegant simplicity, grace of colouring, and truth of nature. Raphael, it is true, would descend, in trifling detail, to paint the wings of a butterfly; but the soaring genius of Angelo could only repose on the pinions of an archangel, from which it would

“Glance from earth to heaven—from heaven to earth.”

for his daring sublimity, and magnificence of conception, were too gigantic to be borne by the still elements of tameness and minute littleness.—“He,” says Sir Joshua Reynolds, “carried painting into the regions of poetry, and he emulated that art in its most adventurous flights; for the grandeur of character, air, and attitude, which he threw into all his figures, and which so well corresponds with the magnificence of his outline, is the original creation of a sublime poetic imagination.”

His genius formed, indeed, a new epoch in the history of the art; for his mighty designs, grasping, as it were, in their eagle talons, time, space, natural and supernatural agency, roused the emulation of Raphael from its inglorious slumber on the prototypes of Pietro Perugino. We are told that while Angelo was occupied in painting the Sistine Chapel, that Raphael, through the treachery of Bramante, an inferior artist who attended the great Painter, obtained admission, and on beholding the graphic delineations, he was at once seized with the spirit of wonder and emulation—for the next picture he produced, the Prophet Isaiah, was in the style and manner of Buonarroti.

As an accomplished architect, the great church of St. Peter's is the noblest monument of architectural genius that the modern world exhibits:—as a sculptor, the embellishments of the tomb of the Duke of Florence—his groups in the palace of Farnese,—and the basso-relievos of St. Peter's, surpass the happiest efforts of the modern chisel:—as a painter, his most excellent performances are, “*The Crucifixion*,” and that sublime and matchless effort of the graphic muse, “*The Last Judgment*,” which adorns the chapel of Sixtus V. in the Vatican at Rome. To this wonderful picture, he devoted eight years; and as it is superior

for the magic of its drawing—enchantment of design—palpableness and breath of local tint, as well as fascinating mystery of reflex;—so it is for its striking exhibition of every muscle and limb of its figures, which are entirely naked. When this immortal painting was finished, Biagio of Cerenna, the Pope's master of the ceremonies, and the friend of Raphael, filled with envy and malice at the bursts of surprise and admiration that resounded through the chapel, petulantly observed, that "so immodest a picture was more suitable for the temple of Venus, than for an edifice consecrated to the worship of a virgin-born God." But the indignant artist amply revenged himself for this impudent and spiteful sarcasm, by painting the portrait of the man of bows, bends, and obeisances, exceedingly like, representing him as a demon in Hell, with ass's ears, encircled with fire-breathing serpents. The exhibition of this grotesque picture drove the hapless Zoilus mad. The Pope frequently entreated Angelo to deliver the poor master from this state of torment; but he always alleged as an excuse to his Holiness, that the master might have been redeemed by repentance and punishment, if he had only been in Purgatory, but as he was doomed to the hell of the wicked, he could not entertain even the hope of redemption. A late elegant and intelligent traveller, who viewed, with admiration and amazement, the sublime composition of the "Last Judgment," states, that its contemplation awakened feelings of awe and terror in his mind, and that, while he stood before it in mute reverence, his very blood was chilled—and for some moments so powerful was the illusion, that he felt as if all he saw was living reality; and that, to his imaginative ear, the sounds of the painted trumpet conveyed a note of appalling terror.

This matchless paragon of genius loved to muse in solitude;—and on being once asked why he did not mingle with the happy and the gay, he replied, that "*Painting was jealous, and required the whole man to herself.*" Perhaps he was the most original painter that ever impressed sublimity on canvass; all his creations were generated in the inexhaustible source of his own plastic mind, which enabled him to raise gods and men of his own formation, from the dust and breathe into them the animating fire of his inspiration. This great artist was honoured and respected by all the princes of his time, and posterity will continue to reverence his genius and every succeeding age shall add freshness to the bloom and beauty of the votive wreath, with which fame has crowned his bust, in the temple of immortality.

He discontinued painting in the seventy-fifth year of his age;—and as he died at Rome, A. D. 1563, after completing his ninetieth year, he was splendidly interred in that city, at the sole expense of Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany; but some time after he caused his remains to be conveyed secretly to Florence, and to be deposited there, with great eclat of funeral pomp, in a magnificent monument, enriched and adorned by three imposing marble statues, representing PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and ARCHITECTURE.

EDMORIN AND ELLA—AN EASTERN TALE.

Translated from the French, for the Irish Shield,

By JUVENA.

While India was yet an immeasurable forest, and her sparkling diamonds lay undisturbed in the mine, concealed from European avarice,—while her flowers blushed untrodden by the invader, and her perfumes were inhaled by her innocent inhabitants, a tribe of aborigines took up their residence in a sequestered valley, adjoining the sea, where a fragrant shade of orange and date trees agreeably admitted the odorous breathing of the summer zephyrs. EDMORIN, a gallant chief, whose fame was borne throughout all India by the voice of praise, was the elected chieftain of this erratic colony. His valour, humanity, and amiable disposition, gained for him unbounded popularity among his followers. Beyond the ridge of lofty mountains, which encircled this peaceable and fertile valley, were situated another clan, with whom Edmorin and his tribe had long been at war.

In the different battles that were fought between these hostile Indians, the chivalrous heroism of Edmorin commanded victory; in the fierce fight, his arm withered all his foes, like the lightning of the thunderbolt blasting the angry waves, and no opposing thief had the courage to meet him single-handed in the martial combat. His arrows were often known to soar out of sight, even until they seemed to lodge in a quiver of clouds; his speed surpassed in rapidity the swiftness of the rein-deer; and the manly and elegant proportions of his person, were as exact and graceful as the tall cedar that lifts its green head over the pigmy trees of the forest. His manners were as gentle as the wooing nightingale, and as bland and mild as the first blush of the morning rose, when kissed by the sun-beam. His bosom was the shrine where goodness and charity were devoutly worshipped by all the noble passions of humanity. He was a lion in war, but a dove in all the other amiable relations of life. He governed his people with justice and gentleness. But he did not suffer his soldiers to slumber in apathy—he compelled them to observe the most rigid discipline; so, that like Caesar's legions, they were in the midst of peace prepared for war. He invented upon plans of his own construction, new weapons, and martial instruments, for defence in war; and athletic sports and games for the entertainment of the tribe. With the bark of the fir, and the rind of the toughest trees, he formed a light species of shield; and contrived to fix a flint with such expert dexterity in the string, as enabled it to kill at the most distant mark.

Edmorin was enamoured of solitary retreats, where his heart would vibrate to the melody of the birds, and his senses derive pleasure from the fragrance of the flowers; and though the polish of education never brightened his intellect, nature endowed him with refinements and gifts of sensibility that often reached a grace of intelligence, which scattered the blossoms of modesty over the rugged surface of his unlettered understanding. He would sometimes delight to sequester himself in the deepest retirement of his bowers, and appear ingeniously desirous to explore the hidden mysteries of nature.

At length, however, his heart fell under the stroke of dejection; his spirits suddenly forsook him, and his mind brooded over the grave of past happiness;—his eyes, which once sparkled with the beam of gladness that irradiated his soul, were clouded with the gloom of grief, and his former smooth brow ruffled with the wrinkles of anxiety. While in this wood of sorrow, he would often cast his eyes around him, and view the fair valley smiling in flowery luxuriance, with its trees arrayed in variegated blossoms, and bending to the earth under the load of their luscious fruit. At such a moment he could not help asking himself—"Why this despondency? what is the cause of my discontent? Here all enjoy happiness, but the sad-souled lord who sways this halcyon vale. O, Edmorin! wherefore dost thou repine, and in the very bosom of earthly felicity? Art thou not the monarch of a thousand warriors, whose lives are devoted to your interest—who would all willingly die to preserve thy existence? It is not female beauty can charm away the spirit of languor from thy mind, for the loveliest maidens of Circassia—the most voluptuous nymphs of Persia are ready to minister to thy enjoyment: what, then, desponding chief? can fill up the aching void which yawns in thy bosom?" After indulging some time in these reflections, he came to the determination of quitting the scenes of solitude, and of endeavouring to recover the wonted gaiety of his disposition by mingling among the most joyous and vivacious of his officers, from whose society he expected a balm for the wounds of anguish.

Among those whom Edmorin distinguished with particular tokens of his regard, was an Indian sage, whose name was Ramor. This venerable man was a philosopher of nature, and had acquired his knowledge in her unlettered volumes, and by an unaided application to her laws. He was a patriarch, whom the Edmorineans universally regarded as an intuitive prophet, whom the angel of death spared in pity to themselves. His maxims were esteemed infallible and invariable, and his sentiments were held in the reverence due to divine inspiration. When Edmorin's father was dying, it was his last request to his son to make the counsel of Ramor his directing star in the thorny mazes of life. The chief, therefore, felt towards him much of the reverence and duty of a child; and the old prophet, on the other hand, united an equal degree of the affection of a parent with the loyalty of the subject. To Ramor he unbosomed himself with all the sincerity of a saint in the confessional.

"Alas! good Ramor," said he, "I am the victim of woe, and melancholy has enchained, in her icy fetters, the energies of my mind;—despair is the only vista that opens a dreary prospect of futurity to my view. I shudder to look forward—I dare not look back at the felicity I enjoyed in the days of my youth. Ah, how unhappy is thy Edmorin, O venerable sage! Music has no charm now for my soul; the dulcet notes of the wood-lyrists sound discordant in my ear; the modulation of the stream, the verdure of the spring, the cheering glow of the summer, in my dark and dreary bosom cannot kindle a single ray of delight or pleasure. It is to me no longer a pleasing avocation to glide

along rolling rivers in my light canoe; to stick the plumes of victory to the crown of palm, worked for their victor by the fingers of the loveliest of my women; or with my dogs pursue the chase to the summit of the mountain. Ah, good sire! so I shall call you, I am wretched beyond expression; the malady of my heart cannot be cured by the medicament of friendship; there is for me no light in the blue, bland eyes of the beautiful Circassians; no emotions of love or rapture is awakened by their seducing saresses, or amorous dalliances; all is tasteless and insipid. Ah, father! to thee I fly for comfort; to thee I have flown from solitude, and the evils of my own mind; do, then, console me; tell me how joy is to be restored to my breast; hasten, revered sage, and mitigate the grief and distress of Edmorin!"

The sagacious sage had long studied the temper and disposition of his prince, and was intimately skilled in the characters of men. He regarded Edmorin with a piercing look of observation, and soon discerned the latent cause of his unhappy distemper; and, without any servilities of prostration, thus addressed him in the candid language of simplicity and truth.

"Be the agonies which lacerate the sensibilities of my child dissipated, and the incubus of dejection, that weighs down his joys, removed;—let despair fly from his bosom, for happiness will there again fix her throne, and light up her altars with the incensed torches of love. Listen, then, O prince! to the inspired voice of thy lowly servant. Thou complainest, my son, that the novelty of life is over, and that from the variety of nature thou no longer canst find repose. To what cause, then, can thy misery and inquietude be properly imputed, but to that, which even in the unfading bowers of Paradise, could introduce the evil spirit of anxiety,—to the want of a lovely, elegant, and virtuous companion, whose sympathy would illuminate the darkness of thy grief; whose solicitude would lessen the burden of thy care; whose bosom would sustain thy head on a rosy pillow of bliss;—and whose amiable qualities would shine like unsetting suns in the sphere of thy domestic enjoyment. Thou art unhappy and discontented, not because the excellencies that heretofore engaged thee are in themselves less excellent, but because thou hast no partner with whom thou mayest share the pleasure they bestow.

"Thy mind, my son, is suited to the sweetness of virtuous meditation, and nature has richly endowed thee with the power to discern the sublimity and beauty of her works; but when thy generous curiosity has procured thee instruction, thou wantest one angelic being of congenial sympathies, to whom thou mightest impart the benefits of inquiry. Knowledge is useless unless it is diffused; yet to circulate to those who have neither capacity nor idea to comprehend it, would be as vain as to scatter seed in the Ganges,—a chimerical wildness, equal to his whose vanity and folly prompted him to encircle the head of the bear with a coronet of flowers, and caparison the stupid ass in the gaudy trappings of the noble war-horse.

"Cast, brave warrior, thine eye aloof, and behold on yonder citron tree, the turtle sits sorrowing among the fruit and flower-clad branches; she sees no charm in the smiling prospect around her, and is visibly overwhelmed in the anguish of despondence. Her beloved mate has awhile forsook her; and, in the meridian glow of life and day, thou observest how she pines in pensive sadness! The dazzling sun is to her an orb of darkness, and the lovely earth, in its vernal mantle of light, appears to her eye as if it were enrobed in the funeral habiliments of a weeping widow. Thine, my prince, is at present the desolate condition of that solitary turtle; and a tender object, equal to thyself in gentleness of disposition, in birth, and sensibility of feeling, is indispensably necessary to calm the storms of anxiety, and to pour the soothing balm of conjugal sympathy into thy troubled spirit. But raise thy eyes again, O prince! to the citron tree, and tell me what thou seest?" "I behold, venerable sage, that the felicity of the dove is restored! her fugitive mate is returned! lo, Ramor, how their wings flutter in rapture! oh, how delicious must be the meeting of attached lovers, after a separation! The one seems tenderly to chide, and the other appears anxious to excuse; and, hark, they carol the concert of blissful love! Henceforth, my friend, I will not suffer any of the turtles in my regions to be destroyed; let them be sacred to nuptial attachment."

"Thou hast seen," observed the prophet, "by what means the peace of the bird was restored; and canst thou not form to thyself a similar method, whereby thy own bosom might again bask in the sun of joy?"

"Ramor," answered the prince, "my heart is lightened, and I now feel the cause that has made it a desolate desert; the purity of love, I am certain, can alone confer lasting happiness on my existence."

"Go, my son," rejoined the sage, "and let thine eyes rove among the servants whom thou commandest, and thy reason shall soon exalt some charming, fair, and innocent

virgin to thy bosom, to whom nature has been kind, and virtue bountiful. But my son must distinguish between the intemperance of inflamed desire, and the chastened ardour of an elegant and rational passion. An honourable attachment will restore to every object its pristine charm; the music of the grove will be sweet once more in thine ear; again wilt thou receive consolation from thy wonted source; for the blossom shall seem to wear a livelier bloom, and the sky a brighter blue. Such, my son, are the enchanting effects of a generous and pure love upon the mind that is satiated with solitude, and suited to the enlivening pleasures of society."

These arguments disposed the heart of the chief to cherish the hope of meeting with an amiable being, with whom he could share the joys which the prophet painted in such vivid colours. He who looks to love, and love with honour, will soon find an object worthy of his devotion and attachment. It was not long before Edmorin became enamoured of maiden excellence. He was one day pursuing alone an elk, which he had aroused from a grove of spices, when, perceiving it swiftly bound towards the mountains, which divided his territory from that of his enemy, he pressed in pursuit of it with eagle fleetness, lest it should elude him by sheltering in the groves of Zimber, his implacable foe. The rushing animal was just bounding up the brow of the hills, when the prince discharged his arrow, but by some means or other without success, and his game in the next instant reached the summit, and sprang out of sight. Edmorin, a little vexed at the unusual waywardness of his shaft, was about to return again under the covert of his woods, when his ears were suddenly startled by a shriek, that intimated great distress. He instantly stopped, and found that the imploring voice proceeded from the other side of the mountains; and that which he had too much honour to do from the mere spirit of sport, he had too much humanity to neglect when he might relieve the wretched. He therefore hastily began to ascend the mountain, which he soon crossed; and on descending on the other side, and bending his steps towards the direction whence the complaining sounds issued, he discovered, through the interstice of the trees, a human form extended in disorder upon the ground, under the uplifted paw of a lion. He did not hesitate a second, but darted an arrow from his bow, which fortunately pierced the heart of the ferocious animal; and then running towards it, he completed his conquest by perforating its neck with his poniard, and held it there infixed until the beast expired. His conquest accomplished, he had now leisure to avert his attention to the lovely object whom his courage and intrepidity had so providentially rescued from a tragic fate, and whom he found to be a youthful maiden of the most dazzling beauty. Her elegant and costly attire, which was of the finest skins, and the most spangled plumage, bespoke her of royal rank; and she wept with a pathos of dignified alarm, that infused sublime sorrow into the looks of blue eyes, from which tears flowed glistening like melted diamonds. Although she was still faint, and fearful lest she might have escaped from one disaster by the intervention of another still more frightful to her feelings, yet she recovered herself so far as to express her warmest acknowledgments of gratitude to her brave deliverer, in the attitude of prostration. The prince, raising her gently up, as he perceived her spirits painting alternately hope, fear, and joy, on the blushing bloom of her cheeks, spoke to her in the softest accents of gratulation, and endeavoured to dissipate her apprehensions by the most tender assurances of safety, and honourable protection. Placing confidence on the seeming sincerity of his declarations, the princess Ella, for it was she he saved from destruction, permitted him to conduct her to his hut, where spiced essence, and a little repose, would restore the peace and serenity of her mind.

Edmorin's hut was formed by the hands of an hundred Indian artificers, in an elegant taste and beautiful style of workmanship. It was seated in a flowery vale, where nature had lavishly displayed her bounties in her wildest luxuriance, as if she had designed it for the Elysium of romantic lovers. The most pleasing foliage of the pomegranate, the orange, and the tamarind, invited thither every sylvan songster to warble the notes of love, and build its nest; springs of living water came issuing from innumerable crystalline sources; the flowers, speckled with every brilliant tint and glowing hue, were essenced with the richest aromatic fragrance, in order to attract the zephyr to feast on their sweets, and allure him with their blandishments to repose his sea-drooping pions on their bosom.

As soon as they reached this genii-built bower, Edmorin spread a carpet of the softest skins for the charming Ella, and set before her honied nectar, and the most delicate trophies of his arrow, to court her appetite; but the terrible fright that appalled her whole frame, and the agitation which the abrupt transition from despair to joy produced in her mind, rendered "tired nature's sweet restorative, balmy sleep," more necessary to compose her perturbed spirits.

Edmorin, already captivated by her charms, and vigilant to contribute to that happiness which he now prized dearer than his own, discovering her wishes, hastened with two Circassian slaves to prepare an apartment for her rest. After she had retired to her slumbers, Edmorin determined to remain all night in the adjoining chamber. Often, during the night, would he exclaim,—“O blessed sun! what a divine form—what a seraphic countenance she possesses!—a fascinating countenance, through the starry radiance of whose expression, the purity and innocence of her soul beams in lustrous beauty! How unlike is she to the fairest of the daughters of Georgia and Circassia! Blessed be the moment in which I preserved the loveliest of her sex!”

It was now the dawn of day, and at the moment she awoke, Edmorin hastened to her couch, and bent his body in profound reverence before her. At their meeting glances, the electric spark of mutual love was elicited, while their souls melted within them, and a thrilling pulsation rushed like a transporting tide of rapture through every vein. At length, however, the united impressions of hope and love gave the powers of utterance to Edmorin, who declared, in eloquent terms, the ardour and devotion of the passion with which her grace and beauty inspired him. She heard his professions of fondness, and eternal attachment, with feelings of joy; and she was easily disposed to credit what her heart so affectionately desired, and her blushes spoke what words refused to utter. Growing more confident, she candidly informed him that she fled from the court of her father, rather than wed the man she abhorred.

“My father,” said she, “determined to sacrifice me to Dorin, the cruel chieftain of the mountain: he is as boisterous as the thunder, and merciless as the panther of the forest; but, with the cunning of the fox, has he crept into the smiles of my parent;—and the orders of Zimmer are dreadful as the roaring of a cataract of the Nile: how, then, gallant prince, shall I be sheltered from the anger and fury of my parent, or from the hated importunities of Dorin? I am now thy captive—Ella is thy slave—how, therefore, can she ever be thy wife?”

“New-found spirit of purity and affection!—sweet angel of loveliness! thou art no captive, but the present of the gods to me! In this bosom, my beloved Ella, you will find a sanctuary;—these arms will defend the wife of my heart; so let not a fear of the persecution of Dorin, or the resentment of thy father, cloud the lustre of thy smiles. I shall solicit the friendship of Zimmer, and thou, sweet maiden, shall be the connecting link in the golden chain of our alliance, and those white hands shall light our nuptial torch on the funeral pile of the past hostility of thy father and thy husband.”

Ramor concluded a treaty of peace with Zimmer, and Edmorin and Ella were united, and became the idols of India.

ANCIENT SEPULTURE OF THE IRISH.

The ancient mode of interment among the Irish, bore a strong resemblance to that of the Greeks, which furnishes another strong corroborating fact to sustain the authenticity of our true eastern origin. Embalming was never practised among our Pagan ancestors; for when a chieftain or warrior died, naturally, or in battle, the funeral pile was reared on a lofty eminence, in which the body was consumed; the ashes were carefully preserved, and placed in a golden, marble, or brazen urn,* which was interred in a superb tomb, over which the cairn, cromlech, or tumulus was reared, to immortalize the spot consecrated to the sepulture of the deceased.

About two centuries before the introduction of Christianity in the Island, the monarch *Eocháidh*, who is distinguished in Irish history by the appellation of the *regulator of the grave*, promulgated a law of burial. “He ordained,” says O’Halloran, “that the head should be placed to the west, the feet to the east, and a mound of earth, or mural tomb, placed over the whole.” At this period, the Knights of the Red Branch were immured in a deep grave, whose bottom was paved with white marble; the sides were lined with brick and durable cement, and the surface was covered with a large marble flag, raised on low pillars, resem-

* “It appears that the first and most ancient manner of burying their dead, was that of burning on the funeral pile. They also, like the Hebrews, piled great heaps of stones over the spot where the urn, containing the ashes of the dead, was deposited. Several golden urns have been found under these *cairns*, as they are called.”—WARRER.

bling the table of a Druidical altar: the margins of this flag were ornamented with sculptured figures, emblematic of the chivalrous actions of the deceased; while the inscription recorded, in heroic verse, his martial valour, exploits, and moral virtues. The elegance of the *bas-reliefs*, and cut letters, of some of these tombs which have been discovered in the royal cemeteries of Cong,* in the county of Mayo—of Lismore,† in the county of Waterford—of Bangor, in the county of Down—of Cruachain, in Galway—of Ardferit, in Kerry, and of Kilgowan, in Kildare, demonstrates the perfection to which sculpture was carried by our progenitors, in these dark days of barbarism, when the chisel and the pencil were equally unknown to the naked Britons. The corpse was laid in the "narrow house"

* CONG ABBEY was founded by St. Fechan in the sixth century, on the ruins of the sepulchral fane that entombed the dust of several of the Pagan kings of Connaught. Roderick O'Connor, the last monarch of Ireland, was interred here, but no visible monument proclaims, in marble eloquence, the eulogium of his virtues, or points out his unknown grave. Lady Morgan, in her deservedly popular novel of O'DONNELL, says, "that the monastery of Cong, on the borders of Mayo and Galway, is a model of the finest ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland." Dr. Pococke, whose celebrated travels are known to every intelligent reader, observed in relation to this village of monastic ruins, and the monumental relics of the "wrecks of time,"—"There is a spot in Ireland, that comprises within its verge, more of the loftier features of picturesque beauty, than any one scenic combination I saw in the course of my oriental travels."

† LISMORE furnishes many relics of former glory for the reflection of the antiquary, who wishes to muse amid mouldering porticoes, ruined castles, and crumbling sepulchres. Here Caius Marius would find piles of national ruins as worthy of his philosophic reflections, as any he ever saw among the fallen fanes, and dilapidated monuments of Carthage. The town, which is a flourishing one, is agreeably situated on the river Blackwater, in the county of Waterford, at the distance of 138 miles from Dublin. Lismore was as noted for its druidical temples, and royal tombs, in the Pagan ages, as it has been in the early ages of Christianity for its abbeys, castles, colleges, and royal sepulchres. In the seventh century, St. Carthagh erected a noble abbey and university here. In the middle ages, the fame of the college of Lismore attracted students from Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and England. The site of this town, before the Christian era, was called in Irish, from the great number of its tombs, *Magh sgiath*, or the chosen field of the dead. In addition to its monastic and collegiate ruins, the traveller will also perceive the remains of its seven churches. In the tenth century, the royal author of the Psalter of Cashel, King Cormac Mac Cuillenan, caused a superb mausoleum, finished in all the elegance of architectural and sculptural taste, to be erected here for the receptacle of his remains, after his dissolution; but of this monument there is not now even a vestige to be seen. Lismore, prior to the invasion of the English, was part of the principality of the O'Phenlans, princes of the Deisies. The castle of Lismore was built by King John, A. D. 1185. It is boldly situated on the verge of a rocky hill, raising its gray turrets, perpendicularly, to a considerable elevation above the river Blackwater. The avenue approaching its arched portal, is studded on either side by rows of majestic oaks, which were, it is said, planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, who purchased the manor of Lismore from Myler Magrath, then archbishop of Cashel, as well as prelate of this see. In 1189, the Irish, under M'Carthy More, king of Desmond, demolished this castle, and made captives of its English garrison. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry VII. In our history we shall narrate the different sieges it sustained from the reign of Henry to that of James II. This castle is famous for being the birth place of the renowned philosopher, Robert Boyle; whose father, the Earl of Cork, purchased it from the heirs of Sir Walter Raleigh, A. D. 1621. Lismore Castle now belongs to that liberal and enlightened nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire, whose father had it elegantly repaired and ornamented. Over the gateway, leading to the entrance of the castle, are the arms of the Earl of Cork, in basso relievo; and opposite to this entrance is a fine Doric portico of marble, which was designed by Sir Inigo Jones for the Earl of Cork, in 1644. The noble bridge which the late Duke of Devonshire, at his own expense, built over the Blackwater, is an imposing structure;—the span of the principal arch reaching the extremity of 112 feet. The see of Lismore was united to that of Waterford in 1368, seven hundred and thirty years after its foundation. The Duke of Devonshire is a munificent patron to this town, under whose encouraging auspices it has grown into consequence and respectability.

with his armour on, and his sword, spear, and target were placed by his side.* The name of the knight, or warrior interred, was inscribed on the tablet in the hieroglyphic characters used by the druids, called the *Ogham* epitaph. Many of these sepulchral tablets, bearing the Druidical inscription, have been dug up, some years ago, in the county of Sligo.

Lady Morgan, our illustrious countrywoman, when on a visit at the house of that truly patriotic gentleman, Mr. O'Hara, of Nymphfield, in the county of Sligo, saw, in 1809, and admired an urn which was dug up in the glen of *Knock-na-ree*, or the King's Hill, a part of his domain, where there is an immense pile of huge stones, called the Giant's Grave, raised in a curious manner on the tops of others, which stand perpendicularly, like the pillars of Stonehenge, in England, and serves as the sepulchral monument of Milesian warriors.

"The urn," says her ladyship, "is composed of the finest clay, highly polished, elegantly formed, and exquisitely carved: it was nearly filled with ashes, and a kind of bituminous stuff, over which was placed a beautiful lozenge, of thin variegated marble, once, perhaps, marked with an inscription, now entirely defaced. The urn, most probably, contained the ashes of some Milesian prince, or sacred Druid, to whom, in days of Paganism, this privilege alone was accorded; for when the body of the warrior was consigned to the earth, his entire arms and coat of mail were buried with him: thus the ancient Irish, like the ancient Etruscans, used both modes of inhumation at the same time."

After the hero, Cuchullin, was mortally wounded, at the famous battle of *Muir-theimhne*, (now Mullacrew, in the county of Louth,) fought a century before the incarnation, he commanded his charioteer to drive quickly to *Dundalgun*, (Dundalk:) "there," said the dying champion, "let me die; and let the carraig, cairn, and the two stall stones,† cover the place of my rest, and proclaim to the brave of other days, that he who sleeps below was valiant among the champions of Erin. Lay my shield on my breast, my two spears by my left side, and my sword and bow by my right: as to my fame, the bards of my country will consecrate it in song, and my deeds shall be rolled down to posterity on the tide of *Banbha's* heroic story.‡"

There is scarcely a parish in Ireland without its *giant's grave*, its cairn, its cromlech, and sepulchral tumuli. The Pagan Irish supposed that the spirits of their departed heroes, and Druidical sages, resided in these tombs; so that they were uniformly regarded with reverential respect by the living. On the introduction of Christianity, the missionaries observing the superstitious attachment of the people to these monuments, preached the sublime truths of the gospel in the fane of the Druids, and raised their churches over the graves of royal heroes, gallant knights, and celebrated Druids, which had the effect of propitiating the prejudices of the people, and enlisting their passions under the banner of the cross. The first Christian edifices, erected in Ireland, were generally denominated, in consequence, *Cil*, or *Coil*, in the old Irish, from the Scythian *Kille*, or, rest of the dead. Hence every place of cemetery, where the gospel was first preached in Ireland,

* "Under a cairn at Lismore, some workmen dug up, in 1791, a brazen sword, quite free from rust, formed exactly like that which the venerable Vallancey describes as resembling the Carthaginian swords."—*Hist. of Waterford*.

† Part of a golden tiara was found about sixteen years ago, in the drained bed of Loughadrian, near Pointzpass, in the county of Armagh, and is yet in the possession of William Fivey, Esq."—vide *Stuart's Armagh*.

‡ A brass hatchet, which the ancient Irish called *Tuach-snaught*, and a small spear, or pike, the well known *Loinneach* of the Milesian soldiers, were found in the old abbey of Innis Murray, in the county of Sligo."—*Lady Morgan*.

† It was from the "two tall monumental stones," that were always raised over the tombs of our ancient chieftains, that Macpherson derived the idea of decorating the graves of his *Albanians* with "two gray stones," which he stole out of the quarries of the Irish bards.

‡ *BANBHA* was a name given to Ireland, in honour of one of the Belgian queens. Cuchullin's dying words we have translated from M'Cleary's *Annals of Donegal*.

received the name of *Kille*, and consequently explains the reason why the denomination of so many towns in the kingdom begins with this appellation,—as Killenny, Killarney, Killaloe, Kilrush, and Kilgowan. The large pillar stone of Kilgowan, which is standing on an elevated hill, near Kilcullin, in the county of Kildare, is a singular sepulchral monument. At a distance it looks like the statue of Fingal, in the attitude of planning an attack, with his Irish militia, on the Roman legions. It is ten feet above the ground, and four feet thick, sloping rather to a recumbent position; and on its south side is rudely engraven a cross, in *creux*.

The funeral processions of the old Irish were conducted with great pomp, order, and solemnity. The body was borne on a grand funeral car, richly ornamented with plumes, blazoned palls, and brilliant escutcheons, as well as armorial banners of heraldic splendour, storied with the fame and actions of the deceased. This car was preceded by the Druids, robed in their sacerdotal vestments, and singing hymns;—and followed by the relatives of both sexes, arrayed in deep mourning; after them came the bards, headed by the *Ard-Fhileadh*, or high laureate. When the procession reached the tomb, the coffin was lowered into the vault, and as soon as the Druids performed all the religious ceremonies prescribed by their ritual, the chief genealogical antiquarian, in a narrative poem, recited aloud the pedigree of the family up to Milesias: then the laureate, in a species of elegiac poetry, called *caoine*, or the lamentation, pronounced a glowing and enthusiastic encomium on the chivalry, magnanimity, hospitality, and martial exploits of his dead patron: this was succeeded by a plaintive chorus, breathed from the mournful melody of a hundred harps, attuned to the funeral song, which was succeeded by a wailing howl, whose tide of melancholy music was swollen to an ebb of the most touching and afflicting pathos. The casting of a stone, by every person in the assembled concourse, on the grave, finished the last sad honours of the obsequies;—this pious act concluded the solemnity—pronounced the apotheosis, and raised the monument.

"Among all the arts," says the learned Charles O'Connor, "which wind up the human passions, the legislators of this island found none more effectual than the united powers of verse and song. The mournful elegies sang at funerals by the bards, made such an impression on the hearers, as produced the effects intended; a reverence and imitation of virtue, or of what, in those ages of heathenism, was deemed virtue. This inveterate custom entered so deeply into the manners of the nation, as to outlive, in some degree, all revolutions."

The practice of employing *weeping rhymesters*, at the funerals of the middle classes of the Irish, in some counties, is still prevalent. These sorrowing women, like the mourning Hebrew females mentioned by Jeremiah, follow the hearse, and in a kind of extemporaneous melancholy cry, in which they are accompanied by the plaintive chorus of several other women, who have sweet Irish voices, extol the goodness and nobleness, and lament the dissolution of the deceased, in affecting strains of mournful wailing.*

Not only the arms, but also the rings and amulets of the ancient Irish warriors were immured in the grave; for scarcely a year elapses that one of these talismanic amulets are not found. The Irish, no doubt, derived their superstitious belief in the power and efficacy of charms, from their eastern ancestors; as we learn from history, that the Egyptians, Jews, Arabians, and Persians, were much

* "The female chorus is continued to this day, at the funerals of farmers of the Milesian stock: the custom also exists in the Highlands of Scotland, but so remotely from the original institution,—so debased by extemporaneous composition, and so disagreeable from unequal tones, that no passion is excited."—*Dissert. on Irish History*.

"A faint trait of Druidical superstition still lingers among the Irish peasantry. If a murder is committed in the open air, it is considered indispensable, in every pious person who passes by, to throw a stone on the spot where the victim died, which, from a strict adhesion to this custom, presents a considerable pyramid of stones. These monuments are beautifully and expressively called in Irish *Clogh-breegh*, or the stony heap of sorrow."—*Stranger in Ireland*.

given to this species of supernatural protection. All the Roman ladies wore amulets of various figures, forms, and materials, according to the rank and state which they occupied in society.

"The Irish chieftains," says Lady Morgan, in that truly elegant and national work, '*Patriotic Sketches*,' "disposed by the ardour of their imagination to every illusion of Druidical superstition, held the influential potency of charms in religious estimation. The warrior, or knight, never entered the field of battle without his ring or amulet; and on the fair bosoms of the noblest dames, sparkled the consecrated talisman." A large amulet of gold, elegantly chased, and beaded with pearls, was found by the labourers of Mr. Falkner, in 1803, while digging a trench in his domain, at Castletown, in the county of Carlow. Each side of this antique exhibited a legendary motto, finely engraved, in Gothic letters of the tenth century.

LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF IRISH AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.—No. XII.

JAMES ORR.

"He, by tuneful fancy reared,
Though ever dumb, he sleeps below—
The stillest sigh of anguish heard,
And gave a tear to every wo.
Oh! place his dear harp by his side—
His harp, alas! his only hoard!
The fairy breeze at even-tide,
Will trembling kiss each weeping chord."

DERMODY.

Although JAMES ORR was a legitimate poet, in the literal sense of the term, in the fullest acceptation of the word, as defined in the *Lexicon of Parnassus*—although his inspired productions are imbued with feeling and passion,—lustrous with the spirit of fancy, flashes of thought, and felicity of style—yet no bard or historian, to our knowledge, has emblazoned his name on the shining banner of literary notoriety, or given it a niche in IRISH BIOGRAPHY. Let us, then, have the honour of *quartering* his forgotten merits with those of THOMAS DERMODY, on the *argent* of the IRISH SHIELD; let us rescue his genius from the darkness of oblivion, and tear off, with an indignant, but reverential hand, the moss and weeds that hide his tomb-stone in the cemetery of fame.

In the brief extracts with which we shall intersperse this article, the reader will admire the glow of spirit, the fervour of feeling, and the flow of sentiment, that pervade them. If his diction cannot boast the beauty, or his versification the melody, of Dermody—still we must commend his daring flights of fancy, and the warmth of his passion;—and while we watch the evanescent clouds of monotony fading away from his poetical skies, our patience will soon be relieved by an unexpected view of a vernal horizon, displaying all the brightness, variety, and waywardness, that tinge with mosaic tints the firmamental dome of smiling May.

The life of a minor poet seldom presents any thing of the marvellous or the romantic—the chart of his voyage through life exhibits but few spots of attraction; it is but a tale that unfolds the common-place occurrences which connect the cradle with the grave. Biography should present a picture remarkable for its resemblance to the original, so that with a dramatic unity, beyond the grasp of history, we may recognize in this species of composition, as in the reflection of a mirror, a striking display of the form, feature, individuality, and idiosyncrasy of the hero. In history, the feats of warriors—the revolutions of empires, and the march of events, impregnate its details with interest;—but in biography, the paramount

attraction arises from the manners and actions of the man, forms its leaven, and tends to attach us to him, with glowing pleasure, while it induces us to follow our hero through all the ramifications of his life; thus, in treading in his footsteps, amongst the mazes of his deeds, we cannot help so identifying ourselves with the subject, that, unless he be among the most worthless and corrupt of his species, we insensibly enter into all his views; delighting in his success, grieving for his disappointments, while we part with him at the last page, as with one to whom we had been actually bound through life by the ties of friendship and sympathy. It is with this feeling and spirit clinging to our sensibilities, that we shall endeavour to throw a deciduous garland on the grave of Orr, and offer our humble biographical tribute at the obscure shrine of that neglected memory before which the superior genius of a M'HENRY, or a LAW, should have long since lit an inextinguishable torch of just eulogium, whose splendid radiance would encircle it in the halo of universal fame and popular admiration. But it is time to seize upon and grapple with our subject.

James Orr was born in the parish of Broad-Island, in the county of Antrim, in the year 1770, of parents, who, if ranked in the middle grade of society, might be pronounced respectable. His father was a linen-bleacher; and the fruits of his industry enabled him to support his wife and his only child, the subject of our memoir, in the home-pleasing comforts of competence. He had also a small farm adjoining the little village of Ballycarry, which added to the means of his independent livelihood. In his youth he received a classical education, which, with a liberal share of natural talent, rendered him the Cincinnatus of the Island, to whom all his rustic neighbours looked up for information and instruction. He was brother to the noble minded and patriotic WILLIAM ORR, who was found guilty of being concerned in the Irish rebellion, by a drunken jury, at Carrickfergus, in 1797; and, to the eternal infamy of Lord Camden, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, immolated on one of the sanguinary scaffolds, which, in that disastrous period were daily deluged with the best of Irish blood. Never did death either at Thermopylæ or Marathon—either on the wheel or rack of tyrannic vengeance, extinguish a purer or more devoted heart than that which glowed in the patriotic bosom of the martyred William Orr. If such noble and magnanimous spirits as ORR, TONE, SHEARS, and FITZGERALD, had directed the destinies, and governed the tempest of the premature and disorganized insurrection of 1798, instead of the vain, visionary, and violent demagogues, who, in an evil and luckless hour, were suffered to domineer over the fate of unhappy Ireland, then, indeed, freedom would certainly spring from such a propitious ascendancy; for prudence would have given a preponderating power to patriotism, and glorious results of liberty would have saved the horrified eye of sickening humanity from contemplating the historic muse, recording the sanguinary deeds of an era, that must stand accursed in Erin's calendar, with an avenging pen dipped in the unexpiated blood of the slaughtered brave of Ireland. The illustrious Curran, and the talented Mr. SAMPSON, of this city, were Orr's advocates on his memorable trial for high treason; but powerful eloquence, or all the force of forensic argument, could not avert his fate, or excite feelings of compassion, or justice, in the bronzed breasts of a jury who were set drunk, in order that they might at once commit the flagitious crimes of perjury and murder! But it is time we should return from this digression to our hero.

James being an only child, fraternal, and maternal affection rivalled each other in pleasing and pampering his childish inclinations. The father, as we have already mentioned, being a good scholar, resolved to devote his best endeavours to the moral, social, and intellectual instruction of this dear object of his fondness, whose future eminence he looked to as to the goal of his hope. It, in consequence, became his pleasing task to cultivate the mental soil, so as to fit it for the reception of those seeds of virtue, religion, and intelligence, which never fail, in ground prepared by such a moral tillage, to produce a rich and luxuriant vintage of the benign blessings of a solid education. The boy, at the early age of six years,

gave strong manifestations of precocious talent, and in every succeeding lesson gradually developed those germs of genius, that soon afterwards blossomed out into poetry and patriotism. The delighted father, as he fed the intellectual lamp, that was destined, ere long, to shine the Parnassian luminary of his lonely isle, felt those pleasing sensations that throb and thrill the parental heart, when the docile and dutiful child evinces capacity and apprehension;—as no reward can be so gratifying to the teacher, than the progressive improvement of the pupil; and no employment so pleasant or so useful, to the bosom of sensibility, as that of exciting emulation in the youthful mind. At seven years of age he could read a page in the *Spectator*, a fable in Dodsley, or the story of St. George and the Dragon in the "*Seven Champions of Christendom*."

His ambition increased with his years, and stimulated, with a propelling impetus, the inherent energies of his mind. When he had attained his eleventh year, he could work all the questions in Voster's Arithmetic, and recite, with impassioned energy of mind, and grace of action, all Shakspeare's declamatory speeches. Shakspeare, Milton, and Goldsmith, were his favourite poets; and it is probable that their inspired effusions first touched and elicited his latent sparks of poesy, and smote his congenial mind with the glowing love of song. His passion for acquiring knowledge, was warmed into enthusiasm by the voice and approbation of parental encouragement; so that a mind like his, ardent, susceptible, and aviciously addicted to literature, made the most extensive acquisitions of useful information. In the sixteenth year of his age, his feelings received a severe pang by the death of his beloved parent and instructor. This melancholy bereavement cast a gloomy cloud of grief over his heart, and, for a time, laid the powers of his intellect prostrate at the feet of sorrow. His uncle, the romantic martyr of patriotism—the devoted WILLIAM ORR, prevailed upon him to spend some time at his residence, in order that the united consolation of himself, and his amiable and highly accomplished lady, might mitigate the agony of grief, and pluck from his pensive mind the rankling thorn of affliction. Mrs. Orr, a highly educated lady, was not more beautiful in her personal graces, than elegant and tasteful in her literary attainments, and all those attractive and ornamental amenities, that illuminate the sphere of society, and impart an engaging charm of female manners to the felicity of the domestic circle. The affecting letter,* written by this gifted

* TO HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF CAMDEN :

Madam—Grief like mine needs no set phrases of apology—the sympathy that dwells in your Ladyship's mind will induce you to commiserate my sorrows, rather than criticise my solecisms. Despair and anguish are now my only companions—yet hope bids me look up to you for happiness: A miserable object—a mother and a fond wife—comes praying for mercy to the father of her children! It is the Countess of Camden can snatch that wife, and those children from the brink of despair—from the horrors of death! She holds in her hands the reins of our destiny!—Will her pity suffer us to perish in the abyss of ruin?

Pardon, most gracious lady! the phrenzy of a distracted woman—and listen, I implore you, to the petition of the miserable and heart-broken wife of the unfortunate WILLIAM ORR! I come as a suppliant—a low and humble slave of anguish and distraction, praying your Ladyship's intercession on behalf of the life of my husband, whose existence is dearer to me than my own. You, as a woman, as a mother, and as a wife, with a heart susceptible to every refined and noble impression, with a sensibility alive to every touch of sympathy,—will prove yourself, in this instance, a seraph of mercy. Oh! hear my complaint—and grant one beam of hope to my dark and frantic imagination. You, my lady, are the only person who has it in her power to remove never-ending woe from a wretched individual—to cheer the afflicted heart—to light a beacon in the wilderness of hope—and give comfort and consolation to her that was ready to perish!

Suffer me to assure you that he is innocent of the alleged crime for which he is under sentence of death. O cruel sentence! that will, without your interference, tear me from my husband, and rob my five poor, little unoffending children of their father—the best and tenderest of fathers—the most affectionate of husbands—the kindest and dearest that ever lived! My little innocents join in solicitations for his life; their pure,

and graceful lady, to the Countess of Camden, supplicating a pardon for her husband;—in the incoherent elegance of its language—in the romantic devotedness of conjugal affection which it conveys, in “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” would have done honour to the head and the heart of Lady Russell, or any other heroine who has consecrated her virtue to immortality, by the elevated nobleness of connubial piety.

During the three years which our hero resided at his uncle’s, the friendship and refined taste of this amiable lady, sweetened the acridity of his disposition, regulated his judgment, and polished and fretted down the rough marble of poetic rusticity, to the smooth rotundity of gentlemanly manners, and courteous affability. Under such a genial auspice, the muse of Orr flung away her russet robe, and assumed the Attic costume, while attuning the Irish harp to the strains of inspiration. His sonnets and his elegies were as yet only exhibited in the friendly circles at his uncle’s table, where they were highly lauded; but our bard, feeling conscious that he could make a stand on a more extensive theatre, soon, to try his luck in the lottery of the muses, sent a sonnet, under an anonymous signature, to the Editor of, the then (1796) celebrated *NORTHERN STAR*, of Belfast, which was not only cheerfully inserted, but honoured with an editorial encomium. This elating compliment, from a man like the renowned Samuel Neilson, to whose censorship a Tone, a Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a Hamilton Rowan, the Doctors Macneven, Esmond, and Drennan,—as well as Arthur O’Connor, Napper Tandy, and the amiable and erudite William Sampson, Esq., bowed with deferential submission, completely plumed the hitherto unfledged pinions of our hero, and animated him with the lofty ambition of attempting a soaring flight to that atmosphere, where genius, like the Bird of Jove, loves to gaze upon the effulgence of the sun. He continued for some time to supply the *Star* with pieces of prose and poetry, that attracted general admiration and applause, and thus he exemplified, by another modern instance, how self-taught genius can emerge from the gloom of obscurity, triumph over the opposition of indigence, and, without a herald to announce, or a passport to insure reception, make his way to the temple of fame, and win the favour of the deity’s smile, as he lays his offerings on her altar. His uncle, no doubt, instilled his patriotic principles into his mind, so that latterly his poetry was an emanation of that enthusiasm, which the love of freedom generally inspires in the juvenile mind.

His poetical addresses to the deluded peasantry, who were seduced into the mad insurrection of those who designated themselves “*UNITED IRISHMEN*,” had the tendency of inflaming many a sluggish mind with the mania of the national enthusiasm. We heard from good authority, that he held, in 1797, the office of Secretary to the Antrim Association, of which his uncle was President. It was at one of the festive celebrations of this association, that he sang the popular and truly patriotic song of the “*Irishman*,” which he purposely composed for the occasion.

servent, grateful prayers, will rise as a memorial before the throne of God, and cast a blazoning ray on the page in the ‘*BOOK OF LIFE*,’ in which your mercy shall be recorded by some applauding angel. The lisping tongues of my poor children, shall be taught, with unceasing gratitude, to bless, adore, and enshrine in their hearts the noble and exalted character of the Countess of Camden; and her beloved name will be imprinted on their very souls, never to be effaced! Forgive my importunity! the life of my husband is in your hands—the life of the father of my children is at stake! Despair has almost made me mad! I call on you—in the name of the gentle mercy that warms thy bosom—in the name of that pity which should ever find a refuge in the female heart,—I invoke thee—I beseech your Ladyship, to rescue my husband from death: Thy God will thank thee; humanity will record the beneficent deed in the imperishable register of virtue, and Ireland’s history will immortalize the Countess of Camden, as the heroine of mercy, who preserved the existence of an Irish patriot!

[This Letter had no effect. The supplication of an angel—the eloquence of an evangelist, could not, in the reign of terror and cruelty, have averted the fate of the magnanimous martyr, William Orr.—*Edit.*]

This celebrated song, which breathes a tone of national feeling, that must find a loud echo in every Irish heart, was, after its publication in the "*Star*," attributed to Grattan, Curran, and Henry Flood, and even to *General Washington*! That the finger of supposition might have pointed to the three first personages, was natural; but we believe that the most adulatory eulogists of the illustrious Washington, never imputed to him the literary genius of a Cæsar, or contended that, like Tyræus, his lyre was as effective as his sword, in gaining victories for his country. Let us give the American Liberator what he deserves—the fame of being as prudent as *FABIUS*, but refuse him credit for that which he never possessed, the sublime genius and epic heroism of the magnanimous *NAPOLEON*.

However flattering this song may be to our national vanity, it is still a fair and correct portraiture of our national character—because every martial field records the bravery,—every country, struggling for liberty, received the generous aid,—every popular assembly was animated by the eloquence,—every confidence was sustained by the incorrupted honour,—and every beauty, prizing virtue and valour, has ever been desirous of captivating the heart of an *IRISHMAN*.

TUNE *Five la.*

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air.
Well then may Erin's sons adore
Their Isle which nature formed so fair!
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon great, or past'ral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So gen'rous as an Irishman?—

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide—
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be duped, but won't be dared;—
As fit to practise as to plan,
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;—
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee:—
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he should *your* secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in wo or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;—
Tempt him with bribes, he will not fail;
Try him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety: let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van;—
And if the field of fame be lost,
'Twill not be by an Irishman.

Ever, loved land! from age to age,
Be thou more great, more fam'd and free!
May peace be thine, or should'st thou wage
Defensive war, cheap victory!
May plenty flow in every field;
With gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild,
The breast of every Irishman!

This lyrical effusion, with the toasts and speeches of the convivial party at Antrim, were published in the *Star*, whose editor bestowed an eloquent eulogium on the song, as a composition fraught with the glowing spirit and patriotic sentiment, which then held a popular influence over the public mind in Ulster.

It was at this period he had to repair to the death-bed of his beloved mother, at her rural cottage, in the little hamlet-village of Ballycarry, where with filial piety, he closed her eyes and dropped a shower of heart-flowing tears on her grave. Death having thus interposed a sombre cloud to obstruct the rays of paternal affection from beaming its sunny smiles on his genius, his mind became the prey of melancholy, and the fetters of icy despondency seemed to have been riven on his faculties by chilling apathy.

He loved his mother with the most tender affection; and the following "LAMENT," will show how sensibly her death agonized his heart.—

Eternal Sire ! the gracious source
Of all the good I want to know !
The solace that my soul implores,
From thee immediately must flow.
The saint who soothed my ev'ry care,
In seasons less severe than this,
Of immortality the heir,
Is basking in the bowers of bliss.
At yonder temple, wreck'd and waste,
My sacred mother rests in earth ;
Inert the heart that once was grac'd
With ev'ry gem of female worth.
Divine good nature, pleas'd though pin'd,
Simplicity, that fear'd no guile,
And charity, devoutly kind,
Did in her breast serenely smile.
The poor man, weeping, marks the cot
Where long her hand dispens'd his dole ;
The penitent points out the spot
On which her voice reclaim'd his soul.
For while the virtues of her soul
Increased through life that ne'er knew crime—
She reach'd as near perfection's goal
As earth-born heart had power to climb.
Yet, trusting all to love divine,
She humbly said—" I surely see,
Salvation shall to-day be mine,
But not through merit found in me."
That hour you left me pain to prove,
You best of parents, good and kind !
Who felt as much maternal love
As ever glowed in human mind.
More than your own my weal you sought—
More than your own you prized my fame ;
Your last faint grasp my fingers caught—
Your last low breath pronounced my name.
Nor does one hour of any day
Elapse without a sigh for thee !
Time can't the attachment wear away,
Nor long and vast eternity.
And if, like thee, that awful ev'n,
O'er death I triumph at my end,
How 'twill enhance the hope of heav'n,
That there I'll meet my first best friend.
There shine the great, the fam'd, the flow'r
Of all who died since Adam's fall ;
Yet I will seek thine humble bow'r,
And prize thy shade above them all !

Through life thy pattern I will mark,
 Through death's dark vale thy steps I'll tread—
 As Israel's host, o'er deserts dark,
 By light from heav'n were homeward led.

After paying the last sad offices of filial duty and love, to the obsequies of his dear departed mother, he returned to his uncle's, where Mrs. Orr's kind attentions again soothed the anguish, and alleviated his sorrow, by the balmy consolation of that sympathy,

“———Which drops on wounds of wo,
 From woman's pitying eye.”

A few days subsequent to his return, his unhappy uncle was arrested, found guilty of high treason, and then immolated as one of the innumerable holocausts, with which the zealous but fatal hallucinations of the misguided and reckless “*patriots of 1798*,” loaded the scaffolds of Irish martyrdom.

The bard, terrified at the tragic fate of his uncle, fled for refuge to Belfast, where he, fortunately, found a ship on the point of sailing for America, in which he embarked.

When he arrived, in 1799, in this capital of the new world, he, like many a sanguine emigrant, expected to muse in vernal bowers—to be greeted by lovely nymphs,—to roam through Elysian gardens, where no dragon of royalty guarded the Hesperian fruit, and where he thought, credulous man! the fostering pinions of the American eagle were always extended over the head of genius. Here he anticipated the home of his pilgrimage—the Mecca of his wishes—the fabled-land of promise—where fame was ever ready to conduct her votary over a flowery pathway, to the temple of wealth.

But the residence of a few months in his *Utopian* Arcadia, dissolved the illusion, withered the laurels and myrtles that bloomed in imagination, and turned the fancied Paradise into a wild of pines, poplars, and cedars, under whose shade no Pindar could ever touch the lyre of inspiration, or an impassioned Sappho, except the venerable Mrs. Royall, pour out the strains of wailing love.

During his short residence in New-York, he gave a feeling expression to his disappointment and blasted hopes, in several poetic effusions, which were published in the “*COLUMBIAN*.” Some of these pieces breathed the very spirit and feeling of pathos. On inserting one of these pathetic wailings, the editor of the *Columbian* remarked—“This production, which is the offspring of a mind of sensibility, is from the pen of Mr. James Orr, lately arrived in this city, from the north of Ireland. We could wish that his writings were better known.”

But his pen could procure him no emolument in America; and therefore, in the spring of 1800, when the *UNION* dispelled in Ireland the effects of the troubles of 1798, our hero returned to his native land, a determined abjurer of republicanism, and took quiet possession of his little patrimony, in Broad-Island.

In 1802, at the request of several friends, he published a volume of *Poems*, by subscription, which extended his fame, but brought no accession to his fortune. For some years afterwards, scarcely any thing occurred in his career, worthy of biographical record. His favourite amusement, for a considerable period, was reading and writing. In 1806, he contributed largely to the Belfast *News-letter*, where his poetry and essays, were so distinguished by their gloss of fancy, and originality of thought, as to gain warm applause from the public, for the author. His sylvan cottage, at Ballycarry, like the portals of the Milesian chiefs, was ever open for the reception of indigent genius; and if an aged Minstrel, such as an O'Neil, a Quin, or a Hampson, approached it with the beloved emblem of Erin, vibrating the national anthem,—generosity, more liberal than his means, touched his heart, and patriotism, unwarped by avarice, extended his friendly hand, offering the hundred thousand welcomes of Irish hospitality, to the coming guest.

As he never sought the blessings of wedlock, home had not for him the beguiling charms of "love in a cottage," so that his exertion, genius, or industry, was not moved by those impulses, which the solicitude of conjugal and parental affection calls into action, in the hallowed sphere of sweet domestic enjoyment. We believe, what is certainly a strange paradox, that his muse never offered, even in a sonnet, any homage to love and beauty; for among all his productions, we could not find a "woful ballad, made to his mistress's eye-brow;"—a fact, which proves that love is not indispensably necessary to the production of fine and fanciful poetry. He possessed a vein of delicate ridicule almost peculiar to himself—but the shaft of satire, though acute, was never barbed with personality, yet it was pointed so keen by classic elegance, that while he was wounding an adversary, one would imagine him only tilting in the tournament of raillery. His society was courted by several respectable families in the neighbourhood—for in company, he was generally cheerful and communicative—always the instructive, the equal, and unassuming companion; and his urbanity of disposition appeared in him, but as the natural impulse of a mind ever willing to please and to be pleased. His visit to America completely changed his political principles, and transferred the red-hot republican into the ardent advocate of the "divine right of kings." Several years of our hero's life thus glided away on the smooth current of literary amusement and social pleasure. In 1812, on Patrick's day, he was specially invited to dine with a large and respectable party of the "Belfast Harp Society," for which occasion he composed the following song:

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

As winter concludes the outrageous commotion
That ravag'd rude nature, now sooth'd and serene;
As beauty returns to the bosom of ocean,
And skies become azure, and landscapes grow green:
So, emblem of Erin! the spirit of party
Recedes from her borders, with bigotry vile,
While thousands of patriots in *pacans* thus hearty,
Salute Patrick's day, in the sanctified Isle.

While peer and plebeian—while ev'ry gradation
Of rank, pow'r, and property, welcome the day,
In serving our land we're of one occupation—
Our badge is the SHAMROCK, more blest than the bay!
The Presbyterian's hand to the Priest is here giv'n,
Here all sects alike share the Protestant's smile;
Of all faiths, but one principle, Patrick, from heav'n,
Rejoic'd, sees his sons in the sanctified Isle.

The seaman who triumph'd on Baltic's ting'd billows,
The soldier who freed the relaps'd slaves of Spain—
See hundred rapt bards snatch their harps from the willows,
And welcome them home with a national strain:
While here sits the vet'ran with proud pleasure telling
His wond'rous exploits we exult all the while;
And deeply we sigh, as with rich goblets swelling,
We toast friends who fell for the sanctified Isle.

See commerce engaged in auspicious alliance
With wealth-causing culture, our wants to defeat;
See genius gain glory by soul-raising science,
And care earn, by industry, competence sweet.
E'en foes fame thy valour, brave Erin! victorious
In breach, in forlorn hope, and dreadful defile;
The world for thy virtues proclaims thee more glorious
Than states thrice more mighty—thou sanctified Isle!

Then hail, honour'd Isle! as at reason's beginning,
 We vow'd thee the love that with life will not end;
 What sot dare pronounce it political sinning,
 To hope reformation thy rights will extend?
 Till time his last round of duration shall measure,
 May concord cement thy fair, firm, social pile;
 And thine own Apostle, with plenty and pleasure,
 Through life bless each friend of the sanctified Isle!

If we could afford space, we might make many more interesting extracts from his Poems, among which we would arrange the "*Irish Soldier*," "*The Sinking Stream*," "*Farewell of Toussaint to St. Domingo*," "*Elegy on a ship-wrecked Stranger*," (which possesses all his plaintive pathos;) "*The Ode to a Butterfly on wing in Winter*," and, above all, the "*Address to the authoress of the 'Wild Irish Girl*.'"

In 1815, his health was greatly impaired by a cold, which, for want of timely medical aid, generated a consumption, that terminated his existence, on the 24th of April, 1816, in the forty-sixth year of his age. In his last moments, he evinced, like Addison, a calm resignation, and a composed fortitude that manifested the rectitude of conscience, and showed "with what triumph a Christian can die."

The high estimation in which his amiable conduct, gentleness of manners, and unbending integrity, were held and regarded, was fully demonstrated by the vast concourse of people, who followed his hearse to the cemetery of Templecorrun. In the solemn procession, every aspect wore the gloom of grief, and every eye accorded a spontaneous tear to the memory of departed genius. We do not know whether friendship or admiration has honoured the spot of his sepulture with any mural or marble memorial, but we have heard that the patriotic and sympathetic muse of our countryman, DR. M'HENRY, has woven an elegiac chaplet to crown the bust of JAMES ORR, in the temple of fame, which, we sincerely hope, he will permit us to exhibit in the pages of the IRISH SHIELD, and thus let our work participate in the honour of contributing to the apotheosis of one of the most gifted bards of green Ulin of sylvan groves and limpid streams.

IRISH TOPOGRAPHY.—No. IX.

EXCURSION. FROM DUBLIN TO LONDONDERRY.

. BALBRIGGEN—GORMANSTOWN CASTLE—JULIANSTOWN—GREEN HILLS—AND NINCH.

"Dear native haunts! where virtue still is gay;—
 Where friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd ray.
 Where love a crown of thornless roses wears:—
 Where soften'd sorrow smiles within her tears;—
 And mem'ry, with a vestal's chaste employ,
 Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!"

COLERIDGE.

THE fine, broad, and level road, running over the intermediate distance of two miles, from Balruddery to Balbriggen, is fringed, on either side, by beautiful shrubby hedges, beyond which, if you look either to the right or left, you will view, should you travel here, as we did, in the month of May, a variegated plain, to which lawns, groves, and corn fields, illuminated by a vernal sun, impart every tint of the many-coloured rainbow. BALBRIGGEN, a neat and animated seaport village, is gradually rising to affluence and consequence. There are two large cotton factories here, which are carried on with spirit and enterprise. This is, comparatively, a new town, that owes its origin, and present respectability, to the Hamilton family, to whom it belongs. The harbour, in which vessels of two hundred tons

can safely ride, is formed by a pier, that was erected, in 1785, by parliamentary grants, under the direction of the late Baron Hamilton. Large quantities of coal are imported here from England. The Protestant Church, and Roman Catholic Chapel, are its most prominent architectural features. There is a fine Inn here, kept by Mrs. REDMOND, where the traveller may depend on enjoying every comfort, and on feasting at a dinner table, that would gratify an Apicius. The population of this town has been estimated at two thousand souls. Its suburbs possess a beauty of rural scenery, that would grace an Italian landscape. On every side you see ornamented villas, rising on green hillocks, and encircled with groups of the Larch tree, as well as the picturesque mountain ash, hanging its fire-fly berries in the sunbeam. Before the front of each spruce cottage there is a turfy lawn, whose centre is decorated tastefully with a mound, or parterre, glittering with every flower that has beauty of hue, or fragrance of blossom; and then, in a sequestered corner, under a genial shade of flowering shrubs, you will behold the summer house, or eborecent labyrinth, where the taper fingers of female taste wreathed "weeping willows," with garlands of honeysuckle, eglantine, sweet-brier, lilach, and the golden laburnum, which was so ingeniously interwoven with the moss-rose, and passion-flower, as to form a rich and spangled drapery, whose varied tints the pencil of Titian could not equal—whose rainbow brilliancy, and freshness of many-shaded foliage, no tapestry of the loom of the Gobelins could excel. This arbour, where holy pilgrims would gladly meditate, and amorous poets muse, is approached by a serpentine walk, covered with fine white sand, comingled with shells of various colours, and bordered with sea-pink, London-pride, Indian-moss, clematis, sweet-pea, Narcissus, and the gaudy polyanthus. On every side of this promenade, there is a net-work of blossoming garlands, and flowery festoons—a tissue of fillet of blooming knick-knackery. During the summer months, many a new married pair, from Dublin, come to this blooming Arcadia, to pass the honeymoon in its floral arbours.

About a mile north of Balbriggan, on the high road to Drogheda, there are some very pretty cottages, on the left hand side, whose doors, and Venetian lattices, are literally festooned and draped with roses, woodbine, and scarlet-runners, that give those fairy villas a picturesque aspect, on which a pastoral poet might gaze with admiration and delight. The next object that arrests the traveller's attention, on the right hand side of the road, is *Lowther's Lodge*, the mansion of Townley William Filgate, Esq. It stands on an eminence, against whose base the waves of St. George's channel break their foamy fury. The adjoining plantation, and garden, are the finest ornaments of the domain of Lowther's Lodge. On the opposite side of the road, after crossing the bridge, over the rivulet that forms the boundary of the counties of Dublin and Meath, the extended bleach green of Mr. Armstrong, with its long stripes of snowy carpeting, consisting of innumerable pieces of linen, presents itself.

After withdrawing your pleased eyes from the bleach green, and looking forward, the romantic and picturesque domain of Lord Viscount Gormanstown, with its waving forests of oak, sloping lawns, and green hilly clumps, crowned with ornamental trees, bursts in all its feudal pomp of antique magnificence, upon the sight, and opens, through intersecting vistas, a perspective, in whose termination the Norman turrets of Gormanstown Castle raise their pinnacles above the spreading foliage of stately oaks, and columnar elms, like the white marble urns of a cemetery, towering over the undulating shade of a grove of drooping cypresses.

As the coach ascends a little hill, immediately opposite a lawny vista, formed by rows of umbrageous limes, and majestic oaks, the noble and imposing pile of Gormanstown Castle, stands before you in bold relief, in all its feudal pride of structure, the prominent object of the interesting picture, which, on the first glance, arrests your entire attention. This venerable castle presents an elegant combination of the characteristics of the antique, and the elegancies of the modern order of architecture. This building was re-edified about seven years ago, by the present noble proprietor;—it is in the form of a parallelogram, and at either wing, or

angle, is flanked by a Norman tower, with gothic windows, and a terraced roof embattled with antique spires:—the intervening front is of cut stone, and finished, in the Composite style of architecture; the eaves are adorned with a sculptured cornice, from which springs a beautiful marble balustrade, that rises to the level of the horizontal roof. The greatest drawback from the effect which this edifice is calculated to produce, arises from its want of a pillared portico, as its plain doorway throws an air of dulness, and fatiguing uniformity, over its whole aspect, which neither the magnitude of its extent, nor the loftiness of its elevation can relieve. Except the vista, we have before spoken of, which opens for the passing traveller a view from the road, of this lordly structure, that overlooks such attractive scenery, Gormanstown Castle may be said to be embowered in a tangled wood. As far as the eye can stretch beyond the dome, the foliage of trees is seen undulating, in green curling waves, to the remote point where the verge of the horizon resembles a shining crescent of sapphire, encased in the luxuriant and flower-wreathed ringlets, that invest with such a seductive charm, the forehead of a beautiful woman. The garden is not less remarkable for the ornamental style of its arrangement, than for the richness, variety, and abundance of its fruits. Several parts of this wall-enclosed domain are beautified by grottos, rustic bridges, aqueducts, and labyrinths.

The interior of the castle is on a scale of beauty and magnificence commensurate with its external pomp; being scarcely inferior in spaciousness, and splendour, to any noble mansion in Ireland. Indeed the superb hall, and magnificent staircase, will be classed by amateurs amongst the finest in the kingdom; the walls, ceiling, and hangings, display a classic taste in the elegance of their finish, and the beauty of their allegorical paintings, and fanciful decoration, that is at once creditable to the liberality of Lord Gormanstown, and the exquisite skill and ingenuity of the artists whom he employed. The parlours and dining rooms communicating with the hall, on either side, are finished and furnished in the most costly and brilliant manner, and some of the family and historical paintings, that embellish their walls, are from the graphic pencils of Sir Godfrey Kneller, Jarvis, Vandyke, Le Brun, Veronese, Rubens, and Rembrandt.

While on this subject, we think we will add to the interest of our topographical essay, by giving our readers a brief genealogical and historical sketch of Lord Gormanstown's family, as their conduct and actions are eminently conspicuous in Irish history. Since the reign of Elizabeth, down to the period that O'CONNELL achieved that great and bloodless victory—CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, which broke down the barriers of exclusion, and religious intolerance, and blessed his country with the salutary immunities of the freest and most glorious constitution in the world,—no threat could induce—no sacrifice of property could persuade the PRESTONS of Gormanstown to barter their conscience and titles for honour, or to renounce that holy and sublime religion, which the Redeemer of the world established;—a peace inculcating religion, that has been practised and professed by the most illustrious characters who have ever wielded the sceptre of royalty, adorned philosophy and literature, or extended the sphere of the arts, and thus, by their wisdom, learning, valour, and virtue, shed lustre on humanity.

The Prestons came over to England with William the Conqueror, who, as a reward for their services, at the battle of Hastings, gave them a grant, A. D. 1066, of large tracts of land in Lancashire. Richard I. created Adam Preston, of Sefton, a baronet, on the field of Veselay, A. D. 1190. Sir Roger Preston, in 1315, commanded under Sir John Bermingham, against the Irish, headed by Roderick O'Connor, at the memorable battle of *Athenree*, in the county of Galway, where he signally distinguished himself. His son, whose name was also Roger, was promoted to the chief justiceship of the court of common pleas in Ireland, by Edward III., A. D. 1331, and shortly afterwards ennobled, by royal patent, as Lord Viscount Gormanstown; consequently he is the premier peer of the Irish viscounts.

In 1388, Robert, the son and heir of Roger, was appointed Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and elevated to the English peerage, by the name and title of

Earl of Preston, in Lancashire. This Lord married Margaret Bermingham, the daughter and sole heiress of Lord Carbery, by whom he had issue, his son and heir Christopher, and a daughter, who was married to the fourth Lord Delvin. This Christopher married the Lady Elizabeth Laundress, the daughter of Lord Naas. It would be tedious, and perhaps uninteresting, to enumerate all the marriages and issues of the family. William, Lord Gormanstown, was appointed, A. D. 1504, deputy to his cousin, the Earl of Kildare, then Lord Lieutenant, with whom he gallantly fought against the O'Briens and Burkes, at the battle of *Knocktow*, near Galway. For this brilliant exploit Henry VII. invested him with the Garter. Shortly after, however, he fell into disgrace with this monarch, in consequence of his having, with the Lord Deputy, Kildare, and several other peers of the English pale, countenanced the imposition and imposture of the pretender, Lambert Simnel, by not only honouring his coronation, in Christ's Church, with his presence, but by entertaining the usurper, as King Edward VI., at his castle of Gormanstown, and also procuring the corporation of Drogheda to recognize him as sovereign. After the total defeat of Simnel's party, at Stoke, in Nottingham, Fitzgerald, the Lord Deputy, with his adherents, Gormanstown, Killeen, Howth, Dunsany, Portlester, Slane, and Trimblestown, were summoned by Henry VII. to London. On their appearance before the king, they made such a show of contrition for their rebellion, and so solemnly renewed their oaths of allegiance, that the monarch not only pardoned them, but invested the Earl of Kildare with a gold chain, as a token of his esteem and confidence. In 1493, Perkin Warbeck, another English impostor, who pretended he was son to Richard, Duke of York, was sent by his abettors into Ireland, where the credulous people, warm, affectionate, and unsuspecting in their temper, and zealously attached to the House of York, was once more in danger of being deluded;—but although the city of Cork proclaimed him Richard IV., and that the Earl of Desmond espoused his cause, still Kildare and Gormanstown, profiting by experience, kept aloof. At this juncture, in the absence of Kildare, who repaired to London to refute some charges preferred against him, Gormanstown was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland. While exercising the prerogatives of this high office, he convened a parliament at Drogheda, A. D. 1494. By an inquisition taken of Lord Gormanstown's possessions, by order of Henry VIII., in 1509, he was found, as appears by the records in the Bermingham tower, seized of the following manors, viz.—Stathmullen, with all its villages, held of the king in capite;—Hollestown, Cloncurry in Kildare, Gormanstown, Athboy, Nobber, Tyennon, Cabbragh, Clogherieghi, Loughcrew, Collinstown, Clonedoghan, Thomastown, Loyaghe, and Ardmaghbreagaghe in the county of Meath, the manors of Ballmadon, and Ballyscadden, in the county of Dublin, together with various tenements and lands in the city of Dublin, and town of Drogheda, as well as several demesnes, and mansions, in the county of Lancaster, England.

In 1510, his son Jenico married the daughter of Nangle, Baron of Navan. This viscount erected a fine abbey, under the invocation of the blessed Virgin, at Stathmullen, in the county of Meath, where the family have been interred for ages. Henry VIII., after the suppression of the monasteries, made a grant to this Lord of "divers lands and possessions, lately appertaining to the two abbeys of Drogheda." Immediately after the accession of Elizabeth, A. D. 1560, Christopher, Lord Gormanstown, was present at the parliament convened in Dublin, by the Lord Deputy Sussex. By a vote of that parliament, he was associated in a commission, under the great seal, with Hugh, archbishop of Dublin, for preserving the peace of the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, Louth, and Westmeath. This Christopher married Catherine Fitzgerald, the eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Kildare, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. In 1589, Nangle, Baron of Navan, having no heirs, bequeathed all his immense property to his cousin, Hugh, Viscount Gormanstown. John, the son of Hugh, by the Lady Alisona Herbert, was Lord Mayor of Dublin, A. D. 1623, and one of the Catholic peers of the pale, who, in 1612, signed a spirited remonstrance, addressed to that bigoted royal puritan, James I., demanding a repeal of the

penal statutes, which were so unjustly and oppressively enacted against them, for their unshaken and inalienable adherence to the sacred religion of their fathers. Lord Samuel, the son of John by Margaret Plunkett, the daughter of Lord Dunsany, distinguished himself by his romantic devotion to the cause of the unfortunate but despotic Charles I., and the bold and unbending attitude he assumed, as the fearless leader of the nobles and gentlemen of the pale. He presided at the meeting of the Catholic Lords, at Trim, in March, 1642, and also took the lead in the synod of Kilkenny, the following May, which assembled for the purpose of reviving the spirit of loyalty, and organizing a rational and efficient effort to bring into action, in the king's defence, all the force, affection, and resources of the Irish nation. The bravery and skill manifested by his brother, the chivalric COLONEL THOMAS PRESTON, in the royal cause, we shall laud as they merit, in our *History of Ireland*. But like O'Moore, O'Neil, Burke, Talbot, Dillon, Barry, Plunkett, Taaffe, and other loyalists, Lord Gormanstown, for his warm attachment, and enthusiastic devotion to the first Charles, experienced the base ingratitude of that ignoble and profligate libertine, his unfeeling and heartless son, Charles II., who gave his sanction, on his accession to the throne, to the aggressive confiscations, with which Oliver Cromwell plundered a heroic nobleman of his hereditary possessions. Why our ancestors clung with such romantic fidelity to the thankless house of Stuart, is a deep mystery which we indeed cannot fathom, as the eye of philosophy may turn on every side, and the only principle it can discern, to justify their ill-requited loyalty to that despicable family, is their proverbial GRATITUDE—their hereditary reverence for princes, descended, like the Stuarts, from our Milesian kings.

Charles II. rewarded the sanguinary Sir Charles Coote, the minion and general of Cromwell, ere the blood of his friends had dried on his sword, with the peerage, while he, with most flagrant injustice, and diabolical perfidy, countenanced the plundering and iniquitous sequestration, made by the myrmidons of the regicide, on the properties of those who sacrificed life and fortune in supporting his father's, and his own cause. The fraudulent ACT OF SETTLEMENT, will ever remain a monument of his PERFIDIOUS INGRATITUDE, and of his unprincipled, infamous, and cruel abandonment of his persecuted friends.

Lord John, of Gormanstown, the son of Samuel, by the Lady Ann Sandford, was summoned, in 1689, to the Privy Council, by James II., and took his seat, subsequently, as premier viscount, in the Irish House of Peers. He raised a regiment of horse, at his own expense, and at their head fought so gallantly at the battle of the Boyne, as to attract the notice, and elicit the encomium of the celebrated General Sarsfield. He also bravely signalized himself under the Duke of Berwick, at Galway. In consequence of the prominent part he sustained in James's army, he was attainted by William; but after the treaty of Limerick, the attainder was reversed; when three of his estates were confiscated, and granted to the adherents of William.

History furnishes us with nothing very interesting of the Gormanstown family, from the reign of William down to that of George III. We believe the present noble Viscount was born in 1786; his mother was Letitia Hammond, daughter of Colonel Hammond, who was the lineal descendant of Mary Bullen, daughter of Thomas Bullen, Esq., of Wiltshire, and, consequently, aunt of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Gormanstown is an exemplary character in private life; and his liberality as a landlord is highly applauded by his tenantry; while the warmth of spirit, and cordiality of friendship, with which he recently supported the measures of O'CONNELL, in the Catholic Association, sufficiently attest the honesty of his patriotism, and indubitably demonstrate, that he inherits the virtues of his noble race, and cherishes in an "Irish heart," the *amor patriæ*, which, on so many eminent occasions, conferred illustrious distinction on his renowned ancestors.

But it is now time that we should resume our excursion.—After passing the turnpike-gate of Gormanstown, the road leads through a highly improved tract of cultivated country. The portion on the right intervening the road, hedge, and the sea, exhibited handsome houses, groups of orchards, meadows, and corn-

fields smiling around in all the varied luxuriance of rural beauty. The graphic scene on the left is still more pictorial, as the perspective reaches that expanse, which, to the eye of a landscape painter, would lend a greater "enchantment of view." Hills, arrayed in bright green, crowned by diadems of trees, in the distance seem rolling and clustering over each other, like the congregated clouds that form an amphitheatre for an April noontide sun.

While enjoying the gaze on this charming landscape of hill, dale, and valley, which is not only diversified by the intervention of fairy mounds and pastoral meadows, peopled, if we may so term it, with herds of sheep and oxen, and chequered by limpid streams and clipped hedges of thorn and sycamore, the progressive advance of the coach brings daily to view more new attractions, and opens unexpected vistas, in whose termination white mansions, Gothic spires, and the grey turrets of ruined castles, peep out beneath the dark foliage-brows of beeches, limes, and elms. Such is the picture, that the distance from Gormanstown turnpike to *Paddy Byrne's* far-famed inn, at the Green-hills, presents for the admiration of the traveller. It was in this inn, that COLIER, the celebrated highwayman, who was regarded by the neighbouring poor, as the generous Captain Macbeath, was arrested some years ago. This daring desperado and his gang, frequently robbed the mail-coaches passing here, and were the terror of all the travellers who were obliged to go by that route to Derry, *qy* the mail.

The aspect of the country is here peculiarly picturesque and romantic; for as far as the eye can see from Byrne's door westward, it rests on a rich and rare expanse of ornamented domains, and rising plains, terminated by a range of gentle eminences, on one of which, Rockbellew, formerly the seat of the Earl of Ludlow,* but now of the worthy and hospitable PETER SHERLOCK, Esq. lifts its battlements above the trees, as if to crown and finish the harmony of the scenic prospect, and invest it with the most touching interest of effect.

When you proceed about a mile beyond Green-hills, and ascend Julianstown hill, a scene is witnessed combining in the most sublime harmony, all the attractions of wood and water, all the engaging traits of a picturesque and magnificent landscape. The river Nanny, unquestionably the most meandering stream in Ireland, in its serpent-like progress to the sea, which is only two miles from the road, glides below as pellucid as a stream of crystal; the banks, on either side, rise in prominent acclivities, whose shelving projections are clad in grassy verdure, while every succeeding eminence, overtopping the other, like stair-steps, is richly draped in the fantastic tapestry of the various tinted foliage of those ornamental trees and flowering shrubs, which can adorn the landscape. The view from the bridge cannot, perhaps, be surpassed in beauty and effect, by any that Italy can boast of. It is one that would enrapture a Byron, or enchant the genius of a Poussin. It is one, indeed, combining all the requisites that could touch the soul of the pastoral muse with inspiration—one calculated to awaken our Irish sensibilities, and enchain them in an association, which connects the feelings of the heart with the pleasures of intellect, and imprint on the memory in indelible characters, a fond recollection of its sylvan charms, which time cannot obliterate.

On the right bank of the *Nanny-water*, is Ballygart, the superb mansion and fine domain of Colonel Pepper, and immediately opposite, on a lawny hill recumbent on the river, are those of Colonel Moore. A little beyond Colonel Moore's grove-garnished domain, is the antique mansion of NINCH, embosomed in a forest of oaks, whose outstretching skirts exhibit the magnificent ruins of an old abbey, which was once the asylum of piety,—the sanctuary ground, where

"Many a saint, and many a hero trod."

* The Earl of Ludlow assumed the name of Preston, on his marriage, in 1755, with Mary, the daughter and sole heiress of the Honourable John Preston of *Ardsalla*, (or the hill of willows) and his wife, the daughter of William Stewart Lord Mountjoy. This John Preston was the brother of the then Lord Gormanstown. *Vide Irish Peerage.*

The prospect which displays itself on the west, also unites in its extensive scope, a scenic picture, as animated as romantic. A long succession of beautiful domains adorn the flower-enamelled banks of the Nanny, and recedes one beyond another, as far as where the towers of Naul Castle and the green up-lifted summit of Bellewstown hill, seem to melt into the clouds of the horizon. While the imagination is wandering over the varied and vivid aspect of this ample and wide-spread valley of Floral Gardens—

“Where sunny gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies;”—

the travelled heart accompanies it, and is so delighted that it would select one of its sequestered glens as the resting places of its pilgrimage. We could not, while meditating, thus, on the bridge of Julianstown, and glancing now and then with the mind's eye, into the mirror of history, but reverence the venerable oaks that stood around us, whose branch-canopied avenues and interlacing boughs, perhaps had sheltered the army of the O'Moore, in 1641, after they had won victory from the plundering brigands who fought for the English Parliament,—we could not look, at such a moment, on the green sward, on which the panting victors no doubt reposed, after the din and struggle of the conflict, without thinking of the violated faith of Charles I.—of his treason to Ireland, and the afflicting miseries to which he and his treacherous ministers doomed the most constant and faithful subjects that the world could produce.

Julianstown hill we revered as classic ground,—as the Marathon of Irish honour and Irish valour. In the sparkling stream of the Nanny, we imagined that we saw the images of our warriors and the shadows of the glorious days of other times reflected; so that every object spoke eloquently to our feelings, of the heroism which O'Moore, O'Neil, Maguire, Preston, M'Mahon, and Plunkett, evinced on this very spot,—on this very theatre, where their glory shone with a lustre of courage and chivalry, which shall ever illuminate the bright page, that emblazons the exploits of the magnanimous brave.

Perhaps a more chivalric spirit never existed than Roger O'Moore, the chieftain of Leix, who commanded the royal army on this memorable and auspicious occasion. To the wisdom of the statesman, he united the skill and gallantry of the general; and eminently possessed the seducing manners of the courtier, and a loftiness of bearing which not only commanded respect, but won the regards of all the other chieftains of Leinster, who were well affected to the royal cause. He, therefore, became the idol of popular esteem—the champion and hope of the nation. Every bard praised him in song—and every hill and every valley in the pale, in re-echoing acclamations, rung with the name of ROGER O'MOORE!

Such was the commander that totally defeated the Parliamentary army, on the heights of Julianstown, on the 29th of November, 1641.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* ROGER O'MOORE was once the head of a powerful Irish family of Leinster; his ancestors had been expelled from their princely possessions in the reign of Mary, and Roger O'Moore, animated with all the pride and spirit of his name and family, was doomed to witness the degradation of his house, and the insolent triumphs of his enemies.

LAWLESS.

He was forced, with the other Catholic Peers of the pale, into the field, to defend life, property, and religion, from the rapacious and cruel leaders of the Parliamentary army. How could men remain passive after the dreadful menace of Sir John Clotworthy, in the English House of Commons, who stood up in his place, and declared, that “*the conversion of the Papists must be effected with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other?*”

Matthew O'Connor's History of Ireland.

“Roger O'Moore was the bravest warrior of his time—and served with great glory

ORIGINAL PATCHWORK.

THE TOILET TABLE.—Every day seems to deduct from the charms of female beauty. If Apelles were now alive, he could find no model for his Venus. If Helen was set off with false teeth, false hair, and certain false protuberances, Troy would yet stand still in its pillared pride and glory, and Homer would never have written the Iliad. The Grecian heroines were too lavishly endowed by the profuse gifts of nature, to require the glare of paint, or the imposition of padding. Their beauty shone in its own inherent loveliness, without the artifice of adventive ornament. Formerly, the toilette-room was the great theatre, where ladies, who scorned the borrowed aid of art, achieved their greatest conquests. The moment a lover, in the "olden time," surprised his fair one at her dressing table, and witnessed with impassioned rapture, snowy breasts, half covered with silken tresses of native growth, and hanging in graceful festoons, over her well-formed bust, like the fine fibres and tinders of flowers, enwreathing a vase of porphyry, his heart was instantly captivated, and his affections enslaved by these seducing charms. But now, the dark secrets of the toilette are kept by the New-York ladies as inviolably as that of their intrigues. The door of the dressing-room is cautiously bolted, and every precaution resorted to, lest inquisitive man might glance at the occult celebration of the Eleusinian mystery of fastening mock teeth, of painting wrinkles, adjusting curls, and *filling up* the defects of nature—and thus impose on credulous admiration, fictitious limbs of buckram and padding, for that elegant symmetry of figure, which can only be cast in the plastic mould of nature. The milliners of Broadway are so anxious for employment in this counterfeit *statuary*, that they immodestly exhibit the materials which make up a *stuffed woman* in their windows, and thus, like Morgan, the exposé of masonry, divulge all the arcana that ought only be known to those who are initiated in the mysteries of the fair sex. This show dissolves the illusion of many a lover, who despairs, after seeing it, of ever finding a lady with a skin of lilies and roses, or with a dimpled mouth of pearly teeth,—with a head adorned with native ringlets, or a leg graced with an ankle as finely moulded as that of the Venus de Medici. Artificial charms can never win the heart, or operate with any power on pride and passion. Love's bow is no longer strung with the hair of Apollo;—his keenest dart is shot from curls, of which the shrouded dead have been despoiled. The pouting mouths of our fashionable belles, are studded with teeth that once belonged to a sable daughter of Africa, and the padding that now warms the breast of a New-York beauty, "once warmed a bear."

Imperious fashion seems to be retrograding to the ages of barbarism; to that period, when the ancient Britons were as solicitous to have their skins punctured with the figures of flowers and animals, as the American females are now to set off an artificial countenance with cosmetics and paints. In those times of female innocence, when the pure ore of beauty was stamped in the mint of nature,—when a lover had unloosed a fawn-skin mantle, that partially covered the globular breasts of his fair one, he was struck and fascinated with the snowy and dazzling whiteness of her "downy doves of love," and his inflamed heart became impatient to take sanctuary under their swan-like pinions. As a token of his devoted attachment, he presented to her the wild boar, the moose-deer, and the wolf. The pursuit and capture of those animals, were his best claim to female beauty, and to the reward of her favour. She, in her turn, admired his strong-nerved limbs—his adroitness in darting the javelin, and wielding the hunting-spear; as well as his trophies of war, and the spoils of victory, and the chase, with which he was clad, when he wooed, thus, the maiden of his love.

and credit, under Hugh O'Neil, in Spain; and as a military officer, he was as intrepid as he was skilful. Having received from Cardinal Richlieu, then governing France, the strongest assurances of support, he proceeded to his native land, and found no difficulty in rousing the lords of the pale to arms, and inflaming them with a sense of the injuries they had suffered."

O'DRISCOL.

"O'Moore's victory at Julianstown, gave fresh hopes to the Irish, while it struck the Lords Justices in Dublin with dismay. Lord Gormanstown, after O'Moore's success, who took the lead among the Catholic nobles of the pale, issued an order to the sheriff of Meath, to collect the inhabitants of this county. The Lords Fingal, Gormanstown, Slane, Louth, Dunsany, Trimbleston, Netterville, together with about one thousand principal gentlemen, assembled on an eminence, called the hill of *Crofts*, near Trim. Here O'Moore harangued the convocation, explained his views, and eloquently invoked the Lords to take up arms for the maintenance of the King's prerogative, and to make the subjects of Ireland as free as those of England."

LELAND.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.—The distinguished author of the essay on the "Genius and writings of Pope," was noted for his obsequious condescension, and affable politeness to ladies. He was never known even to frown in the presence of a female. His devotion to the fair sex was, however, on one occasion, put to a test that would tire the patience of a stoic, and ruffle the smooth temper of a laughing philosopher. He was invited one day, by a gentleman in Winchester, to dine at his house with a fashionable party, among whom, by way of inducement, he told the Doctor there was to be a young lady who was nearly related to Pope. The Doctor rejoiced exceedingly at an invitation which would introduce him to a relative of the great poet, from whom he fondly expected to derive some valuable private information. Incited by all the eagerness which so strongly characterized him, he, on his introduction, immediately seated himself close to the lady, and, by inquiring her consanguinity to the illustrious bard, entered at once on the subject;—when the following amusing dialogue occurred:—

Lady.—Pray, Dr. Warton, did not you write a book about my cousin Pope?

Doctor.—I have, Madam, but I wanted materials, which I flatter myself I shall now be so fortunate as to procure from your kind politeness?

Lady.—La! sir, I should be delighted to see it; for it must be vastly clever and entertaining. Did not my relative write some fine plays, Sir?

Doctor, (with evident surprise.)—I never heard, Madam, but of one dramatic attempt. Perhaps, you, my dear lady, will make the world of letters indebted to you, for ushering into light, the dramatic manuscripts of Pope; your doing so will immortalize your name.

Lady.—Oh, Lord! Sir, I am in error—you will pardon me, for I meant one Mr. Shakspeare, whom I always confound with my cousin. Excuse the mistake, Sir.

This was really too much, even for the Doctor's refined gallantry; and, in a tone of subdued contempt, and cold irony, he replied—"Oh, Madam, you are quite excusable indeed, as the *mistake was mine*;"—and then, making a profound bow, he changed his seat to the opposite side of the room, where he sat, to the amazement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin,—exhibiting such an intellectual struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness, as would well become the speaking expression of Garrick's face.

O'KEEFE'S LONDON HERMIT.—The plot of this amusing comedy, was taken from the following authentic anecdote.—Mr. Hamilton, a lover of the antique, and an eccentric virtuoso, possessed the beautiful and picturesque domain of Painsbill, near Cobham, in Surry. In a solitary rock, embosomed in a forest, and overhanging a winding river, he caused a hermetic cell to be excavated. To carry his favourite whim to the climax of folly, he advertised in the London papers for an ascetic person, who was willing to become the hermit of that woodland solitude, under the following, among many other curious conditions:—"They stipulated, that he should dwell in the hermitage for seven years, without ever speaking to a female; that he should be provided with a Bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage, and food from the mansion-house, which was to be brought him daily, by a female servant, with whom he was never to exchange a syllable; he was to wear a camlet robe, never to cut his beard or nails, to tread on sandals, never stray beyond the precincts of his rock; that if he faithfully adhered to these restrictions for seven years, he should at the lapse of that period receive seven hundred guineas; but, on the breach of any of these conditions, the whole was to be forfeited, and all the loss of time remediless. A young gentleman, of a noble family in London, who had squandered his patrimony in gaming and dissipation, agreed to the terms, and assumed the anchorite habit: but lo! ere the lapse of three months, he was tempted by a pretty, insinuating dairymaid, whom he had left, prior to his flight, in such a way "as women wish to be who love their lords." Lord Mount Edgcomb, and a Mr. Braydill, at that time possessed similar hermitages on their estates, and have made the like offer.

BRIDE'S CAKES.—Were first introduced by the Romans at their nuptial feasts. The moment the marriage ceremony was solemnized, a cake of wheat and barley was broken in the name of Juno, over the bride's head, and then cut in pieces, and handed by her to all the guests. This was called the *confarreatio*, in token of the firm alliance that should subsist between man and wife.

DRINKING HEALTHS.—The custom of drinking healths was borrowed from the Greeks by the Romans. Ovid, the sweet bard of love, relates, that the Roman gallants, when toasting their mistresses at their convivial parties, used to drink a glass of wine for every letter in their names. The ceremony of drinking healths in England, was introduced, according to Dr. Trusler, in 460, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince

Vortigern, with the beautiful Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, king of Britain, who, on being presented with the wine cup by her spouse, drank his health in conformity to the Scripture compliment, "O King, live for ever!"

SALUTING THE LADIES by their relations, was introduced by the ancient Romans, not out of respect for them, but to find, by their breath, whether they had been drinking wine; a crime which disgraced any lady found guilty of it, and excluded her from all fashionable circles; so that it became an adage to say, "She that sacrifices to Bacchus, will certainly also make her offerings at the altars of Venus."

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.—No. I.

Bouanoo.

I had frequently heard of this retired spot, previous to my tour through Upper Canada, in June, 1829—it having acquired some celebrity with the Indians, and with cautious travellers, as well for its note in traditionary legends, as the uncommon beauty and novelty of its natural decorations;—and, in company with a fellow traveller, and a Canadian resident of the vicinity as a guide, I set out early in the morning from our lodgings at Le Verigé, and proceeded towards the mountain, which embosoms the interesting glen of Bouanoo.—The sun was just tinging with tints of yellow light, the mountains of the east, as we arrived at its base; from which we ascended a declivity of nearly a mile, following a rude footpath, over glens, through ravines—wending along the dizzy brow of the precipice, or buried in the dense foliage of the thicket beneath. We found ourselves, at length, on the ridge of the mountain, where we lingered a moment to enjoy the rare prospect which its elevation commands. Seldom have I been delighted with so great a diversity of wild scenery as lay extended before me. To the north, the picture presented a vast extent of country, through which the Utawas glided like a beam of light—enlivened by bright lawns of living green—majestic groves of hemlock and pine, waving their dark and solemn boughs in the breezes of morning—and the deep and dense phalanx of the immense wilderness, which stretches to the north, and bounds the view. As far as the eye could reach, no trace of art, save the rural *hotel* of Le Verigé, could be seen;—all was one grand delineation of the majesty of the designs of nature.

We now descended the southern side of the mountain, and having forced our way through thickets, of deep entangled boscage, we were at once astonished and appalled, on finding ourselves on the dizzy verge of a ledge of rocks, from which we beheld the romantic and shadowy depths of Bouanoo, in whose undisturbed bosom a hermit would delight to retire. The opposite ascent was beautifully contrasted with the one upon which we stood—the former presenting a delightful variety of green verdure, besprinkled with columbines, and blushing honeysuckles,—while the latter displayed an umbrageous picture of fearful steepes, and rocky brows, unenlivened by foliaceous decorations, save the light fringe of brakes, or here and there a lonely hemlock, that had "cast anchor in the rifted rock," bending their gloomy forms over the abyss below.

The cavern, which is seen in these rocks, has been vulgarly denominated the "Devil's Mouth." The entrance to this cave is narrow, and extremely difficult; nor is access to it altogether unattended with hazard, as we were obliged to let ourselves down to its mouth, by means of the clefts and crevices in the rocks above. As I entered, I was agreeably surprised to find myself in a spacious apartment, whose roof was gemmed with sparkling stones, and hung with the pearly drops which had gathered from the atmospheric moisture, and the floor of which was clad in a soft green carpet of moss, whose unfading hues could not be rivalled by the richest dyes of art. Owing to the extreme darkness of this recess, we were unable to satisfy our curiosity, by examining the interior; but from the sound of water, trickling apparently at considerable distance within, we concluded that its extent must have been several hundred feet.

The glen beneath, is brightened with the silvery glances of a little rivulet, of the most pellucid water I ever beheld, stealing imperviously beneath the long rich grass, here and there bursting into view, until, after gliding over numerous cascades, and meandering through the plain below, it mingles with the Utawas. The gentle murmurs of this stream, and the blithe notes of the feathery inhabitants of the neighbouring shades, formed a harmonious concert, which rendered the scene more delightful. From the numerous tribes of flowers which smiled around, I culled many rare and elegant botanical specimens. What attaches more interest to this sequestered spot, is a tradition,

existing among the adjacent Indians, that it was the scene of the slaughter of a famous Chippewayan chief, many years ago.*

Although I have never seen a description of Bouanoo, yet I think it far superior, in point of grandeur and sylvan beauty, to any spot of the kind, whose curiosities the graphic pens, and magic pencils, of gifted travellers and artists, have illustrated;—and were the beauties of this retired spot delineated by the pen of a Goldsmith, or the exquisite touches of a Raphael, it would be looked upon by the world with due admiration.

A WANDERER.

THE NEW-YORK STAGE.

THE NEW TRAGEDY OF METAMORA.—A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MR. FORREST'S PERFORMANCES.

"*Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum.*"

American genius, it appears, is excluded for ever, by an insuperable barrier, from tragic excellence; and Melpomene seems determined, that it shall never enter her temple, with what she considers its worthless offerings. The tragic muse *disowns* her votaries in America, and even denies them the poor favour of following her triumphal car. This prohibition, which is sanctioned by justice, and the concurrence of the legislature of Apollo, is imputed by American pride to the intrigues of English prejudice; for every opinion, however fair and unbiassed, that levels the unfounded vanity of the puerile and silly pretension of American literature, is ascribed to PREJUDICE. If we were to say that the squabby Dutch pile, the City Hall, had none of the grace and grandeur of Grecian architecture, one of the spelling-book scribes of the *Courier*, would assail and pelt us with the mud of scurrility, and call us every name in the baptismal registry of Billingsgate. But we are not to be intimidated by the broken shafts of sciolists, for we shall fearlessly, during our brief sojourn here, continue to write, in the full spirit of our motto, of American men and manners, and to give expression to our opinions, with a candid boldness, which shall demonstrate our reckless indifference to the buzzing and biting of the puny hornets of the New-York *Morning Papers*. We never will allow, that the cackling of the stupid geese of the Hudson, is as melodious as the song of the tragic swans of the Thames or the Liffey.—We never will allow, that PERCIVAL has the inspiration of BYRON, or that MRS. ROYAL, certainly the best writer among the worthy matrons of fifty, who, in the second childishness of *senility*, choke the paths of American literature with their Sibylline leaves, has a spark of the sublime genius of LADY MORGAN. While ever we can wield a pen, we shall consider ourselves bound, by the duty we owe the literature of our country, to prostrate arrogant assumption, and bloated conceit.—But let us begin to dissect the '*tragedy*' (what a misnomer!) of METAMORA.

We must take leave to examine this image of clay,—to scrutinize the proportions of the rough-hewn statue of American *Stone*, which has been lately honoured with a pedestal in the metropolitan theatre of the United States. We need not tell our readers, that America is not the country of Maturin,—of Milman,—of Cornwall,—of Sheil,—of Knowles, or of Morton, therefore we shall not tell them what would be an untruth,—that Metamora has filled up, with a legitimate tragedy, the yawning desideratum of American dramatic literature, or that it has a single essential of tragic merit, which would insure it the chance of a representation, in any regular theatre in London. As a dramatic composition, it is the "shadow of a shade;"—an incongruous medley of dulness and insipidity, without a single redeeming atonement of language, sentiment, situation, or incident. It is a motley patchwork, whose fustian phraseology is plastered, here and there, with furtive sentences from Macpherson and Sheridan, which glare like scraps of embroidery on faded tapestry; and whose confounded exhibitions, present only an awkward transposition, of scenes and situations borrowed from other dramas. The maudlin versification of the dreary dialogue, is so harsh and discordant, that it rattled its metrical fetters with such an intolerable clangour, as pained every euphonious ear. Metamora's speeches are in the most unheroic, the most unpoetic, and the most rapid, and spiritless language, that ever was put into the mouth of a hero by a dramatic prosier.

* It appears from the accounts which I have been enabled to learn, that a party of Chippewayans, headed by their chief, Beaumayree, had, on their return from an expedition against an eastern tribe, the name of which has faded into oblivion, encamped in this recess. When asleep, at night, a party of their enemies surprised and seized them, and sacrificed their chieftain and his whole party to their vengeance.—The grave of Beaumayree, who bore the native heraldic appellation of the "*Western Bear*," is still marked by a pile of stones, which our guide pointed out to us. The chief of the *Assinibois* paid the debt of his crime—having fallen a victim to Chippewayan revenge some years afterwards.

The author has not given us a gleam of eloquence—a glow-worm ray of poetry—a flash of thought, or a flame of fancy, to brighten the darkness of his dull, inanimate, and deadened dialogue.

In fine, *Metamora*, as a literary composition, is utterly destitute of the power and spirit of poetic diction; and as a drama, in plot and conduct, it is absolutely defective to reprehension. It is a mere pantomimic exhibition of stage tricks and mannerisms, factitious touches and clap-traps, that disgust intellect with their glare and glitter. The author, however, being an actor, became conscious of his inability to move the passions of any audience, by his poetry, resorted to the last resource of dullness, spectacle and conflagration, and succeeded admirably in pleasing many of the *natives*, by the din of

“Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder,”

which called forth from them bursts of acclamation! When such a meagre and miserable dramatic abortion as *METAMORA*, is hailed with applause, why, then, should any American dramatist give himself the trouble of writing elegantly, or painting poetically, for an audience, whose apprehension is never touched by the impassioned eloquence of the tragic muse?

So much for the author. It now remains for us to speak of the performance.—Mr. FORREST, as might be expected, was quite at home; frigidly precise, and formally correct, and more than realized the *beau ideal* of the author in the personation of the *hero*, for so, we suppose, we must call the nondescript Indian chief, *Metamora*. In such a tame, unintellectual representation as this, which requires only *postures* and *grimaces*, we might pronounce Mr. Forrest's “sayings and doings” faultless, with the exception of his roaring rant in the Council-Chamber. We think he is very clever in naturally personating his aboriginal ancestors;—and why should he not, like Charles Surface, take liberties with his relations, and hammer them down as he may think proper? His pinions can certainly carry him as high as the earth-born genius of his dramatic countrymen can soar; but if he attempts to rise, with his waxen wings, above that level, he will fall with all the disgrace of a *Dædalus*. In the sublime regions of poetry, he cannot live, because it is a fiery sphere, in whose lofty skies, the eagle of genius alone can hover, and safely ride on the courser of Apollo, “*illæso lumine solem*.” Passion—virtuous heroism—enthusiastic love—daring speculation—wild and visionary romance—tender pathos—and acute sensibility—are too exalted for the flight of a bird of so heavy a wing as the American swan. It is in vain for him, like Kean, to play the Proteus, and assume, without effort, every kind of shape, no matter whether of God or Demon. KEAN animates every passion with a living *source*—Forrest only presents us with a rude statue; the former combines the most picturesque organic requisites, with nature and sensibility—the latter disfigures his attitude by graceless affectation;—for neither the positions of the body nor the disposition of the mind are ever cast by the graces, in the mould of harmony, in his acting, so as to produce an impressive effect. He always labours, as if his powers were tasked; he uniformly plays *himself*, but not the part the author assigned him. In scenes of intense and high passion, he is stiff, frigid, and tame, where he, “*ever and anon*,” fails to enkindle burning indignation, or delineate terror so as to appal his audience. Look at him, for instance, in *Othello*; how diminished are the capabilities of the mighty man in that difficult character! Who will assert that he is able to paint his soul rending passion, or agony of feeling? Can any thing be more frivolous, or so ludicrously fastidious, as his gladiatorial imitation of Kean's solemn and beautiful manner of pronouncing the noble Moor's farewell soliloquy. He never succeeds in stamping identity on his characters, or in portraying them with judgment, or in varying them with the lights and shades of discrimination.

The outline of his conception it is true, is sometimes spirited, but the picture is never embodied with life, passion, or energy, so as to appeal to the heart, the sensibility, and the imagination. We admire the frame, but the bodiless canvass presents neither beauty, nor colouring, to impress the mind. We believe we may predict, that in depicting the terrible, the romantic, or the vehement affections, Mr. Forrest will never hold the reins of the passions, nor govern, with potent sway, hearts and tears like Kean, the “king of sorrows.”

There is, we imagine, no one who will deny Mr. Forrest the possession of one attribute of genius—*ambition*. If he cannot pull down tragedy from her car of fire, it is not the want of courage that causes the failure of his many *daring attempts*. For instead of contenting himself with the fame he had acquired by his felicitous imitation of Macready in *Tell*, *Virginus*, and *Damon*; instead of remaining thus fixed and stationary on his pedestal of popular estimation, he became in his natural orbit fatigued, which he thought too circumscribed a sphere for his genius, and impatiently bursting the trammels of pro-

dance, then seductive vanity allured him into an element where his powers were totally inadequate to sustain his assumptions. Regardless of consequences, while intoxicated with the puffs of injudicious admirers, he madly ventured into rash experiments, and in endeavouring to pluck that forbidden fruit of dramatic excellence, which all devoutly wish for, but few succeed to reach, he displayed an imbecility that has clouded the lustre of his popularity.

A man, like him, who declaims in a style of eloquence, that would be more suitable for the dull sermons of Dr. SPAIN, than for enunciating, with emphatic elegance of elocution, the passionate philosophy of Hamlet—the heart-breaking griefs of Othello—the diabolical hypocrisy of Iago—the burning rage of Lear—or the tyrannic fury of Richard. In a word, Mr. Forrest must study Walker's Dictionary, and get rid of his *Yankee* brogue, before he can speak prose like a man of education, or poetry like a man of cultivated taste.

Mrs. Sharpe, in the character of *Nimrod*, Metamora's wife, was indeed interesting; and Mrs. Hilson was as amiable, gentle, and even as ever, in the part of *Oceana*. We regretted exceedingly, to see so excellent and various a performer as Mr. BARRY, representing such a common-place character as *Horatio*, and endeavouring to sustain that impersonal nonentity. Though he played with heart and feeling, it was impossible for him to make any thing of the part, as "set down for him."

DOCTOR MACNEVEN, AND OUR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

The patriotic and talented gentleman, whose name we have prefixed to this article, has, in every intercourse which we have had with him, evinced towards us the warmth of politeness, liberality of disposition, and generosity of civility, which we, as a public Irish writer, whose pen, for four years, (the period of our residence in America) has glittered with some fame, in the advocacy of our common country, might naturally expect from a character of such prominent celebrity, to whom we were taught, from our infantile days, to look up with reverence and regard. We never asked a favour of Dr. Macneven, and we are proud in making the acknowledgment, that he did not cheerfully confer:—in sickness, the lenitive balm was administered by the able and kind physician gratuitously, and in the feeble infamy of the *IRISH SHIELD*, which is now, thank the patronage of *IRISHMEN*! like a giant, running over the solar course of popularity, he was one of the six gentlemen, who paid a year's subscription in advance.

We state these things, in order that the world may know how far we stand indebted to the friendship of Dr. Macneven, and to adduce an evidence that we have an "Irish heart," in which *IGNORANCE* shall never find a sanctuary. If cold indifference has made a breach in the cordiality of our intimacy, the cause arose from public considerations. As the Doctor is a public and historical character, he cannot be so overweeningly fastidious, as to feel displeased with us for introducing his name, which is public property, into our pages. The unwarrantable misrepresentations of a little knot of ignorant calumniators, who pretend that they are his "confidants," imperatively impose on us the necessity of resorting to this public mode of refuting the most malicious and groundless falsehood, that was ever uttered by the profane lips of arrogant impudence.

Did you, Dr. Macneven, we respectfully, but fearlessly ask the questions,—ever dictate, correct, or suggest, a single sentence of our *HISTORY OF IRELAND*? Did you ever assist us in the composition of a solitary article in the *IRISH SHIELD*? Did you, at any time, favour us with the loan of any work on the history, biography, or antiquities of Ireland, since the first number of this periodical was published? We put these interrogatories to this respected gentleman, in order that his candid and unqualified negative answers may stamp the LIE on the base and groundless insinuations of that literary impostor, the *Yorkshire Sergeant*, who holds the felonious scissors of the dying thing of trash, yclept the "*Truth-Teller*!" and silence the echo with which some of the grog-store compeers of this caittiff hypocrite, have propagated them. Now, we are "armed so strong in honesty," and so confident of the *ENTIRE ORIGINALITY* of our History, that we defy any man who reads it, to point out a single furtive sentence, in the whole contexture of fifteen chapters. Let them, if they can, convict us of plagiarism. We want no stolen plumes in our cap—we disdain to dupe the credulity of our countrymen, by arrant hypocrisy, for we feel we have talents that require no props from a *disowned* American hireling, like that spiritless creature, who is the jackall of the illiterate English scissoring-holder of the *Lie-Teller*, whose Midas ears, this *back-ground* scribe ignobly conceals in a garland of nettles and hemlock, from the sight of the public.

But the ignorant and deceptive *Truth-Teller* has run its race of duplicity and dulness: it can no longer gull Irishmen—for it totters on the verge of the grave, in which it will fall, with the concurrence of every Irishman who prizes sincerity and genius, and who hates the double dealing of vulgar Englishmen, who, if even sincere in their worthless advocacy, have no talent to make it effective or useful. What! are we to suffer the bulls and blunders of a

Yorkshire crimp, who was taught to spell by telegraph, and write on sand; by Joseph Lancaster, to be mastered on the literary reputation of our country? No! Forbid it, patriotism—forbid it, justice—forbid it, NATIONAL SYMPATHY!—There is not a ray of Irish mind dwelling on this wretched editorial trash of the dark and insipid *Truth-Teller*!

Let no one say that which is not true, that we now come forward, when the few days of the *Truth-Teller's* inglorious existence are numbered; when the doom of the despicable 'thing,' to use a favourite phrase of Cobbett, is decided, to push it into the grave. Our readers will recollect that we have uniformly denounced the affrontry and impudence of "a pair of Yorkshire adventurers," who, without the least share of education or talent, succeeded by the imposition of barefaced plagiarism, and the vulgar scribbling of the back-ground Yankee, in palming their wretched "thing" of "shreds and patches," on our Irish countrymen, as an *Irish paper*, and in thus hoodwinking their good-natured credulity. It was from no motive of envy—envy, indeed! would an uneducated English peasant, like the mock editor of the *mock Truth-Teller*, be worth even the contempt of our envy? No—our aim in decrying and derogating the miserable and illegitimate bantling of hypocrisy, was to cleanse and expurgate the literary character of our country, which was so unjustly contaminated by being coupled with a worthless paper, like the *Truth-Teller*, in whose ignorant columns, there was, for the last two years, no *Irish pen*.

If a literary Irishman had any control over its editorial management, would he insult Irish feeling, as the sergeant has done, by the insertion of the Police Reports of the most prejudiced London papers—distorted reports, which exhibited some of our countrymen and women too, in the most grotesque caricatures of exaggerated burlesque? Witness "*Biddy Murphy's red petticoat*," and "*Emancipation courtship*," which appeared in the nick-named *Truth-Teller*, some time ago! This might be sport to the addle-pated scissor-holder, and to his half-lettered underling—but it was a gross and irritating insult to the sensibilities of Irishmen; and we know that some hundreds of them have indignantly resented it, as they ought. We rejoice that we have at last opened the eyes of our countrymen, to the duplicity by which they have been hoaxed—that we have boldly and fearlessly torn off the mask from the ugly visage of Saxon hypocrisy. "Why, Pepper," exclaimed some of our yankeefied countrymen, who value American self more than Irish patriotism, "why are you continually cutting up the *Truth-Teller*? They never attack you." "Why," replied we, "because arrant imposition deserves exposure. Attack us, forsooth!—verily, they were not able! Who, gentlemen, could the scissor-holder of the *Truth-Teller* procure, in this city, that has the courage or ability to enter the lists of controversy with us? Would Mr. SAMPHSON—would Dr. MACNEVEN—would Mr. T. W. CLARKE, (a gentleman, who, as a vigorous and classic writer, has few equals in America,) enroll themselves on the *recruit-list* of the English Crimp? Oh, no! Irish pride, and Irish genius, spurn the degrading supposition. Then, let it be known that the boasted forbearance of the sergeant, was but the pusillanimous forbearance of the fox in the presence of the lion. He could procure no one that was cool-hardy enough to encounter us:—ah! well the cunning Saxon knew, that if any one of his friends, either a mock doctor, or a *seditionist* alderman, came into contact with us, that we would have made him "sacred to ridicule," during his natural life, and impressed on his front, with a pen of fire, the figure of an ass as the suitable emblematic symbol of an unlettered mind.

We do not wish that the free and candid language in which we have spoken in the beginning of this article, of Dr. Macneven, should be construed out of its proper meaning, which is far, we solemnly aver, from any servile desire of propitiating his friendship by any unbecoming condescension, and as remote as the poles, from the intention of retracting a single syllable of the opinions, which we glory in having expressed of the relative comparative merits of our great and illustrious countryman, O'CONNELL, the very living personification of Ireland—and that *Rara avis* of questionable patriotism, the late THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, the repudiator of the land of his birth.

On this subject, we would be proud to have a public discussion with the Doctor, to grapple with him on its merits, as we assure him, that, however superior he might be to us on other grounds, in this fair field, his classic thunder would lose its lightning, and his logical pen its Gorgon terrors. The interest we take in O'Connell's fame, would arm us with new powers. As a scholar, conversant with the poetry and eloquence of Greece and Rome—and as a physician, chymist, and physiologist, Doctor Macneven is acknowledged by the concurrent voice of Europe and America, to stand in the first rank of eminent distinction. But, as an English writer of the present day, his style, which Longinus would call cold and critically correct, is a little sullied and dimmed with the antiquated dust of the old school. He does not combine, in composition, the logic of Locke, with the magnificence of Dr. Johnson. The elegant graces of poetic eloquence never adorn his diction with the luxuriant flowers of imagination. The chain of his arguments is strong and massy—but it is a chain of rusty iron. We admire the base and staffs of the Doric columns of his syllogisms; but when we raise our eyes to the entablature, we feel disappointed at the dearth of ornament, and the total destitution of sculptural embellishment.

Before we conclude this article, we think it proper to state, that the origin of the coolness now subsisting between this amiable gentleman and us, is to be dated from the first night of the meeting of the CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, in this city, when he, with the assistance of his partisans, rejected a resolution of thanks to DANIEL O'CONNELL, which we offered on that occasion. This, with the appropriate censure, which we passed on the reprehensible and iniquitous vote to the Emmet monument, is "the head and front of our offending."

Original Poetry.

A VALEDICTORY ODE,

TO GOWRAN, IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY—WRITTEN IN THE AFFLICTIVE MOMENT THAT OCCURRED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE AUTHORESS HAD PARTED FROM HER DEAREST FRIEND, SARAH B——, OF CLASHWILLIAM, IN JUNE, 1829.

"In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree—
And a bird in that solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee."
BYRON.

Adieu! ye scenes of soft delight!
Scarce childhood's happy reign is o'er,
When swiftly fading from my sight,
I view your fairy charms no more.
Adieu, ye pleasing forms divine!
Which fancy bade around me shine,
When, fair as summer's cloudless skies,
Hope's sunny landscape met these eyes—
And health flush'd high my cheek with morning's
roseate dyes.

FAREWELL! ye flowery meads and groves!
Ye lawns—high woods—and cloister'd dells!
Where Spring, a sylvan goddess roves,
And nature unmolested dwells!
Ye scenes—which once the muse held dear,
As listening oft she deign'd to hear
Her votary pour her voutaught strain—
When light of heart, and free from pain,
She bade her numbers wild glide gently o'er the
plain.

This sickening heart, by grief oppress'd,
No longer glows with genial fire—
No more to mirth a tuneful guest,
I seek to wake the warbling lyre!
Mute are its springs to her who strives,
When sorrow keen her bosom rives,
Joy's blissful passion to regain—
Wisdom then teach me to refrain,
And hide from public view *Adversity's* and train.
MARY.

URICA, N. Y. 25th Dec. 1829.

SPENCER-WOOD.*

[In the following effusion of poetic genius, our readers will recognize the rich colouring of fancy, the vivid touches of feeling, and the graphic power

* This is one of the most beautiful situations in Lower Canada, and the property of the late Hon. MICHAEL HENRY PERCEVAL, who resided there with his interesting family. It is handsomely situated on the lofty banks of the St. Lawrence, about three miles from Quebec. The grounds and gravel walks are tastefully laid out, and highly ornamented with a variety of beautiful trees, which were planted by the hand of nature. The scenery is altogether magnificent and particularly towards the east, where the great precipices overhang "Wolfe's Cave," which has derived its name from that hero—who, with his British troops, nobly ascended its frowning cliffs, and took possession of the plains of Abraham.

of description, that shine with such brilliancy in those valued contributions, with which the graceful muse of ADAM KIDD, Esq. has so finely decorated our Parnassian bouquet.]

Through thy green groves and deep reeding
bowers,
Loved SPENCER-wood! how often have I stray'd,
Or mused away the calm unbroken hours,
Beneath some broad oak's cool refreshing shade.

There, not a sound disturbed the tranquil scene,
Save welcome hummings of the saving bee
That quickly flitted o'er the tufted grass,
Or where the squirrel played from tree to tree.

And I have paused beside that dimpling stream
Which slowly winds thy beautiful groves among,
Till from its breast retired the sun's last beam,
And every bird had ceased its vesper song.

The blushing arbours of those classic days,
Through which the breathings of the slender reed
First softly echoed with Arcadia's praise,
Might well be pictured in thy shelter'd mead.

And blest were those who found a happy home
In thy loved shades, without one throb of care—
No murmurs heard, save from the distant foam
That rolled in columns o'er the great Chaudiere.

And I have watched the moon in grandeur rise
Above the tinted maple's waving breast,
And take her brilliant pathway through the skies
Till half the world seem'd lull'd in peaceful rest.

But soon—how soon a different scene I trace,
Where I have wandered, or oft musing stood—
And those whose cheering looks enhanced the
place,
No more shall smile on thee, lone SPENCER-wood!

THE RIVER OF OTTAWA.

INSCRIBED TO ADAM KIDD, ESQ.

Beside the rapid Ottawa,
When night is at its breathless noon,
And on the sky the seraph stars
Burn trembling round the silver moon—
Where bending o'er the silent wave
The giant pines in beauty stand,
Like forms of the departed brave,
Returned to guard their native land.

There, bounding in the light canoe,
At midnight o'er its moonlight tide,
When sweet the breezes tremble through
The balmy groves that fringe its side—
How mild can aching memory dwell
Upon the days of glory fled,
When proudly fought and nobly fell,
The storied chiefs who now are dead!

Those scenes are still the same as when
Beside that river's rapid flood,
The Huron war-cry roused the glen,
When red that river ran with blood:
But where are they—that hardy race,
The tenants of the mountain rock,

Who urged the chamois in the chase,
And met unmoved the battle's shock?

Beneath a fragrant green sward bier,
Within a cold and lonely grave,
The hunter of the wildwood deer
Sleeps by that wild impassioned wave.
What though upon the verdant sod,
Where sings the pensive whippoorwill,
Where once the "*Huron Christain*" trod—
The hunter of the stormy hill!

No sculptured marble stands to trace
Their names unto the stranger's gaze:
Forgotten though that haughty race
Who fought and liv'd in other days.
Yet *causus*, o'er their lonely grave,
Recounts their lofty deeds of fame;
And weeping o'er that wizard wave,
She sings the Huron warrior's name!

CAROLAN.

New-York, Dec. 24th, 1829.

WARWOOD CASTLE.*

I.

WARWOOD! thy halls are dark—no footstep falls,
Save the light spirit's lonely midnight tread,
Within thy mouldering ivy-vestoon'd halls—
Where grimly sleep thine unforgotten dead!

II.

The bleak winds sigh in solemn melody
Along thy echoing halls in music deep,
And seem to murmur as they whisper by,
A requiem wild for those in death who sleep.

III.

Oh! where are they who graced thy halls of yore—
Who bore thine honour in the battle-gloom—
And bled?—proud Bannock!† thou hast drunk
their gore! (tomb!

Where are they?—ask yon darkly slumbering

IV.

Thy dark-gray battlements, whose giant brow
Frowned once in martial pride upon the foe—
In sad decay are ruin-ornubled now—
Sole monuments of those who sleep below!

V.

Long pile! still lives thy fame—and oft and well
The peasant loves to tell thy mournful doom,
And trill in Border-lay,† his deeds who fail,
Shrined in the glory of a martyr's tomb.

ALBANIA.

* This ruin-defaced pile, although nearly destitute of any trace of its former grandeur, is still to be seen at Tinmouth, (Northumberland.) Though of little historical celebrity, it was the seat of a Border skirmish, A. D. 1304. Warwood Castle was in the possession of the Pitcairne family nearly one century—yet it owed its foundation to a more ancient family.

† Sir Richard Pitcairne, as well as his nephew, Philip Glenveva, were slain at the battle of Bannockburn, A. D. 1314. The family seat of this knight was deserted soon after his death.—Among his descendants, are Sir William Pitcairne, or Pitkin, Bart. who was appointed Governor of the colony of Connecticut, in America—and William Pitkin, Esq. late Chief Justice of that state, (*Vide Belknap's Biog. Dic.*) as well as the chivalrous Major Pitcairne, who fell a victim in revolutionary vengeance, at Bunker's Hill.

† Vide "Lord Alverton," a Border Tale. Edinburgh edition, 1770—pp. 87.

HENRY'S GRAVE.

Oh! cold is the grave where the flowrets are weeping
Their tremulous tear-drops of dew on the tomb,
Where beauty and innocence sweetly are sleeping,
And the wild mountain roses in solitude bloom.
The lovely young Mary in sadness was kneeling
O'er the spot which contained all her heart held
most dear, [ing,
When adown her pale cheek in its brilliancy steal—
There fell on the marble a beautiful tear!

That tear-drop was such as the angels might weep
O'er the sins of mankind from their bright homes
above—

In the heart was its fountain of tenderness deep,
The fervour which warmed it, the magic of love.
In the shade of an arbour a seraph reclining—
That spirit who guards over innocence here—
Beheld through the dark mist, that crystal drop
shining, [tear.
Like a star in the night-gloom, that tremulous

And heard the wild accents with sympathy fraught,
The name of her Henry, while wandering nigh;
That tear drop of love from the marble she caught,
And concealed in her bosom that sorrowing sigh.
That tear it a gem in the bright clouds afar—
There brightly it shines in the blue sky above;
And the seraph who guards that immaculate star,
Is the angel of innocence, beauty, and love!

The dew on the flowrets that cold tomb sawreath-
ing, [weeps;
Are the tears which that pure star of sympathy
That sigh of despair is the night-wind that's breath-
ing
O'er the tomb where that maid by her young
lover sleeps. CAROLAN.

New-York, December, 1829.

TO MARY.

Oh! why should solitude, sweet maid!
Be decked with all that's fair?
Though fragrant is the leafy shade,
Love seldom wanders there.
The mountain rock—the balmy dell,
Were never made for thee!
Young beauty, with her witching spell,
Should roam unchained and free.

Thus woman, though her happiest hours
Are round the social hearth,
May roam through pleasure's floral bowers,
And cheer the halls of mirth:
For why should charms in secret shrine—
Their worth, their power unknown—
Like diamonds glittering in the mine,
Though fit to grace a throne?

Then let not Solitude o'er thee
Its wintry influence fling;
Or cloud thy harp's wild melody,
Or chill its fairy string!
And MARY! be thy charms confessed—
For beauty must belong
To her, who has those strains address
To Solitude, in song. CAROLAN.

INDEX.

A		Page 1
Address to the Public.....		40
Ardee.....		60
Association of Irishmen, in New-York, 68, 189		
Ancient Architecture.....	93.	179
Arch of Chivalry.....		163
Armagh.....		171
Ancient Dress of the Irish.....		235
Armour of the Irish.....		277
Apostrophe to Hampson's Harp.....		351
Adair Abbey.....		397
Angelo, Michael.....		439
Amulets, Irish.....		448
B.		
Brian Boroihme's Harp.....		14
The Banshee.....		162
Bishop England.....		191
Bel, or Belus.....		203
Bantray Bay.....		155
Biographical Notice of Authoresses and Heroines.....		366
Book of the Boudoir.....		381
Brooke, Charlotte.....		407
Brehon Law.....		435
Balbriggan.....		457
Ballygart.....		462
Bride's Cakes.....		465
C.		
Christmas in Ireland.....		7
Clare and Eonie.....		51
Caves, Irish.....		—
Cathedrals of Ireland.....		53
Castle of Enniskillen.....		161
Courtesy, Editorial.....		70
Camoens.....		98
Catholic Emancipation.....		190
Charlemont, Lord.....		244
Cuckoo, the Irish.....		285
Cooke, George Frederick.....		287
Critical Notices.....		381
Clogher.....		393
Cavan town.....		407
Cuchullin, the Hero.....		447
Castle of Gormanstown.....		459
Cong Abbey.....		446
D.		
Dalky, the ruined Castle of.....		21
Drama.....	29, 69,	111
Dublin, ancient name of.....		81
Duplana, a Poem.....		81
Dunluce Castle.....		123
Desultory Strictures on the Drama.....		181
Dermoddy, Thomas, the Poet.....		206
Druidical Altars.....		204
Down Patrick.....		317
Down Hill.....		351
Drama, Remarks on.....		369
Drogheda, Marquis of.....		378
Dundalk, Naval Exploit at.....		394
Drama, Rise and Progress of—No. 1.....		413
Doulogh's Abbey.....		423
Dargle.....		437
Drinking healths.....		466
E.		
Ecclesiastical Edifices of Dublin.....		20
Egyptian Women.....		137
Emmet Monument, the.....		189
Excursion from Dublin to Londonderry, 226		
423, 457.		
Essay on Ambition and Sensibility.....		297
Emania, Palace of.....		390
Edmorin and Ella.....		441
F.		
Fatal Curiosity.....		39
Farquhar, George.....		165
Female Beauty and Intellect.....		290
Festive homage to Catholic Emancipation.....		230
Fine Arts, Academy of, in New-York....		263
Fairies, the Irish.....		320
Mr. Forrest's Hamlet.....		369
Metamora.....		467
G.		
Grecian Females.....	9, 44,	94
Goldsmith, Oliver.....		11
Glendalough, Ruins of.....		89
Genius, Talent, and Taste.....		260
Geraldine of Desmond.....		299
Giant's Causeway.....		203
Grattan's Statue.....		349
Glanmire, the Vale of.....		359
Granard.....		401
Garland for the Grave of Cooke.....		431
Gormanstown, Lord.....		461
Green Hills.....		468
H.		
Home, the Pleasures of.....		13
History of Ireland, 33, 37, 73, 113, 163, 193,		
233, 273, 313, 363, 393, 433.		
Hamilton, Hugh, Biography of.....		47
Heber and Heremon.....		193
Howth.....		228
Horace's Lyrical Compositions.....		256
Heraldry of the Irish.....		314
I.		
Introduction to the History of Ireland....		2
Ireland, ancient names of.....		33
Irish affairs.....		55, 108, 145
Irish Druids.....		239
Jughaine, King of Ireland.....		433
Irishman, a Song.....		453
Julianstown Bridge.....		463
K.		
Kathleen O'Neil.....		23, 99
Kilcolman.....		96
Knighthood.....		163
Kells.....		316

- Kidd's Apostrophe to Hampson's harp....351
 Kean, Edmund Esq.....431
 Kilgowan Co. Kildare.....448
- L.
- Law's Prologue to Ireland Redeemed.... 32
 Lakes.....
 Language, the ancient Irish.....121
 Lady's Morgan's new works.....269
 Leland, Dr. Thomas.....373
 Louth.....396
 Lusk Abbey.....423
 Lear, remarks on the performance of428
 Lismore.....446
 London Hermit.....465
- M.
- Mary Queen of Scots.....71
 M'Nally, Leonard.....126
 May Day in Ireland.....141
 Milton's Italian Sonnets.....188
 Milesians.....155
 M'Dermott and his two wives.....218
 Mary of Rostrevor, a tale.....293
 Magilligan Rocks.....351
 Mines and Minerals.....356
 Monastereven and Moore Abbey.....386
 Malahide, town of.....423
 Morning Courier, newspaper.....427
 Metamora, a drama.....465
 Macneven, Doctor.....469
- N.
- New Year's day.....8
 New-York stage 188, 264, 348, 389, 428, 467
 Naisi and Diardre.....201
 Nobber.....317
 Navan.....360
 Navy of the ancient Irish.....393
 Archers.....401
- O.
- Original Patchwork....26, 110, 150, 183, 266,
 309, 344, 388, 404, 425.
 Origin of the Milesians.....114
 O'Connell.....52, 189, 230, 270, 347
 Original Poetry..71, 111, 152, 192, 231, 261,
 271, 312, 350, 389, 431.
 Ossianic Fragments....81, 123, 161, 201, 240,
 282, 319, 361, 415.
 O'Leary, Rev'd Doctor.....87
 O'Rourke, Prince of Breffeny.....134
 Ossian and the New York Evening Post..270
 Ollamh Fodhla, the Monarch.....281
 Ossian.....306
 O'Connell's Civic wreath.....352
 O'Mailly, Grace.....366
 Otway, Thomas.....371
 O'Connor's tomb at Sligo.....379
 O'Connell and Shiel contrasted.....428
 Orr, James, biography of440
 — Mrs. her letter.....451
 O'Moore, Roger.....461
- P.
- Poetry, Music and eloquence.....16
 Present state of Ireland.....55, 130
 Poets, Prosperity and Poverty of.....95
 Phoenix park, Dublin.....132
 Public edifices of Dublin.....139, 179
 Pepper's History of Ireland.....191
 Painting and Sculpture.....175, 261, 347
 Parliament at Tara279
 Parallel between Hume and Robertson...403
 Power's Court.....437
 Prestons of Gormanstown.....449
- Q.
- Questions arising from the Drama....27, 144
 Queen Macha.....30
- R.
- Romeo and Juliet28
 Rock, Miss.....69
 Red Branch, Order of163
 Round Towers of Ireland.....174
 Rubens the Painter177
 Reflections on Suicide220
 Rosstrevor259
 Ross Village358
 Rowe, Nicholas.....369
 Rush, Town of425
- S.
- Shane's Castle25
 Selected Shreds27
 Scatterry, Island of.....90
 Saint Keven's Bed.....85
 Spenser's Fairy Queen,96
 St. Patrick's day in New-York101
 Sligo Gamesters, a Tale377
 Sligo Town, its Antiquities379
 Swords, town of226, 423
 Skerries, town of425
 Sepulture of the Irish445
- T.
- Topography, Irish 19, 50, 80, 132, 226, 203, 306,
 423, 457.
 Tara, Palace of197
 Tullamore Park.....294
 Tribute of friendship332
 Tallanstown.....396
 Talbot, Richard, W. Esq.423
 Tombs, Irish445
 Toilet Table464
 Truth Teller470
- U.
- Union Emigrant Society229, 268
 Usurper, a Tragedy.....384
 United States Gazette.....430
 Urns, Irish447
- V.
- Vindicator, Irish.....7
 Venus's Lament.....253
 Virtuous Love.....342
 Vale of Glanmire.....359
- W.
- What is Beauty?.....440
 Warfton, Doctor.....465

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